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LITERATURE.

The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton.

By T. Wemyss Reid. In 2 vols. (Cassell.)

MR. WEMYSS REID has been fortunate in his subject. For more than half a century Richard Monckton Milnes occupied a conspicuous position in society—in the widest and best acceptance of the term—not only in England, but throughout Europe; and the magnetic influence of his personality continued after he had passed away. A man of singular quality, with a decided strain of genius, he achieved honourable distinction in various capacities, if he attained pre-eminence in none. A true poet, and within measurable distance of being a great one, he was also a graceful prose-writer and an admirable critic. Despite his deep feeling for literature, he was even more strongly drawn to affairs, and his highest ambition was for a political career. In him peculiar intellectual attractiveness and manifold accomplishments were united with a generous heart and a phenomenal talent for inspiring confidence and liking in all whom he met. A catalogue of his permanent and temporary friendships would comprise the names of the majority of the eminent men and women of the century.

"The man who had known Wordsworth and Landor and Sydney Smith, who, during the greater part of his life, had been the friend, trusted and well-beloved, of Tennyson, Carlyle, and Thackeray, was also one of the first to hail the rising genius of Swinburne, and to lend a helping hand to other great writers of a still younger generation. Nor were his friendships confined to the literary world. The Miss Berrys, who had known Horace Walpole in their youth, knew and loved Monckton Milnes in their old age. Among statesmen he had been the friend of Vassall Holland, Melbourne, Peel, and Palmerston, in the hey-day of their fame; he had first seen Mr. Gladstone as an undergraduate at Oxford; had been the associate of Mr. Disraeli when he was still only the social aspirant of Gore House; had been the confidant of Louis Napoleon before he was a prisoner at Ham, and had known Louis Philippe, Thiers, Guizot, and Lamartine, alike in their days of triumph and defeat. Lamennais, Wiseman, Edward Irving, Connop Thirwall, and Frederick Maurice, had all influenced his mind in his youth; he had laid the first plank of a kind of pulpit from which Emerson could preach 'throughout all Saxondom,' and he had recognised the noble character and brilliant qualities of Miss Nightingale long before the world had heard her name."

These were but a few of Monckton Milnes's friends; and even more illustrative of his catholicity of temperament and sympathy was the number of budding or passing celebrities to whom he extended his famous

hospitality. When, in connexion with this extraordinary social experience, it is stated that Lord Houghton wrote to his intimates unreservedly about everybody he met or knew, and received in return their own unguarded impressions, that he kept his letters, and, moreover, used to jot down his own thoughts and other people's sayings, some idea may be obtained of the rich treasury of fascinating information and gossip on which Mr. Reid has freely, yet discreetly, drawn.

From the opening chapter, which treats of Monckton Milnes's father, there is hardly a page that the reader would wish to skip. That father was himself a remarkable man. During a parliamentary career which was counted by months, Robert Pemberton Milnes made for himself a reputation that seemed to ensure an eventual attainment to the highest place in political life. Within a few months after entering the House of Commons he saved the Government by an extraordinarily clever speech; at the age of twenty-five, he was offered the choice of a seat in the Cabinet either as Chancellor of the Exchequer or as Secretary at War. "Oh, no," he said, "I will not accept either; with my temperament I should be dead in a year"; and thenceforth he ceased to take any prominent part in parliamentary warfare. Nearly half a century later he declined Lord Palmerston's offer of a peerage, which his son had strongly urged him to accept. Though Mr. Pemberton Milnes thus early quitted the political arena, he never ceased to cherish a strong desire that his son should follow a path from which he had himself turned away.

Not the least interesting portion of the biography is that which deals with Monckton Milnes's early years, his school and college life. Most readers will find in these chapters much that is either new or forgotten. At Trinity, Cambridge, where his father before him had gained distinction, his tutor was Connop Thirwall, afterwards Bishop of St. David's, whose influence, according to Milnes's biographer, was far more powerful than any other in the "making of his mind." When Alfred Tennyson entered Trinity as an undergraduate, he was so struck by Milnes's face that he said, "That is a man I should like to know; he looks the best-tempered fellow I ever saw." They at once struck up a close friendship that lasted through life. Milnes gave a striking proof of his superiority to fashionable prejudice by enrolling himself among the undergraduates of the recently founded University of London. Afterwards he stayed several months at Bonn, taking care to live entirely among Germans so that he might acquire a better knowledge of the language. The account of his residence in Italy and his tour in Greece is very agreeable reading.

After a prolonged sojourn on the continent, occasionally broken by brief visits to England, Milnes returned to London in 1836, a cloud of pecuniary anxiety that long overshadowed the family fortunes having passed away. At the general election which followed the demise of the Crown in 1837, Milnes was returned for Pontefract, his father's old constituency. Mr. Disraeli, still known as "young

D'Israeli," was among the new members who entered the House at the same time. When Disraeli delivered his memorable maiden speech, Milnes, who was sitting next him, said, "Yes, old fellow, so it will," in response to the famous words, "The time will come when you will hear me." On the following night, Milnes made his own first essay in parliamentary oratory with distinct success. Of his aptitude for affairs we shall speak presently. Although Mr. Reid appears to regard him as a considerable statesman, it was not in this capacity that the personality of Robert Monckton Milnes so powerfully impressed the popular mind.

He had already entered on that social career in London which gained for him a unique place in the history of his time. Immediately after their return, the Milneses were giving dinner parties in South Street to their son's friends, "some of them being very agreeable and literary"—among them, Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers. Through Charles Buller, Milnes made the acquaintance of Carlyle, who had been living for some two years in Cheyne Row and was then writing *The French Revolution*. Milnes's eccentricities and disregard of the conventional impressed Carlyle, who described him to Emerson as

"a most bland-smiling, semi-quizzical, affectionate, high-bred, Italianised little man, who has long olive-brown hair, a dimple next to chin, and flings his arms round your neck when he addresses you in public society."

Milnes soon became a familiar figure at Rogers's breakfasts. At one of these Milnes and Carlyle met Macaulay for the first time, shortly after his return from India. The guests had hoped to hear Carlyle, the fame of whose utterances was then at its zenith, but Macaulay monopolised the conversation. When the party broke up Milnes followed Carlyle into the street.

"'I am so sorry,' he said to the philosopher, 'that Macaulay would talk so much, and prevent our hearing a single word from you.' Carlyle turned round and held up his hands in astonishment. 'What,' he said, with the accent of Aumandale, 'was that the Right Honourable Tom? Ah, weel, I understand the Right Honourable Tom now!'"

In his bachelor apartments in Pall Mall, Milnes adopted Rogers's custom of social breakfasts, and the fame of his entertainments quickly spread. Disraeli, in his celebrated passage in *Tancred*, wrote,

"Mr. Vavasour's breakfasts were renowned. Whatever your creed, class, or merit—one might almost add your character—you were a welcome guest at his matutinal meal, provided you were celebrated."

Carlyle used to say that if Christ were again on earth Milnes would ask him to breakfast. Many are the delightful stories told of the host's eagerness to bring out "some society curiosity." Sir Henry Taylor has preserved one which it is disappointing to learn is absolutely without foundation. One day at table somebody asked if Courvoisier, the murderer, had been hanged that morning. "I hope so," replied Milnes's sister, "or Richard will have him at his breakfast party next Thursday." It ought to be true, so aptly does it indicate one

phase of Lord Houghton's character. Mere celebrity, however, as his biographer observes, was never the key to the attentions of Milnes. Froude accurately said of him that he had open eyes for genius, and reverence for it, truer and deeper than most of his contemporaries. Mr. Reid writes:

"To the last he was always curious about the 'rising men,' always anxious to know them, and, if he could, to give them a helping hand. One day he remarked to his biographer, 'I think I know every man of letters now whom I want to know, except one.' The exception was Mr. Thomas Hardy, for whom he felt a great admiration."

When Fryston became his, on his father's death, Lord Houghton entertained visitors from every quarter of the globe in the pleasant home which Lord Sherbrooke, because of the presence of books in every portion of the building, likened to one of "those amorphous animals which have their brains all over their bodies":

"Never was there a more delightful host than Milnes. Whether his guests were famous or obscure, whether they belonged to the great world or had merely for the moment emerged from the masses, they could not be long in his company without feeling the charm of his manner, and being warmed and attracted by the tenderness of his heart. His fame as a talker was world-wide, and there is no need to say that the dinner-table at Fryston was the scene of a hundred happy encounters of wit, intelligence, and knowledge. But to hear Milnes at his best, it was necessary to meet him at the breakfast-table. . . . It is with a great sadness indeed that those who often had the privilege of meeting him in this fashion in his own house must recall those breakfasts, absolutely informal and unpretending, but made memorable by the choice treasures of wit, of paradox, of playful sarcasm, and of an apparently inexhaustible store of reminiscences, which Milnes offered to his guests."

It were bootless to inquire to what extent his unique social success prevented Lord Houghton making good his title to a loftier fame. "I think you are near something very glorious, but you will never reach it," wrote Stafford O'Brien, one of his college friends, to Milnes while yet at Cambridge; and the event fulfilled the prediction. His most gifted contemporaries saw in his brilliant powers a sure and certain presage of a high destiny. The number and variety of his interests, however, told against his chance of attaining supreme distinction in any particular sphere. This was especially the case as regards poetic achievement, in respect of which, however, it seems to us that his biographer has done him less than justice. To a friend sitting beside him in a company of which Tennyson chanced to be a member Houghton said, pointing to the Poet Laureate, "A great deal of what he has done will live," and then added, half, as it were, to himself, "and some things that I have done should live too." Mr. Reid acquiesces in this modest self-appraisal. In the after-light of Tennyson's splendid pre-eminence we are not unlikely to over-estimate the extravagance of Landor's dictum that Milnes was the greatest poet then living and writing in England. By the way, this assertion of Landor's is differently recorded by Mr. Reid as having been made at a breakfast at Crabbe Robinson's (i. 183) and at a

breakfast at Rogers's (ii. 438). Rich in fancy, thought, and feeling, with a distinction and charm peculiarly its own, Lord Houghton's poetry certainly entitled him to more than the thrifty homage accorded to him as poet during his later years. We share Mr. Aubrey de Vere's belief that one day the world will discover, with much pleasure and surprise, what a true poet there lived in a man whom it had chiefly regarded as a pleasant companion.

Mr. Reid has not underrated Lord Houghton's capacity in another field of his multitudinous activities. He credits him with the higher qualities of statesmanship, and is evidently of opinion that he would have been offered office, which he ardently desired, but for Sir Robert Peel's belief that political fitness and the literary character are not to be found together. We fail to discover Mr. Reid's grounds for that opinion. A careful perusal of his pages has confirmed us in the belief that it is only in politics that Monckton Milnes can be held to have failed. It may not be true of the son, as Sir Henry Bulwer said of the father, that he was "always finding something to condemn on all sides." But Disraeli's familiar description imputed to him a temperament hardly more conducive to a successful political career:—

"With catholic sympathies and an eclectic turn of mind, Mr. Vavasour saw something good in everybody and everything, which is certainly amiable and perhaps just, but disqualifies a man in some degree for the business of life, which requires for its conduct a certain degree of prejudice."

An extract from Lord Houghton's commonplace book, a delightful selection from which forms an appendix to Mr. Reid's volumes, may be quoted in this connexion:

"'You are a man of a large heart,' said Lady Waldegrave to me. 'That may be,' I answered, 'but it is not near so useful as a narrow mind.'"

One of the best after-dinner speakers in the kingdom, Milnes's natural ease failed him when he addressed the House of Commons, and he gave his audience an impression of affectation. His parliamentary career, however, was not barren; and, in the passing of his Bill for establishing reformatories for juvenile offenders, he accomplished a reform the importance of which can hardly be exaggerated.

Milnes's disappointment at missing the coveted prize of office, even if keen, which may be doubted, can only have been transient. In his large nature there was scant lodgment for any mean regret. His intense delight in life, his joyous spirit and unfailing good humour, were a source of constant happiness alike to himself and to those with whom he came in contact. "He always put you in a good humour," Lord Tennyson told Mr. Reid. The friend and protector of men of letters, he gave freely of his counsel, his substance, and his sympathy, to the writers and artists of three generations. "Other people," he once said to a neighbour at Fryston, "like to give their friends bread; I like to give them cake."

Lord Houghton truly, in Landor's expressive phrase, "warmed both hands before the fire of life." But, though in his lifetime he

received his good things, it was not appointed unto him, as unto his great contemporary and friend, to have his reputation tormented after death. He has been happy in his biographer. Mr. Wemyss Reid has given us a faithful presentment of "the real Milnes—not the outward Milnes, as he appeared to those who only saw him at a distance," the most amiable trifier of his time. It is a speaking likeness, admirable in both breadth and detail. While the sterling qualities of the man are conspicuously revealed, the "superficial oddities and eccentricities of his manner and character" are put in with appropriately light touch. Excessive love of paradox, short-lived outbursts of irritation, and irrepressible self-assertiveness were the venial infirmities of this noble mind.

We lay down Mr. Reid's volumes with a feeling that, whatever may be the precise value of Lord Houghton's work, the man was far greater than what he accomplished.

JOHN F. ROLPH.

Emin Pasha and the Rebellion at the Equator. A Story of Nine Months' Experience in the Last of the Sudan Provinces. By A. J. Mounteney-Jephson. (Sampson Low.)

MR. JEPHSON'S book forms a necessary complement to Mr. Stanley's *In Darkest Africa*. It deals with the interesting episode covered by the period from April 22, 1888, to January 31, 1889, which may be described as Mr. Jephson's quest of Emin in the Equatorial Province, and which Mr. Jephson himself was alone competent to relate at first hand. Hence this chapter in the general story of the expedition was wisely left by Mr. Stanley to his able lieutenant, who has performed his task with rare skill and judgment. It will be remembered that, when the van of the expedition reached the southern shores of Albert Nyanza, Emin was nowhere to be found, though there were indications of his recent presence in that part of the lake. But he had left no message for the relieving party, though aware of their approach, and had again vanished into the wilds of the Bahr-el-Jebel, apparently more anxious to elude his rescuers advancing from the west, than to escape from his Mahdist foes already closing round him from the north. The situation, if *piquant*, was certainly embarrassing, and, but for the resolute action of the leader of the expedition, might have ended in a tremendous fiasco. He could not leave his followers to their own resources, while he went himself wandering up and down the Zeriba lands, in the hope of repeating on the banks of the White Nile the exploit already performed on the shores of Lake Tanganyika. But in Mr. Jephson he found a deputy who proved himself fully competent for the work, and who, after a series of thrilling adventures, brought the truant Pasha in triumph to the feet of his stern deliverer.

These adventures, together with many side issues, are here related with a graphic vigour and unaffected modesty, which do immense credit to the narrator's qualities both of head and heart. But most readers

will probably turn first to those sections where the author formulates his estimate of Emin's character, or seeks for a *raison d'être* of his puzzling attitude towards the Relief Expedition. On this, as on all other subjects, Mr. Jephson speaks with the frankness of a man who has no motive to serve beyond the cause of truth, and his judgment carries all the greater weight because, like most people, he was at first distinctly prepossessed in favour of Emin Pasha. He still speaks of him in the kindest way, fully appreciates the difficulties of his position, and deals tenderly with his inherent mental shortcomings. But after ample opportunities of forming a just estimate, his conclusion is, on the whole, decidedly adverse, approaching even the verge of censure. In the Preface he already writes that

"enough is now known of Emin Pasha for people to readily understand that he was not the man all Europe supposed him to be, or 'a second Gordon,' as some of his admirers termed him. It was not until I had witnessed many deplorable examples of his weakness and vacillation that I began to lose faith in his judgment; and it was not until afterwards, when I had conversed frequently with his people and himself about things in his province, that I found out that Emin had only told part of the story—only that part which was creditable to his people. It was, perhaps, natural that a man who professed to love his people should prefer to dwell rather on their good qualities than on their bad ones. Still, his story, as related in his letters, completely misled the people of Europe."

Farther on his language becomes even more severe, as when he speaks of "constant ebullitions of spite," which excite a certain degree of "indignation," quickly, however, developing into "a feeling of pity." Then, towards the close, he writes of Emin as

"a man with a kindly and generous mind, physically courageous, but morally a coward; a clever accomplished gentleman, enthusiastic for the science of natural history, but not of that firm temper required to lead men, or of that disposition to attract or sway them—a man whose natural kindness of heart is being constantly spoilt by his delicate susceptibility and childlike vanity—a man whose straightforward directness and accuracy has been warped by a too-long residence among Orientals."

Among the numerous illustrations adorning this volume, there is a good portrait of Emin, which seems to breathe the very spirit of this appreciation—considerable intellectual power, indicated by a lofty brow, combined with the wavering glance expressive of moral weakness.

The book is so charged with interesting matter that a notice almost involuntarily resolves itself into a series of quotations. Endowed with a singularly quick eye and retentive memory, the author fills his pages to overflowing with shrewd remarks on the appearance, usages, industries, and mental qualities of the people, and on the more salient features of their physical environment. At the Mswa station on the Albert Nyanza, he is taken to

"a large open hut, at one side of which a trench had been dug, and an exceedingly primitive spindle was fitted into it, which was worked by an intelligent-looking negro lad. Several qualities of cotton were made here,

some remarkably fine for the women's clothes, and some of a coarser description for the men's tunics and loose Turkish trousers. The men's clothes were usually dyed a warm reddish brown colour, from a solution made by soaking the bruised bark of a wild fig-tree in water. These fig-trees grow in great numbers all through the entire country. The cloth had a slightly fluffy appearance; it was almost as warm as flannel, and was wonderfully strong and serviceable."

Much of Mr. Jephson's time was passed under arrest in a Sudanese guardhouse at Dufile, where he had ample opportunity of studying the ways and humours of these gentry. His opinion is not favourable, Emin's "stalwarts," whose praises had been so loudly trumpeted in Europe, proving to be for the most part brutal ruffians and abject cravens in the presence of danger.

"They did not understand the duties of soldiers in the least. They never had drill, nor did they even understand that the first duty of a soldier is obedience to orders. One might be inclined to look over a good deal if they were good fighters, but they were not; for, if confronted by a tolerably determined enemy, they always ran. I could not see one redeeming quality about them; they, who were only natives themselves, looked down on the other natives who were not 'soldiers,' and treated them with the utmost arrogance. They were ill-mannered and insubordinate, and, in spite of their ignorance, gave themselves the greatest possible airs. I have no hesitation in saying that, as a body, I have never seen a more useless set of men."

Their Egyptian officers and the other officials were no better, or rather worse, having more opportunities of displaying their vicious qualities—cruelty, insolence, and corruption. A favourable contrast to the lawless conduct of Emin's people is presented by the dignified bearing and heroic attitude of the Mahdi's three unfortunate envoys, who were sent up the Nile to treat for the surrender of the province, but who were subjected to the greatest indignities, torture, and death, under the very eye of the helpless Pasha.

"I felt inclined to dash my fist into the grinning faces of those cowardly Egyptians, who were pointing with such pleasure to the evidence of their cruel work. The dervishes looked full at me seated among the Egyptians as they passed. They probably thought I had some hand in the ordering of their torture. That look haunted me for days. It was as if I had been torturing some animal, and it had turned and looked at me with a human face. Death must have come like a relief to them. In all our calendars of men who have suffered for their religion, no one could have better deserved to be called martyrs than these three brave martyrs."

Mr. Jephson has some interesting remarks on the dwarfs, whom he met both in the Arnwimi basin and again in the Equatorial Province. A good many of the latter had been studied and measured by Emin, who found that the extreme height, whether of the men or women, was in no case more than four feet one inch. They are, consequently, the smallest people of whom we have any knowledge, for even the Batwa, seen by Wissmann in the Kassai basin, south of the Congo, measured four feet three inches. These pigmy people appear to be distributed over a far more extensive area than had been supposed, their settlements being found almost everywhere in the

forest-zone west of Lake Albert. They are described as well built and well proportioned, with a fair muscular development, a light brown or a yellowish colour, and bright, glittering eyes. A peculiarly-elfish appearance is imparted to them by the "thick felt of stiff greyish hair" covering the whole body; while the men have often "very long beards," a feature in which they differ from all other negro or negroid peoples.

The volume is introduced by a prefatory letter from Mr. Stanley, written by an American citizen for the sole and avowed purpose of securing copyright in the States. There are also a small map of the Equatorial Province, an index where the pagination has "got mixed," and a lithographed facsimile of the Mahdi's letter to Emin, brought up by the three dervishes, and calling on him to surrender.

A. H. KEANE.

SCARTAZZINI'S INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF DANTE.

Prolegomeni della Divina Commedia. Per G. A. Scartazzini. (Leipzig.)

DR. SCARTAZZINI has at last published his long-looked-for *Prolegomeni*. The three years within which they were promised have grown to fifteen; and this long delay, combined with the knowledge that some years ago the author sold his valuable library, has caused the long expectation to pass into despair of ever seeing the completion of his great work. Happily (in one sense at any rate) we have not seen it even yet, for there is still more to look forward to. But from another point of view, the present work may at first sight cause some disappointment. The author originally intended to have supplied here the materials for bringing up the Commentary on the *Inferno* to the same degree of elaborateness as that with which he has treated the *Purgatorio* and *Paradiso*. In the notes to the *Inferno* and earlier Cantos of the *Purgatorio*, the fuller discussion of several knotty points was reserved for the *Prolegomeni*. Afterwards the author embodied such disquisitions in the Commentary itself. The very elaborate notes on "Matelda," the "Dux," the "Concubina di Titone," are examples of what students looked forward to in reference to numerous points of equal difficulty and importance in the *Inferno*. But Dr. Scartazzini has changed this purpose, and all will agree that he has wisely done so. He now hopes that he may live to bring out another edition of the *Inferno*, worked up to the same scale and level as the Commentary on the other two *Cantiche*. All lovers of Dante will fervently re-echo this hope. Dr. Scartazzini's unrivalled Commentary will then have a symmetry and completeness which it lacks at present, and which it always would lack if similar information on the different *Cantiche* had to be sought in one case in the *Prolegomeni*, and in another case in the Commentary itself.

The author modestly says that the present work does not profess to be more than an introduction to the study of Dante and his works, "destinata ai giovani studiosi, e a tutti coloro che di Dante e delle sue opere

non fecero ancora l'oggetto di studi speciali." It is rather a perfect encyclopaedia of information on the whole of the enormous field of Dantesque literature, and on the almost endless discussions that have grown up respecting his life, his works, and everything connected with him. This vast subject is systematically parcelled out; each branch of it is summarily treated; the principal views that have been maintained are expounded and discussed, and the author's own opinions stated, not infrequently (as might be expected) with a good deal of positiveness, not to say dogmatism, though one is glad to observe little of that rough treatment of opponents by which the author's Commentary is often (especially in the *Purgatorio*) disfigured. Each chapter is followed by an ample bibliographical statement of the literature connected with the subject, so that the student can follow out for himself any line in which he is interested.

It would be quite impossible in the limits of an ordinary review to do justice to this most important work. The following brief sketch will give some idea of its method and completeness, and of some of its most interesting conclusions. It has two main divisions: (1) Historical, (2) Literary. The former deals with the life of Dante under three heads. (1) His life before his exile; (2) His life afterwards; (3) His *vita interiore*.

In the first two parts Dr. Scartazzini displays the most "advanced" scepticism as to details—a result very disappointing, if indeed it is inevitable; for one cannot but think that it is here pushed needlessly far. If in regard to the record of any life whatever a few centuries ago we are to reject everything for which absolute and unimpeachable evidence is not now producible, if all that is unproved is to be treated as disproved, we must accept an attitude of simple agnosticism as to mediaeval biography generally. From the nature of the case, most biographical details never can produce such evidence. In the present instance we are dependent almost entirely on Boccaccio; and Dr. Scartazzini repeats with various forms of emphasis his opinion of the utter worthlessness of Boccaccio as evidence for any fact whatever. He examines, but dismisses as insoluble, the often-discussed question whether Dante's family was noble or plebeian. Among other points which he denies, or throws doubt upon, are Dante's connexion with Brunetto Latini, his alleged embassies generally, and in particular those to Boniface in 1301, and to San Gemignano in 1299; the latter (as he admits) never doubted before, not even by Bartoli, who generally surpasses Dr. Scartazzini in his scepticism. His priorate in 1300 is almost the only event in Dante's political life admitted to be certain, though the incidents usually associated with it are set aside. One other public office, indeed, is allowed to him; in April, 1301, he was appointed commissioner ("sopraistante ed ufficiale"), to superintend the widening of a street (San Procolo) in Florence! Dr. Scartazzini thinks that he remained on in Florence until the approach of Charles of Valois caused him and many others to fly from the city. In reference to the period of his exile, he decides that the

much-disputed "Gran Lombardo" must have been Bartolommeo della Scala; he rejects the letter of Fra Ilario as "scioeca e ridicola impostura"; he admits the journey to Paris, and thinks it took place probably in 1308-9, but considers the pretended visit to Oxford as not worth serious discussion. He supposes, further, that Dante visited Padua, Bologna, and Paris, not, as has been absurdly supposed, as a student, he being then about forty years old or more, but in the hope of supporting himself by teaching, which, indeed, Boccaccio asserts that he actually did at Ravenna. Still more interesting, and often most suggestive, is the section on the *vita interiore* of the poet. It is, I think, the most satisfactory and intelligible account of his moral, religious, and psychological development that has yet been given. Dr. Scartazzini treats it as falling into three periods, represented by the *Vita Nuova*, the *Convito*, and the *Divina Commedia*, respectively; which, of course, corresponds with the view expounded by Witte in *Dante's Trilogie*.

In the first period "his heart was right within him," and his whole life was guided and elevated by the mysterious influence of Beatrice. By her death all was unhinged; he at once abandoned himself to a despair in which there is no trace of Christian resignation or of the consolatory influence of religion. This, according to Dr. Scartazzini, is the beginning of his aberrations.* He shortly turned (as he tells us himself in the *Convito*) to Boethius and Cicero for consolation, and was thus led on to the keen pursuit of the study of philosophy, symbolised by the Donna Gentile of the *Convito*, in which treatise this period of his mental development is represented. He became gradually more and more estranged from religious thoughts and pursuits, more and more "worldly," as the phrase is, in his interests. He became lost in the *selva oscura* of

"Le presenti cose
Col falso lor piacer." (*Inf.* xxxi., 34, cf. xxx.
130-1.)

After a time he became weary and dissatisfied with all this; he awoke to a sense of his wretchedness (note *ritrovai* in *Inf.* i. 2), though the way of escape was not found till after many failures and false starts (*Inf.* i. 31-60), which, though poetically represented as within the limits of a day, may have lasted for some years. In this way Dr. Scartazzini would reconcile the assumed date of the awakening (1300) with the continued devotion to philosophy represented by the *Convito* (circa 1309), and the much later date of the actual "return to the way of righteousness" symbolised by the renewed devotion to the glorified Beatrice. This Dr. Scartazzini would put at not more than seven or eight years before the poet's death, the final turning point being probably his complete abandonment of all political hopes and pursuits in consequence of the crushing blow of Henry VII.'s death in 1313. It is most satisfactory to find Dr. Scartazzini contending

* Dr. Scartazzini, however (p. 204), believes in the slenderly-supported tradition of Dante's noviciate in the Franciscan Order, and supposes that it was shortly after Beatrice's death that he thought of thus abandoning the world. (This hardly seems to suit the supposed allusion in *Inf.* xvi. 106.)

for the interpretation here implied of the reproaches of Beatrice in *Purg.* xxx., xxxi., and insisting emphatically that Dante's "unfaithfulness" to her had no connexion with immoral conduct on his part (the few passages supposed to imply this being easily disposed of) or with the "spretae injuria formae" on her part, but consisted in alienation from religion or theology as typified by Beatrice. Another interesting point strongly, and, I think, quite conclusively maintained, is that this alienation amounted to no more than neglect of theology, and undue devotion to philosophy and human knowledge, but never involved denial or even doubt of any articles of the Christian faith. Of such scepticism as this there is, as Dr. Scartazzini truly affirms, absolutely no trace in any of Dante's works.

This portion of the work naturally includes a discussion of the cardinal question, Who or what was Beatrice herself? Dr. Scartazzini's own view is that Beatrice is certainly not (1) a mere symbol—that theory is dismissed in a line as no longer having *difensori attendibili*. This surely hardly does justice to the elaborate work of Gietmann, published in 1889, and included in Dr. Scartazzini's bibliographical list, and carefully reviewed by himself a few months ago in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*. Probably the sentence quoted was penned before Gietmann's work appeared—nor (2) an abstract ideal—This is proved by an elaborate refutation of Bartoli and Renier, the chief apostles of this theory—but (3) a real person beyond all doubt. So far well. But Dr. Scartazzini next proceeds to affirm that she was certainly *not* Beatrice Portinari, or any other person who can now be even guessed at; but some Florentine maiden whom Dante really and literally loved, and who died, as Dr. Scartazzini confidently maintains, unmarried. This view is defended by fifteen arguments duly marshalled and numbered, which we cannot now examine. But we may observe of them generally that some appear very trivial and far-fetched (of which the author seems half-conscious); others insist on difficulties as existing against the other theories, which are insoluble on any theory; others are anachronistic, as depending on transferring to the thirteenth century ideas and associations of the nineteenth century—as, for instance, where he describes Dante's feelings as *amori illeciti*, if Beatrice were a married woman! With regard to the Donna Gentile, space compels us merely to note that Dr. Scartazzini maintains that she was certainly Gemma Donati, referring to some of his earlier works for the formal proof of this.

Very little space remains to speak of the second half of the work, the *Prolegomeni letterari*. It falls under three divisions: the first treating of the language and literature of Italy before Dante, the second of the minor works of Dante, and the third of the *Divina Commedia*. In the second division a brief account is given of the contents of each work, and the inevitable question of the probable dates of composition is discussed, with the result that Dr. Scartazzini pronounces with much confidence in all cases except that of the *De Mon.*, which he gives up as indeterminate. His conclusions are

as follows: *V. N.* 1292-5; *Convito* 1307-8; *De Vulg. Eloq.* 1309; *Div. Comm.* 1313-21. The *Quaestio de Aqua et Terra* (of which no MS. is known earlier than 1508) is unhesitatingly rejected as spurious. So, also, are many of the *Epistles* commonly attributed to Dante, including the very important and interesting dedicatory letter to Can Grande, which Dr. Scartazzini professes himself very reluctant to give up.

In the part relating to the *Divina Commedia* we have a good deal of information respecting editions, commentaries, translations, textual criticism, &c., besides a discussion, among many other subjects, of its general plan, purpose, and principles of interpretation, including here the record of many monstrosities of perverted ingenuity. Dr. Scartazzini's theory of the manner of its composition is interesting. He holds that its "stupendous symmetry" clearly indicates that its author had formed a complete plan of the whole work from the very beginning of its formal composition. At the same time, he thinks it probable that for many years before Dante had collected materials and fragments, like hewn stones which were gradually worked into the growing edifice, consisting of historical or personal episodes, and many descriptions of scenes and places, like photographs taken on the spot. This suggestion throws light on the theory of "author's various readings," which many critics have suspected, and also on the possibility of some at least of the numerous fragments, or "interpolations," lying about in MS. being perhaps genuine though rejected "chips."

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to some of the author's conclusions, there can be none as to the supreme value of this work as an indispensable handbook for all students in the future, whatever their stage of advancement or knowledge in this vast and inexhaustible field.

E. MOORE.

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Scotland from the Earliest Times to the Present Century.* By John Mackintosh. (Fisher Unwin.)

THERE are many things in this volume which deserve commendation, but, on the whole, it is much to be regretted that such a work should have been included in "The Story of the Nations" series. For Mr. Mackintosh, although he has proved his claim to be accounted a painstaking historical inquirer, has, at the same time, allowed his partisanship not only to affect, but to pervade, what ought to have been an absolutely impartial work. He is, if not a Free Churchman, at any rate a believer in the wisdom and righteousness of the ecclesiastico-religious movement which ended in the formation of the Free Church in 1843. Speaking of the schism or Disruption in the Church of Scotland which preceded that movement, he writes:

"I call it a revolution of a high character, as it was effected without violence or bloodshed. It was an event charged with a moral power of vast import, which could not fail to produce beneficial results."

He speaks in a similar tone of the political

events which led up to the Disruption. Thus, in reference to the debate which took place in the House of Commons in March, 1843, on the Claim of Rights put forward by the Church of Scotland, he writes:

"The Prime Minister, Sir Robert Peel, was vehemently opposed to her claims, although it is very evident that he had not taken the trouble to understand them."

Any person is, of course, quite free to hold the Free Church or "spiritual independence" theory of the relation between Church and State, and to expound it in a pamphlet or other work of a controversial character. But a volume like this is certainly not the form in which to give expression to doctrines which are liable to be—and as a matter of fact are—fiercely disputed.

Mr. Mackintosh has adopted an eminently matter of fact and indeed Dryasdust style, and in consequence none of his chapters is at all calculated to rouse the perfervidness of Scotch patriotism. Every third page or so one stumbles on some bald statement like this about Wallace:

"He was gifted with rare mental faculties, tall in stature, and (*sic*) a commanding presence; he was a military genius, with a remarkable force of moral character. He soon kindled in the heart of the nation an unquenchable spirit of resistance to oppression."

The romance of Scotch history must, it is clear, be sought for in other pages than those of Mr. Mackintosh. At the same time he has several of the better qualities of the useful, though not of the ornamental, historian. He has the sense of proportion. He can tell what amount of importance to attach to the legendary, the half-traditional and the indubitably historical respectively. If the personages who figure in the ecclesiastical history of Scotland are left out of consideration—for Mr. Mackintosh is almost as prejudiced in regard to Maitland of Lethington and John Knox as he is in regard to Sir Robert Peel and Dr. Chalmers—he is a good judge and a fair critic of character. Thus he is scrupulously just to Cromwell and his administration of the country, although it should be remembered that from the first a minority—if it was a minority—of the people were on Cromwell's side. While he allows that the taxes imposed to support an English garrison pressed hard on the Scots, he also concedes that "peace and security reigned, which was not to be lightly estimated." With reference to the Supreme Commission of Justice consisting of seven judges, four English and three Scotch, which superseded the Court of Session at this time, and attempted to abolish the feudal system, he observes "a collection of their decisions is preserved, and they are marked by good sense and careful work." Upon education, the progress of manufactures and industries, the organisation of citizenship—upon everything in fact which goes to the making up of what constitutes "civilisation"—Mr. Mackintosh is not only trustworthy but readable. His literary criticism, too, if not epigrammatic, is honest and painstaking.

This volume is certainly not what it might or ought to have been; it is

not a standard history of Scotland in any sense. But it will not be absolutely left out of consideration by any Scotchman who wishes to see his country from all standpoints. Mr. Mackintosh is a conscientious and laborious, if also biased, investigator.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

NEW NOVELS.

Marcia. By W. E. Norris. In 3 vols. (John Murray.)

Beta. By Mrs. Bourne. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

An Honourable Estate. By Louise Crow. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Living Epitaph. By G. Colmore. (Longmans.)

Gilbert Elgar's Son. By Harriet Riddle Davis. (Putnam's.)

Leal Souvenir. By Alice Weber. (Walter Smith & Innes.)

The Kisses of an Enemy. By Mary Smith. (Digby & Long.)

It is hardly likely that the American *sans-culottes* will see, at any rate in this country, a speedy realisation of their revolutionary programme; but it is obvious that the leaders of the new generation of English novelists are not bound as firmly as were their predecessors to the ancient traditions of fiction. They do not admit that "the stories are all told"—a proposition as absurd as John Stuart Mill's morbid fear that musical combinations were in danger of exhaustion; but they certainly seem inclined to make the mere story a less important element in their work than it was a very few years ago. Mr. W. E. Norris is by no means a literary revolutionary—he would better be described as a Liberal-Conservative; yet, nevertheless, there are clear traces of the influence of the new tendency in the pages of *Marcia*. It is not easy to believe that it will be generally regarded as one whit less interesting than its predecessors; but the sturdiest sojourner in the old paths will admit that its interest is attained by the smallest possible expenditure of purely narrative material—that is, the material of incident, which has an intrinsic attractiveness of its own, apart from its psychological value as indicative of character. Nor is this the only sign of change. In the old novel of comedy the love affair was the centre of interest, and the importance of everything else depended more or less obviously upon its relation to the happiness of a mutually enamoured young man and woman. In *Marcia* there are several love affairs, but they are kept in the background rather than pushed to the front; and in the story of the hero's special romance the figures of Willie's conscientiously obstinate guardian and his utterly selfish mother are much more conspicuous than is the figure of the young lady to whom, in the old days, they would have been altogether subordinated. If the importance of a character in a novel could be decided by counting the pages in which he appears prominently, Mr. Norris's novel should have been called "Willie Brett"; but the author

knew what he was about when he settled what is often the difficult question of nomenclature. The figure which holds the book together is that of the woman who is actuated partly by calculable selfishness and partly by incalculable whim; who ruins the life of her first husband, whom she has deliberately chosen, knowing well that she cares nothing for him; who lives a life of well-deserved wretchedness, mitigated by undignified complaint, with the worthless second husband, to whom she has given such love as she has; who sacrifices her son as a lad, and sponges upon him as a man; and who yet has something about her which makes her fascination not wholly unintelligible. The one thing not quite intelligible is her acceptance of Mr. Brett; but, after her marriage, the rest of the story is a matter of course: to use a word which is looking rather the worse for wear, but is too useful to be dropped, it is inevitable. Good, however, as Marcia is, she can hardly be described as better than Archdale, painter by profession and lady-killer by practice—a relative, one would say, of Harold Skimpole; for, though the family likeness between him and his great kinsman is obscured by little individualities of feature and expression, he makes some pleasingly Skimpolean appearances. Lady Evelyn Foljambe cannot, perhaps, be numbered among Mr. Norris's supreme successes. We feel that she is too self-contained and self-possessed to be as winning as she might be; but, heroine though she is, she is little more than a supernumerary in a very clever and interesting narrative drama.

Seeing that *Beta* provides us with well on to a dozen mysteries, the elucidation of which is absolutely necessary to intelligent comprehension of the story; and seeing, moreover, that these mysteries are at the end of the third volume as mysterious as ever, it is needless to add that Mrs. Bourne can hardly be congratulated on her constructive skill. Nor is her knowledge of the ordinary details of legal procedure more extensive than that of most lady-novelists who are indiscreet enough to meddle with English criminal law. Magistrates are, happily, not in the habit of signing warrants for the apprehension of a neighbour in order to give that neighbour "a bit of a fright," or of committing a man for trial on a charge of murder without something like legal evidence that murder has been done; while it is absolutely certain that a person committed on such a charge, even by an idiot, would not be immediately and "of course" released on bail. But what avail these strictures? *Beta* will kill a few hours of time not disagreeably; and for this kind of murder no one is committed for trial, at any rate by the habitual novel-devourer.

An Honourable Estate is not a bad title as titles go, for it is sufficiently descriptive to make us aware that Miss Crow's story deals with somebody's matrimonial experiences. For Rolf and Percie, however, marriage had more of discomfort than honour; as when the wedding ceremony—conducted under the perplexing laws of North Britain—was hurriedly gone through in Mrs. Brent-

hurst's bedroom, Rolf thought he was marrying somebody else, Percie had no idea that she was being married at all; and though both afterwards feared they were really tied, they maintained a lingering hope that they were free. Of course, a situation like this could not possibly be prolonged by a novelist who believed, with Bishop Butler, that "probability is the guide of life"; and, indeed, in dealing with *An Honourable Estate*, the less said about probability the better. The book is not without cleverness of a kind, especially in the delineation of the character of the hero, who is a sort of damaged Felix Holt; but surely it is possible to be even as unworldly as Rolf without being a complete imbecile.

There is perhaps something a little melodramatic both in the general architecture of *A Living Epitaph* and in one or two of its more prominent situations, notably in the surroundings of Nathaniel Ashe's final act of renunciation. The deed has both pathetic impressiveness and dramatic consistency, but it is impossible not to feel that probability is hard pressed in order to bring together the rival lovers of Miranda Dane on the deck of the sinking vessel. Things of this kind are, however, insignificant trifles when one has to deal with a book so rich in power, pathos, and beauty as is this story of one life's atonement and of another life's quietly passionate waiting for a long delayed vengeance. The wrong for which Nathaniel Ashe strives to atone is one with the wrong which Letitia Letherbarrow waits to avenge; and for years the sinner and the judge live in an association of warm and trustful friendship, each unconscious of the other's identity. Here, it will be seen, is a situation as freshly conceived as it is strongly handled. The emotional interest aroused by the opening chapters never flags for a moment, and as we near the catastrophe it acquires an almost painful intensity. That the short third book which follows the fortunes of Nicholas, Richard, and Miranda, after the momentous revelation has been made, should have something of the nature of an anticlimax was inevitable. Here, as in *Adam Bede*, the culmination and the dénouement of the narrative fail to coincide; but notwithstanding this and other weaknesses already referred to, *A Living Epitaph* is one of the finest and most fascinating novels of the year.

Gilbert Elgar's Son is a quietly and carefully written tale, the actors in which are members of a rural Quaker community in the State of Maryland. The "son" of the title is really the daughter of a somewhat shiftless farmer; and she, while quite a child, hearing her father lament that she is a girl and not a boy, determines to assume the virtue of masculinity which nature has denied to her, and take the place that would have been filled by her dead brother. While Gilbert Elgar lives Robin is his right hand, and when drink brings him to a premature grave she takes the farm upon her shoulders and very pluckily supports the burden. For most readers there may be rather too much agriculture, but there is, of course, some love-making as well; and the book has

the appearance of being a very truthful picture of the life with which it deals.

Three of the most delightful and lifelike children of recent fiction are to be found in the pages of *Leal Souvenir*; and if the story had no other attractions, the little girls, Clare and Maud, and the not much bigger boy, Jack Robinson, would amply suffice to make it most enjoyable reading for either contemporaries or seniors of the youthful hero and the pair of heroines. Other attractions, however, are not wanting: the grown-up folks—especially that charming Aunt Judith—are almost as good company as the children; the narrative has a strong interest of its own; and the covers of the book enclose nothing but pleasant pages.

It is impossible to say anything worth saying about so ordinary a novel as *The Kisses of an Enemy*. The plot is made up of very familiar materials, the characters are thoroughly conventional, and the style is not relieved from commonplace even by exceptional badness. The "enemy" who gives the "kisses" is rather wicked in an uninteresting sort of way, and the people who are less wicked are not one whit more entertaining. There seem indications that one character, Lord St. Barbe, is intended to be amusing, but there has evidently been a slip somewhere between the cup of intention and the lip of performance.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME AMERICAN BOOKS.

Boston Unitarianism, 1820-1850. A Study of the Life and Work of Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham. By Octav Brooks Frothingham. (Putnam's.) That indefatigable biographer, Mr. Octavius Brooks Frothingham, has incorporated in this memoir of his father a sketch of Boston Unitarianism from 1820 to 1850, as he says, but really to a somewhat later date. The period thus covered was important in the annals of free religion in New England. At the beginning of it, Unitarianism and Trinitarianism were parted from one another on a mere doctrinal point—whether Jesus of Nazareth was the second person of the Godhead or a magnified man. Conduct which, in later times, Matthew Arnold has pointed out, is "three parts of life," was regarded as comparatively unimportant by both parties to the controversy. But soon afterwards came that ethical revival, since known as Transcendentalism, which gave to Unitarianism and to free religion generally a new and important aspect. The dispute was no longer about the nature of a person whose word, whether as man or God, was held to be supreme, but about the nature of revelation itself. The new affirmation was that, not to Jesus only, but to every man born into the world, the divine guidance was granted directly, and not through book or creed. The difference between the Transcendentalist and the old-school Unitarianism was even greater than the former difference between Unitarianism and orthodoxy. Many persons left Unitarianism altogether; others, like Theodore Parker, were ostracised and insulted by their fellow ministers because, as members of a Church which professed to base itself on freedom, they dared to claim their liberty. The founder of the new spirit was Dr. Channing; and the three stages of its progress are marked by the names of Channing, Parker, and the essentially modern Unitarian, Mr. Minot J. Savage, of Boston. Unitarianism has made itself an influence in

New England to a degree beyond anything it has achieved in the mother country. There it exercises something of the power which the Friends, and latterly, still more, the Positivists, exercise here—a voice of conscience to the nation, so to speak, often felt if not always heeded. To the student of the subject, Mr. Frothingham's book will prove highly interesting. Treating of the movement from the inside, it throws light on facts and incidents of a more public nature already known. Mr. Frothingham sketches the history of the famous Boston "Thursday Lecture," from the time when John Cotton brought the institution with him from Lincolnshire, until, some two hundred years later, it was discontinued rather than that Theodore Parker should be tolerated as one of the lecturers. Many other instances of the persecuting spirit of the old Unitarianism are given, but it is more interesting and important to note the admirable features in the characters even of some of the most determined bigots. There is no doubt Parker brought much persecution upon himself by his extreme aggressiveness. If he "could simply have shifted the basis of authority from the Bible to the soul," says Mr. Frothingham, "without disturbing the traditions of faith, there might have been no contest in spite of his biting sarcasms. But he discredited all the external proofs of revelation." Emerson, with equal courage but more courtesy, achieved similar ends; and, as a rule, his method is the more effectual. Yet in every great movement the fighter is necessary. The work Parker did must not be underrated, although its direct consequences are growing less visible. As to the man himself, it would be difficult to discover a more perfect type of the hero. Of Dr. N. L. Frothingham the present volume gives an interesting account. He may be said to have belonged to the old school, but was fairly open to the influences of the new spirit. Never very prominent, his influence was yet weighty. As his son says: "With Dr. Frothingham died virtually his type of Unitarianism. It was the old-fashioned faith with a sentimental modification." Mr. Frothingham himself was for many years a noted clergyman in New York, until he found it no longer possible to reconcile the revelations of science with organised religious beliefs. But even since then Unitarianism has progressed; and Mr. Savage, already named, is glad to welcome evolution as a powerful ally of the essentially practical and nineteenth century religion which he preaches. New England Unitarianism is the lineal descendant of the Puritanism of the early colony. Such a development gives rise to reflections; yet amid the wreck of institutions and of creeds the spirit of religious liberty which inspired the Pilgrim Fathers is the motive force of whatever is good in the Church of to-day.

A Synopsis of English and American Literature. By G. T. Smith. (Edward Arnold.) So excellent is the purpose of this work that we are sorry we cannot give unqualified praise to the manner in which that purpose is executed. Here is a long list of authors—British and American—classified in a convenient manner, with dates of birth and death, names of principal works, and, in a parallel column, the leading events of the time. Such a work, if tolerably complete and trustworthy, must be, as the author thinks, useful not only to teachers and students, but to the general readers—and he might have added to writers also. Everything, however, depends on completeness and accuracy. Of course, no list could be absolutely complete; the line must be drawn somewhere, and where to draw it is a matter for the judgment of the editor. But a list which is comprehensive enough to include Theodore Tilton should surely include Richard

Jefferies; and Edward Dowden is at least as well entitled to a place in it as, say, De Witt Talmage. The line must be a zig-zag one which includes Richard Proctor and Grant Allen, but not Richard Owen; Harriet Martineau, but not James; John Henry Newman, but not Francis; Anthony Trollope, but not his mother; Mrs. Oliphant, but not her namesake. But it is still more surprising to find the name of Morley represented by Henry and not John; Hutton by Laurence, and not Richard Holt; and Meredith by Owen, and not George. Robert Burton is included, but neither John Hill Burton nor Sir Richard has a place. The critical features of the book are of doubtful utility. As Mr. Smith remarks, "authorities must always widely differ." Mr. Smith distinguishes the different grades by style of type, and gives, in addition, what he terms "a summary of the ranking." It would seem that, in his view, Dickens is "about on a par" with Scott, and in the same rank with these are only seven others, including Shakspeare. Fielding appears in a lower class, with Richardson, Anthony Trollope, and Disraeli; Principal Shairp and John Stuart Blackie a "type higher" (to use a commercial phrase which seems peculiarly suitable) than Dr. John Brown and Sir Arthur Helps, and Mr. Froude than Mr. Freeman. Among American poets Bryant and Mr. Lowell stand with the first, while Whittier takes a second place. But Mr. Lowell reappears as critic in quite a humble position. The editor occasionally adds brief critical notes. Walt Whitman is described as "a singular poetical iconoclast; graceful, tender." Of Joaquin Miller it is said, rather vaguely, "some of his work is very fine." Thomas Hardy is summed up in the words, "fresh, original; peasant life"; and Mr. Ruskin is described as "the creator of a new literature: that of art." Despite many faults, we give Mr. Smith credit for the immense pains he must have taken with his book. Such a work could not be free from errors at the outset; and a carefully corrected second edition would prove invaluable. We think the assistance of a competent English editor should be secured; and, if Mr. Smith can see his way to omit the critical features, so much the better.

The Story of a Noble Life: William Lloyd Garrison. By William E. A. Axon. (Partridge.) In preparing a brief and handy life of Garrison, Mr. Axon has done good service. Such a work was needed. The four ponderous volumes which form the official memoir are a monument of patience, perseverance, and filial zeal and affection; but, to be candid, they are not readable. Perhaps Mr. Isaac Pitman, who, according to his recent biographer, read Walker's Dictionary through twice, might find them so, but most other people would attempt to use them only as works of reference. The present volume is characterised by the thoroughness we have learned to expect in anything that bears Mr. Axon's name. Whatever he undertakes is sure to be good of its kind. He writes with dignified self-restraint. His style is clear, incisive, and always studiously moderate. Exaggeration and superlatives are not allowed to mar its natural force. These qualities are especially noteworthy and commendable in the present connexion. A strenuous upholder of many of the "isms" championed by Garrison, Mr. Axon might easily be excused a little extravagance of language. At any rate, most writers would have been guilty of it. His attitude throughout is that of a dispassionate, though friendly, critic. The book is described in an advertisement at the end as "beautifully bound and illustrated." The words "but badly printed" might have been added with good reason.

Recollections of My Childhood's Days. By Louisa M. Alcott. (Sampson Low.) The

"recollections," which give an attractive but misleading title to this book, extend to only fourteen pages. They are taken without acknowledgment, and we fear without permission, from Mrs. Choney's *Life of Miss Alcott*, published only a few months ago, and easily accessible. For some reason best known to the compiler of the present work, various verbal alterations have been made. The rest of the book consists of stories, none of which, as far as we know, appear now for the first time.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

The Snake's Pass. By Bram Stoker. (Sampson Low.) One day some competent critic, it may be hoped, will make a thorough study of the Anglo-Irish literature of this century. That literature is a thing apart from the English literature of the same period. Scarcely affected by the religious doubts or the scientific dogmas which have so deeply influenced English literature in our day, it has clung steadfastly to the ideal, and insists on portraying life not as it is, but as it ought to be. And that, perhaps, is as legitimate an exercise of the imagination as the portrayal of life as it ought not to be. Such, at least, is the defence which an admirer of Mr. Stoker's new novel will probably make if he hears it reproached for the purely imaginary order of life in which its events transact themselves. Imaginary or not, it has a sufficient subjective coherence and propriety; and these Norahs and Andies and Dicks and Joyces are distinctly pleasant company, in spite of the fact that they inhabit a purely archetypal Ireland in the universe of Platonic ideas. The story centres on a curious natural phenomenon—a moving bog, with the strange proceedings of which the fate of the principal personages is more or less deeply connected. It has many touches of picturesque description and exciting episode, and shows again and again that delightful mixture of homeliness and romance which has characterised Celtic poetry from its earliest days. A charming instance is the rescue of the hero from being engulfed in the bog by means of his peasant sweetheart's homespun petticoat. The book, we may add, would lend itself admirably to illustration. The plot is enacted in a region which, as described by Mr. Stoker, should stir the imagination of an artist who possessed any of Doré's genius for the representation of strange and terrible scenery.

Queen of the Ranche. By Emma E. and J. L. Hornibrook. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This is a lifelike, entertaining, but not unduly boisterous story, in which due prominence is given to "the marked preponderance of the male sex over the female population in the Far West," and to the fact that "the younger ranchers were often at a loss to obtain suitable partners, and many amusing anecdotes are related of the devices to which they resorted for this purpose." The beginning of the story—the quarrel of Rowley Neville with his peppery uncle, and his consequent appearance as a rancher in America—is commonplace enough. He finds a wife there, of course—though not probably the particular woman, Miss Janholte, whom most of his readers would select—and has all sorts of adventures of the kind which are most appreciated at this season. The action of the story seems occasionally to halt, which is perhaps due to the fact that it is the work of two hands. But, in spite of this, it is full of "go," and is not devoid of humour, and there are several very powerfully-drawn personalities in it.

Roland Hallbrid. By Hector Malot. (Hutchinson.) Naturally, seeing the author is Hector Malot, this is a first-rate book for boys or girls. It is impossible to put it down, when you have once

taken it up, until you have finished it or are ordered off to bed. Its adventures by land and sea follow fast, thick, and exciting.

Hugh Latimer. By the Rev. James Ellis. (Nisbet.) Mr. Ellis is writing a series of "Men with a Mission," and Latimer succeeds Mr. Stanley, Kingsley, and Tyndale. The career of the Reformer is clearly and vigorously sketched, within the limits Mr. Ellis has imposed upon himself. He writes obviously for Protestants, and makes no pretence to any original research; but he possesses a considerable talent for popular narrative, which finds full scope in the series of biographies he is engaged upon.

The Builders of the Church in Northumbria. By M. H. Hall. (Masters.) Some of Mr. Ellis's briskness and vigour would improve these sketches of Northumbrian saints. The author is careful and scholarly, and in many ways superior to the biographer of Latimer; but his book is a little dull, despite the interest of the subject. It is impossible to make the lives of Bede and Aleuin uninteresting; but in dealing with the less-known saints, a greater vivacity of style would help Mr. Hall's readers. Those who care about Mr. Hall's subject will enjoy and value his careful and accurate work, but he will not attract new students to his period.

Glady's. By Emily N. Daughlish. (S.P.C.K.) It is very difficult to write a readable tale describing the state of mind in which young girls ought to be when they are confirmed. The author, who wishes to teach certain lessons, is apt to make the characters over-ready in their expression of religious emotion. There are certain emotions which must be described with careful reserve if they are to be read with any comfort. *Glady's* is not a readable story, but what it has to say about confirmation is earnest and right.

Pixies. By Mrs. Gerard Ford. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) Two Northumbrian tales—the first sentimental, with nothing in it but a description of a Northumbrian farm and Northumbrian dialect in dialogue, a dreadful bore for a child. The second story better, but too sentimental also, though in a way better suited to a child.

My Schoolfellows. By Ascot R. Hope. (Biggs.) A very excellent boys' book, cheery, chatty, and jolly.

Dulcie's Love Story. By Evelyn Everett Green. (Nelson.) Too much of a novel for the ten-year-old girls for whom it seems to be intended, but otherwise readable enough.

The Holiday Toy-Book. (Dean.) First-rate coloured illustrations of a circus.

A B C of the World. (Dean.) A coloured geographical A B C. Brilliant pictures of the costumes and scenery of different countries.

The Three Tiny Pigs. (Dean.) The pigs score off the wolf in delightful coloured pictures.

Mon Primer Alphabet. (Hachette.) A picture French A B C, ending up with nice little tales and nice little illustrations.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. JUSTIN WINSOR, the learned librarian of Harvard, is taking a year's holiday after his ten years' work at his big history of the United States. As he travels he corrects the proofs of his *Life of Columbus*, a volume of six or seven hundred pages, which is to tell the truth, for the first time, about the great discoverer's weaknesses of temper and character, while doing full justice to his strength and enthusiasm.

WALT WHITMAN, we learn, is putting into final shape a new volume, to be entitled *Good-*

bye, my Fancy! in which his scattered writings and addresses of the last two years will be gathered up. It will also contain Col. R. Ingersoll's recent lecture in Philadelphia, and translations from Gabriel Sarrazin's study in his *Poesie Anglaise* (1888), and from a German lecture delivered to the Litterarischer Verein at Dresden by Mr. T. W. Rolleston (Dresden, 1883).

MR. W. CONNOR SYDNEY—a well-known student in the British Museum—has nearly finished printing a work in two volumes, to be entitled *England and the English in the Eighteenth Century: Chapters in the Social History of the Times*. The work is based upon a careful investigation of original sources of information, particularly the curious and voluminous collection of MSS. relating to national manners and morals under the House of Brunswick, made by Francis Place, the political reformer, and now deposited in the British Museum. Mr. Sydney has also drawn largely from the Fleet Registers, preserved at Somerset House. His book will be published by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

NEWMAN'S Correspondence while in the English Church will be published by Messrs. Longmans on January 15. It will form two volumes, with two portraits.

MRS. J. A. H. GORDON, the wife of the electrical engineer, has nearly finished her little book on "Decorative Electricity," founded on her experience in lighting her own home in Queen's Gate-gardens. Her article on the same subject is in type for the *Fortnightly Review*. The book will be largely illustrated, and will be published, like her husband's well-known work, now long out of print, by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

MR. JOSEPH JACOBS has, during the last fifteen months, printed about three thousand pages of English text—mainly Tudor reprints—and written to them a thousand pages of introductions and notes. It is a good record.

THE Wyclif Society was beginning to congratulate itself that it was half through its work, the printing of all the Reformer's MS. Latin treatises; but it has just received from St. Petersburg the tidings that a mass of Wyclif MSS. exists there, no doubt removed from Warsaw when the Russians captured that city. Rumour says that the executive committee hope that no fresh treatises are among these MSS.; for if there are many, a fresh Wyclif Society will be needed to print them.

M. PAUL MEYER is just finishing a long report of about one hundred quarto pages on some old French MSS. in the library of the late Sir Thomas Phillips, at Cheltenham.

THE first volume of the new weekly issue of "Cassell's National Library" will be published next Wednesday. This issue will consist of the most popular volumes of the series, with additional works which have not hitherto appeared in it. Thus, the first volume, Dickens's *The Hunted Man*, is new to the series. The cloth volumes will be published in an improved style of binding.

AMONG the new volumes of verse to be issued shortly by Mr. Elliot Stock are *The Garden of Psyche*, by Benjamin G. Ambler; and *Strains of Solitary Song*.

MR. FITZGERALD MOLLOY contributes to the first number in the new year of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* a sensational story called "The Robbery of Rosa Raywathie." In the same number a serial called "Serjeant Von's Chase" is commenced, illustrated by Mr. J. Finnemore. "What is done at the Foreign Office" is the title of a special article, with

illustrations. "The Strange Doings of Dr. Trax" is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Hall Richardson, which are now appearing in this paper.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK, formerly of Edinburgh, have now transferred their business to London, having entered into occupation of a large block of buildings at 4, 5, and 6 Soho-square and 9 Dean-street, W.C., where every facility is afforded for carrying on a large publishing business.

THE members of the Harleian Society have just had issued to them two volumes of *Allegations for Marriage Licences issued by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury*, extending from July, 1679, to June, 1694, and edited by George J. Armytage, hon. secretary. Members of the register section of the same society have also had furnished to them *The Register of Baptisms and Marriages at St. George's Chapel, May Fair*, printed from a transcript of the registers which were kept by the Rev. Alexander Keith and his assistants at St. George's Chapel, May Fair, from 1735 to 1743 or 1744, and from then to 1754 at a private dwelling-house adjacent thereto. This volume is also edited by the hon. secretary, who contributes a preface, tracing the history of Mr. Keith and of the registers.

To the New Shakspeare Society, at its last meeting, was presented a copy of a very recent translation of "Hamlet" into modern Greek, by M. N. Damiralis. There had been three previous versions—by Perbanoglous (1858), Bikelas (1882), and Polulas (1889). We may mention an awkward error in the new translation. Hamlet's words to Ophelia (iii. 1): "I have heard of your paintings too well enough," appears as "ἡκουσα καὶ περὶ τῶν ζωγραφημάτων σας οὐκ ὀλίγα," the "paintings" spoken of being obviously regarded as pictures.

THE next meeting of the Ruskin Society of London will be held at the London Institution on Friday, January 16, at 8 p.m. (not on January 9 as previously arranged), when the Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe, Principal of Whitehalls College, Chelsea, will read a paper on "*Fors Clavigera*."

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY has added a fresh link to the chain of evidence that connects George Washington with the Sulgrave family. In the *ACADEMY* of October 26, 1889, was printed an analysis of the genealogical researches by which Mr. H. F. Waters succeeded in almost demonstrating that the two brothers, John and Lawrence, who emigrated to Virginia circa 1657, were the sons of the Rev. Lawrence Washington, of the Sulgrave family, by his wife Amphillis. This John was the great-grandfather of George Washington. His will, which has long been sought for in vain, has now been found by Mr. Conway, and printed in the *Nation* of December 18. It is dated September, 1675, and was proved in January, 1677. Unfortunately, the only mention of his English relatives is a legacy to his sister Martha; but from the evidence collected by Mr. Waters, we know that Amphillis Washington had a daughter of this name.

A SECOND series of lectures on "The Religious Systems of the World," in continuation of those delivered a year or two ago and afterwards published in a volume, will be commenced with the new year at South-place Institute, Finsbury, on Sunday afternoons. The programme includes "Old Slavonic Religions," by Mr. W. R. Morfill; "The Armenian National Church," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare; "The Influence of Paganism on Christianity," by Mr. C. F. Keary; "Séicism" and "Babi-ism," by Mr. E. G. Browne, lecturer on Persian at Cambridge; and "Brāhmanism," by Sir Monier Williams. The lectures begin at 4 p.m., being preceded by an

organ recital and vocal music; and all seats are free.

MR. WILLIAM CORY—the once famous master at Eton, William Johnson—has just issued a new edition of his much-sought-after poems *Ionica*, with several fresh pieces, which show that his spirit has not lost its freshness at seventy, nor his hand its cunning. Mr. George Allen, of Bell-yard and Orpington, publishes the little volume.

AFTER giving us a pocket edition of Tennyson, Messrs. Macmillan have conferred an equal boon by a larger-type edition of *The Golden Treasury*. This anthology of English lyrics, which opened the series to which it has given its name, has lost none of its popularity after thirty years. But not only was the print rather trying for elderly eyes, it had also become worn by too frequent impressions. The veteran editor—who now appears on the title-page as Professor of Poetry at Oxford—has taken the opportunity of a new edition to incorporate more than fifty new pieces, mostly from collections of Elizabethan songs that have appeared subsequently, though he has not extended his time-limit so as to include the Victorian age. He has also omitted a few; but comparison between the two editions is rendered difficult by the absence of a proper table of contents. Moreover, the notes have been carefully revised throughout. Among these, we may specially mention the explanation of Gray's Celtic allusions in "The Bard," and the comparison of the Miltonian with the Shaksperian sonnet. There is a misprint in the last line of p. 418; and is it an historical fact that *The Royal George* sank in "Portsmouth Harbour" (p. 430)? We have always understood that she was lying at Spithead, which is a very different place. We only mention these trivial matters in order that such a book may be rendered immaculate.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

AMONG the honours conferred by the Crown on the occasion of the New Year, we may mention here that Dr. George M. Humphry, the veteran professor of surgery at Cambridge, is knighted; Prof. C. V. Ball, director of the Museum of Science and Art at Dublin, receives a C.B.; Dr. Theodore Cooke, principal of the College of Science at Poona, a C.I.E.; and Mr. Frederic McCoy, professor of natural science at Melbourne, a K.C.M.G. It is, perhaps, worthy of note that all these decorations are confined to the physical sciences.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately a Catalogue of the gems in the Fitzwilliam Museum, by Prof. J. H. Middleton, director of the museum, to which is prefixed an introduction dealing generally with the engraved gems of classical times.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have ready for issue an edition of a unique MS. in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge, prepared by Mr. Henry Littlehales. It contains the Prymer, or prayer-book of the lay people in English, as used circa 1400. The present volume consists of the text alone, reproduced in printed type so as to preserve as far as possible the characteristics of the MS. A general introduction and notes will be given in a second part, which may not be ready for some years to come.

THE spring term of the School for Modern Oriental Studies, in connexion with the Imperial Institute, will be inaugurated by a lecture by Mr. F. V. Dickins, on "The Modern Speech of Japan, as illustrated by Native Methods of Primary Instruction," to be delivered at King's College on Thursday, January 15, at 5 p.m., the president of the college, the Rev. Dr. H. Wace, in the chair. The public will be admitted free.

THE annual conference of principals of university colleges was held at the University College of North Wales, Bangor, on December 23, Principal Reichel in the chair. Among the subjects discussed were the proposed reconstitution of the University of London, with special reference to the holding of the honours examinations at local centres; the relations of the university colleges to day training colleges; and the appropriation of local taxation grants by the county councils to technical instruction. The next meeting will be held at University College, London.

THE committee of University Hall, Gordon-square, have completed their arrangements for the Lent term. These include a course of lectures by Mrs. J. R. Green (already known as the editor of her husband's last work and as the author of *Henry II.*) on "The History of English Towns in the Fifteenth Century." Mrs. Green has long been engaged in studying the experiments in self-government made by our towns, and her lectures are expected to embody the results of much original investigation and to throw a vivid light upon many points of constitutional history. The Warden of the Hall, the Rev. Philip H. Wickstead, who has just entered upon his office, will lecture upon "The Elements of Sociology," taking as his special subjects the Family, Property, and Slavery. The Biblical teaching, which is to form a special feature of the Hall, will be represented by Sunday afternoon lectures on "The Gospel of Luke" by Dr. James Martineau; and by a series of lectures delivered in French on Friday afternoons by M. C. G. Chavannes, of Leiden, on "The Religious Significance of the Old Testament." M. Chavannes is a friend and disciple of Prof. Kuenen, and is known as the French translator of *De Bijbel voor Jongelieden* of Drs. Oort and Hoogkaas, and as the author of *La Religion dans la Bible*. He is therefore a thoroughly qualified exponent of the "modern" school of Dutch theology; but also a man of independent mind and original views. An introductory lecture on "The Traditional and the Organic Views of the Old Testament" will be delivered by the Warden on the evening of Monday, January 12.

THE Grocers' Company have made a grant of £100 in aid of the funds of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, which has now branches in over fifty centres in the metropolis.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

ON A PROPOSAL TO RESTORE THE ELGIN MARBLES TO ATHENS.

Great Master of the Parthenon, men wreak
Resentment on us for our raid among
Thy ruining marbles—deem we did thee wrong;
Thine are the stones: but, Pheidias, thou wilt seek,
Save 'mid the English, vainly for the Greek.
Do not the heroes of thy land belong
To us, whose loftiest lyric poet's song
Honours divine Erechtheus? Or, to speak
Of our twain hoary prophets, who as these
Have sung Tiresias and Pheidippides?
Who tells the tale of Jason's wondrous crew?
Who, if not Landor, guards Aspasia's grace
Perfect from soil? Is it too much for you
To trust your darkening torsos to our race?

MICHAEL FIELD.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ALBRECHT, P. Lessing's Plagiats. 1. Bd. 1. Hft. 2. Hälfte. Hamburg: Albrecht. 1 M.
BAYS, J. Tours et Tournelles historiques de la Belgique. Bruxelles: Lyon-Claesen. 100 fr.
BERTHIER, G. Il senso dell' Allegoria Dantesca secondo la Scolastica. 2. ed. Freiburg: Universitätsbuchhandlung. 1 M.

- BLOCK, J. C. Das Kupferstich-Werk d. Wilhelm Hondius. Danzig: Kasemann. 10 M.
BOULANGER, E. Voyage en Sibirie. Paris: Soc. d'éditions scientifiques. 7 fr. 50 c.
BRUNET, G. Etudes sur la reliure des livres et sur les collections de bibliophiles célèbres. Bordeaux: Mequet. 10 fr.
FUSTER, Ch. L'année des poètes. 1890. Paris: Fischbacher. 10 fr.
GAUTHIER, L. La chevalerie. Paris: Delagrave. 25 fr.
HEINEMANN, O. V. Die Handschriften der herzogl. Bibliothek zu Wolfenbüttel. S. Abth. Wolfenbüttel: Zwißler. 12 M.
HERMANN, E. Technische Fragen u. Probleme der modernen Volkswirtschaft. Leipzig: Winter. 7 M.
MORSCH, H. Goethe u. die griechische Bühnendichter. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M. 50 Pf.
NEEDLER, O. H. Richard Coeur de Lion in literature. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
ROSSEL, V. Histoire littéraire de la Suisse romande des origines à nos jours. T. 2. Basel: Georg. 6 M.
ROUZAT, H. Les Fêtes du 6e centenaire de l'université de Montpellier. Paris: Masson. 16 fr.
SEHMANN, Th. Die Kunst der Etrusker nach den Forschungen unserer heutigen Wissenschaft. Dresden: Hoffmann. 6 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ANDRIAN, F. Frhr. v. Der Hübenerkreis asiatischer n. europäischer Völker. Wien: Koenen. 10 M.
BEER, R. Heilige Höhen der alten Griechen u. Römer. Wien: Koenen. 2 M.
GESCHICHTSQUELLEN der Prov. Sachsen. 18. Bd. Der Briefwechsel d. Conradus Mutianus. Gesammt u. bearb. v. K. Giller. Halle-a.-S.: Hendel. 16 M.
HIESCHKE, L. v. Friedrich Franz II., Grossherzog v. Mecklenburg-Schwerin, u. seine Vorgänger. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 15 M. 60 Pf.
HÜLSEN, Ch., u. P. LANDNER. Die Albienschlacht. Eine topograph. Studie. Rome: Loescher. 3 fr.
MATRIKEL, die der Universität Rostock. II., 1. Mch. 1499–Oct. 1563. Hrsg. v. A. Hofmeister. Rostock: Stiller. 10 M.
MERCIER, E. Histoire de l'Afrique septentrionale. T. 3 et dernier. Paris: Leroux. 9 fr.
MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. (Neue Quart. Ausg.) Libelli de lite imperatorum et pontificum saeculis XI. et XII. censurati. Tom. 1. Hannover: Hahn. 24 M.
OPET, O. Geschichte der Prozesseinleitungsformen im östlichen deutschen Rechtsgang. 1. Abth. Die Zeit der Volkrechte. Breslau: Koebner. 5 M. 20 Pf.
RAMBAUD, A. Recueil des instructions données aux ambassadeurs et ministres de France. Russie. T. 2 (1749 à 1789). Paris: Alcan. 25 fr.
RECHTEN zur Geschichte der Juden im fränkischen u. deutschen Reiche bis zum Jahre 1273. 4. Lfg. Bis zum J. 1254. Berlin: Simion. 3 M. 20 Pf.
SFULLER, E. Histoire parlementaire de la seconde République. Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50 c.
TETTAU, W. Frhr. v. Die Stadt Erfurt u. der Erfurter Landkreis. Halle-a.-S.: Hendel. 12 M.
ZARNCKE, F. Causa Nicolai Winter. Ein Bagatelprozess bei der Universität Leipzig um die Mitte d. 15. Jahrh. Leipzig: Hirzel. 4 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- FRONISCHAMMER, J. Ueb. das Mysterium Magnum d. Daseins. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 4 M.
HESSE, R. Die Hypothesen Deutschlands. 2. Lfg. Halle: Hofmeister. 4 M. 80 Pf.
KRÜSS, G. u. H. Kolorimetrie u. quantitative Spektralanalyse in ihrer Anwendung in der Chemie. Hamburg: Voss. 8 M.
LOEWENTHAL, A. Pseudo-Aristoteles üb. die Seele. Eine physikal. Schrift d. 11. Jahrh. u. ihre Beziegn. zu Salomo ibn Gabirol (Avicenna). Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.
MOREAU, E. Histoire naturelle des poissons de la France. Paris: Masson. 65 fr.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ARCHIVIO paleografico italiano. I. 6. H. codice Vaticano 3195. Milan: Hoepli. 14 fr. 30 c.
DARESTE, R., B. HAUSOULIER, et Th. REINACH. Recueil des inscriptions juridiques grecques. 1er fasc. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
FICK, A. Vergleichendes Wörterbuch der Indogermanischen Sprachen. 4. Aufl. 1. Thl. Wortschatz der Grundsprache, der arischen u. der westeuropäischen Sprachfamilie, v. A. Fick. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 14 M.
HOFFMANN, O. Die griechischen Dialekte, in ihrem histor. Zusammenhange n. den wichtigsten ihrer Quellen dargestellt. 1. Bd. Der süd-äolische Dialekt. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 8 M.
HOFMANN, F. Avoir u. estre in den unschreibenden Zeiten d. altfranzösischen literarischen Zeitworts. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
IDIOION, schweizerisches. 19. Hft. Frauenfeld: Huber. 2 M.
KLEIN, W. Die griechischen Vasen m. Lieblingsinschriften. Leipzig: Freytag. 7 M.
LINGKE, K. De Xenophontis libris Socraticis. Jena: Frommann. 1 M.
PAUL, H. Grundriss der germanischen Philologie. 1. Bd. 5. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 4 M.
PLOGER, E. Die Partikeln im Althebräischen. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
WIECHMANN, E. Provenzalisches geschlossenes E nach den Grammatiken, Reimen der Dichter u. neu-provenzalischen Mundarten. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 60 Pf.
ZANARDINI, T. L'etrusque, l'ombrien et l'etrusque dans quelques-uns de leurs rapports intimes avec l'italien. Paris: Bouillon. 2 fr.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WHY WAS THE HORSE DRIVEN BEFORE IT WAS RIDDEN?

Queen's College, Cork: December 7, 1890.

Canon Taylor, in that most interesting book *The Origin of the Aryans*, has raised once more a question which has often attracted the attention of scholars, especially those interested in the Homeric Poems. Why is it that in the earliest records of the Greeks, Egyptians, Assyrians, Indians, and Kelts we find the horse used for drawing chariots, but not yet for riding?

Canon Taylor remarks (p. 161), "it is curious to notice at how late a period men first ventured to mount 'the swift one'; and he goes on to say that there is nothing in the Rig Veda to show that the art of riding was practised, and that our first notice of it is in the Zend Avesta. The Homeric Greeks employed the horse almost exclusively for the chariot, riding being only alluded to in some two or three isolated passages, as when Odysseus and Diomedes rode to the ships the horses of Rhesus which they had captured (*Il.* 515 *cf.* *Od.* v. 371). This, however, shows that it was hardly from fear that the Greeks did not habitually ride instead of drive their steeds. The same remark applies to the ancient Britons, who, according to the ancient accounts, performed wonderful feats of agility in running out and standing upon the pole of the chariot.

The true solution may probably be this. The primitive horse that ranged over the plains of Europe and Asia was too small when he was first domesticated to carry a man for any great time or distance on his back. This, of course, would render him practically useless for warfare. There is ample evidence to prove that the primitive wild horse was of very diminutive size; probably of all his descendants the Shetland pony is his best representative. Canon Taylor says (p. 158, speaking of the enormous deposit of their bones found at Solitré, near Macon, which contains from 20,000 to 40,000 skeletons):

"This primitive horse was a diminutive animal, not much larger than an ass, standing about thirteen hands high, the largest specimens not exceeding fourteen hands. But the head was of disproportionate size, and the teeth were very powerful. He resembled the tarpan or wild horse of the Caspian steppes."

Even long after he had been domesticated he remained very small, as is proved by the bits made of bronze and staghorn which have been found at Möringen and Auvernier, which belong to the latest bronze age. "These bits are only three and half inches wide, and could now be hardly used for a child's pony."

Let us now turn to Herodotus, v. 9, where, speaking of the unknown regions to the north of the Danube, he says that the only people he can learn of as inhabiting the region are called Sigynnae, who wear the costume of the Medes, and whose horses are shaggy all over the body, being covered with hair to a depth of five fingers, and are small and flat nosed, and incapable of carrying men, but when yoked under chariots they are very swift, and that the natives accordingly drive chariots (τοὺς δὲ ἵππους αὐτῶν εἶναι λασίους ἅπαν τὸ σῶμα ἐπὶ πέντε δακτύλους τὸ βάθος τῶν τριχῶν, μικροὺς δὲ καὶ σιμοὺς καὶ ἀδυνάτους ἐνθάς φέρειν, ζευγνυμένους δὲ ἐφ' ἄρματα εἶναι ὀξύτατους· ἄρματ' ἡλατίειν δὲ πρὸς ταῦτα τοὺς ἐπιχωρίους). This description of the external appearance of the little horses of the Sigynnae of Central Europe agrees very well with that of the skeletons found near Macon. The simous shape of the head tallies well with the ugly shaped skull and powerful jaws of the bone deposits.

We can hardly doubt that we have here primitive horses such as those whose diminutive

bits have been found in the later lake-dwellings of Switzerland. It seems to me then that the reason Herodotus here assigns for the fact that this tribe of Central Europe drove their horses instead of riding them is the true explanation why all early peoples alike employed the horse for driving long before they ever habitually practised riding. It was only after generations of domestication that, under careful feeding and breeding, the horse became of sufficient size to carry a man on his back with ease. That size was held to be of great importance by the Homeric Greeks is proved by *Il.* x. 436 (καλλίστους ἵππους ἴδον ἥδ' ἐμεγίστους).

It is worth noting that Sophocles, in a famous passage of the *Antigone* (l. 350), evidently considered that it was for the chariot and not for the saddle that man first used "the shaggy-necked steed" (λασάχενα ἵππον ὃ χυμύζεται ἀμφὶ λόφον ζυγῶν, as Prof. Jebb reads).

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

"WIDISHINS."

Christ's College, Cambridge: Dec. 6, 1890.

In the story of Childe Rowland, preserved by Jamieson in his *Illustrations of Northern Antiquities*, and recently re-edited by Mr. Jacobs in his *English Fairy Tales*, it is told how the hero gains entrance into the King of Elfland's castle by going three times "widishins" round the green hill on which it stands. In a note Mr. Jacobs discusses this strange word, and suggests that it is "analogous to the German *wider Schein*, i.e., against the appearance of the sun; 'counterclockwise,' as the mathematicians say, i.e., W., S., E., N., instead of with the sun and the hands of a clock." The second half of the word has, however, nothing to do with the German *Schein*, and the derivation suggested is an interesting instance of "folk-etymology."

The word is fairly common in Scottish writers in the various forms—"Wedder Shynnis," "Widdirsins," "Widdershins," "Withershins," "Woddershins," all in the sense of "backwards, contrariwise." There is no instance of the word occurring south of the Tweed. Its origin is evidently to be sought in some northern Teutonic dialect. *Shins*, or rather *sins*, = Scandinavian *sinnis*, genitive (used adverbially) of *sinni*, or *sinn*, "a way, direction, or walk," cognate with A.S. *sīð*, Goth. *sih*, O.H.G. *sin*, Latin *sensus* (cp. Icel. *sinna*, A.S. *sīðian*, O.H.G. *M.H.G.* *sinnan*, "to go," Latin *sentire*). In O.H.G. and M.H.G. the genitive occurs frequently in the combination *widersinnes*, "contrary to the usual direction or manner"; e.g., "den namen er widersinnes las," i.e., "he read the name backward." "Sô muoz dîz wazzer ze berge fliezen hinder sich und widersinnes riuschen," i.e., "This water must run up the mountain and rush backwards." Similarly the verb *sinnan wider* occurs in O.H.G. and M.H.G. in the sense of "to go in a wrong direction," though more usually with the simpler meaning of "to turn back, to return." It is curious to note that already in Old High-German the word is used as though somewhat archaic, and an explanatory epithet follows or precedes it. Scottish writers treat the word in the same way, thus:

"In hir unhappy hands she held my heid,
And straitkit bakeward widersinns my hair."

(See Jamieson's *Dict. sub. voc.*)

Probably the sense "contrariwise" covers all the usages of the word in Scotch, the idea of "contrary to the course of the sun" being an extension of sense, engrafted later, and perhaps connected with the Christian custom of turning to the East. At all events, "wider" is the important element in the word "widishins," while "shins" may be regarded as an adverbial

suffix of the same force as "wise"; in fact, "widderwise" is the form co-existing with it in Scotch dialects. The Southern English word to express the idea would probably have been "witherswards" (cp. A.S. *wiberweard*) or "withwise" (still in use in the folk-speech of Westmoreland).

In O.E., *bestornes*, *bestornez*, *bestorné*, is used in very much the same sense as "widishins"; it is the past part. of *bestornen*, "to turn in a wrong direction," a compound of *bes* (= "mal") and *turnen* ("to turn"). By a curious parallelism, *bestornen* was used specially for that which was turned to the West instead of to the East; and there was a church in Paris in the twelfth century called St. Benoic li bestornez. The origin of the latter name is given by an ecclesiastic writer, about 1350:

"Bestornata olim dicebatur haec parochialis ecclesia quod ejus majus altare tunc temporis spectaret Occidentem, cum ex ecclesiastica consuetudine Orientem spectare debuisset. Nunc contraria ratione dicitur S. Benoic le Bien-tournee quod ad Orientem translatus sit majus altare, cum instaurata est ecclesia."

The word *bestorné* in the "Romant of the Rose" is used similarly for "that which is not *vers orient* but *vers occident*." The curious point connected with the word is, however, its use by an Englishman in the fourteenth century—viz., the author of the poem "Pearl." He was anxious to naturalise the word in English, and he attempted to do this by altering it slightly so to bear its meaning on the face of it; he changed it therefore to *westernez*; this is the explanation of the hapaxlegomenon *westernays*, which occurs in l. 307: "Ye setten his wordez ful westernays"—i.e., You read his words in a contrary way, perversely (*cf.* "den namen er widersinnes las," above). "Widishins," if known to the poet, would not have done in this place, for not only was a *w* word required for the alliteration, but also a French *ez* sound for the rhyme.

The various suggestions that the word stands for "westernways" (i.e., desert, from A.S. *weste*), or that it is in some way or other connected with "winstre" are all equally untenable. The disguised "westernays" has strictly no more to do with "west" than "widishins" has with "shine"; though in the one case "learned etymology," and in the other "popular etymology," has been at work.

In the story of Childe Rowland as recorded by Jamieson the word "widishins" is used only in connexion with Rowland's attempt to rescue Burd Ellen from the Elf-King; no reason is, however, assigned to account for the lady's capture; we are merely told:

"Burd Ellen round about the isle
To seek the ba' is gane;
But they bade lang and ay langer
And she came na back again."

Mr. Jacobs, in his beautiful rendering of the story, makes the lady's capture the result of going "widishins" round the church. He does this evidently for the purpose of explaining the strange term. From a folklore point of view, I venture to think that this "story" is unwise. I am of opinion that the action was never told with any explanation of the capture. It was, no doubt, an ordinary case of bride-capture, so common in ballad-lore. If Burd Ellen had gone "widishins" round the church, she would, I think, have used the best homoeopathic specific against the Elf-King's power; for "to go widishins" was the chief element in elfin practices, and if mortals wished to resist or unspell elf-craft, they, too, had "to go widershins," or they had to repeat the Pater-noster backwards, which came to the same thing, or do something else contrariwise.

It would indeed be an interesting subject of debate for the members of the Folk-lore Society

as to whether Burd Ellen ran round the church thus-wise or not. Personally I should vote for the negative. In my opinion, had the lady by any chance really gone in this contrary direction, there would probably have been no lady to rescue, and we should have been deprived of the story of Childe Rowland, as committed to writing by Jamieson, as retold by Mr. Jacobs in his most precious volume, and as portrayed by Mr. Batten's skilful pencil; Milton's "Comus" would probably have lost some of its intrinsic elements; Shakspeare's "King Lear" would not have given us internal evidence of its date, and we should be less rich by losing a glimpse into the poet's nursery.

I. GOLLANCZ.

SOME ENGLISH DOCUMENTS TEMP. HENRY VII.
(THE BARWICK MSS.)

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Nov. 22, 1890.

The following documents, which were discovered at the same time as the Stanhoe Manor Court Rolls (see ACADEMY, November 15 and 29), are interesting from several points of view.

They are peculiar as being written in English, instead of the customary Latin—a peculiarity shared by only one or two more in a total of some forty documents. For this reason their publication will, no doubt, be acceptable for dictionary purposes on account of the spelling and phraseology. They illustrate, too, several points in the legal procedure of the day as regards the conveyance of land.

I transcribe *verbatim et literatim*, save for the usual expansions.

No. 1, dated December 20, 4 Hen. VII., on parchment, with top edge indented, and wax seal (blank) attached below on parchment slip:

"This indenture made the xx day of December the iijth yere of the reign of kyng herry the vijth between sir Roger Touneshend knyght on the oon partie And Robert Gyggys late of london Gentilman Executour of the testamēt of John harward Gent on the other partie witnesseth That the said Robt hath bargaynd and sold to the said sir Roger the maner of Esthall in Stannowe w^t all the londs & tenements rents & seruices w^t ther Appartenances to the same maner perteynyng in the Townes of Stannowe Aforesaid Bermyk [i.e. Barwick] Southcreyk Northcreyk Burnham Thorpp & Burnham Overey And in any other Towne withinne the Countie of Norff which late were the

said John harwardes for ^{xx} iij [i.e. eighty] marcs Wherof the said Robt hath receyued in hand of the said sir Roger the day of making of thes presens x marcs of laughfull money of Inglood And x marcs to be paid to the said Robt or his Assignes at Estern next cummyng And x marcs at Michelmas next folowyng And so forth yerly at the said fest of Michelmas x marcs till the said summe of ^{xx} iij marcs to the said Robt be content & paid To haue and to hold the said maner w^t all the said londs tenements rents & seruices w^t thappartenances in the Townes before-said to the said sir Roger his heires & Assignes for euermore w^t all the arreragys [i.e. arrears = Lat. *arrearagium*, not in *New Eng. Dict.*] nowe beyng behynd of the same And also the said Robt shall deliuer or cause to be deliuered to the said sir Roger or his Assignes all such Euidence dedys Escripts & muniments as longen to the said maner w^t thappartenances And also make or cause to be made a sufficient suer & laughfull Astat by dede w^t a warrantie in the same to the said sir Roger his heires & Assignes of & in the said maner w^t thappartenances by the said fest of Estern And furthermore shall well & truly obserue & fulfill the will of the said John harward And also the will of John harward the older fader to the said John as towchyng as well the said londs in Stannowe as in flege And the said sir Roger shall discharge the said Robt ayenst Thomas Gyggys of Hecham Gent of xl s. be yere which the said John harward bequethd to the said Thomas by his will owte of the maner of fflyby in flegge abouesaid All which premisses well & truly to be don & performed either

of the said parties byndeth hym to other. . . In wytnes wherof either of the said parties to thes present endutentes enterchaungeably hath sette his seall yonen the day and yere Abouesaid."

No. 2, dated January 3, 13 Hen. VII., on paper, with seal (lamb? bearing flag) impressed on wax through the paper, on a slip cut out from the sheet for the purpose:

"Be it known to all men be this present byll y^t I Willm Suttonne of Snetisham in the Countie of Norff Gent haue grantid & sold to Thomas Thorisby of lyne byschop [i.e., Lynn Episcopi] marchand the xvij daye of marche In the ixth yere of y^e reygng of kyng hary y^e vijth my maner in Barwyke calid ffoxis maner w^t all thapornances [sic] to y^e same maner in onys wyls belonging lying in the towen & feldis of Barwyke Stanhowe Barmer and other towens theradiominyng [sic] to y^e said maner belonging for the summe of lx li x li & xvs [i.e., £70 15s.] of the wiche summe I haue receyued xxx li y^e xxvij daye of october in y^e v yere of kyng hary y^e vijth Item receyued y^e xvij daye of marche in y^e ix yere of kyng herry y^e vijth Item receyued y^e xxvij daye of marche in the same yere & reygng of y^e seyd kyng xx li xvs Item receyued the xij daye of aprell in the seyd yere of y^e seyd kyng x vii of y^e wiche lx li & x li & xvs I y^e seyd Willm Suttonne knowlage me well & truly content & paid in forme aforesaid be y^e handis of y^e seyd Thomas In wytnes wherof to this byll I haue sette my Seayll yonen y^e iijth daye of Jancuer the xij yere of kyng herry the vijth & wrytyn w^t myn owen hand In wytnes of this bargayn made Richard mounteyn of Snetisham gent & Vmfray lytylbere gent [these names are in the same hand as the rest of the document]."

No. 3, dated December 12, 13 Hen. VII., on parchment, with top edge indented and scrolled in ink, and wax seal (R) attached below on parchment slip:

"This indenture made the xijth day of Dyscember the xijth yere of kyng herry the vijth Be twen Robte Gyggys of Rollyshy in the Counte of Norfolkke Gentilman execut^r of the testymēt & the last will of John herward younger late of london Gentilman on the on partye and dame Aliano^r Touneshend late the wyffe of Sir Roger Touneshend knyght on the other partie Witnesseth that the said Robte hath Barganed & sold to the said dame Aliano^r the Maner caled Esthall in Stanhowe w^t thappartenances which wer late the said John herwardes w^t all the londes & tenementes rentes & seruyces pastures & all other Comodytes & Appartenances in Stanhow forseid Dockyng Southmer [now corrupted to Summer-field] Barmer Barwyke & north Creke whych late were the said Johnes Excepte and reserued to the said Robte Gyggys his heres & his assignes All the londes tenementes rentes & seruyces lyng in Burnham Thorp Burnham ouere [i.e., Overy] & north creke to the said maner of Burnham be longeng which wer late the said John harwardes And I the said Robert Gyggys graunte [i.e., promise = O.F. *creanter*] to make or cause to be made a sufficient suer & lawfull estate of fee symple to the said dame Aliano^r of & in all the premisses excepte before excepte for wych the premysses & for full recompens & plenary satisfacion as well of all the issues [i.e., rents, returns = Lat. *exitus*] & profytes perceyued of the said maner londes & tenementes and other the premisses as well by the said sir Roger in his lyffe as by the said dame Aliano^r after his deces it is Agreed & accordyd be twyx the seyd partyes by the medyacon of Sir Robert Clere knyght that the said dame Aliano^r shall paye or do to be payd vnto the said Robte Gyggys or to hys execut^rs or assignes ^{xx} iij li of lawfull mony of Englood in forme folowyng y^t is seye Att the feaste of the Epiphanie [Ephe, with barred h, in MS., and so below] of o^r lorde gode next cummyng after the date of theis indentures xl marcs And att the feste of the Epiphanie than next folowyng xl marcs And so yerly att the said feste of the Epiphanie xl marcs vnto the summe of ^{xx} iij li be plenerly payd & content And more ouer it is Agreed that the said dame Aliano^r or hir Assignes shall dyscharge the said Robte by mater of good Autorty for j honest prest to syng att Rome att scala cely by the Space of iij yeres contynually for the soule of the said John herwarde

& his fader & moder & all ther frendes soules accordyng to the last wyll of the said John herward And the said Robte shall delyuer or cause to be delyuered to the said dame Aliano^r All such eydence as muniments & escriptes concernyng [sic = concerning] to the said Manere londes & tenementes which he now hath in his possession or here after shall haue consenying to the said Maner to his knowyng by the feaste of Corpus xpi [= Christi] next cummyng And the said dame Aliano^r grauntes to fynde Sufficient suertes to be bounde for the trew payment Aforesaid vnto the said Robte or his assignes In wytnes herof the said parties to theis indentures interchaungeably haue sette ther seales yonen the daye & yere Aboue seyd & . . . [here follows signature in a different hand] . . . be me Robard gygges."

PAGET TOYNBEE.

["Scala Cely" is, of course, the chapel outside the walls of Rome on the road to Ostia, to which special indulgences were attached. It derived its name from a vision of St. Bernard, who, while celebrating mass, saw the souls for whom he was praying ascending to heaven by a ladder. In the *Calendar of Wills enrolled in the Court of Husting, London* (vol. ii., 234), a testator, under date 1382, makes certain "bequests for pilgrims to go to Rome and cause masses to be said for the good of his soul in the chapel of the Blessed Mary called *Scala Coeli*." The editor, Dr. Reginald R. Sharpe, refers in his Introduction (pp. xxx.-xxxii.) to "The Stacions of Rome and the Pilgrim's Sea Voyage," edited by Dr. Furnivall for the Early English Text Society in 1867.—ED. ACADEMY.]

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

London: Dec. 27, 1890.

If Prof. Skeat will take the trouble to refer to work of mine in a former state of existence—so one, well beyond the three score and ten allowance of years, may refer to his "dead self"—he will find in "Critical Essays on Shakspeare's Plays," attached to Singer's edition of the poet (1858), that I quoted the illustrative and delightful passages of Chaucer's Merchant's Tale in that on "A Midsummer Night's Dream." So much for posthumous fame! My taste for contemporary fame had to derive what gratification it could from the words of the *Saturday Review*:—"We never heard of Mr. Watkiss Lloyd before, and never expect to hear of him again." What better apology for the Shaksperian critics who never heard of him at all?

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, Jan. 4, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Church of England," by the Rev. H. C. Shuttleworth.
MONDAY, Jan. 5, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Herald and Cleopatra," by Prof. Mahaffy.
8 p.m. Royal Academy.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Lux Mundi and Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority in Religion compared*," by the Rev. T. B. Strong.
TUESDAY, Jan. 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Frost and Fire," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, V., by Prof. Dewar.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A New Lizard of the Genus *Ctenoblepharis* from Chili," and "Some Chelonian Remains preserved in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "The Anatomy of the Kagu (*Rhinoceros jubatus*)," by Mr. F. E. Beddard.
WEDNESDAY, Jan. 7, 8 p.m. Geological: "The North-west Region of Charnwood Forest," by the Rev. E. Hull and Prof. T. G. Bonney; "A Contact Structure in the Gneiss of Bradgate Park," by Prof. T. G. Bonney; "The Unconformities between the Rock-systems underlying the Cambrian Quartzite in Shropshire," by Dr. Charles Callaway.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "John Webster," by Mr. F. Roberts.
THURSDAY, Jan. 8, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Frost and Fire," adapted to a Juvenile Auditory, VI., by Prof. Dewar.
8 p.m. Mathematical: "Geometrical Metamorphoses by Partition and Transformation," by Mr. H. Perigal.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Explosives and some of their Developments and Applications," by Col. Majendie.
8 p.m. Royal Academy.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

SCIENCE.

Philosophy and Theology: being the First Edinburgh Gifford Lectures. By James Hutchison Stirling. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

It is related of Lady Mary Shepherd that she would sometimes invite a friend to "sit down and have a good talk about space." Lady Mary would have enjoyed these Lectures. They contain many a "good talk" about space and other metaphysical topics, enlivened by a great deal of humorous personal gossip, and exalted by occasional outbursts of the highest philosophical eloquence. Dr. Stirling's great metaphysical reputation has perhaps prevented his literary merits from being estimated at their full value; but in the present instance we may anticipate that many who were first drawn to his new volume by its speculative interest will find themselves as they read on more and more impressed with the great qualities of style, the literary power and charm which its pages reveal.

Dr. Stirling is well known as the founder of Hegelian studies in this country. Thanks to his powerful initiative, they have become acclimatised in British universities; if so inclined, he might even boast of having given a new lease of life among the English-speaking peoples to a philosophy that has been abandoned not only in the country of its birth but over the whole European continent. As acclimatised among ourselves, Hegelianism seems so far not to have developed that internecine conflict between the right and left wings of the school which proved fatal to its continuance as a system in Germany; but here, also, the split must surely declare itself before long. There are immense possibilities of heterodoxy in the dialectic method; and one is not surprised to hear that simple-minded citizens of Edinburgh regard what they call a "Heejeelian" with grave suspicion. Possibly for this reason Dr. Stirling has been careful at the very outset to define his theological position with unmistakable distinctness. The Church of Scotland, he tells us, is, like the Church of England, divided into three parties, high, broad, and low; and it is to the last-mentioned that he belongs. Only, as he goes on to explain, what they have in the *Vorstellung* he has in the *Begriff*; that is to say, what the ordinary believer feels as a sentiment or accepts as a truth on external evidence, he holds as a reasoned conviction, a demonstrated truth—in a word, as I conceive the lecturer to mean, something which he cannot think as being other than it is. There can be no question here of insincerity or pretence; the only distinction is that between believing with and without proof. The method pursued by Dr. Stirling in his Gifford Lectures is therefore to discuss the proofs of God's existence, to trace their successive appearance in the history of philosophy, and to vindicate them against the objections of Hume, Kant, and Darwin. This he does without any appreciable help from Hegelian principles, although such principles are occasionally referred to and assumed as true

in the digressions with which his volume abounds.

The alleged proofs are the well-known three, bearing the somewhat formidable names of the teleological, the cosmological, and the ontological argument. The first, although much older than Paley, is so well worked out in his *Natural Theology* as to have become intimately associated with his name. It appeals to the evidence of design in organic nature, asking has not the eye been made to see, the ear to hear, and so forth? The second takes broader ground, and was very tersely stated by Napoleon when, pointing to the starry skies, he called on his atheistic savans to tell, "Who made all that." The third argument is of a more abstruse character, and has probably never found favour with any but professional metaphysicians. We have, it is said, the idea of a perfect being, but perfection implies existence, therefore a perfect being, or in other words God, exists. Dr. Stirling, in his first course of Lectures, studies the evolution of these three arguments from Anaxagoras to Anselm. His survey of ancient philosophy is vigorously written, but seems to show a less intimate acquaintance with the earlier than with the later forms of speculation. His knowledge of Hellenic life and thought is hardly up to date, and contrasts unfavourably with Prof. Chantepie de la Saussaye's contemporaneous handling of the same subject. The *Nous* of Anaxagoras was in all probability not a designing artificer but a mere segregating force, a quasi-material precipitant by whose intervention the confused assemblage of heterogeneous molecules were redistributed in homogeneous groups. It is provoking to find Empedocles spoken of once more as having anticipated the Darwinian theory, when Darwin's central idea, the accumulation of minute differences into specific variations by means of inheritance and selection, was as strange to him as to every age before our own. A more original and fantastic anachronism is to explain what Plato calls the world, or only begotten Son of God, by a reference to the principle of Difference (p. 106)—a sort of Hegelian "Anderseyn," I suppose—and to describe this Difference as itself a realisation of the principle of Identity (p. 104); whereas Plato's world was constituted by the union of Identity and Difference, conceived as co-ordinate principles. The truly theistic character of Aristotle's philosophy is well brought out; and the extraordinary lyric power with which the Stagirite intones his creed receives, perhaps for the first time, full recognition; but his relation to the cosmological and teleological proofs is not exhibited with sufficient clearness. The former, as we understand it, assumes the necessity of a First Cause in time. Now, of such a cause Aristotle knows and can know nothing, since, according to his view, the world of our experience has existed, much as we see it now, from all eternity. On the other hand, his false cosmography and false physics led him to think that all terrestrial and celestial motions depended on the diurnal revolution of the starry sphere, which again was only caused by a yearning love for the supreme self-

thinking thought—a somewhat grotesque idea, seeing that love in our own experience has not generally the effect of making people revolve uniformly on their own axis. With regard to the teleological proof, Aristotle stands in just the reverse attitude—that is to say, an attitude scientifically justifiable, but prejudicial to the claims of theology. He points out abundant evidence of adaptation of means to ends in living bodies; and every naturalist, even the most thoroughgoing Darwinian, will agree with him here, so far as descriptive physiology is concerned. But he never seriously adduces these marks of adaptation to prove the existence of a God, for the excellent reason that he did not believe, as Socrates, and possibly Plato believed, in the creation of animal species. Had the evidence of a beginning to terrestrial life, such as is furnished by modern geology, been laid before him, we may be sure that he would have reconsidered his views on the whole subject of origins; but there is no reason to suppose that he would have revised them in a supernaturalist rather than in an evolutionary sense. What Aristotle would have said to the ontological proof we know by his pithy observation that "existence cannot be the essence of anything; for Being is not a genus."

It would have been an interesting task to show how this last proof was developed by Spinoza into a system which denied personality to God, and long passed, not without reason, for something indistinguishable from absolute atheism. But such a study did not enter into the plan of Dr. Stirling, who speaks somewhat slightly of Spinozism as a "milk-and-water" system (p. 71). It seems, nevertheless, notwithstanding the Gifford lecturer's anxious repudiation of such an idea, to have been the philosophy of Lord Gifford himself. However this may be, the most formidable opponent that the three proofs have ever encountered is undoubtedly David Hume; and Dr. Stirling has shown both candour and courage in devoting a large space to the analysis and attempted refutation of his great countryman's destructive criticism. The personal characterisation of Hume, though highly entertaining, seems rather irrelevant. The philosopher was very fat and a little sentimental, he could not make himself agreeable to French ladies of fashion, and he had an absurdly high admiration for a poet whom, shameful to say, he called "Mr." Pope. If I remember rightly, Dr. Hutchison Stirling once spoke of Goethe as "a certainly not greater German Voltaire"; but I should be very sorry to bring up that astounding dictum as a reason for questioning his philosophical competence. Nor does it much matter whether Hume was himself a theist or not. His own affirmations prove nothing, unless the famous declaration in the *Essay on Miracles* is admitted to be good evidence that he was an orthodox Christian. Theist or not, he has exposed the fallacy of the teleological proof by an argument whose force the Edinburgh Gifford lecturer has failed to break. Let me quote it as reproduced in the present volume:

"If a material world, or universe of objects, be such as to require a cause for the arrange-

ment in it; not less will a mental world, or universe of ideas, to which as cause the universe has only been transferred, require for itself a cause—a cause of its own. . . . The explanation is only shifted one step back, thinks Hume; but why stop at the first remove? . . . 'If the material world rests upon a similar ideal world, the ideal world must rest upon some other; and so on without end.' 'That the parts of the material world fall into order of themselves' is 'as intelligible as that the ideas of the Supreme Being fall into order of themselves.' And that being so, we really assert the material world to be God. . . . These are Hume's own words; and it is really sufficient reply, so far, to say: There is no principle in matter itself to explain the design it exhibits; only a Designer can explain that. . . . To ask a second question is not to dispose of the first" (pp. 266-7).

The reply to Hume's objection seems invalid; for it has not been shown that there is in mind, that is to say in simple consciousness as such anterior to all experience, any principle that can account for design. But, in fact, Dr. Stirling himself may be cited as a witness on Hume's behalf. He tells us (pp. 279-80) that there is a relation of identity between cause and effect. If this be true, then in saying that God is the cause of the world we predicate a relation of identity between the two; in plain English, we say that they are the same thing, that the world is God, which is precisely what Hume maintains, with the exception of the term "material," a term by no means necessary to his argument. And Dr. Stirling seems to have something of the sort in his mind when he says elsewhere (p. 67):

"To me it is quite as certain that there is an absolute subject, God, as it is certain that there is an absolute object, His universe. Still, it appears to me that the object should be brought much nearer the subject than is customary among us."

Very much nearer, indeed! But then, what is to become of evangelical Presbyterianism?

The lectures on Kant's criticism of the proofs open questions far too wide for discussion in this brief review. Nearly a fourth of the volume is devoted to Darwin, but with far less of serious argument than might be expected from the greatest British metaphysician of the age controverting the theories of its greatest naturalist. There is a great deal of rather boisterous merriment at the expense of Darwin personally, but as against evolution by natural selection little or nothing that the principle has not already lived down. The concluding lecture in particular strikes one as a sad anticlimax. The finches in the Galapagos Islands, it is urged, are too like other finches, and the tortoises too unlike other tortoises, to have been evolved out of South American species. The future fate of theism, or even of Darwinism, can hardly depend on such considerations as these.

ALFRED W. BENN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

ORIENTAL transliteration.

London: Dec. 29, 1890.

In his notice of Col. Malletson's *The Indian Mutiny of 1857* (ACADEMY, December 20), Mr. H. G. Keene revives the vexed question of transliteration in those cases where there is

antagonism between spelling and pronunciation in the original. Such antagonism, of course, arises in compound Arabic forms wherever the article is followed by a solar letter, which assimilates the preceding *l*, as in *Fakhr al-dîn*,* as transliterated by Mr. Keene, though pronounced *Fakhr ud-dîn*. Here we have the old battle of phonetic *versus* historical spelling, complicated by laws of Arabic pronunciation and orthography. The Arabs themselves solve the difficulty by always retaining the *l* in writing, but assimilating it in the spoken language, so that no mistakes arise. But how is the problem to be solved in transliterating for English readers ignorant of Arabic orthography? My own practice is always to assimilate, the object being to reproduce the living sound, not the dead form. But Mr. Keene appears to advocate the historic or etymological spelling, which must at times give rise to strange misconceptions and inconsistencies. Thus the famous Caliph is popularly *Harûn al-Rashîd*, while the reigning Shah is usually *Nasr ud-dîn*. Uniformity can be attained only by a common consensus to one or other method, and I submit that the phonetic is here preferable to the historic spelling.

A. H. KEANE.

THE EARLY CIVILISATION OF ARABIA.

Munich, Adalbertstrasse 62ii.: Dec. 29, 1890.

In the ACADEMY of December 27 Mr. A. H. Sayce publishes a review of my *Skizze der Geschichte und Geographie Arabiens* under the above title, in which he says:

"He [Dr. Glaser] has been assisted in his work by the brilliant learning of Prof. Hommel . . ." and in another passage:

"Prof. Hommel believes that he has found a reference to the age of the Hyksos in an inscription copied in Southern Arabia by Halévy, the historical importance of which was first noted by Dr. Glaser."

I am astonished to read such remarks, especially as pp. 572-3 of my book contain the following declaration by Prof. Hommel:

"Ich habe auf Glaser's Publicationen keinen andern Einfluss ausgeübt, als jeder andere Arabist, und ich glaube auch nicht, dass ein so selbständiger und unabhängiger Charakter, als welchen ich Glaser kennen gelernt habe, sich eine derartige Beeinflussung gefallen liesse. Wo der eine von uns beiden dem andern irgend eine wissenschaftliche Mittheilung machte, wurde das stets in unseren Schriften besonders gekennzeichnet."

To this I added on the same page the remark that I never recurred to any Arabic or other scholar for help in the investigations contained in my book. I have occupied myself with the ancient history and geography of Southern Arabia since 1882; while Prof. Hommel, on the contrary, only entered on this branch of study in the summer of 1889, when my book was actually written.

As to Mr. Sayce's remark about the reference to the age of the Hyksos in a Halévy inscription (No. 535), this reference was not found by Prof. Hommel, but by myself. But this little error seems to me to be without importance. It is more useful to state that the Minean inscription (No. 535 of Halévy) relates to a war between *Misr* (Egypt) and *Mazay*, which latter are not, as I erroneously said in my book, the Mizzah of Genesis, but the police-guard *Ma'loy*, or the people of *Ma'loy*, which is known in Egyptian inscriptions from the Vth to the XXVth Dynasty. It is evident that intercourse between Egypt and *Ma'loy* in the Minean epoch can only be assigned to the latest period of the Hyksos, or better still to the first years after the expulsion of the Hyksos. In this

* Here Mr. Keene has *dîn*, presumably a lapsus for *dîn*.

epoch we find in our inscription Mineans escaping from Egypt and occupying places called Sar and A-shûr. It is Prof. Hommel's merit to have identified Sar with the Egyptian frontier fortress Tar, and A-shûr with the Ashurim of Genesis xxv. 3.

EDUARD GLASER.

Prof. Fritz Hommel also writes to us from Munich to the same effect. He has already stated, in his *Aufsätze und Abhandlungen* (p. 45), that he gave no assistance to Dr. Glaser in the writing of his book, which, on the contrary, has opened to him, as to other orientalisks, abundance of new scientific vistas.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE committee of the council of the Royal Society, appointed to make arrangements for a memorial to the late James Prescott Joule, have decided that the memorial should take an international character, having for its aim the encouragement of research in physical science, and should also include the erection of some personal monument in London. For the latter object, they have set apart the sum of £300, to be expended on a medallion portrait of Joule; and they have handed over the balance (amounting to about £1400) to the treasurer of the Royal Society, to be administered by the council.

"In such manner as may appear to them most suitable for the encouragement of research, both in England and abroad, especially among younger men, in those branches of physical science more immediately connected with Joule's work."

THE President of the Board of Trade has appointed a committee to consider whether any, and if so what, steps should be taken for the provision of electrical standards. The following are the members of the committee:—Lord Rayleigh and Sir William Thomson (representing the Royal Society), Prof. G. Carey Foster and Mr. R. T. Glazebrook (representing the British Association), Dr. John Hopkinson and Prof. W. E. Ayrton (representing the Institution of Electrical Engineers), Mr. E. Graves and Mr. W. H. Preece (representing the General Post Office), Mr. Courtenay Boyle and Major P. Cardew (representing the Board of Trade). The first meeting of the committee will be held at the Board of Trade on Thursday, January 15. Sir Thomas Blomfield, of the Board of Trade, will act as secretary.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press *An Introduction to the Study of the History of Language*, written conjointly by Prof. Herbert A. Strong, of University College, Liverpool, Mr. William S. Logeman, of Newton School, Birkenhead, and Prof. I. Wheeler, of Cornell University, New York.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, a paper was read from M. G. Devéria upon the discovery of a new set of inscriptions in Siberia, similar to the Yenisei inscriptions, which have formed the subject of several communications to the ACADEMY by Mr. Robert Brown, jun. The new set were found by M. Yadrintseff on the banks of the river Orkhoun. One of them, which is written in Chinese, employs the ethnic appellation Kien-Kouen, which ceased to be used after 758 A.D.; another, which is bilingual, mentions the name of a chieftain, Kine Khan, whom we know to have founded the Khanate of the Uigours in 744. M. Devéria remarked that the writing is composed of alphabetic characters, from 38 to 42 in number. It is much richer than that which the Tartars borrowed from the Nestorians not later than the ninth century; and, consequently, the inscriptions cannot be

attributed to any of those races who, having ruled on the banks on the Orkhoun after the foundation of the Uigour Khanate (744), adopted either the Nestorian alphabet or any of its derivatives.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ENGLISH GOETHE SOCIETY, MANCHESTER BRANCH.—
(Wednesday, Dec. 3.)

DR. WARD in the chair.—The hon. secretary, Dr. Hager, read a short paper drawing attention to the fifteenth volume of the Weimar Goethe edition, and showing what fresh light is thrown by it on the history of the second part of "Faust," and particularly of the Helena episode.—Dr. Ward read a paper bearing on the personal relations of Goethe with Bürger and Müllner, the former of whom was at one time the lyrical, as his nephew Müllner was at another time the dramatic, favourite of Germany. Dr. Ward first alluded to Lewes's account of that unfortunate visit of Bürger to Goethe in Weimar (probably in 1789), when, instead of the genial fellow-poet, Bürger found only the stiff minister of state, anxious for information respecting the number of students at Göttingen. This visit gave rise to the well-known epigram—

'Twas my heart's wish to pay a morning call
Where a great poet dwelt and cabinet minister.
The poet I went to see, but not at all
An everyday affair—the cabinet minister.
Alas! there stiffly stood the cabinet minister,
While my beloved poet kept the wall.
That everyday affair, the cabinet minister,
Shut in the poet; so I left the hall,
But not without an imprecation sinister!

This epigram was not published till after Bürger's death in 1791, and was then greedily caught up by Nicolai when intent on proving, to the satisfaction of himself and of the public (1), that Goethe ought not to play the privy councillor when only the poet could be in place, and (2) that, in order to be esteemed as a poet, he ought not to write such trash as the *Xenien*. Now, said Dr. Ward, whether or not Bürger had provoked unusual coldness in Goethe by any misplaced bounce or buoyancy of his own—such as one would hardly have thought him capable of in this period of his life, full of sorrow and disappointment, although it was to be followed by his plunging into a yet deeper slough of despondency—it cannot be denied that the anecdote leaves a painful impression. And this, not because we are likely to be childish enough to quarrel with Goethe for a reserve which in this case there was enough and more than enough to explain and to excuse, but because when the careers and achievements of the two poets are remembered, a contrast in itself melancholy enough is deepened with a sadder irony, as we see them face to face, the one on the eve of the full wretchedness of his last years, the other in the middle of his serene course. He then pointed out that Bürger was in truth but a year and a half older than Goethe, although students of literature are apt to think of him as one of an earlier generation than that of which he actually formed part, mainly through his association with the *Göttinger Hainbund*. Yet he belonged not to the generation of Klopstock and Gleim, but to the *Sturm-und-Drang* period of Goethe's own earlier days. He underwent the same chief foreign literary influences that affected the rest of his youthful generation—Ossian, Shakspeare, and Homer—although, at the same time, he was original enough and true poet enough to find and work out a line of development of his own. In 1773, when he was writing his *Lenore*, which he composed bit by bit, and day by day or week by week, with an extraordinary imaginative tenacity, he hailed *Götz von Berlichingen* with rapture. Far from following wholly the ideals of Klopstock, Bürger, a genuine precursor of the great romantic school, drew his inspiration from popular models, and from the very depths of the traditions, the legends, and the poetry of the people. The newly discovered ballad poetry of the earlier centuries—Percy's Reliques in especial—suggested to him those felicitous experiments in the same direction to which he owes the best part of his fame. Unfortunately, the extraordinary recklessness and the unmistakable vulgarity, which were alike inborn

in him, combined with a facility of versification which he had cultivated assiduously from his earliest youth to prevent him from husbanding his precious talent. Bad example and precept in his early manhood, and a systematised perversion of the most steady influences of life, which makes his supra-sensual sensuality rather sickening even where it seems sweet, blunted the moral perception which, however it may suit him from time to time to ignore it, the popular poet is least able to spare. Though he filed and filed away at *Lenore* and others of his ballads, he was without the true refinement and true elevation which is rarely wanting either in Scott or in Scott's models. Goethe's earlier letters to Bürger, dating from the years 1774 to 1776, are thoroughly cordial in tone; and in 1776 he directly interested himself in Bürger's fortunes by encouraging him publicly to complete his translation of the *Iliad* in iambs, and by starting a subscription, which was to secure a sum of sixty-five louis d'or to Bürger, if he would only so much as promise to complete the work. (Bürger never did finish it, though he received the greater part of the money.) Goethe's manifesto is drawn up in a style at once dignified and complimentary to Bürger, who was deeply gratified by it. Goethe thus, though perhaps with no very special insight into the most characteristic features of Bürger's genius, had shown a real interest in the literary career of his contemporary. While there is no evidence of influence, either of general or individual work on the part of the lesser on the greater poet, Goethe had too true and unclouded an insight into genuine poetic power, even when far lower in type than Bürger's, and at least equally alloyed by admixture, to have been capable of ignoring his position in German literature. As late as 1782, Goethe seems to have done what he could, though in a somewhat lofty and official manner, towards helping Bürger out of the pecuniary difficulties in which he found himself. But, as time went on, the older poet made himself more and more impossible, and it is natural enough (even if we are to take as correct the account of the interview which we have some years later from a hostile pen) that, when Bürger called on him some years later, Goethe should not have received with open arms one who was at once a suppliant and a disclaimer against supplication; a literary labourer who on a former occasion had very clearly shown himself unequal to, if not unworthy of, his hire; a man of business who never answered a letter; one whose private life had contrived to give offence even to the unsqueamish, and whose Muse seemed determined on giving to that private life as wide a publicity as possible. Visitors of his description, however celebrated they may be in their generation, are not the most widely welcome. But it was a melancholy incident that excited poor Bürger's spleen, when we remember how he and Goethe, born much about the same time, had in their youth so largely shared the same ideals, had cherished so many cognate aspirations, and had contended against so many adversaries hailing from the same strongholds of artificiality, stagnation, and cant. Dr. Ward, in conclusion, touched briefly on the farcical epilogue to this sad story—the relations between Goethe and Bürger's nephew, Müllner, who was at once the most successful and the most barren of the writers of *Schicksalstragödien*. This man—who began his life as an attorney, ended it as a professional critic, and was a poet only *par parenthèse*—paid Goethe a visit in 1817 in Jena, whither he had retired for a while to nurse his just wrath at the Duke's last and most unlucky *Pagenstreich*—the introduction of a performing dog on the Weimar stage. According to Müllner's account, he found in his great fellow-dramatist so little trace of Philistine pretentiousness that he (Müllner) did not even think of avenging his uncle by inquiring for the number of students in Jena. Of this interview Goethe says nothing. The reserve which, according to Müllner, he did not show in personal intercourse, he certainly showed very unmistakably in his writings; for Müllner's name is mentioned by him only once when his famous play *Die Schuld* is dismissed in the following words: "Whatever for the rest may be thought of this piece, it has this great advantage from the point of view of the stage, that each actor has to use his utmost exertions and do his very best, in order to appear at all adequate to his part."

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Dec. 12.)

R. E. ALLARDICE, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. A. J. Pressland read a paper on the parabola in reference to its circumscribed triangles; Mr. Allardice submitted a communication from Mr. R. H. Pinkerton on the normal to a conic, and afterwards gave some geometrical theorems of his own.

ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, Dec. 15.)

SIR FREDERIC GOLDSMID, vice-president, in the chair.—Mr. T. G. Pinches read a paper on "The Akkadian Version of the Story of the Creation." This was a translation of, and commentary upon, the tablet recently found by Mr. Pinches among the numerous ones discovered by Mr. Hormuzd Rassam, at Kouyunjik, in 1882. The obverse is devoted to the account of the Creation, and the reverse is simply an incantation for the purification of the great temple-tower E-zida, now called the Birs-Nimrud. The obverse is therefore the more important part, and it was to this that Mr. Pinches paid the greater attention. He pointed out that the text might be divided roughly into sections of about ten lines each. The first describes the time when nothing was, neither the "glorious house of the gods," neither plants, nor trees, nor cities, nor houses, and not even the Abyss (Hades), nor Eridu (regarded by the author as a type of Paradise) existed. The second section describes the making of Eridu, with its temple E-sagila, which had been founded within the abyss. Then were made Babylon, the gods, the spirits, the land, the abode of the gods, and mankind. The third section treats of the creation of animals, plants and trees, the Tigris and the Euphrates, &c.; and the fourth and last remaining section records the building of cities and houses. Merodach seems to be the principal creator and constructor of all things. This inscription contains many interesting words and forms, and is of great value also on that account. Parallels between this version and that first published by the late George Smith are exceedingly few. The text formed one of a series in which the legend was probably continued.—Mr. C. A. Strong read a paper on "A hitherto Untranslated Inscription of Sennacherib." He proposed various amendments of the text, and adduced reasons for regarding it as referring to Sennacherib's campaign against the Kassî. He also communicated to the society the text and translation of a hitherto unnoticed altar-inscription of Assurnâsirpal.

FINE ART.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE GLASGOW INSTITUTE.

IN order the better to adapt its displays to the period of the Glasgow season, and to enable its exhibits to be afterwards forwarded to the Salon and the Royal Academy of next spring, the Institute has changed its opening day from the beginning of February to the middle of December. If we are to judge by the present aspect of the rooms, the alteration has been a judicious one; for the present exhibition is particularly rich in important works fresh from the Glasgow studios.

In the exhibition held in these galleries last spring, the works of the younger and more original of the artists of the West were concentrated in one of the smaller rooms, and there supplemented by examples of the London Impressionists; this year they are more widely diffused through the entire exhibition, leavening the lump and impressing the whole display with their distinctive character. Mr. Stott of Oldham's circular, "Birth of Venus"—so whimsical in the type of divinity selected by the painter, so freshly decorative in the white wavering lines of its foam and its reflections—holds a prominent place of honour in the main gallery; Mr. P. W. Steer and Mr. Roussel also contribute, the portrait of

"Mortimer Mempes, Esq." by the latter being much in evidence on one of the walls of Gallery No. IV.

The most individual and in many ways the most delightful examples of local art are the subjects by Mr. E. A. Hornel. Trained—if we are not misinformed—at Antwerp, it was certainly not in the modern schools of Belgium that he learned those strange colour-secrets which form the spell with which he conjures in the works he is now producing. Some hint of method he may have caught from Monticelli; doubtless he has been powerfully stimulated by the pictorial art of Japan; but what he has learned has been turned to clearly personal uses, has served simply to set free his own artistic individuality. Nature serves but as the basis of his art, an art purely decorative in its aim; and facts of aerial perspective, with fidelity to the actual local colouring of nature, are frankly and consciously discarded. This painter's only aim seems to be to develop the splendid technical possibilities of colour—to produce satisfying combinations of potent colour-tones, and satisfying arabesque in the arrangement of the darker or lighter colour-masses. His aim has been excellently attained in "The Brook" and "Butterflies," which, with "Among the Wild Hyacinths," shown last May in London, are the subjects by which he is here represented. Work upon very similar lines is contributed by Mr. George Henry, who, it may be remembered, was the joint-painter with Mr. Hornel of that "Procession of Druids," which attracted attention in the Grosvenor Gallery last spring.

Mr. James Paterson shows excellent landscape work. "Sundown" is delicate and harmonious, its fading sky and flushed evening clouds being contrasted tenderly by the dark hills and shadowy tree-masses that appear beneath. There is force and vigour in Mr. Harrington Mann's bold effort to depict a famous battle of Scottish story—"The Attack of the Macdonalds at Killiecrankie"; and fronting this work at the end of the Great Gallery is Mr. G. D. Armour's "Lion's Den," in scale, at least, the most important work of this clever young animal painter. Mr. Lavery shows considerable refinement in his portrait of "An Irish Girl"; and Mr. T. M. Dow has an admirably fresh and brilliant sea-piece—"A Northern Shore"—full of the sparkle of whitest foam, and a sense of the infinite, free breadth of ocean. E. A. Walton's "Peasant Girl and Boy" shows hardly enough of subject to justify such an amplitude of canvas, and the planes and proportions of the girl's figure and head are far from satisfying; but the handling is broad and workmanlike, and the sense of open air is well preserved. Mr. A. Roche exhibits strong if not very pleasing landscape work; and his "Girl's Head," while not faultless in draughtsmanship, has individuality, and is not wanting in charm. Mr. W. E. Lockhart contributes a quiet and excellent seated portrait of "John Polson, Esq."

As usual in the Glasgow exhibitions, a few important works come from London; and the art of the past is represented by selected examples. In the former class is Mr. Tadema's "Hadrian visiting a Romano-British Pottery"; Mr. Pettie's telling and faithful portrait of Mr. Campbell Noble, the landscape painter; Mr. R. W. Macbeth's "Cast Shoe"—lent from the Chantrey collection—with his "Mother and Child"; and an important sea-piece by Mr. Henry Moore. The works by deceased masters are chiefly from the collections of Mr. Arthur Sanderson, Mr. T. G. Arthur, and Mr. W. J. Chrystal. They include examples of Etty, Cotman, Crome, Hoppner, and Monticelli.

In the water-colour-room we have thoughtful and sensitive landscape-work, by Mr. R. B. Nisbet; in his "Breaking up of the Great

Eastern" Mr. Frank adds the charm of rich and forcible colouring to that fascinating simplicity and breadth of composition which gives distinction to his etching; Miss Constance Walton shows an excellent colour-sense and the delicate touch of a hand that knows when to stop in her charmingly artistic study of "Oranges and Tulips," and Mr. James Guthrie has several examples of his telling work in pastels, which is now being exhibited, in greater mass, to the London public.

In a Scottish exhibition one seldom cares to spend much time, one is seldom able to bestow much admiration, upon the display of sculpture. The best in this department that is here shown are the "Peace" and a "Marble Bust" by Mr. Onslow Ford, and Mr. George A. Lawson's picturesque, vigorously modelled head of "Old Marjorie."

OBITUARY.

DR. SCHLIEMANN.

THE news of the death of Dr. H. Schliemann has come as a shock to his many English friends, who hoped, from his extraordinary activity of mind and body, that he would yet add fresh triumphs to his glorious career of archaeological exploration. He died suddenly at Naples, from a deep-seated disease of the ear, on Friday, December 26, when within a fortnight of completing his seventieth year; but his body is to be brought to Athens, to be buried on the mound of Colonus, by the side of the German archaeologist, Ottfried Müller.

Heinrich Schliemann was the son of a Lutheran pastor in Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and was born at the village of Neu Buckow, in 1822. The autobiographical sketch which he prefixed to his *Ilios* gives interesting details about the extreme hardships of his boyhood and his early enthusiasm for the poems of Homer, with whose name his own will henceforth be associated. Having acquired a large fortune by trade in Russia, he was enabled to realise the dream of his life, and excavate the site of Troy. Guided by his own spirit of divination, as much as by the traditions of antiquity, he set to work at Hissarlik in 1870, with no skilled assistance, and unsupported by the encouragement of scholars. After many months of patient digging, his results were finally made known to the world in *Troy and its Remains* (1874). So startling were some of these results that a few old-fashioned scholars not only refused to credit his inferences, but also threw doubt upon his veracity. His only defence of himself was to resume his excavations, and to challenge his opponents to be his guests on the spot. The entire subject was treated by him at length in two later volumes—*Ilios: The City and Country of the Trojans* (1880); and *Troja: The Results of the Latest Researches upon the Site of Homer's Troy* (1884); and even so recently as last winter he was compelled to refute his latest calumniator by re-opening the diggings at Hissarlik.

Meanwhile, the attention of the public had been transferred to Dr. Schliemann's work at another site. Again inspired by the story of the *Iliad*, he obtained the permission of the Greek government in 1874 to excavate the site of Mycenae, the traditional capital of Agamemnon. Here his discoveries were even more surprising and more decisive than at Hissarlik. He found tombs, filled with barbaric weapons and gold, and also pottery which can be proved to date far back in prehistoric ages. The facts are stated and illustrated in his *Mycenae: A Narrative of Researches and Discoveries at Mycenae and Tiryns* (1877), to which Mr. Gladstone contributed a preface. But though

the name of Tiryns appears on the title-page of this book, it was not till some years later than Dr. Schliemann undertook, with the assistance of Dr. Dörpfeld, the systematic excavation of the later site. Here, for a third time, exceptional success rewarded his perseverance. He laid bare the entire ground-plan of a prehistoric palace, with its gates, courtyard, hall, chambers, and even bath room, as may be seen illustrated in the last of his series of great books, *Tiryns: The Prehistoric Palace of the Kings of Tiryns* (1886). Meanwhile he had, by his careful excavation of the so-called treasure-house of the Minyae at Orchomenos, accomplished another piece of work which would have made the reputation of any lesser man—*Orchomenos* (1881); he had also proved, by digging into the famous mound of Marathon and finding only primitive stone arrow-heads, that it was in existence long before the battle; and he had comparatively failed, owing to native obstruction, in excavations at Alexandria. For many years past he had contemplated undertaking some great work of archaeological exploration in Crete; but even his enthusiasm was checked by the extortionate sum demanded for the necessary permission.

Dr. Schliemann—who knew English perfectly as well as nearly every other European language—came to this country in 1877, bringing with him the treasures of Hissarlik, which were for some time on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum. There they would probably have remained, as his gift to the nation, if he had not taken umbrage at some not very creditable criticisms of his works in the English press. Accordingly, he transferred them to the Royal Museum at Berlin, to which they are finally bequeathed by his will. The spoil of the tombs of Mycenae is the property of the Greek government, and is admirably exhibited in one of the many public museums of Athens. Dr. Schliemann, however, was not without honour in England. The Society of Antiquaries and other learned bodies admitted him to their fellowship. The university of Oxford conferred upon him the honorary degree of D.C.L. at the Encaenia of 1883; and at the same time Queen's College elected him an honorary fellow—a distinction which he shared with Dr. Birch and M. Maspero. Among his most intimate friends were Mr. Sayce, Prof. Mahaffy, and Dr. Karl Blind; while no Englishman who visited Athens failed to receive from him splendid hospitality.

Dr. Schliemann was not a classical scholar; he was not even an archaeologist, in the strict acceptance of that term. Properly speaking, he was a discoverer, in the same sense in which Columbus was. Throwing himself upon his own enthusiasm, he was enabled to make discoveries which realise the romance of poets, and open a new horizon to posterity. Perhaps he may be compared most fitly with Sir Henry Austen Layard, to whom we owe the excavation of Nineveh and the foundation of the study of Assyriology. By Dr. Schliemann's unaided efforts, our knowledge of civilisation in Greece and the Levant has been extended backwards over a period of nearly a thousand years; while the supreme importance of the spade in archaeological research has been decisively demonstrated to a younger generation. To the impulse given by his discoveries is due the German excavations at Olympia, the exhaustive exploration by the Greeks themselves of the site of the Acropolis, and the resolution of the Americans to disclose the buried secrets of Delphi. Englishmen, too, may feel proud that the genius and the methods of Dr. Schliemann have been inherited by Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie, whose work in Egypt, though less showy, has been almost equally fruitful in important results.

J. S. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LATE RICHARD FISHER.

Hill Top, Midhurst: Dec. 26, 1890.

May I ask you to rectify, by the insertion of this short letter, an important omission in the otherwise just and kindly notice of my father, Mr. Richard Fisher, which appeared in the ACADEMY of December 20?

His most important and last published work, printed in 1886 by order of the trustees of the British Museum, was entitled *An Introduction to the Early Italian Prints in the British Museum*, which was reviewed at the time in the ACADEMY. This work is, in fact, from its comprehensiveness and research, the Early History of Engraving in Italy—a name by which he himself would have wished it to be known.

The catalogue of the early Italian engravings existing in the British Museum, compiled and written by my father, and printed for the trustees (though never published), is by their order made use of to this day in the Print Room, although the proofs did not have the advantage of his correction. It is to be hoped, in the interest of students, that this catalogue will soon be published.

R. C. FISHER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE last sheets of M. Naville's long-expected memoir on *Bubastis* have gone to press. The book would have been in the hands of subscribers by the beginning of the new year but for the repeated miscarriage of proofs between London and Geneva during the last month.

THE annual winter exhibition of Old Masters at the Royal Academy will be opened to the public next week; the private view is fixed for to-day (Saturday). Next week, also, Mr. Walter Severn, president of the Dudley Gallery, will have on view a collection of his own water-colour drawings at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

AN exhibition of antiquities, &c., found during the recent excavations at Silchester, is now to be seen in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries, Burlington House, between the hours of 11 a.m. and 2 p.m. It will remain open until Wednesday, January 14.

MR. C. P. SAINTON's exhibition of "Sketches from a Caravan Window from the North to the South of France" will open at Messrs. Dowdeswell's Galleries on January 10. The series comprises both paintings and silver-points.

MR. JAMES L. BOWES will contribute an article on "Japanese Pottery" to the January issue of the *European Trade Mail*.

MR. MAURICE HEWLETT will deliver a course of six lectures on "The Rise of the Renaissance in England," at the South Kensington Museum on Wednesdays, at 3.45 p.m., beginning on January 7. He will treat in particular of such subjects as the Franciscans in England, the beginnings of English poetry, and the return to nature in English art. The lectures will be fully illustrated.

MR. TALFOURD ELY proposes to deliver a course of six lectures on "England and the English in Early Times" at his house in Hampstead on Wednesdays, at 5 p.m., beginning on January 14. The lectures will deal mainly with archaeological matters, and will be illustrated with lantern slides.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Lewis F. Day's admirable little book, *The Planning of Ornament*, has reached a second edition, and reappears with some beautiful additions to the illustrations. An abridged edition of the same author's *Every-Day Art* has also been published, forming an introductory volume to Mr.

Day's excellent series of text-books on Ornamental Design, of which *The Planning of Ornament* forms one.

WE have received from the Autotype Company an auto-gravure of Mr. Herbert Schmaltz's picture of "Zenobia's Last Look on Palmyra," exhibited at the New Gallery on its opening, and since acquired for the National Gallery of Melbourne. We are unable to profess any great admiration for Mr. Schmaltz's design, but it evidently appeals to a popular sentiment, and the reproduction is successful.

THE STAGE.

THE "ANTIGONE" AT QUEEN'S COLLEGE.

THE "Antigone" of Sophocles was performed in the original Greek by the students of Queen's College, Harley-street, on Wednesday, December 17, and repeated on the two following days. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, the rooms were each time crowded.

No greater contrast is conceivable than the open Attic theatre, with the blue sky overhead, and the far-off hills or the purple sea forming the background, and the modern London saloon, which on a December evening had to do duty for a Greek stage. Yet such is the witchery of Sophocles' verse that, after the first words passed between the daughters of Oedipus, the listeners forgot the surroundings and were completely carried away.

Mrs. C. Foss made an excellent Antigone; she appeared fully conscious of her part; each word she pronounced seemed to carry in its tone the full burthen of its meaning. The only fault that might have been found, were we speaking of a modern piece, was that the actress displayed all her strength at the very outset in the prologue, where she expresses her intention of burying her dead brother, and that the same height of pathos was maintained throughout the various scenes in which she appeared. Unconsciously, perhaps, Ismene formed a perfect foil to her stronger sister. Creon, with all his harshness, his headstrong stubbornness, his *tyranny*, was well rendered by Miss C. Hughes. Very strikingly was the end of the dialogue between him and Haemon (Miss E. Langridge) given. Tiresias looked as much like a blind and aged seer as modern art could effect; yet it was impossible to banish the suspicion that behind that ambling gait, those long robes and masses of grey hair, were concealed a lithe, nimble figure, and a fresh-complexioned young face.

In the last scenes all the actors worked well together. The limited space of the stage was utilised to the best advantage; and when the curtain rose, disclosing the biers with the bodies of Eurydice, the wife, and Haemon, the son of the King of Thebes, when Creon was seen falling under the stroke of this calamity, the effect which tragedy has in calling forth "fear and pity" was felt by every spectator. The chorus, making its exit after a brief dirge-like song, formed a fitting close to the play. The entire representation brought home to one's mind, beyond all that had been anticipated, what the original production of one of Sophocles' master-works must have been.

M.

STAGE NOTES.

THE two Christmas productions which have interest for the lover of pretty sights and music are those at Drury Lane and the Prince of Wales's. We hope to speak a little later on, in greater detail, of the piece at the latter house—an adaptation by Mr. Saville Clarke (with

music by Mr. Slaughter) of Thackeray's story *The Rose and the Ring*. To-day we will confine ourselves to Drury Lane, where Mr. Augustus Harris has at great cost and with infinite ingenuity prepared a piece which has little in common with the old-fashioned pantomime, and which is but slightly akin to the sort of piece which, until, at all events, his latest years, the late Mr. E. L. Blanchard was wont to indite for the managers of Drury Lane to grapple with; but which, whether for good or ill, is the single pantomime that may be counted upon to draw the town. At Drury Lane the thing is done magnificently. Mr. Augustus Harris has surrounded himself with an army of the comic and the fair, and has spent a fortune on the equipment of the piece. With an energy and rapid perception of the requirements of the moment worthy of the editor of an important review, or of the recognised proprietor of a well-advertised soap, Mr. Harris has succeeded in engaging as the heroine of his piece the admirable Lady Dunlop (Miss Belle Bilton), whom it is always a pleasure to see, but whom it is particularly a pleasure to see after her successes in "another place." Lady Dunlop is an excellent beauty. She has charm together with talent. With her is Miss Vesta Tilly. The men, like the ladies, are apt in pantomimes to come from the music-halls. But the music-halls—as a popular writer has not quite fully recognised in his paper upon them in the new number of *Harper's Magazine*—are often in their own way nurseries of dramatic skill. The scenery at Drury Lane is amazingly beautiful. A whole panorama is unrolled before the audience, who have nothing whatever to complain of but a surfeit of landscape, a surfeit of song and dance, a surfeit even of picturesque humanity. Seriously, the pantomime is a success. Such effort as Augustus Harris has bestowed upon it is usually in this world reserved for a business in which competition is expected and is to be feared. But with Mr. Harris there is no fear and no expectation of competition. He takes, we believe, a genuine pride in doing his work with all the completeness and lavishness that he can command, and his reward is that alike from the heart of the West-end and from the remotest suburbs the population flocks to revel in his show.

THE wonderful revival of interest in the theatre has led to the publication of a good deal of second-rate literary matter dealing with the stage, not critically, but in a merely gossiping fashion. The cheap and handy "booklet" called *The Dramatic Peerage* (General Publishing Company), though certainly it does not aim to be very serious, is a welcome relief from the flood of pure commonplace or pure nonsense which the hack or the "faddist" pour out from the press anent the theatre to-day. To begin with, it is quite up to date. Again, it gives a generally accurate, and—what is perhaps better for its purpose—a distinctly lively account of hundreds of people who are among the major and the minor lights of the profession. For those who know how to read between the lines, it contains several allusions which have an air of piquancy, and which could hardly have been made but by an unconventional writer, and one whose labour was at least like Maeduff's, a "joyful trouble." The compiler of *The Dramatic Peerage*—which our stage-struck readers should at once obtain—is capable of writing, some day or other, something of equal smartness and of more continuity and of less enthusiasm. We say of "less enthusiasm"; but then this work hardly pretends to be seriously critical.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

No. 975, New Series.

THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

Poetical Works of Matthew Arnold. (Macmillan.)

THE publication of Arnold's poems, at a low price, in a single volume, is an act of such merit that we are scarcely permitted to criticise the bibliographical details of this book. It is enough to say that it is a little heavier than is comfortable; something handier, and less awkward, would have been more acceptable. But we have all Arnold's poems, and the best of his portraits, in one volume; let us be satisfied with that, and grateful for it.*

There are two poems, not hitherto included: the elegy on Kaiser, and the Horatian Echo. The first contains that just and pleasant satire upon the Laureate, and upon his follower, which we enjoyed a few years ago:

"What, Kaiser dead? The heavy news
Post-haste to Cobham calls the Muse,
From where in Farringford she brews
The ode sublime,
Or with Pen-bryn's bold bard pursues
A rival rhyme."

The Horatian Echo, which enriched the *Hobby Horse* last year, contains, among many felicities of expression, two exquisite stanzas:

"Of little threads our life is spun,
And he spins ill, who misses one.
But is thy fair Eugenia cold?
Yet Helen had an equal grace,
And Juliet's was as fair a face,
And now their years are told.

"The day approaches, when we must
Be crumbling bones and windy dust;
And scorn us as our mistress may,
Her beauty will no better be
Than the poor face she slights in thee,
When dawns that day, that day."

The complete poems of Arnold are little more than one hundred in number. Of these, only five are of considerable length; yet, taken together, they do not fill half this volume of five hundred pages. So careful and discreet an achievement, during some forty years, ought to come close upon perfection; and this it does. But of Arnold's rare and happy qualities we will speak later; let us first have done with his few and venial faults. In reading this volume through, two things, now and again, are noticeable. There are lines, phrases, and constructions, not perfectly polished; and there are poems, or stanzas, not perfectly poetical. That is, there are faults of expression and of conception. Arnold, as Lord Coleridge tells us, had a most imperfect ear

for music. Now, while no one questions his wonderful ear for the cadence of verse, it is equally true that his sense for melody sometimes failed him. Within one short poem occur two such discordant lines as "There the pines slope, the cloud-strips," and "Where the high woods strip sadly." It explains Arnold's avowed preference for the rhythm of

"Siehst sehr sterbeblässig aus,"

over the rhythm of

"Que dit le ciel à l'aube, et la flamme à la flamme?"

Again, the construction is at times forced, as in

"That furtive mien, that scowling eye,
Of hair that red and tufted fell"—

where the second line "is only poetry because it is not prose." These technical faults are few, and they are less troublesome than the foolish affectations of much modern workmanship. The second fault, faults of conception, is more serious. Arnold rarely fails to write in a spirit of singular loftiness and beauty; he is rarely neglectful of his own precept:

"Such, poets, is your bride, the Muse! young,
gay,
Radiant, adorn'd outside; a hidden ground
Of thought and of austerity within."

But, at times, the thought is unadorned and the austerity far from radiant. To take an example:

"Religious fervours! ardour misapplied!
Hence, hence," they cry, "ye do but keep
man blind!
But keep him self-immersed, preoccupied,
And lame the active mind!"

Contrast that, in its nakedness, with the ornament and the radiance of the preceding poem: a poem full, too, of austere thought:

"So, in its lovely moonlight, lives the soul.
Mountains surround it, and sweet virgin air;
Cold plashing, past it, crystal waters roll:
We visit it by moments, ah, too rare!"

At once we feel that the first lines are not interesting, not heightened, not touched with emotion; that the second are no less beautiful than elevated.

These things are worth a few words, because the admirers of Arnold are in danger of being held his worshippers also, unless they show themselves aware of his faults. Arnold, great and admirable as he is, is no more perfect than is Gray, Milton, or Sophocles; but he stands above the first, and the others were his most successful masters.

Arnold's poems are of two kinds: there are the narrative poems, whether dramatic or otherwise; and the lyrical, emotional, or meditative poems. Now, it is observable that Arnold is at his best in poems neither long nor short: in poems equal in length to the average Hebrew psalm, the average Greek ode. No doubt there are exceptions: "Sohrab and Rustum" among the longer poems, "Requiescat" among the shorter, are nearly faultless. But, for the most part, it is in such poems as "Thyrsis," "A Summer Night," "Stanzas from the Grande Chartreuse," that we find the true Arnold; not in "Balder Dead," "Progress," "Revolutions." In other words, Arnold, to use his own phrase, had not "the archi-

tectonics of poetry, the faculty which presides at the evolution of works like the 'Agamemnon' or 'Lear.'" Nor was he in the literal sense a singer, such as was Heine or Catullus. Rather, his quality was meditative; he accepted, at least in practice, Wordsworth's definition of poetry, that it is "emotion remembered in tranquillity." But it may be objected that Arnold is genial, exultant, even rapturous; that he wrote nothing in the least like "The Excursion." That is true; but let us consider a little more curiously. Arnold was fond of national distinctions, qualities of race and temperament. Were one to distinguish Arnold's own qualities, the conclusion might be of this kind. From the Greek culture, he took a delight in the beauty of life and of fine imagination; from the Hebrew genius, a sense of reverence and meditation; from the French, a certain grace and lucidity of spirit; from the German, a steady seriousness of mind. By descent he was, in part, a Celt: that gave him a "natural magic" of emotion and of soul; while from his English origin, he took that daring common sense which enabled him to hold in harmony these various qualities. Trained in those chosen places of beauty and high tradition, Winchester and Oxford, with all the strength of his father's influence at Rugby, he was always attached to the English ideal: to the ideals of Milton and of Burke. A scholar, a man of the world, a government official, his affections were not narrow, not provincial; but they were not cosmopolitan, not unsettled. His heart was at home in the quiet dignity and peace of an English life, among the great books of antiquity, and the great thoughts of "all time and all existence." Hence came his limitations; not from prejudice, nor from ignorance, but from a scrupulous precision and delicacy of taste. No one loved France more than he; no one abhorred more than he "the great goddess Aseigeia." He revered the German seriousness, depth, moderation of life and thought; he disliked and ridiculed pedantry, awkwardness, want of humour and of grace. In all his criticisms, the same balance between excess and deficiency appears: he was a true Aristotelian. And so, when it is said that Arnold was not a poet of profound philosophy, not a thinker of consistency, or not a man whom we can classify at all, the only answer is a *distingo*. It was Arnold's work to find beauty and truth in life, to apprehend the meaning and moral worth of things, to discriminate the trivial from the grave, and to show how the serene and ardent life is better than the mean and restless. His poetry, then, is not didactic; but meditative, in the classical sense, it is. Lord Coleridge—in those papers which make us regret that he has "to law given up what was made for mankind"—is of opinion that Arnold's meditative poems are not destined to live, "not from any defect of their own, but from the inherent mortality of their subjects." Yet, surely these poems are more than records of a transitory emotion, the phase and habit of an age. Such a description would apply to Clough; his mournful, homesick, desultory poems are indeed touched with decay, because they are composed without care, in no

* We may call attention to an ugly misprint in the third line of a familiar stanza on p. 323.—Ed. ACADEMY.

wide spirit of contemplation; reading them we do not think of "Sophocles by the Aegæan," nor of the *lacrimæ rerum*. But Arnold's thoughts and emotions are profoundly human; we cannot say of them, that only an Oxford man, under such and such influences, at such and such a time, could have felt them in youth and expressed them in after life. True, their immediate tone is that of one "touched by the Zeit-Geist" in the latter end of the nineteenth century; but their fundamental character is common to all times. For Arnold is human; and what is humanism but the belief

"that nothing which has ever interested living men and women can wholly lose its vitality: no language they have spoken, no oracle beside which they have hushed their voices, no dream which has once been entertained by actual human minds, nothing about which they have ever been passionate, or expended time and zeal?"

Arnold, if this be so, was himself a true humanist, and no true humanist will ever forget him. No doubt the *Christian Year* or the *Essay on Man* have lost their charm and their significance; but we read the one as the memorial of a great phase of sentiment, and the other for its brilliant setting of a very tarnished theory. Much more will Arnold live in these grave and lovely poems, which have so little in them of merely transient feeling. Whatever be the future estimate of Arnold's poems, there is no doubt of their singular charm now. They possess the secret of great verse, its power of haunting the memory, and of profoundly satisfying it. Sad as are some of them, their melancholy is true to nature, and leaves us calm; rejoicing as are others, they never soar out of sight, away from life. But they give a view of nature and of life as contemplated by a mind of great sympathy and insight, acquainted with the choice spirits of ancient civility, and with the living emotions of our own age. No hymn to Dolores can so touch us as the lines "To Marguerite": the feverish, antiquarian rhetoric of the one may thrill the nerves and leave us tired; the pure beauty and the austere passion of the other appeals to every faculty in us, and leaves a sense of the beauty of human sorrow. Paradoxical as it may sound, there is something very hieratic about Arnold; his apprehension of the beauty of holiness, his love for what is clear and lofty in the pleasures of thought, his constant service of meditation.

"Ah, les Voix, montez donc, mourantes que vous êtes,
Sentences, mots en voix, métaphores mal faites,
Toute la rhétorique en fuite des péchés,
Ah, les Voix, montez donc, mourantes que vous êtes!"

Arnold would not have liked M. Verlaine's poetry; but those lines express much of Arnold's mind. The false worship of words, the conventional acceptance of phrases, all the spurious wisdom in the world, he fought against, and conquered much of it; and there is no one left to take his place in the struggle against vulgarity and imposture. No voice like his to sing as he sang of calm and peace among the turbulent sounds of modern life.

"Calm soul of all things! Make it mine
To feel, amid the city's jar,
That there abides a peace of thine,
Man did not make, and cannot mar.
The will to neither strive nor cry,
The power to feel with others give!
Calm, calm me more! nor let me die
Before I have begun to live."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

Four Frenchwomen. By Austin Dobson.
(Chatto & Windus.)

THERE are a few contemporary writers of whom one always thinks as belonging to the past rather than the present; and such a writer is Mr. Austin Dobson. I do not, of course, mean that his work lies habitually remote from the interests of to-day, for this is very far from being the case; but that there is in all he does a certain measure and restraint, a dainty accuracy and precision, a kind of elegant simplicity and unaffectedness, and that such characteristics are rather those of the classic periods of literature than of our own days of storm and stress. Many an author now popular would scarcely, I fear, have been highly esteemed by the wits and critical quidnuncs of Queen Anne's time. But Addison and Steele, St. John and young Mr. Pope, would have had many a good word for Mr. Dobson's prose, and have spoken of his verse with all possible honour.

How does it happen that a writer so sober in his effects, so opposed to all exaggeration and over-emphasis, should have selected for treatment such subjects as three out of the four lives in this little volume? Charlotte de Corday the assassin, Mme. Roland the victim of the guillotine, the Princess de Lamballe butchered by the populace with every foul accompaniment of bloodthirstiness and bestiality—what attraction had themes like these for a poet so delicate and charming? True, no doubt, that Charlotte de Corday, if a murderess, was a murderess of an almost sympathetic kind, beautiful, heroic, disinterested ally, consumed by zeal for the public good, and that her victim, so unlike the victims of Ravallac or Balthazar Gérard, was a monster unfit to live; true, also, that Mme. Roland, notwithstanding much in her Memoirs that one would wish away, stands forth in history a noble figure, and walked to her death with unfaltering feet; true, again, that M^{me}. de Lamballe, *mieux femme que ces autres*, as Mr. Dobson repeats, showed a beautiful courage and devotion to her friend and queen, Marie Antoinette. All true, no doubt; but against what a background of horror do these figures move, and how blood-bedabbled they are. Mr. Dobson here is like an exquisite *genre* painter called upon to depict the darkest scenes of human tragedy.

And the *genre* painter, it must be owned, comes admirably out of the ordeal. The artist that is in Mr. Dobson shows himself quite equal to this new task. "What can the man do that cometh after the king?" asks the Ecclesiast; and in writing the story of Charlotte de Corday's journey from Caen to Paris, of her sudden attack on Marat, of her trial and death, Mr. Dobson comes after

a king indeed. There are few chapters in Carlyle's *French Revolution* more striking, more full of movement and of a vivid, if lurid, light, and at the same time more excellently ordered in the midst of seeming disorder, than the chapter on Charlotte de Corday. Even so, however, Mr. Dobson may fairly be said to hold his own. His account may be read after the other, and still with pleasure. Nor with less pleasure may be read what he says of M^{me}. Roland, the heroine of the Revolution, or of that more feminine heroine of the *ancien régime*—for surely in her devotion to Marie Antoinette there was something heroic—the Princess de Lamballe. Here she stands before us in Mr. Dobson's words, as if in a portrait by Gainsborough—lovely with her old-world charm of distinction and womanly grace:—

"We recognise her merit by the few testimonies of her contemporaries, by the total absence of any authentic accusation, by the 'She was as good as pretty' of a man like the Prince de Ligne, by the 'good angel' of the peasants of Penthievre; and looking back to Hickel's portrait—a blonde, beautiful, head, with the luxuriant hair, which once, they say, broke from its bands and rippled to her feet—looking back, too, not ignorant of the days in which she lived, we dare not choose but believe that this delicate girlish woman of forty, round whose lips, despite the veil of sadness in the eyes, a vague *infans pudor* still lingers like a perfume, was, what we account here to have been, a very tender, loving, and unhappy lady."

Of M^{me}. de Genlis, the one non-tragic Frenchwoman whose story is here told, we get a far less definite picture, notwithstanding that nearly half the volume is devoted to her eighty-four years of life. But this is scarcely Mr. Dobson's fault. M^{me}. de Genlis was an enigmatic person. Her voluminous writings rather veil than reveal her. Her many enemies raised round her a cloud of calumny through which it is difficult to see clearly. Even Sainte-Beuve, the subtle analyst, to whom difficult problems of character often offered an irresistible attraction, even he "thanked God," when writing about her works, that he had not to write about her life, saying that the latter would be "a task too delicate and perilous." And so Mr. Dobson, for all his pleasant account of her youth, and maturity, and age—and most pleasant it all is—scarcely makes us "touch bottom," as it were, in her character. Was she really "very unaffected," as Mrs. Opie reported of her? Is it true, as Miss Burney said, that "there was a dignity with her sweetness, and a frankness with her modesty," testifying, "beyond all power of report," to "her real worth and innocence"? Or, was she the Becky Sharp of her time, as there is more reason to think? There the riddle remains—though with the adverse solution the more probable.

To question the facts of a writer so accurate as Mr. Dobson would require more boldness than I possess. Differences of impression one may, however, avow without rashness. Thus of M^{me}. Roland's Memoirs he says that they were "composed with all the easy fluency, and something of the naïve cultivation of Sévigné." But, is this quite an appropriate comparison? M^{me}. Roland's

Memoirs were written, as he admits, and all who read them must recognise, under the very direct influence of Rousseau. Rousseau is responsible for nearly all, not quite all, that is objectionable in their matter. He is responsible, also, for their manner, even in those more autobiographical portions which Mr. Dobson had probably in view when he instituted his comparison. But, between Rousseau's manner and Mme. de Sévigné's manner there is a whole century of difference. The alertness, the sparkle, the directness and spontaneity, the absence of all mannerism, of all pose, of all declamation in the works of the immortal letter-writer—how should a disciple of Rousseau have possessed these qualities or enjoyed these immunities? A word, too, I might say, remembering the lines of thought of George Sand, of Michelet, of Victor Hugo—in opposition to Mr. Dobson's view that Rousseau's influence is a thing altogether of the past. But, *cui bono*? Did ever two people agree about everything? And Mr. Dobson's opinion, when I come to think about it, is more likely to be right than mine.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Over the Teacups. By the Author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." (Samson Low.)

DR. HOLMES in the mansions of British aristocrats felt himself "at home," but his truest admirers preferred to meet him at the famous breakfast-table. These will now gladly welcome him again "over the teacups," where he discourses genially and wisely of men and manners. It is unnecessary to draw comparisons between his present conversations and those which, some thirty years ago, made him famous. That he "feels he has something he would like to say" is his sufficient justification for the present work, and there are plenty of people on both sides of the Atlantic who will listen to him gladly. We may, however, note in passing that the always genial Doctor is now, if possible, more genial than ever. Even his old friend the New England deacon is not held up to ridicule.

Among the characters that assemble around the tea-table are two of our old familiar friends: the Autocrat himself—now known as the "Dictator," though he dictates very little and, indeed, takes, ostensibly, only a small part of the conversation—and the Professor. All the rest of the old company have departed, and given place to new and not uninteresting guests. Among these is, of course, a doctor who is one of the parties in the slight love-romance that runs through the book.

That much of the talk relates to old age is natural enough, seeing that the author has now completed his eighty-one years and is not anxious to conceal the fact. He seems to regard himself at this stage of life with something of the curious scientific, or semi-scientific, interest which hitherto he has always manifested with reference to external things. He studies his sensations, and notes the gain and the loss—being quite alive to the privileges as well as to the inconveniences connected with his time of life. He is of opinion that

"old age is infinitely more cheerful, for intelli-

gent people at least, than it was two or three thousand years ago. It is our duty, so far as we can, to keep it so. There will always be enough about it that is solemn, and more than enough, alas! that is saddening. But how much there is in our times to lighten its burdens! If they that look out at the windows be darkened, the optician is happy to supply them with eyeglasses for use before the public, and spectacles for their hours of privacy. If the grinders cease because they are few, they can be made many again by a third dentition, which brings no toothache in the train. By temperance and good habits of life, proper clothing, well-warmed, well-drained, and well-ventilated dwellings, and sufficient but not too much exercise, the old man of our time may keep his muscular strength in very good condition."

Dr. Holmes is by no means an enthusiastic admirer of "the good old times." He believes in the things and the men of to-day. If the match were possible, he says he would be prepared to back Mr. Gladstone for a hundred shekels against Caleb, "that over-confident old Israelite," to "cut down and chop up a cedar of Lebanon."

About many other topics which interest him Dr. Holmes takes the present opportunity of discoursing. He is somewhat severe on the persons he styles "brain-tappers"—those "literary operatives who address persons whose names are well known to the public, asking their opinions or their experiences on subjects which are, at the time, of general interest." The object with which the brain-tapper puts his questions may, he admits, be a purely benevolent and entirely disinterested one. But this is not always the case. In many instances the brain-tapper

"is acting much as those persons do who stop a physician in the street to talk with him about their livers or stomachs or other internal arrangements, instead of going to his office and consulting him, expecting to pay for his advice. Others are more like those busy women who, having the generous intention of making a handsome present to their pastor, at a little expense as may be, send to all their neighbours and acquaintances for scraps of various materials, out of which the imposing 'bed-spread' or counterpane is to be elaborated."

Akin to the "brain-tapper" is the writer of unnecessary communications, who desires to express admiration, or to seek information, or to procure an autograph. Dr. Holmes confesses he has encouraged this vice. He was willing to answer all correspondents as long as he was able; but at length it became necessary to give notice that the letters, books, and pamphlets which reached him were too numerous to be attended to. If he undertook to read and answer them all, he would have little time for anything else. It is gratifying to receive them, no doubt. "When large numbers of strangers insist on claiming one as a friend on the strength of what he has written, it tends to make him think of himself somewhat indulgently." Dr. Holmes hints at the difference that exists between the written and the unwritten answers to correspondents, and remarks that "the hypocrisy of kind-hearted people is one of the most painful exhibitions of human weakness." He gives a few specimens of the "unwritten answers," of which one may be quoted by way of example:—

"Think the lines you mention are by far the

best I ever wrote, hey? Well, I didn't write those lines. What is more, I think they are as detestable a string of rhymes as I could wish my worst enemy had written."

Dr. Holmes concludes his present series of papers with the hope that he may yet meet his readers "in the now and then of the future." We hope so too, for many years to come. He has given us his views about old age and the world in general, from the standpoint of eighty years. We shall hope in due time to learn how he regards them at ninety.

WALTER LEWIN.

Impressions of a Tenderfoot during a Journey in Search of Sport in the Far West. By Mrs. Algernon St. Maur. (John Murray.)

A "TENDERFOOT" in Western slang is the equivalent of what is known in Australia as a "new chum"; and did not Mrs. St. Maur at once inform us of the fact, this charming little book contains ample evidence of her claims to be numbered among that exceeding great army for whom a trip over the Canadian Pacific Railroad still possesses novelty. She and her husband (who had served in Lord Wolseley's Red River Expedition, and, seventeen years ago, hunted the then little known Colorado country) made the usual trip to Vancouver. But with the exception of a canoe voyage a little way up the British Columbian coast, and a journey into the interior of Vancouver Island as far as Cowichan Lake, neither on this journey nor on an extension of it to San Francisco and the Upper Columbia did the two travellers cover any but the most familiar ground. And Mrs. St. Maur makes no pretence of jotting down in her diary anything but the most familiar of facts. The object of the excursion was sport. But beyond catching plenty of trout, neither of the hunters were fortunate in bringing home many trophies. The summer is, indeed, in North-West America the worst season for game, unless the sportsmen are prepared for loftier climbs and a much rougher country than that traversed by Mrs. St. Maur. At that period of the year the deer keep to the high grounds, close to the snow-line, to avoid the mosquitoes, which are the pest of the lowlands. In autumn they descend, and in September and October the crab-apple thickets, in the interior of Vancouver Island, are often swarming with black bears; while in the winter season, especially should there be snow on the ground, deer are abundant almost anywhere. Thus I have known a single rifle bring down during two months more than one hundred black-tails in the vicinity of Leech River, distant about twenty miles from Victoria. However, the game has by this time been pretty well thinned in the well-frequented localities to which the professional guide is likely to conduct "tender-feet." Accordingly, slaughter of bird and beast does not occupy a large place in the volume. But as the writer jots down everything she sees, or hears, or does, or thinks of interest, her diary—unfortunately without an index—is a pleasant mixture of many things. Thus, in this literary *olla podrida* we learn in the course of a few pages her

opinion of Mr. Ingersoll's theology, of the edgings to the Sutro Park flower beds, of the kind of jewellery which "Adela's" maid wore, and how "Algernon" baked bread in the frying-pan, and carried a heavier load than anybody else in Lord Wolseley's command.

But though Mrs. St. Maur's book is not quite equal to *Etthen* it is penned in that confidentially-domestic style which made *The Voyage of the Sunbeam* so popular; and—what is rarer in female travels—her remarks seldom offend in matters of good taste. However, it contains an account of one place not generally known. This is Cowichan Lake in Vancouver Island. Though not the discoverer of this large sheet of water, I was the first person who reached it after Mr. Pemberton, and laid down its geography with approximate accuracy. At that period—now twenty-six years ago—it was quite in the outer world, only one Indian family visiting it to hunt wapiti. Now it seems there is a waggon road to the lake, a kind of hunter's hotel near it; Indians live there, and land even is "taken up" in its vicinity.

A volume so unpretending does not call for severe criticism. Nevertheless, should it attain the dignity of a second edition, it might be well to correct a few errors and misprints before they get into general circulation. Thus (p. 19), it is a little misleading to imply that in the West 160 acres of land can be bought for 10 dols.; and it is altogether erroneous to say (p. 26) that the Micmacs of New Brunswick are the only Indian tribe who possess a written language. Nor (p. 40) is the gopher a "kind of marmot"; it is a ground-squirrel. And it is incorrect to speak of the Douglas "pine"; it is a species of fir, or more accurately of *Pseudotsuga*. The botanist who has compiled a catalogue of the Canadian plants is not "McEwan" (p. 44), but Macoun; Asa Gray spelt his name not as it is given on p. 130; and Dr. George Dawson is not "Professor" except in the vulgar fashion which bestows that academical title on every man of science. The North-West and not the Hudson Bay Company were "the first to open up an organised trade" with the Rocky Mountain region (p. 63); and the steamer on the Upper Columbia runs down, not "up," the river to the lakes (p. 68). Mount Baker (which is printed "Parker" on the map) is not 13,000 feet high (p. 74); and Mount St. Elias, instead of being "19,600" (and therefore the highest of the North-American peaks) has been discovered to be under 15,000 (p. 105). Esquimault, which on the map is placed about fifty or sixty miles from Victoria instead of three, is not "north," but west of that town (p. 74). Seattle (map), Ranier, (p. 100), Port Townsend (p. 100), Willamette (p. 102), Thleigets (p. 107), Phillips (p. 104), and Ehluna (p. 130) for Abelsones, are among the misprints which have been noticed. We cannot recall the name of any "Hawati" (p. 85) Indian tribe; and it is certain that there are no lynx in Vancouver Island (p. 80); while the "deer of several varieties" must be reduced to two—namely the black-tail and the wapiti, known in that region, but erroneously, as the "elk." And it is equally certain that there are no mountain goats anywhere near Comox (p. 98), a

prairie section; or, indeed, so far as my tolerably intimate knowledge of the interior of Vancouver Island extends, anywhere in that island. Nor did I ever hear of salmon in any number in the Cowichan Lake, or of the Indians catching them with the spoon (p. 77). They spear them and trap them in weirs. None of the "small islands off the coast of Vancouver are half American and half Canadian" (p. 102); and the Muir Glacier (p. 106) is not "the largest in the world," while we may remind Mrs. St. Maur that Alaska ranks as a Territory not as a State. The Shuswap Indians (p. 154) did not "come originally from near Cariboo"; and though Mr. Justin Begbie was always a sufficiently righteous judge, we can hardly believe that he sentenced in one batch "at Victoria" (which was unnecessary, even had that town been the then capital of British Columbia) "fourteen men to death for robbery and murder in Cariboo." I am not aware that Gray ever declared that *Cupressus macrocarpa* and *Pinus insignis* were indigenous to the Cypress grove of Monterey alone (p. 130). But if he did, then he was wrong; for the one is found not only at Cypress Point, but at Pescadero ranch and Carmelo Point also; while the other grows in California from Pescadero to Monterey and San Simeon Bay, and the variety *binata* is found on Guadalupe Island. Lastly, Mrs. St. Maur has been misinformed by people even less accurate than the guide-books which she anathematizes in such sweeping terms, when she states that "at Sitka there is a fine Greek Church with silver gates" (p. 106). My acquaintance with this humble fane dates back to the period of the Russian occupation. But the "silver gates" are not within my ken. It would also improve the next edition did the author see fit to weed it of that absurd story about the "Viceroy of the time" surrendering Oregon to the Americans because salmon would not take a fly in the Columbia (p. 102). This venerable legend—which seems to be told to every tourist, for every one repeats it—is a simple myth. In 1845, there was no "Viceroy" in Canada—Lord Ashburton was the envoy it was originally fathered upon; and, as a matter of fact, the North-West salmon will rise to a fly, though certainly, with abundance of aquatic food, the temptation to leap after aerial bait is very moderate.

However, we do not wish to find unnecessary fault with what is really a very pleasantly-written volume. And its literary matter is essentially enhanced by Mrs. St. Maur's excellent sketches, which Mr. Whympers has engraved in his usual admirable style.

ROBERT BROWN.

Miscellanies. By F. W. Newman. Vol. III. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

THE notice to which this volume is undeniably entitled has been for various reasons unduly delayed, for which the reviewer's regret is hereby expressed.

The selection of *Miscellanies* here made does not differ materially from the two col-

lections previously published. If any such difference be observable, it is that this seems more miscellaneous than the preceding volumes. Whether it was worth Mr. Newman's while to incorporate in a volume intended as a permanent record of his life's work and teaching such incidental and fugitive matter as, e.g., the leaflet on p. 285, and some other papers equally slight and occasional, may well be questioned. No doubt in his long and honourable prophetic career the venerable author has succeeded in enlisting the interest and sympathies of a gradually increasing circle of disciples and admirers, who will not willingly allow any of his words to fall to the ground; but the general reader, in the eager rush of contemporary literature and the constant change of political questions and interests, may surely be pardoned for impatience in having his attention called to matters and issues whose importance has passed away, or to social and political evils which subsequent legislation has either largely mitigated or wholly removed.

Remembering that some of the *Miscellanies* of this volume date so far back as thirty-five years, it seems needless to insist that their chief interest for readers of our own time is rather historical and antiquarian than immediate and direct. Another criticism to which they seem open is their apparent want of arrangement. The book wears an aspect of heterogeneousness which, as a little attention to order and coherence might have obviated it, seems gratuitous and needless. A third general criticism relates to the author's animus—the spirit which animates, without scarce a single exception, everyone of these *Miscellanies*. To say that it is singular or eccentric would be merely adopting a commonplace or superficial verdict. In itself singularity cannot be regarded as a vice, literary or other; on the other hand, it may, under due conditions, claim to be the noblest of virtues.

But, while I am far from wishing to charge Mr. Newman with originality regarded as a vice or shortcoming, I think he may not unreasonably plead guilty to an indiscriminate worship of the Ideal in practical questions. Like other pioneers and reformers, he is carried away by the enthusiasm of his mission. He makes little or no allowance for purely human and terrestrial conditions. He ignores the fact, at any rate unduly minimises it, that human institutions and state policies are not exactly moulded on a pre-arranged plan of ideal excellence; more commonly they develop in a casual and accidental manner—like an organism in a mixed environment of health and disease—assimilating errors and abuses not as elements recognised as hurtful, but as indispensable conditions and co-efficients of normal growth, to be eliminated from the system when they assume the form and baneful activity of acute diseases. That our system of party government or the growth of English power in India contains features in complete discord with abstract justice few thoughtful persons would care to deny; but it is one thing to point out errors or shortcomings in a complicated state-system or section of history, and quite another to determine accurately how under

the inevitable conditions of the case they could have been avoided. A man standing before a Nebuchadnezzar image, or any other analogous object, would have no difficulty in pointing to the clay portions and insisting on their incongruity with reference to the other component elements of the statue; but his laments or warnings would not alter the fact that the clayey portions were equally structural with those of the silver and gold. One would, of course, not care to push the analogy too far. It will be an evil day for humanity when reformers do not forget a judicial or impartial attitude in sight of manifest abuses, when, *e.g.*, a Martin Luther will hesitate to attack the sale of Indulgences for the reason that they form an integral part of Romish sacerdotalism, or when a Mr. Newman will be so much impressed with the heterogeneous blending of evil and good in our Indian administration that he will hesitate to attempt a severance at all costs and hazards. On the whole, then, I think all just-minded men will welcome Mr. Newman's resolute and ruthless attacks on the various abuses in our political, ecclesiastical, and social systems which fall under his notice. That the labours of pioneers like himself have not been in vain is demonstrated by the fact that not a few of his animadversions of twenty or thirty years ago have now ceased to be applicable, and therefore have to be occasionally qualified by footnotes admitting an ameliorated condition of things.

There is, however, one particular department of Mr. Newman's reforming energy which seems to me to deserve a more cordial recognition than it has hitherto received. I allude to his labours in the cause of India. Since the year 1829—as he has recently reminded us—he has been an assiduous student of Indian affairs, and has repeatedly attempted to waken the conscience of his fellow-countrymen by powerful pleas in the interests of justice and humanitarianism. Indeed, Mr. Newman might claim to be one of the few Englishmen who have given Indian subjects and interests the attention they deserve but so rarely receive, and for that reason his essays on India seem to me to have a peculiar value.

In my opinion, therefore, Mr. Newman would have done well if, in the arrangement of his three volumes of *Miscellanies*, he had collected in a separate form his various papers on Indian subjects. There are three in this volume, each of them possessing an interest which is not yet exhausted or nullified by any substantial change in the subject-matter thus treated of. To enumerate Mr. Newman's charges against the government of India would take up too much of my space, and would be introducing the alien elements of politics into the pages of a literary journal. Yet, in the mere interests of justice, we are tempted to give one instance in which the welfare of our Indian subjects was pitilessly sacrificed to the supposed requirements of our military administration. The subject is treated at length on p. 365 of this volume; but I here give the epitomised form in which it appears in Mr. Newman's recent letter on the "Government of India":

"Sir Arthur Cotton urged to make canals first

and railroads later, in order that the railroads might have goods to carry. So far as he was allowed, it gave plenty and stopped famine. But military ambition led English ministers to give railroads the priority."*

But my space is exhausted. I can honestly commend this volume to all—I fear they are in a considerable minority—who are disposed to reflect freely and independently on the various political and social questions of our recent and present history. Mr. Newman has been so long before the English reading public, and has attained such a deserved eminence, that to enumerate his well-known characteristics would almost seem an impertinence. Let me, therefore, conclude by saying that in this as in all his works we have that large scope of interest, that profound and original thought, the cosmopolitan erudition, the generous sympathies, the high moral standpoint, the noble aspirations, which have become and will continue to be indissolubly associated with his self-denying life-work.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

Armored of Lyonesse. By Walter Besant. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Port Tarascon. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Henry James. (Sampson Low.)

The Schooner Merry Chanter. By Frank R. Stockton. (Sampson Low.)

The Deliverance of Robert Carter. By Hugh Westbury. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

A Double Knot. By G. Manville Fenn. In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

A Selection of the Tales of Gottfried Keller. Translated by Kate Freiligrath Kroecker. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lore's Legacy. By R. Ashe King ("Basil"). In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Doctor Cameron. By Lucy P. Smith. (Eden, Remington & Co.)

MR. BESANT has repeated and increased the success of *The Bell of St. Paul's* with *Armored of Lyonesse*. *Armored* herself is as attractive as *Althea*, with more character; the setting of Scilly scenery, in the foreground first, at the background afterwards, is far more agreeable than that of *Bankside*; and there is nothing in the book which is exposed to the charge of Dickensian *pastiche*, as something was in its forerunner. Furthermore, there is a very agreeable bad heroine, Zoe Elstree, otherwise Mrs. Alec Feilding. It is most tolerable and very well to be endured that Mr. Besant, stout champion as he is of the right supremacy of man and decrifier of modern theories as to gynæceocracy, should make his heroines so much nicer and so much more respectable than his heroes—for that is just the humour of it. Woman,

* We are compelled to state that this is precisely one of those statements of Mr. Newman that possess only historical importance. The experience of the past twenty years has by no means confirmed the sanguine anticipations of the advocates of canals in India; while the extension of railways has proved an unmixed benefit, alike from the political, military, commercial, and financial points of view.—Ed. ACADEMY.

as woman, is very much the inferior sex; but she is very often the superior individual. But this is philosophising or philosophastering. Of Roland Lee, who is, if not the hero, the heroine's beloved, Mr. Carlyle's appalling address to the young man of letters, "Eh, mon, but ye're a *poir* creature!" is all that can be said. It is probable that *Armored* trimmed him up and kept him straight a little, but she might have been better employed. She was the heiress of a long line of wreckers, and succeeded to endless bags of coin and punch-bowls and candlesticks and old lace (which she very sensibly wore) and a case of rubies by which hangs much part of the tale. And then she went to town and improved herself, and rescued Roland Lee (he was a poor creature) from the armies of the aliens and clove a studio door with a battle-axe when the wicked hero Alec Feilding endeavoured to insult her. Now this Alec Feilding was an *exploiteur* of the first rank, and published other people's poems, and exhibited other people's pictures, and very nearly got other people's plays represented, as his own. There is some stretch of probability, not to say of possibility here; but the romance comports with such stretches. The wicked but most agreeable Zoe, with whom Feilding is comforted, is a great deal too good for him—as much too good as *Armored* is for Roland, that poor creature—and is the most strictly amusing figure in the book. But the charm of it, if not the amusement, lies in *Armored* herself, who is very attractive indeed. She is a milder Brynhild who should have met a Sigurd. But, after all, the original meeting of Brynhild and Sigurd was not particularly well-starred; and Mr. Besant, like other potters, should have the prerogative of determining the fortune of his pots.

When M. Daudet took it into his head to add *Tartarin sur les Alpes* to the great original, his readers of the critical kind felt very much as Mr. Dobson did when Rose kissed him to-day, "the pleasure gave way To a savour of sorrow." It was nearly sure that M. Daudet having continued would finish; that he would, like Cervantes, and Addison, and Dumas, and other cruel creators, kill off *Tartarin*. He has done it now, as the critical ones knew he would; and *Tartarin* (not wholly unworthy of their company) has gone to join Don Quixote, and Sir Roger, and Porthos. It is a painful thing, and the means which M. Daudet has taken to do it make it more painful still; though it must be admitted that they are consistent with the sterner features of the moral government of the universe. Had many lions disputed among themselves for the bones of *Tartarin*, had those bones lain bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold after the conquest of a hitherto unvanquished peak, it would have been glorious, but it would have been a little improbable, and might even have been *mal exempli*. That the hero of the Baobab should be caught by a Belgian adventurer, that he should be selected as chief of a Provençal colony in the South Seas (if it were not accepted that M. Daudet has never read Dickens, we might have a passing thought of *Martin Chuzzlewit*), that the

colony should be a vast swindle, that Tartarin, after sustaining his part at least to his own satisfaction on the deck of a man-of-war of perfidious Albion, should drop into the vulgar clutches of the French law, and be rescued from them, only to fall from his high estate among the Tarasconians, and fly for a brief refuge to despised Beaucaire, and thence to the majority—these things, though as sad as very amusingly told things can be, are strictly probable. Still they are very sad indeed. As for the translation, Mr. Henry James's name is warrant that M. Daudet has been betrayed as little as possible.

Even a nasty-minded person (supposing it possible that any critic could be nasty-minded) could find nothing to say against *The Schooner Merry Chanter* but that it is in motive a very little like another book, by we forget what author, called *Rudder Grange*. That we are not nasty-minded shall be proved, first by the fact of this forgetfulness; and secondly, by our not so much as mentioning again the word "rudder" (though a schooner must have had one) or "grange." *The Merry Chanter* is an exceedingly pleasing book; and if the expressions of the great American joke were always like it, it is not from us that any questionings of the jocularity thereof would come. For the fun here is real fun of situation; and if the thing were less preposterous it would be less funny—an exact and severe test. The young married couple who invest their savings in a crazy barnacle-clogged schooner; the four captains who agree to navigate it, partly out of benevolence, partly to give themselves full scope for their favourite diversion of fishing; the waiting on a sandbank for a storm which never comes; the stowaway schoolmaster, who is, however, the nearest to failure; the butcher, a most excellent person, who must be the American representative of the elder branch of the family which produced his craftsfellow in *The Hunting of the Snark*; Lord Crabstairs, who is Mr. Stockton's complimentary idea of a British lord; the ghost-baker; and the Tripp family of very New England sisters—all make a delightful group. It is the best thing Mr. Stockton has done for a long time, and good enough to wipe out the memory of a dozen *Ardis Claverdens*.

Mr. Hugh Westbury made something of a hit with *Acte*, and not undeservedly. We fear he will hardly make one with *The Deliverance of Robert Carter*; and we are sure that, if he does, he will not deserve it. There are good things in the book—some even which might be called very good—but they are sandwiched in the crudest way with other things which are not good at all. Robert Carter was the son of a Dissenting deacon and draper. He was first "delivered" by an aunt who brought him up in the lap of luxury on champagne, Horace, and *Mademoiselle de Maupin* ("that Horace done into nineteenth-century French," as Mr. Westbury says in, perhaps, the very oddest piece of literary criticism that we, readers of Horace for thirty years and devotees of Madeleine for twenty, ever read). She died and left him well off, and the

young wife of an aged minister fell in love with him. What happened then we tell not, for summary is not criticism. But afterwards he had an ineffective flirtation with one Dora, and was nearly converted, but not quite, to the Roman Church, and settled down into a set grey life till he was delivered for the last time by *pallida mors* or *la camarde*, according as we adopt the language of one or other of his horn-books. Of such a story there is little more to be said than that all depends on the telling of it, and what we have said above amounts to adding that Mr. Westbury has not told it well. He digresses and preaches, in a would-be Thackerayan manner, far too much. He gives us not even a coherently projected character of his hero, to serve as connecting link to his very disjointly and phantasmagorically arranged procession of scenes; his jesting is sometimes heavy, and his tone not seldom what some readers will certainly, though, perhaps, unjustly, think a little vulgar. Aunt Golding, a sort of younger Miss Crawley, is a good opportunity lost, whether from actual want of power or from timidity we do not quite know. Claire, the minister's wife, is shadowy; and Dora a mere lay figure. The occasional soul-pictures, as some say, of Robert Carter at different times are better, but hardly save the book.

We have seen some good work in different kinds of fiction from Mr. Manville Fenn, but we are afraid that we cannot include *A Double Knot* among it. That it may amuse some people we think not improbable; but for ourselves we find it a most unlucky welter of improbable incident, undigested character, dialogue such as never came out of any human mouth except in a book or on the stage, representations of society which show no familiarity with the things represented, and comedy which to us, at any rate, is simply dreary. We are sorry to be so outspoken, but the worst possible compliment to a workman who can do good work is to praise his work when it is bad.

Gottfried Keller, who died but the other day, may be almost said to have been famous; he was certainly known by all who knew anything about modern German literature as the author of village tales as original as Auerbach's and of a somewhat older and more strictly German fashion. They are very characteristic and very interesting, with that odd mixture of fantastic humour, romantic sentiment, and simple human pathos, which made its appearance in the great German tale-tellers of the end of the last century and has not varied much since. There is nothing in Keller—at least in these tales—of the New Spirit, and we grumble not thereat. Unluckily he is very badly translated, the lingo in which his tales appear being neither German nor English. Relative and antecedent are in the wildest welter; the hideous "did not have" which penny-aliners are spreading among us appears constantly; *derselbe*, the most fatal enemy of translators from the German, triumphs over this translator at every page; and there are numerous other shortcomings.

There are some books which will pass muster better for reading than for criticising; and

Love's Legacy is one of them. In such cases, when the books are novels, criticism becomes rather superfluous. They achieve their object; and nothing can do much more. We shall only indulge the malice of the censor by asking "Basil" how on earth he scans the line "Nos numerus sumus nati consumere fruges?" It is remarkably like another line which does scan; but we, like Landor on a famous occasion, consecrated a night of memories and of sighs to the vain effort to scan it in its present form.

The scene of *Doctor Cameron* is American, and from the use of the perfectly idiotic term "blonde" for a man we presume the authorship is American also. It may be Miss Lacy Pancoast Smith's first venture; and, if so, we devoutly hope she will never make another like it, for it is not even amusingly bad.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME HISTORICAL BOOKS.

CALENDAR OF STATE PAPERS.—*Domestic Papers of the Reign of Charles I., 1644-1645.* Edited by W. D. Hamilton. (Printed for H.M.'s Stationery Office.) Students of the history of the Civil War may be roughly divided into two classes; those who care for the politics more than for the war, and those who care for the war more than for the politics. Mr. Hamilton caters for both classes. Several intercepted Royalist letters, which have found their way into the collection now in the Record Office, reveal the schemes and hopes in which Charles and his Court found comfort. On the other hand, Mr. Hamilton gives us the dry business-like despatches of the Parliamentary military commanders, thereby helping us to understand what the method was which led them from the surrender at Lostwithiel to the triumph of Naseby.

THE STORY OF THE NATIONS.—*Switzerland.* By Lina Hug and R. Stead. (Fisher Unwin.) The history of Switzerland, though of course not wanting in striking incidents, is not very easy to relate effectively in small compass, owing to the lack of visible unity in large portions of it, and the obscurity of the causes which led to many of its most important events. The authors of this volume have, however, at any rate succeeded in producing a very attractive story. It may possibly be thought that too much space has been given to the early history of the country before a Swiss nation existed, and that the affairs of Zürich, to which canton M^{rs}. Hug herself belongs, receive a somewhat disproportionate amount of attention. But these faults, if such they are, do not in any way lessen the interest of the book. The political constitution of Switzerland is clearly described in its main features, although, in view of the extreme ignorance of the subject which prevails in England, a little more detail would have been desirable. The legendary portions of the history are on the whole rightly dealt with—neither ignored on the one hand nor, on the other hand, treated as literal fact. The literary and scientific history of the country has not been overlooked. There are a few points which in a book for English readers ought to have been noticed at length, though native readers, no doubt, will not require any information respecting them. For example, it would be impossible to obtain from this book any clear idea of the differences between French and German Switzerland; indeed, there is nothing to show in what parts of the country the two languages are respectively prevalent. It is to be presumed that Mr. Stead's share in the

work is chiefly that of a translator. He is entitled to the high praise involved in saying that the book reads like an original; but he is too fond of using French words and phrases, and we observe some curious eccentricities in the rendering of foreign proper names. "Loewen on the Dyle," for instance, is known to English people as Louvain; and few readers who do not know German will guess what is meant when it is said that Charles the Bold intended to make himself "a Welsh-German sovereign."

Dreamland in History. The Story of the Norman Dukes. By H. D. M. Spence, D.D. (Isbister.) The "learned leisure" which, even in these bustling days, attaches to the office of Dean has been well spent by Dr. Spence in studying the history of that remarkable race which had so large a hand in the making of England. Warm as is the Dean's admiration for what the Normans did in this country, he scarcely does them full justice when he says: "almost the only visible trace which this great people have left are a few grand and stately minsters, such as Durham and Norwich, Ely and Gloucester, and a number of curious and interesting churches." For the Normans were essentially a castle-building race; and though time and circumstances have dealt more hardly with the fortress than with the cathedral, there are plenty of noble structures which still exhibit in their massive masonry the characteristics of Norman architecture—sternness and solidity. Dean Spence divides his very attractive volume into two divisions; the first is occupied with the story of Rollo and his mighty line, the second with the annals of the Norman abbey of Gloucester. Both are enriched with numerous engravings by Mr. Herbert Railton of architectural gems drawn from Bayeux, Rouen, Fécamp, and elsewhere, as well as from Gloucester; and the result is so satisfactory that it would be hard to find any gift-book of the season which surpasses it in beauty and interest. Of course, the Dean writes popularly, and, therefore, minute accuracy in detail is occasionally wanting; but he succeeds in putting before his readers a good picture of Norman times, and from his *Dreamland* many will carry away more substantial knowledge than they have previously had. The inspiring influence of the Deanery—portions of which belong to the eleventh or twelfth century—has been deeply felt by its present occupant, and this is as it should be.

Paper and Parchment: Historical Sketches. By A. C. Ewald. (Ward & Downey.) The tasteful and appropriate binding of this volume predisposes us in favour of its contents. They, indeed, are distinctly miscellaneous in character, and relate to no single period in history. The Domesday Book and its companion, the Valor Ecclesiasticus, form the subject of two papers, while "Early Parliamentary Procedure" and "Our Archives" are treated popularly in two other essays. These, with the stories of Fulk Fitz Warine and the Maid of Norway, are useful as well as interesting studies; but the diaries of Henry Machyn and Narcissus Luttrell are already so well known that the extracts from them scarcely deserve republication. Sir Powell Buxton's life is told—not for the first time—at some length, and we have a paper on "Nihilism," which belongs rather to the political history of modern Russia than to the special domain in literature where Mr. Ewald has already won distinction. Among our national records he is at home; and his past researches have proved, as his present will prove, helpful to the historian and interesting to the general reader. In fact, the latter has, we expect, often been converted into the student by the insight into the treasures of the past given by Mr. Ewald. No one knows

better how inexhaustible they are, or is more skilful in drawing from them things "new and old."

Trial by Combat. By George Neilson. (Glasgow: William Hodge.) This is a most useful book of reference; history it can hardly be called, the condensation is too great. It is somewhat surprising how very small in amount is the English literature on the subject. The interest that it ought to inspire is by no means merely antiquarian in the narrow sense of the word. It touches on many points on theology, and is connected at almost every point with folk-lore. The modern duel—extinct in England, but still in a flourishing condition in most parts of continental Europe—is its last survival. No longer an appeal to the judgment of God, as the mediæval combats were, it is now a mere compound of savagery and vanity, which we may hope the common sense of mankind will soon stamp out. If Mr. Neilson's volume were of no other value, it would be most useful from the classified list of duels to be found in the index.

Guillotine the Great. By Graham Everitt. (Ward & Downey.) This is not a volume of the "shilling shocker" type, as its name might seem to apply, but a series of essays on the French Revolution written in a reflective strain. Mr. Everitt is a Conservative of the thoughtful sort, and has illustrated his views by taking his incidents from the three periods of the Terror, the Directory, and the Consulate. He prefaces these with an account of the birth of "Queen Guillotine." In April, 1789, Dr. Guillotine took his seat as one of the deputies for Paris, but in the National Assembly he bore the character of an amiable bore. His hobby was a humane apparatus for decapitating criminals. He was not the inventor of the machine that bears his name, but the guillotine was called after him in derision by a Royalist satirist. The burr stuck, and to the satire the "realised idea" owes its name (p. 51). Dr. Guillotine himself died in his bed, but his lampooner was killed in the massacres of August 10, 1792. Mr. Everitt is very severe on Florelle de St. Just. He regards him as Robespierre's master, thus inverting the received relationship. But if this were so, it is singular that Robespierre did not sacrifice him to the demon of envy, as he did Danton. Our author quotes M. Edouard Fleury: "The Robespierre of the Constituent Assembly was an ambitious and powerless nobody." His ambition was plain enough, but where was the lack of power? It is charitable to remember that St. Just was a very young man and a prig; and he might have remained both the one and the other had he lived to a ripe old age. "No one," writes Thiers of St. Just, "ever enjoyed so perfect a reputation for purity and virtue. Mr. Everitt has no difficulty in showing that this reputation was ill-deserved; but he seems to us to lay too little stress on the good feature in St. Just's character, his complete indifference to money. In these days when Socialists, so-called, are found promoting companies and speculating on the Stock Exchange, we may be allowed to admire the young Frenchman who, when he could have "plunged his arms elbow-deep into the wealth which his exactions enabled him to gather into the Republican exchequer," died, as he had lived, "in a state bordering upon absolute poverty." Mr. Everitt then deals with Linguet, who, in his day, was the Dr. Kenealy of France. He is now completely forgotten; but in his lifetime he enjoyed a European reputation, and the mere catalogue of his works occupies two and a half columns of the *Nouvelle Biographie Générale*. This prolific writer carried on a journalistic warfare with most of the leading men of his day. He was the opponent of the French

Academy and of the French Bar: it is needless to add that in his conflict with both these powerful bodies he was discomfited. He was imprisoned in the Bastille under the old régime, and died by the guillotine under the Terror. Mr. Everitt dubs him "an enemy of the people." But the unfortunate Linguet seems to have been no one's enemy but his own. The two last studies in Mr. Everitt's book are entitled "The Second in Command of the Army of the Interior" and "A Tragedy of Blunders." The first describes the rise of Napoleon to the Consulate, and the second the murder of the Duc d'Enghien. It is difficult to see the connexion of the latter crime with "Guillotine the Great"; but, be this as it may, the author may be said to be interesting, if discursive, to the last.

Monograph of the Gainsborough Parish Registers. By the Rev. J. Gurnhill. (Elliot Stock.) This is a piece of good work, though arranged on a cumbrous system and rather diffuse. The curiosities of Parochial Registers are best displayed in chronological order, when notes can be affixed wherever deemed needful. Besides a chronological review, Mr. Gurnhill indulges in chapters on trades and occupations named in the registers, on surnames, on christian names, place-names and the like. The account of Thonock, too, in the Appendix is out of place. The Vicarage of Gainsborough was originally founded by the Knights Templars, and at the dissolution of that order passed to the Hospitallers, and in 1547 to the Bishops of Lincoln. Only two worthies seem to have been born in the parish—Bishop Simon Patrick in 1626, and the late Prof. Mozley (whom Mr. Gurnhill does not name), in 1813. The registers of Gainsborough begin in 1564. The editor of these pages seems to think the entry (in 1626), "an old girl," an offence against good taste; but an entry (in 1638), probably by the same hand, of one Thos. Brown as "a young youth" explains it. The phrase had acquired none of the light usage which it possesses at present, and simply meant a woman of twenty-five, say, as opposed to a lad of thirteen or the like. The christian name Abra, found in these registers in the form of its variant Ajlra, belongs to a once celebrated lady, Mrs. Behn, who was buried in Westminster Abbey; while Genniver is only an East Anglian form of the Cornish Jennifer, the name of King Arthur's faithless spouse. Mr. Gurnhill's book is of considerable value to Lincolnshire archaeologists, and it is as well to remind them that only 260 copies have been printed.

THE pages of Mr. G. C. Boase's *Collectanea Cornubiensia* (Truro: Netherton & Worth) supply ample evidence of laborious industry, coupled with intense enthusiasm for the subject. In ages to come the antiquaries of the West of England will be grateful to him for the immense mass of genealogical information which he has collected and arranged for their benefit. No volume showing such minute research on the history of Cornishmen had previously appeared, and it is probable that many years will elapse before it finds a successor. All the matter which it contains cannot be said to be of equal value; but there is not a Cornishman, however wide his knowledge of his native country may be, who will not find within its covers an abundance of facts alike novel and interesting. To the biographical portion of his labours Mr. Boase has added a diary of his grandfather's actions while Mayor of Penzance at the beginning of this century. The record of this mayor's proceedings illustrates the difficulties attending the law of settlement and the apprenticeship of pauper children; while in more than one passage it reveals the internecine quarrels which divided the unreformed corporations. Through the expense of the journey, the

sons of the middle-class Cornishmen were unable in the opening decades of this century to attend the larger schools of the Midland counties, and many of them were sent across the Channel to perfect their education in Brittany. St. Pol de Léon was selected as their abode, both for its proximity to the port of Roscoff and for the cheapness of living there; and Mr. Boase prints a very entertaining diary of a visit which a party of parents and children paid to that decayed seat of ecclesiastical learning. The names of the masters of the numerous grammar schools which once existed in Cornwall have received Mr. Boase's special attention. Some of these establishments—the grammar school of Helston for instance—have flourished under names of distinction in the church, and have nurtured many illustrious pupils. To crown the work an exhaustive index of its contents has been added.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. will publish immediately *Some Contributions to the Earlier Life of Cardinal Newman*, by his brother, Mr. F. W. Newman.

MR. THOMAS HARDY is writing a story entitled "To Please his Wife," for the forthcoming periodical *Black and White*.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have in the press *The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens*, by Mr. Robert Langton. The work will consist largely of original information, including a fragment of hitherto unpublished MS., partly in facsimile, illustrated with more than eighty-five engravings on wood from drawings by Mr. W. Hull, Mr. Edward Hull, and the author. A limited edition will be printed on hand-made paper.

A WORK on which the Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinn has been long engaged will be published shortly by Messrs. Cassell & Co. It will be entitled *Graven on the Rock*; or the historical accuracy of the Bible, confirmed by reference to the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments in the British Museum and elsewhere. The book will be illustrated by 171 engravings, chiefly from photographs of these monuments.

WE are informed that "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania, has received the Albert and Victoria decoration from Queen Victoria.

PROF. J. P. N. LAND, of Leyden, who (with J. van Vloten) edited in 1882-83 for the Spinoza Memorial Committee the splendid two volumes of *Opera*, is now, after long preparation, seeing through the press a collected edition (in three volumes) of the philosophical works of Arnold Geulinx, Spinoza's Flemish contemporary. A balance left over from the Spinoza Memorial Fund has been happily devoted by the committee to this purpose. In the last number of the *Archiv für Geschichte der Philosophie*, Prof. Land had an article on Geulinx and the forthcoming edition of his works. It contains so much information about the great Occasionalist thinker, who is very little known in this country, that it will be translated for the April number of *Mind*.

THE *Bibliographie Basque* of Prof. Julien Vinson (Paris: Maisonneuve) may be expected in the course of February. It will contain twelve facsimiles of the rarest and most interesting titles, and mention of all Basque books and books on the Basque language. Newspaper articles and quotations from Basque books will follow in a later supplement.

MR. EDWARD ARNOLD announces for issue this month the first number of a new quarterly periodical, to be entitled *Arnold's Literary List*, which will form a classified guide to the books published in the United States and in

France. Reviews will be given of some of the books described, either specially written or extracted from American and French literary journals. Information as to forthcoming publications and other matters of literary interest will also be included.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for early publication *The English Re-discovery of America*, by J. B. and Marie A. Shipley.

MESSRS SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have in the press a criticism of General Booth's social scheme, by Canon Dwyer.

THE second edition of Mr. Wemyss Reid's *Life of Lord Houghton* is now entirely exhausted. A third edition will be ready about January 15.

A GERMAN translation has just appeared of the anonymous medical novel, *St. Bernard's*, published some time ago by Messrs. Sonnenschein.

THE corporation of London have decided to place a brass commemorative tablet on the walls of the new council chamber at Guildhall, as nearly as may be on the site of a former chamber, in which, on January 5, 1641, King Charles I. went to demand the surrender of the five members of Parliament—Hollis, Haselrig, Pym, Hampden, and Strode.

THE first meeting for the new year of the Richmond Athenaeum—of which Sir M. Grant-Euff is president—will be held on Monday next, January 12, when Mr. C. V. Godby will read a paper on "The Stuart Period." Among the other arrangements are two lectures to be given in connexion with the Lower Thames Valley branch of the Selborne Society: "Early Man in the Thames Valley, and the Animals he saw and hunted," by Dr. H. Woodward; and "Gilbert White, of Selborne," by the Rev. Percy Myles.

AT the meeting of the Ethical Society, at Essex Hall, Strand, on Sunday next, January 11, at 7.30, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, formerly fellow of University College, Oxford, will read a paper entitled "In Darkest England on the Wrong Track."

THE next meeting of the Library Association will be held in the Clerkenwell Public Library on Monday next, January 12, at 8 p.m., when papers will be read on "How the Acts were Carried in Clerkenwell," by Mr. William Robson, vice-chairman of the library, and on "The Working of the Library," by the librarian, Mr. J. D. Brown.

COUNT HENRY RUSSELL has just published at Pau a second and much improved edition of his *Pau, Biarritz, Pyrenees*. This is an excellent and thoroughly trustworthy guide for the winter visitor to these localities, and to all the excursions which can be made at that season. The author knows the Pyrenees better than anyone living, and writes enthusiastically on his subject.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now added Shelley to that uniform series of single-volume editions of modern poets, which already includes Tennyson, Wordsworth, and Matthew Arnold. The editor is Prof. Edward Dowden, who has prefixed an introduction, giving a short sketch of the poet's life, and a statement of the sources of his text. The collected poems by the widow form, of course, the groundwork, supplemented—equally, of course—by the labours of Mr. W. M. Rossetti, Mr. H. Buxton-Forman, and Dr. R. Garnett. Some use has also been made of Mr. Woodberry's notes to the MS. volume of poems now in the library of Harvard College, U.S.; but out of consideration for the wishes of Mr. Esdaile, the son of Ianthe, none of the early pieces, contained in another MS. book in his possession, are here reprinted, though Prof.

Dowden has given an account of them in his biography. No reference, either, is given to the letters of Harriet, published in the *New York Nation* of June 6 and 13, 1890. At the end are some textual notes, a list of Shelley's principal writings, the order of the poems published in his lifetime, and indexes to titles and first lines. For frontispiece, we have a new engraving, by Mr. Louis Godfrey, of the well-known portrait by Miss Curran, the daughter of the Irish wit. By far the best engraving of this we should judge to be that in vol. i. of Buxton Forman's four-volume edition, which is repeated in vol. ii. of Dowden's *Life*. The present one differs so materially, in details as well as in expression of features, that an accurate reproduction by facsimile seems to be called for. The original painting is now to be seen at the so-called Guelph Exhibition, which would not be complete without a portrait of the author of "Swiffoot the Tyrant."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

SIR GEORGE G. STOKES is at present delivering a course of four Gifford Lectures on "Natural Theology at the University of Edinburgh."

PROF. STUART POOLE proposes to continue his courses of "Elementary Archaeology" at University College, Gower-street, with the aid of Mr. St. Chad Boscawen for Babylonia, Prof. Roger Smith for Greek Architecture, Mr. Cecil Harcourt Smith for Greek Vases, taking himself Greek Sculpture and Engraving. There will be in all eleven lectures, and fourteen or more visits to the British Museum. The professor will give the free introductory lecture on January 14, at 5 p.m.

THE following elections to fellowships at Owens College, Manchester, have recently been made by the council for the year 1891: Bishop Berkeley fellowships—J. W. Cunliffe, in English literature; Walter Garstang, in zoology; W. R. Ormandy, in chemistry; and renewed for a second year to P. J. Hartog, in chemical physics; Dr. H. W. Pomfret, in pharmacology. Honorary research fellowships—E. J. Bles, in zoology; Gibson Dyson, in chemistry; J. L. Hoskyns-Abraham, in chemistry; C. H. Lees, in physics. Jones fellowship in history—Alice M. Cooke.

MR. HORACE HART, the controller of the University Press, Oxford, is prepared to take photographic negatives from MSS., printed books, &c., belonging to the Bodleian Library or deposited there, and to supply prints, at the following rates: for a 10"×8" negative, 3s.; for a silver-print (unmounted) from a 10"×8" negative, 4d.; for a platinotype print from a 10"×8" negative, 10d.; for a carbon print from a 10"×8" negative, 10d.; for 20 collotype prints with clean margins from one 10"×8" negative, 5s. 6d.; for 50 collotype prints, 9s.; for 100 collotype prints, 12s.

DR. F. A. TARLETON has been elected professor of natural philosophy at Trinity College, Dublin, in succession to Prof. Williamson, who has been appointed to a senior tutorship.

CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY has for the first time exercised its new privilege of submitting two names for appointment as fellows. The elections excited much interest among the graduates. Several candidates were put forward, of whom two were chosen by ballot.

ACCORDING to an official report recently published, the number of students at the twenty universities of Germany during the present winter amounts to 28,711. Berlin comes first, with 5527; Rostock last, with 371. Leipzig with 3458, and Munich with 3382, each maintain a good position. As compared with the previous year, the total shows a decrease of more than 600, distributed throughout all the faculties, though most conspicuous in phil-

osophy and natural science. This decrease is the more notable, as every former year since 1872 had yielded an increase, sometimes of as much as 1000 students.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

OCEANUS HYEMALIS.

THE waves that now, with sullen roar,
Break upon this lonely shore,
Fill my heart with sadness,
Thinking of the gladness
That seems gone for evermore :
Thinking of the laughter gay
Of the children, blithe as May,
Whose rosy feet were glancing,
O'er the wet sands dancing,
To meet the gentle ripler's play.
Sad and silent are the sands ;
Where the merry groups joined hands,
Nought is heard, except the moaning
As of fettered spirits groaning,
Bound by Winter's icy bands.
Yet though, beneath this sky of lead,
Joy seems crushed and well-nigh dead,
And the spirit weary,
Desolate and dreary,
Feels as if all hope were fled ;
Over this tempestuous main
Summer suns will shine again,
Children's happy voices singing,
O'er the laughing ocean ringing,
Bring peace to weary heart and brain.

ALFRED W. BENNETT.

OBITUARY.

A. W. KINGLAKE.

THE death of Mr. Kinglake, the author of *Eothen* and the historian of the Crimean War, removes another member of that brilliant band who form the glory of the Victorian age of English literature. After a lingering and painful illness, he died at his house in Hyde Park-place, on Friday, January 2, in his eightieth year.

Alexander William Kinglake was born in 1811, at Wilton House, near Taunton, being the eldest son of a country gentleman. Among his brothers were Serjeant Kinglake, well known on the Western Circuit; and another, still surviving, who has devoted himself to adorning the Shire Hall at Taunton with busts of Somersetshire worthies. He was educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1832. He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in 1837, and for some time practised in the Chancery courts. In 1857 he was returned to parliament for Bridgwater in the Whig interest; but lost his seat in 1869, as the result of an election petition, which led to the disfranchisement of the borough.

Kinglake became famous by the publication of *Eothen*, in 1844; but the tour in the East which that book commemorates took place some ten years earlier, and it is said that the MS. was rejected by a series of publishers. Without anything extraordinary in the way of adventure or experience, *Eothen* owes its reputation (which has lasted for nearly half a century) partly to the author's alertness of observation, and still more to the pungency of his style. He belonged to that fortunate generation who grew up under the generous influence of the romantic movement, in days before the modern Zeit-geist of natural science, of introspection, and of newspapers. Like Disraeli, Bulwer-Lytton, and many another of that time, Kinglake dared to trust to himself and his own ideals. He has left a masterpiece in perhaps the most difficult department of literature, with which no other book can fitly be compared.

Except for the brilliancy of both, it is hard to believe that *Eothen* and *The History of the*

War in the Crimea were written by the same pen. The former is as easy to read as a novel of Scott or a poem of Byron, and seems to have gushed forth fresh from the fount of a youthful imagination. The latter, as all know, was the outcome of exhausting research, protracted over half a lifetime, and dominated by more than one deep-rooted prepossession—to give them no harsher term. In fact, when Kinglake received his commission from Lady Raglan, he appears to have formed the resolution to compose an epic, with the *Iliad* for his model. The general conception of the subject, the characters of the leading personages, even the exploits of individual warriors, are all treated on a heroic scale. The style, too, follows the mode of treatment, and rises to flights of impassioned description which pass the legitimate bounds of prose. Quite apart from the criticisms that have been made upon the prejudiced conception of the part assigned to Napoleon, and upon the handling of military questions, we feel (as we do not, after all, feel with Macaulay) that the author's vehement personality has so transmuted the facts that the truth of history is obscured. *Eothen* will always live, by force of its direct appeal to the perennial sources of wit and fancy. The ultimate fate of the *History of the War in the Crimea* is less certain. Possibly, like Tacitus, it may continue to be read as literature, without regard to its evidential value. More probably—when the contemporary interest has passed away—some of its purple patches will survive only in Collections of English Prose as “by the Author of *Eothen*.”

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A CONSIDERABLE, and necessarily considerable, space of the January number of *Le Livre Moderne* is occupied with new books, especially *Livres D'Extremes*, with indices for the past year, &c. But there are some extracts from unpublished autograph letters, which, as the editor says, will interest the lovers of *La Vérité Documentaire*; and there is a first article on the portraits and miniatures of Alexandre Dumas, which is fully worth the price of the number. The illustrations are numerous and exceedingly interesting, though—or because—they are quite marvellously unlike each other. It is almost impossible, for instance, to reconcile the Devéria of 1832, taken when Dumas was by no means a mere boy, and looking like the portrait of a very fragile and ethereal eurate, with the jovial Silenus of the later and more familiar figures, or even with the theatrical-looking and theatrically-costumed imagings of almost contemporary years. One thing might, we think, have been omitted—a hideous, and not in the least witty, “Cham” of 1839, which is certainly not a less libel on the skill of the artist than it is on the appearance of the subject. It is permitted to caricature, at need, to be as hideous and as savage as Maelise's famous gibbetings of Talleyrand and Rogers in the Fraser Gallery; but if this is caricature the comie valentine, now happily defunct, was caricature. It was seldom that M. de Noé stooped so low.

In the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for December, Fernandez Duro reprints and completes the notices and remains of the works of Gonzalo de Ayora, lately published by Prof. E. Cat. of Algiers. Francisco Codera reports the discovery of an Arabic MS., containing the leaves missing in the Codex of the Escurial from which the *Assila*, which forms vol. i. of the “Biblioteca Arabico-Hispano,” was printed. These leaves will shortly appear as a supplement to vol. viii. of this series. V. Barrantes gives a detailed review of the works on the local history and celebrities of Cabeza del Buoy in

Extremadura, by N. Pérez Jiménez. Padre F. Fita begins a critical investigation of the sources for the life of Ignatius de Loyola. The result is that he was born towards the close of 1491; that he never was page to King Ferdinand, but was brought up at Arévals by Juan Velasquez and his wife, to whom he was related; and after their disgrace, at the age of twenty-six, he served under Antonio Manrique, Duke of Najera, and joined his early companion, Alonso de Montalvo, at Pampeluna.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- LERMOULIEFF, J. *Kunstkritische Studien üb. italienische Malerei*. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 10 M.
PITRÉ, G. *Bibliografia delle tradizioni popolari d'Italia*. Torino: Loescher. 20 M.
SITTL, K. *Würzburger Antiken, erläutert*. Würzburg: Stahel. 4 M.
TIKKANEN, J. J. *Die Genesismosaiken v. S. Marcu in Venedig u. ihr Verhältniss zu den Miniaturen der Cottonbibel*. Berlin: Wasmuth. 6 M.
VERNEAU, R. *Cinq années de séjour aux îles Canaries*. Paris: Hennuyer. 12 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- EIKAN, E. *Das Frankfurter Gewererecht von 1617–1631*. Tübingen: Laupp. 3 M. 60 Pf.
GREGOROVICH, F. *Die grossen Monarchen od. die Weltreiche in der Geschichte*. München: Franz. 80 Pf.
MATEJKO, J. *Polens Könige u. Herrscher*. 9. Lfg. Wien: Perles. 2 M.
POELCHAU, A. *Die livländische Geschichtsliteratur im J. 1889*. Riga: Kymmel. 1 M.
URKUNDBUCH der Stadt u. Landschaft Zürich. 2. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Zürich: Hühner. 6 M. 25 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AVENARIUS, R. *Kritik der reinen Erfahrung*. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Reissland. 14 M.
DERICKNETZ, das schweizerische. 5. Bd. *Astronomische Beobachtungen in Tessiner Basisnetze, auf Gubris u. Simplan*. Zürich: Hühner. 10 M.
SEMPER, C. *Reisen im Archipel der Philippinen*. 2. Thl. 5. Bd. *Die Tagfalder-Rhopalocera*, v. G. Semper. 5. Lfg. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 24 M.

PHILOLOGY.

- BIBLIOTHEK, altenglische. 4. u. 5. Bd. Leipzig: Reissland. 24 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RALF STRODE.

Christ's College, Cambridge: Jan. 2, 1891.

I shall feel much obliged for information concerning MSS. of Radulphus Strodeus (Ralf Strode), and for any MS. biographical notices of him. There must be MSS. of this writer's works (Latin or English) in some of the Italian libraries.

Dempster quotes as one of his authorities the “Collectanea” and “Historia Ecclesiae Scotice,” or some such works of Gilbertus Brounus (or Brunus). Do any of these works exist? The writer of the article on Gilbert Brown in the *Dictionary of National Biography* does not refer to Dempster's account. The “Historia” is said to have been continued by Richard Brown, Gilbert's “nepos.” Were these volumes merely part of Dempster's useful library of fiction? Some Scotch antiquary can perhaps help me.

I am at present pursuing a course of investigation which may eventually place Ralf Strode among the foremost of our early writers as the poet of the “Pearl,” &c.; but at present the evidence is altogether circumstantial, and any definite statement would be premature. In my search for the lost poet I have had the generous help of Dr. Horstmann, given in the true spirit of literary comradeship. The result of my investigation will appear in my forthcoming edition of the poem. I am anxious to find some missing links.

I. GOLLANZ.

BROWNING AND DANTE.

4, Cleveland Gardens, W.: December 22, 1890.

A short time ago I was asked by the Browning Society to write a Primer to Browning, to accompany and supplement the shilling volume of Selections from his works. In the preparation of this Primer I have come across much that is interesting to readers of Browning, but too much matter of detail to be included in the condensed account to which I shall have to restrict myself.

Two such points, which have arisen lately, may be of interest to your readers.

In "One Word More" this passage occurs:—

"Dante once prepared to paint an angel:
Whom to please? You whisper 'Beatrice.'
While he mused and traced it and retraced it
(Peradventure with a pen corroded
Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,
When, his left hand! the hair o' the wicked,
Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,
Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,
Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,
Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—
Dante who loved well because he hated,
Hated wickedness that hinders loving,
Dante standing, studying his angel,
In there broke the folk of his Inferno.
Says he—'Certain people of importance
(Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)
Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet.'
Says the poet—'Then I stopped my painting.'"

The allusions were not clear to me, and I have obtained (through Dr. Furnivall) an explanation from Mr. W. M. Rossetti, which is too useful to leave unpublished. Mr. Rossetti writes:

"I understand the allusions, but Browning is far from accurate in them.

1. Towards the end of the *Vita Nuova*, Dante says that, on the first anniversary of the death of Beatrice, he began drawing an angel, but was interrupted by certain people of distinction, who entered on a visit. Browning is therefore wrong in intimating that the angel was painted 'to please Beatrice.'

"2. Then Browning says that the pen with which Dante drew the angel was, perhaps, corroded by the hot ink in which it had previously been dipped for the purpose of denouncing a certain wretch—i.e., one of the persons named in his *Inferno*. This about the ink, as such, is Browning's own figure of speech, not got out of Dante.

"3. Then Browning speaks of Dante's having 'his left hand! the hair o' the wicked,' &c. This refers to *Inferno*, Canto 32, where Dante meets (among the traitors to their country) a certain Bocca degli Abati, a notorious Florentine traitor, dead some years back, and Dante clutches and tears at Bocca's hair to compel him to name himself, which Bocca would much rather not do.

"4. Next Browning speaks of this Bocca as being a 'live man.' Here Browning confounds two separate incidents. Bocca is not only damned, but also dead; but further on—Canto 33—Dante meets another man, a traitor against his familiar friend. This traitor is Frate Alberigo, one of the Manfredi family of Faenza. This Frate Alberigo was, though damned, not, in fact, dead; he was still alive, and Dante makes it out that traitors of this sort are liable to have their souls sent to hell before the death of their bodies. A certain Branca d'Oria, Genoese, is in like case—damned, but not dead.

"5. Browning proceeds to speak of 'the wretch going festering through Florence.' This is a relapse into his mistake—the confounding of the dead Florentine Bocca degli Abati with the living (though damned) Faentine and Genoese traitors, Frate Alberigo and Bocca d'Oria, who had nothing to do with Florence."

I have just heard from America that Mr. George Willis Cooke (who is compiling a Browning Lexicon) has traced the "Cardinal and the Dog" story (*Asolando*) to the *Grand Dictionnaire Historique*, where it is told in a slightly different form of a certain Cardinal

Marcel Crescentio. Mr. Cooke has also traced the "Monk and Monkoy" story of the "Ponte dell' Angelo" (*Asolando*) to the *Annales des Capucins* of Father Boverie, i.e., Zacharie Boverius, also noted in the *Grand Dictionnaire Historique*. Mr. Cooke is doing his work so thoroughly that it will be a real gain to all students of Browning.

ESTHER PH. DEFRIES.

WHY WAS THE HORSE DRIVEN BEFORE IT WAS HIDDEN?

Oxford: Jan. 3, 1891.

I think it was Darwin who said that "the effects of false inferences are but of little moment, for everyone feels a pleasure in setting them right, but that false facts are most dangerous, because there may be but few who can point out their untruth."

It is not my object to set right the inferences which Mr. William Ridgeway has drawn in the ACADEMY of January 3 as to the priority of driving horses. On the contrary, I quite agree with him. But the fact which he quotes, "that in the Rig Veda there is nothing to show that the art of riding was practised" is not a fact, as by this time every student of the Veda knows.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

London: Jan. 5, 1891.

It is difficult to agree with Prof. Ridgeway's theory expounded in the ACADEMY of January 3, that the reason why the horse was driven before being ridden by the ancients was owing to its small size, "even long after domestication."

With regard to this animal as used by the Egyptians, whom he cites in the beginning of his letter, its size as shown on the monuments is by no means diminutive.

It is true that the horse was not introduced into Egypt till the time of the Hyksos (c. 1700 B.C.), and the earliest mention of it on the bas-reliefs is not until the reign of Thothmes I. (c. 1633 B.C.), where it is called by its Semitic name, *Sus*, in the tomb of Aahmes Pen-nukheb, at El-Kab. But from this reign it became a favourite theme of contemporary art; and who does not know the bas-relief of Rameses the Great charging with his favourite pair named "Victory in Thebes," with their reins tied about his waist, as he dashes among the rebellious Khita?

Now the size of these horses as represented by the Egyptian artist is not abnormally small in proportion to the warriors. The king, of course, is drawn larger than the ordinary men about him; but the chariot and horses he is driving are relatively large, and were he to alight and stand between his chargers his head and neck only would be visible above the centre of their backs.

M.M. Perrot and Chipiez remark that as the horse was only introduced into Egypt when her art had become conventionalised, he is almost always poorly drawn. His body is weak and unsubstantial, though his head is well set on, and his neck and shoulders are good. Yet, although his anatomy can ill compare with that of the animals delineated in the Memphite tombs of the early period, we may surmise that the draughtsman of the XIXth Dynasty drew his horse, as regards size, fairly as he saw him; and that being the case, he was far from being the "diminutive animal about thirteen hands high" which Canon Taylor describes as the primitive type ranging over the plains of Asia and Europe.

M. L. HERBERT MCCLURE.

P.S.—Since writing the above I have had a conversation with Prof. Poole on this subject.

With regard to the Asiatic horse, there is no

doubt, he said, from the Assyrian bas-reliefs, that he was a large animal. The relatively small size of the Greek horses on the frieze of the Parthenon was owing apparently to the desire of the sculptor to give greater prominence to his heroes than to his animal forms.

The smallness of the horse in early times, moreover, is not a cogent argument against its being ridden, as in the tomb of Tih (Vith Dynasty) the ass, which is smaller still, is represented as being used for this purpose.

ODYSSEUS AND THE CYCLOPS.

St. Andrews: Dec. 30, 1890.

In answer to Mr. Watkiss Lloyd's note, I may say that I do not think Homer needs any assistance from me. But the argument of some critics, who do need assistance, is that Odysseus, in the adventure with the Cyclops, acts out of character; and, therefore, they attack the unity of the poems. If I understand Mr. Watkiss Lloyd rightly, he thinks that the behaviour of Odysseus was not inconsistent, that he showed his usual prudence. In that case, the critical objection disappears. In any case, the adventure with the Cyclops is, as I think Mr. Lloyd will admit, essential. The curse of Odysseus is the result of the blinding of Poseidon's son, and the wanderings are the result of the curse. If we remove the Cyclops, the poem falls to pieces. But it may be said—by Canon Taylor, for example—that the adventure may be necessary, while the temerity of the hero is needless, is an interpolation or an excrescence. If Mr. Lloyd will "verify his references," as he bids me do, he will see that the crew of Odysseus, for their part, thought him foolhardy when, after the escape, he taunted the Cyclops from the ship. I do not myself think this out of character in a man of spirit. But, out of character or not—and we are all foolish by times—if Odysseus had not taunted the Cyclops, and named himself, the Cyclops would not have known who his enemy was, and could not have appealed to Poseidon against him. So Poseidon, a deity of limited intelligence, would never have cursed Odysseus; he would have cursed "No-Man." For my own part, I believe that a more excellently worked-out plot than that of the *Odyssey*, in all its details, was never composed. Take anything out of it—as this adventure of the Cyclops, or even the taunt of Odysseus—and the poem lacks motive, and falls to pieces. It appears to me that this is obvious to any student of literature, or even to any reviewer of novels. This is part of Mr. Gladstone's argument, which, with all its defects, is strong as a literary argument.

By a misprint I was made to say that I was sorry that a certain passage in the *Iliad* about fishing was too familiar to need being quoted. I wrote that I was sorry Homer's men fished with bait, an angling pedantry. As to the main question, probably Mr. Lloyd and I are agreed. I do not think Odysseus inconsistent; but, even if he was, his conduct was necessary to the story. He was bound to let Polyphemus know with whom he had the feud for his lost eye.

ANDREW LANG.

"WIDERSHINS."

London: January 6, 1891.

I dare say my friend Mr. Gollancz is in the right in his etymology of "widershins," though phonetically he does not account for the aspirated sibilant, nor semasiologically for the specialised meaning, "contrary to the sun's course."

But in his incursions into folk-lore he betrays the amateur. In the first place one can

hardly call an etymology of "widershins," connecting it with the German *wider Schein*, a "folk-etymology." It can be traced to a definite individual; and, besides, the folk do not derive from foreign languages. He is again wrong in thinking that to do things contrariwise is a spell *against* the Evil One. It is, on the contrary, the way to put oneself in his power. To say the Paternoster backwards was the witches' way of swearing allegiance to Lucifer. So, too, going round a church "widershins" would have put Burd Ellen into the power of the King of Elfland. Indeed, if Mr. Weller had been a folk-lorist he would have doubtless given the advice, "Beware of widershins;" and so say I from the folk-lore point of view to my friend Mr. Gollancez.

JOSEPH JACOBS.

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM."

King's College, London: January 3, 1891.

With reference to Prof. Skeat's interesting note (ACADEMY, December 27, 1890), allow me to say that the connexion between Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream" and Chaucer's "Merchant's Tale" has been pointed out, indirectly at least, by German critics. In commenting on Goethe's *Walpurgisnachtstraum*, or "Oberon's and Titania's Golden Wedding," several of them, but most distinctly Herr von Loeper, mention the fact that Shakespeare's drama suggested to Goethe his humorous *Intermezzo*; and they refer at the same time to Chaucer's tale, which was also made use of by Wieland in his composition of "Oberon," after having read Chaucer's poem in Pope's adaptation.

C. A. BUCHHEIM.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, Jan. 11, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Church of Latter-Day Saints," by Mr. J. H. Anderson.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "In Darkest England on the Wrong Track," by Mr. B. Bosanquet.
- MONDAY, Jan. 12, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Light and Electricity," by Mr. Sheldford Bidwell.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: Lecture III., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, Professor of Painting.
8 p.m. Library Association: "How the Acts were carried in Clerkenwell," by Mr. W. Robson; "The Working of the Library," by Mr. J. W. Brown.
8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "The Stuart Period," by Mr. C. V. Godby.
- TUESDAY, Jan. 13, 8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: Anniversary Meeting.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Auxiliary Engines in connexion with the Modern Marine Engine," by Mr. W. H. Allen.
8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Agricultural and Technical Education in the Colonies," by Mr. H. F. Moore.
8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "An Ethnographical Album of the Pacific Islands," by Messrs. J. Edge Partington and C. Heape; "The Source of Jade used for ancient Implements in Europe and America," by Mr. F. W. Rudler.
- WEDNESDAY, Jan. 14, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Steam Lifeboats," by Mr. J. F. Green.
- THURSDAY, Jan. 15, 7 p.m. London Institution: "The British Orpheus, Henry Purcell," with Musical Illustrations, by Mr. W. H. Cummings.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: Lecture IV., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson, Professor of Painting.
8 p.m. Linnean: "Certain Points in the Morphology of the Crustacea," by Dr. P. H. Carpenter; "A Botanical Visit to the Auckland Isles," by Mr. T. Kirk.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Inaugural Address by the President, Mr. W. Crookes.
8.30 p.m. Historical: "The Political Use of the Lot at Athens," by Mr. J. W. Headlam.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
- FRIDAY, Jan. 16, 5 p.m. Physical: "Photo-Electricity," by Prof. G. W. Minchin; "A Lecture-Room Method of determining *g*," by Prof. F. R. Bawell; "The Change in the Absorption Spectrum of Cebal Glass produced by Heat," by Sir John Conroy.
7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "A Survey of the Bed of Sutton Pool, Plymouth," by Mr. R. G. Hansford Worth.
8 p.m. New Shakespeare: a Paper by Mr. A. W. Bullen.
8 p.m. Ruskin Society: "*Pors Clavigera*," by the Rev. J. F. Fauntleroy.
- SATURDAY, Jan. 17, 10.30 a.m. Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching: Annual General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

A Finnish Grammar. By C. N. E. Eliot. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

FINNISH, though historically of very small account, is, philologically, perhaps the most interesting of all the so-called Finno-Ugric dialects. Turkish and Hungarian are the languages of bellicose, dominating races, who, after establishing themselves by force of arms in the midst of Aryan Europe, learnt the arts of peace from their more civilised neighbours, and gradually adapted their rude dialects to their new circumstances and enlarged spiritual horizon. The Finns, on the other hand, have always been a subject race, and their despised and neglected language, thrust unceremoniously aside into out-of-the-way corners of the world, has consequently been far less exposed to disturbing foreign influences. The vocabulary may, in quite recent times, have borrowed largely from Scandinavian and less plentifully from Slavonic sources; but the grammar (especially as we find it in the national epic, *Kalewala*) has probably undergone little change and lost few of its primitive forms. Its importance, in the eyes of the comparative philologist, is therefore considerable; and yet the study of this curious and interesting language has hitherto been almost entirely restricted to Russian and Swedish scholars, who take a local interest in it, or to Hungarians, who, speaking a cognate dialect, have almost a prescriptive right to regard this branch of linguistic science as peculiarly their own. Not that the Finns have been altogether neglected by the West. In 1845 Léouzen le Duc produced a prose translation of the *Kalewala*, and since then two metrical versions have appeared at New York. The first of these, a mere selection, translated through the German, is of little value; but Mr. Crawford's version, in two volumes, published in 1888, is a sound and careful piece of work, which can even be placed by the side of Castron's Swedish and Barna's Hungarian translation.

Sufficient interest in Finland and the Finns exists among us, therefore, to justify the publication of a Finnish Grammar, and Mr. Eliot's essay (with the possible exception of Budenz's "*Finn Nyelvän*") is by far the most satisfactory attempt to deal with this very difficult language. The author, indeed, is well equipped for his task. He has mastered most of the many Finnish dialects, carefully studied the *Kalewala*, and used to advantage the best Russian and Swedish authorities on the subject. No wonder then if he has made his subject not only intelligible but attractive. It is difficult to pick out particular passages for praise, where all is so good; but it seems to us that the sections devoted to the uses of the infinitive, that crucial difficulty of the Finnish language, are particularly lucid and happy. Mr. Eliot, however, does not seem to have made himself acquainted with the results of the labours of Hungarian scholars in this province of philology. This is not surprising, Hungarian being anything but a cosmopolitan language; but it is regrettable, as most of the standard works on the subject

are written in Magyar. We allude especially to Budenz's monumental *Magyar-ugor összehasonlító szótár* (Hungaro-Ugric Comparative Dictionary), which has done for the Finnic what Bopp's great Dictionary did for the Aryan languages. All subsequent investigators must to a great extent work upon the lines laid down by Budenz.

We have already said that we have no fault to find with Mr. Eliot's Grammar; but his philology, especially as exhibited in his Introduction, is not always according to knowledge, or, perhaps we should say, according to facts. Thus he is inclined to see a resemblance between the Latin and Finnish declensions, which is purely fanciful; and he will find few scholars to agree with him when he claims that, "on the whole, Finnish really presents no great differences from the Aryan languages," or that it shows clearer cases of foreign influence than even Magyar. There can be no real analogy between any of the Aryan dialects and such a language as Finnish, which is so unmistakably impressed with what may be called the three great stigmata of the Ugro-Altaic group—viz., the harmonic sequence of vowels, the post-positional declension, and the agglutinative conjugation. It is only in the case of Bulgarian, which has been Aryanised by centuries of violent and incessant friction with Aryan races, that any such comparison is admissible. On the other hand, between Finnish and her southern sisters Hungarian and Turkish striking analogies can be made out. Nay, even a comparison of their respective vocabularies, wide apart as they undoubtedly are, cannot fail to prove instructive if only we look a little below the surface. Take, for instance, the words *Jumala* and *Isten*, which mean "God" in Finnish and Hungarian respectively. Budenz has shown that while *jo*, the Hungarian word for "good," lies at the root of the Finnish *Jumala*, the Finnish *isä*, "father," lies at the root of the Hungarian *Isten*. The same scholar proves to demonstration that the derivation of very many Hungarian words can only be traced with the help of the Finnish vocabulary, and *vice-versa*. One instance may suffice. "Man" in Hungarian is *ember*. The first syllable *emb* is simply a variation of the usual comparative form *bb* = more, while *er* = the modern *ferj*, "male." The real signification of *ember*, therefore, is "a big male," i.e., a man in contradistinction to a little male, or boy. An analogous distinction is found in the Vögl dialect; while—still more remarkable—the Finnish word for man, *ihminen*, is compounded in exactly the same way, and means, like the Hungarian *ember*, "a big male."

Such details, however, belong rather to a comparative grammar than to a work like Mr. Eliot's, which simply aims at giving "an account of Finnish sufficient to enable anyone to understand the grammatical structure of the written language." In this, as we have already implied, the author has eminently succeeded. A student must be dull indeed who cannot master the principles of the Finnish language with the aid of such a mentor as Mr. Eliot. It is another question, of course, whether Finnish

will repay the time and trouble spent in learning it. Anyhow, it is the key to one of the half-dozen great epics of the world; and many will not deem that labour lost which enables them to read the Kalewala in the original.

R. NISBET BAIN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BUDDHAGHOSA'S DESCRIPTION OF OLD HINDU ASCETICS.

Dedham, Essex.

The Dharmapāstras give us many interesting details of hermit life in the forest; but in Pāli texts we meet with, comparatively speaking, very few allusions to the practices of the Brahminical ascetics, even in the oldest Buddhist records.

From Baudhāyana, iii. 3, 2, we learn that some hermits lived on cooked food, while others always ate theirs raw. Buddhaghosa (Sum., pp. 270, 271) mentions eight kinds of ascetics, two of whom received, as alms, (cooked) food from the dānāgāra; two ate food cooked by a fire (agyāgāra), the rest lived on uncooked food picked up in the forest.

Buddhaghosa does not (so far as we can judge from the present state of his text) seem to have understood all the terms he employs to describe the various kinds of hermits; but some little light may be thrown upon the subject by a reference to the customs of the Brahminical ascetics.

The eight kinds mentioned by Buddhaghosa are as follows:

(1) Sapattabhariyā, (2) Uñchācariyā, (3) Anaggipakkikā,* (4) Asāmapālikā, (5) Asamanutthikā,† (6) Dantavakkalikā, (7) Pavattaphalabhajino, (8) Pandupalāsikā.

The first epithet needs no explanation. The second has already been explained by the writer of these notes in the *Journal of the Pāli Text Society* for 1887 (pp. 115-16). The Uñchācariya mode of life corresponds to the older Samūhika livelihood called in Pāli Samuñchaka (?). This word is not recorded by Childers, but there is some authority for its use:

"Dhamme care yo pi samuñchakam care" (Jāt. iv., p. 66), on which the Commentator has the following note: "Samuñchakan ti gāme vā āmapakkabhikkhācariyam araññe vā phalāphalaharāna sañkhātā uñcham yo careyya so pi dhammam eva care."

The Pāli samuñchaka may be an attempt to express the older samūhika or samūhaka. In a parallel passage (in *Samyutta Nikāya*, i. 4. 2. 7) we find samuñchakam (v. l. samuñjakam) for samuñchakam.

In verse 440, p. 76, of the *Sutta Nipāta* we have the following line—"Esa muñjam parihare."

A variant (Burmese) reading has muñcam, which does not help us much in solving the difficulty presented by "esa muñjam." On turning to Prof. Fausbøll's translation in *Sacred Books of the East*, verse 439, p. 71, we find, by some inadvertence, that the line containing these words has been left untranslated. The sense of the whole verse, however, is not much affected by the omission; but still a footnote is needed for the information of the reader. Esa appears to be a mere blunder arising out of esa in the preceding verse, and has no meaning in gāthā 440. For "esa muñjam" we might indeed read "esāham uñcham"; but this would be against the metre, unless we pronounce esāham as two syllables. The line would then mean, "I must practise gleanings."

i.e., "I must live away from the world." We must, I think, amend the text by reading "samuñchakam parihare," which would correspond exactly to "samuñchakam care" as already quoted from the *Jātaka* book.

The phrase "dhamme care yo pi samuñchakam care," which makes the practice of the dharma to be identical with the gleanings mode of life, reminds us of a passage in *Manu* iv. 5: "Ītam uñchasilam jñeyam" = "Īta (truth) is to be understood as practising gleanings," that is, gleanings is the true or virtuous mode of life.

3. The Anaggipakkikas, according to Buddhaghosa, cooked the husked grains they received as alms; but this explanation can hardly be correct, as it would be more appropriately a description of the Aggipakkikas. The epithet must mean "eating food not cooked by fire." In Jāt. iv., p. 8, we read of a hermit who was a Dantamusalika, and ate uncooked food—"Dantamusaliko hutvā anaggipakkam eva khadati, thusaparikhitam kiñci na khadati."

4. The Asāmapālikas, according to Buddhaghosa, gleaned cooked food; they were therefore agnipakvācins or aggipakkikas, but we do not at once gather as much from the Pāli designation. Asāmapālika must refer to those "living on food that had not ripened spontaneously (sāmam)," that is, to those who followed the livelihood called Siddhoñchā "gleaning cooked food."

Asāmapālika might possibly be an attempt to represent an older a-samaya-pālika = akālapālika applied to hermits "eating what had not been ripened by time." Compare the following passage from *Manu* vi. 17:

"Agnipakvācāno vasyāt kālapakvabhugevā vā Aymakuttobhāved vāpi dantolūkhaliropi vā."

"He may eat what is cooked by fire, or eat only what is ripened by time; he may either use a stone-pounder, or else make use of his teeth as a pestle."

5. The Asamanutthikas ate the bark of trees, which they broke off with a stone or piece of iron, used as a hammer.

The passage quoted above from *Manu* helps us to solve the crux in asamanutthika. We see that it answers to the Sanskrit aṣmakuttaka or aṣmakutta, so that the Pāli asama (asma) corresponds to Sk. aṣma, "stone." Childers has no such form, because the Sk. aṣman usually in Pāli becomes aṇha* (*Sutta-Nipāta*, p. 71). The word mutthika, from mutthi ("a hammer"†) = Sk. mṣthi ("a fist"), corresponds in meaning to Sk. kuttaka, kuttaka (cf. Pāli kotta, kottaka Jāt. i. 477; ii. 262; Sum. i. 252; kottana Sum. i. 296, "breaking, cutting, pounding").

6. The Dantavakkalikas, who stripped off the bark of trees with their teeth, are the same as the Dantamusalikas of Jāt. iv., p. 8. Dantavakkalika corresponds in sense to Sk. dantolūkhali, of which the second element is from ulūkhala (Pāli udūkhala for udūkhala; Bengali ōkkhali; Hindi and Marathi ukhal; Prakrit okkhala; or ulūhala), "a pestle." The form okkhala, referred to by Hemacandra and Vararuci (i. 21), seems to point to a Prakrit dantokkhali, which the later Buddhist scribes did not know what to make of. They probably imagined that the letter o represented the syllable ava (as it so often does as a prefix, but rarely in the body of a word), and

that vakkhalika stood for vakkalika, from vakkala, "bark."

These ascetics, who used their teeth for a pestle, or ate unground corn, were probably the same as the Mukhenādāyins, who took the food with their mouths, like brute beasts.

7. The Pavattaphalabhajins correspond to the Pravrittājins of the Hindu Law-books.

8. The Pandupalāsikas ate fallen or withered leaves (see *Manu* vi. 21), and correspond to the Īraparnājins.

The Law-books throw light upon other ancient usages alluded to in Pāli records, as, for instance, the Mosalla penance.

Mosalla, from an original *mausaliya or *mausalya, has the same meaning as the Sk. musalya, "deserving of death by beating with a club or by pounding with a pestle" (*Anguttara* iv. 242. 2). The culprit meriting this "pounding," clothed in black, with hair flying about, and with a club placed upon his shoulder, made public confession of his offence. There is an allusion to this in *Āpastamba* i. 9. 25. 4; *Gautama* xii. 43; *Manu* viii. 314-5; *Yaj.* iii. 257, where we learn that the offence was "stealing a Brahman's gold."

Buddhaghosa says nothing of the crime of theft.

The *Anguttara* (iv. 242. 3) makes mention of the Assa-puta punishment, where the culprit bore a basket of ashes (? stones) on his shoulder. From *Digha* (iii. 1. 26) we learn that this particular punishment was inflicted on a Brahman before he was expelled from the order, and banished from his native place. Buddhaghosa gives us no explanation of the punishment or of the offence.

The Hindu Law-books do not, we believe, contain any reference to the Assaputa penance.

In later Pāli works we have occasional allusions to ancient usages, as in the following passage relating to the consecration of a king:

"Atthattimsā ca rājapurisā nata-naccakā mukhamāṅgalikā soththivācakā samana brāhmaṇa sabbapāsāḍaṇa abhigacchanti, yam kiñci pathaviyā pattana-ratanākara-nagara-sūka/thānavaṇṇajaka-chejjabhajjajana-m-anusāsanaṃ sabbattha sāmiko bhavati" (*Milinda*, p. 359).

With the latter part of this extract compare Sum. i., p. 246.

In mukhamāṅgalika the first element has probably the meaning of Sk. mukhya, "a principal rite or ordinance." The mukhamāṅgalikā were Brahmins, who had to decide whether the day fixed upon for the ceremony of consecration was auspicious or no. It might be roughly translated by "soothsayers." We have no term corresponding etymologically to it in Sanskrit.

In the *Kalpa-sūtra* (*Jinacarita*, p. 113) we find the corresponding Jaina-prākṛit term muha-maṅgaliya, of which the commentator gives a very unsatisfactory explanation (mukhamāṅgalikā mukhe māṅgalini yeshāṃ te tathā cātukārīna ity artha).

The Soththivācaka or "angurs" were those who performed the soththivācana or svasti-vācana, "a religious rite preparatory to any important observance, in which the Brahmins strewed boiled rice on the ground, and invoked the blessings of the gods on the undertaking about to commence."

The Pāli ought, perhaps, to be soththivācanaka. Compare Sk. svastivācanika (fem.), Prakrit soththivā-anāka (*Chakuntala*, ed. Williams, p. 152), and soththivāana Mālat (ed. Sk. P. Pandit, p. 82. 4).

R. MORRIS.

* Compare Pāli pamha and pakhuma from Sk. pakṣman.

† A blacksmith's hammer; also a "fist."

‡ Cf. Hindi okhali, "a wooden mortar."

* Printed text reads anaggapakkikā.

† Printed on p. 271 asammutthikā.

* We find, in a different sense, danta-ndūkhala and danta-musala (Sum. i. 200). The upper teeth are danta-musala and the lower teeth danta-udūkhala.

THE EARLY CIVILISATION OF ARABIA.

Munich, Adalbertstrasse 62ii: Jan. 5, 1891.

The Minean inscription, Halévy No. 535, refers, as I stated in the last number of the ACADEMY, to a battle between the South Egyptian people Ma'doy and the Egyptians (inhabitants, or rulers, of the Delta). But this important Minean text tells us more. The authors of the inscription (the Minean governors of Tsar, Ashurim, and, as I believe, of "the Hebrews of the canal country") give thanks to the Minean gods and to the Minean King Abijeda 'Jeshi' for their escape from peril during a war "between the possessor (king) of the South and the possessor of the North," and for their escape from the middle (interior) of (Lower) Egypt to the Minean town Karnā-u when war broke out between Ma'doy and (Lower) Egypt.

It is evident that the king of the South cannot be other than the latest king of the XVIIIth Dynasty residing at Thebes—or, better, Amāsis, the first king of the XVIIIth Dynasty; and that the king of the North must be the latest king of the Hyksos, who was driven out by Amāsis. As the Mineans escaped to Karnā-u, which is very far from the Egyptian frontier (viz., between Mecca and Yemen), they had already lost Tsar and A-shur when they wrote the inscription. We learn also that the Mineans were driven out of Egypt and neighbouring countries at the same time as the Hyksos. For this reason the Mineans must be regarded either as a portion, or as an ally, of the Hyksos. But the kings of the Hyksos were not Mineans.

I am just now publishing in the *Ausland* an article on this interesting matter, which proves how ancient the Minean inscriptions must be. Halévy No. 535 is by no means the oldest; it belongs, on the contrary, to the decadence of the Minean empire. Older inscriptions, the only Minean stones actually in Europe, are in the British Museum, where I brought them three years ago. Nobody has studied them with energy, and they are half-forgotten. Perhaps these oldest monuments of Arabian civilisation will now find more attention among the scholars of all nations. I have also another collection of inscribed stones and monuments that I brought to Europe from Southern Arabia in 1888. There is no government and no museum in the world that will acquire this most important collection, because, I suppose, our scholars are not yet able to decipher the texts. But are we sure that the coming generation will not hold the same opinion about them as I did when I collected these monuments under a thousand perils and brought them into Europe?

EDWARD GLASER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE first meeting of the Institution of Electrical Engineers for the new year will be held on Thursday next, January 15, when the president, Mr. W. Crookes, will deliver his inaugural address. The Institution will shortly move to 28, Victoria-street, Westminster, but its meetings will still be held in the rooms of the Institution of Civil Engineers in Great George-street.

THE general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching will be held at University College, Gower-street, on Saturday, January 17. At the morning sitting (10.30 a.m.), the reports of the council and the committees will be read, the new officers will be elected, and Miss Wood will read a paper on "The Use of the Term 'Abstract' in Arithmetic." At the afternoon sitting (2 p.m.),

papers will be read by Prof. Minchin, on "Another Voyage to Laputa"; by Mr. E. T. Dixon on "The Foundations of Geometry"; and by Mr. E. M. Langley on "Statics and Geometry." We regret to hear that Prof. Sylvester, who had promised to take the chair, will be unable to be present.

AT the next meeting of the Anthropological Institute, Mr. F. W. Rudler, the secretary, will read a paper on "The Source of the Jade used for Ancient Implements in Europe and America."

WE regret to announce the death of Mr. G. W. Ormerod, which occurred at Teignmouth, on Tuesday last, January 6, at the advanced age of eighty. Attached throughout life to geological studies, he wrote numerous papers on local subjects principally connected with the rocks of Devonshire and Cheshire, and was the compiler of a very useful Index to the publications of the Geological Society.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Dec. 20.)

MISS FLORENCE HERAPATH, president, in the chair.—Mr. S. L. Gwynn read a paper on "The Authorship of 'Pericles,'" saying that the astounding differences in style force us to give up any idea that Shakspeare wrote the whole play at any one time. There is no reason to dissent from the general views advanced by Mr. Fleay and Mr. Boyle (New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions*, 1874, Part I. and 1880-5, Part II.), which are endorsed by Mr. Round in his *Introductions* to the *Facsimile Quartos*, where he gives an excellent analysis of the earlier papers. With these we may admit that Shakspeare was attracted by Gower's story of Apollonius of Tyre and wrote the principal scenes, taking as his point of departure Pericles' journey to Tarsus. It will not do, however, to say with Mr. Fleay that the play might have begun here. This omits the first link which binds Cleon and Dionysa into the tale—the cause of gratitude to set over against their subsequent ingratitude. George Wilkins, as we know from the work which he wrote in 1608, was commissioned to supply the necessary scenes to complete the play; and he was aided in the coarser scenes by a third writer whom consent of opinion seems to identify as William Rowley. It is scarcely worth while to attempt to assign to Wilkins and his coadjutor their respective limits. In such an investigation, style must be the sign-post; metrical tests are of secondary importance. Now Shakspeare has a style; but it is scarcely possible to say that Wilkins has. At all events, at this distance of time it has lost all trace of individuality. Experts now might distinguish a page of Miss Braddon from one of Rita; could any one do so a century hence? But George Meredith and Thackeray are never likely to be confused. Therefore, although respectable commentators talk of Wilkins's style, or even Day's, or Middleton's, the argument must be put out of court. The decision must be reached on circumstantial evidence, evidence that the Philistine can appreciate as well as Mr. Swinburne. Mr. Boyle cites parallelisms in the first two Acts of "Pericles" with passages in Wilkins's only known play, "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage," and in "The Travels of Three English Brothers," a play in which Wilkins had a hand. But this course of proceeding is fraught with danger. "Pericles" I. i. 138 has a parallel, admissible by Mr. Boyle's canons, in *Sonnet* cxxix. 1-3; and I. iv. 26-7 in "2 Henry IV." II. iii. 21-2; and in "The Miseries of Enforced Marriage" (Dodsley, vol. ix. p. 475) there is a passage very similar to "Othello" II. i. 110-3 and in the same (p. 522) to "1 Henry IV." I. iv. 441-2. These close correspondencies between Wilkins's work (giving him the first act of "Pericles") and Shakspeare's are to be explained by the well-known fact that the Elizabethans freely copied one another's points, and all such parallelisms are to be regarded with much suspicion. No reasonable person will dispute Lord Tennyson's view, as quoted by Dr. Furnivall, as to the genuineness of certain scenes in this play. But as to the collaborators, the only valuable piece of evidence is Wilkins's own statement as to his share in the play, and the fact that

his novel reproduces more fully his own stuff than Shakspeare's part. And it would be no matter of surprise to learn further that Shakspeare wrote Act V., sc. iv. and some of Act IV.; but if he did, it must have been very early in his career. The rhyme-test shows this to demonstration. That he wrote any of the Gower doggerel cannot be believed; but he appears to have sanctioned its use, as the last scene makes no reference to the fate of Cleon and Dionysa. The whole mystery points out in strong light Shakspeare's extraordinary carelessness as to the fate of his work.—Mr. Cyril H. Walker, in some "Medical Notes on 'Pericles,'" commented on the medical and surgical allusions in the play. In making Cerimon refer to the immortality attending his attainments, Shakspeare may have derived the thought from Hippocrates, who regarded his work as an everlasting treasure to mankind. The idea does not occur in Gower, who dealt very fully with Cerimon. Surgeons for 100 years before Shakespeare's time used stones—usually the precious ones, but sometimes those of baser minerals—for rubbing painful spots, and in many cases the stone gained a higher repute for curing than the surgeon. The expression Cerimon uses about the Egyptian having "nine hours lien dead" must not be taken literally, as Solomon's *Praxis Medendi*, published in 1694, often uses the term "dead" for unconscious, and even speaks of a man stunned by a fall as a "corpse." The common-sense remedies used to restore Thaisa are much the same in Gower's story and in the play; in the former more details are given, and were required as there was no stage-acting. It is remarkable that no sort of prayer for recovery is mentioned (except "Aesculapius guide us"), as prayers were said before most operations till the middle of last century.—Mr. L. M. Griffiths read a paper on "Various Readings in 'Pericles,'" citing sufficient instances to show the frequent impossibility of saying what are Shakspeare's exact words, and the extreme difficulty an editor has in printing an approximately correct text. It is obvious that the work of emendation, which should be carried on with a scholarly restraint, is one that has not yet nearly reached finality.

FINE ART.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THERE are to be noticed in this, the twenty-second in unbroken succession of the exhibitions of works by the old masters at Burlington House, several features of peculiar interest, which more than suffice to give it a distinctive character, even if it be placed in comparison with the great displays which have preceded it. First, we note with sincere satisfaction the return to the practice of exhibiting Italian, Flemish, and German works of the fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries; among which the student finds this winter some difficult nuts to crack, and some few of them, too, well worth the cracking. The English and Dutch sections of the show are again extraordinarily rich, though we notice under both heads an unusual number of reappearances of old and valued friends, whose *rentrée* however, in so far as it does not exclude yet unseen works of importance, we rather applaud than deplore. Frans Hal has rarely been so copiously or so well represented at the Academy as on the present occasion; and no such fine example of the scarce Jan Vermeer of Delft has yet adorned the walls of Burlington House as "The Cavalier and the Laughing Girl," in the second gallery. Arranged in the so-called Water-colour and Black-and-White rooms is a special collection intended to illustrate the rise and progress of English water-colour, extending from Paul Sanby, on the one hand, to the late Frederick Walker, on the other. We shall return later on to this fairly complete series, comprising many choice examples of the chief masters included in the scheme. At present, we need only note the

absence from a collection professing to be representative of Copley Fielding, Cattermole, Rossetti, and Pinwell, and the presence, in their fullest perfection, of Cozens, Girtin, Barret, Cotman, William Hunt, John Frederick Lewis, and Frederick Walker.

The masterpieces of Italian art now in England—both those of the Quattrocento and the Cinquecento—have, with some few notable exceptions, already made their appearance at Burlington House; so that there is little room for astonishment if most of the examples now brought forward are of a class to interest the student rather than to astonish or charm the general public.

First may be mentioned a curious and interesting little "Virgin and Child" (152: J. Stirling Dyce, Esq.), ascribed to Mantegna. This is in dimensions, type, and in general style closely akin to two well-authenticated little "Madonnas" of the great Paduan, one in the Municipal Gallery of Bergamo, the other in the Poldi-Pezzoli collection at Milan—both of these latter being now very opportunely reproduced in the latest edition, or rather metamorphosis, of Giovanni Morelli's work on the galleries of Munich and Dresden. Mr. Dyce's picture has many of the characteristics of Mantegna in the conception, the minute folds of the draperies, the modelling, and especially in the car of the divine *Bambino*, as in the foreshortened head of the Madonna. On the other hand, her long nerveless hands, with their thin fingers, are inferior, and not of the true Mantegna type; while the glory of seraphim and cherubim, if not altogether a later addition, is also unworthy of the master. The panel has, however, been so extensively stippled over as to render a definitive judgment as to the correctness of the ascription difficult. Of exceptional importance is "The Salutation" (154: W. Cornwallis West, Esq.)—a panel of unusual dimensions, ascribed—and, on the whole, rightly ascribed—to Piero di Cosimo. In its present state the painting presents a somewhat rough and harsh appearance. But the central group, showing the Virgin and St. Elizabeth meeting, is not only incontestably Cosimo's, and worthy in its grandeur of conception of the best period of Florentine art; but, moreover, it recalls in the most striking way Albertinelli's famous "Salutation" in the Uffizi, and shows whence Piero's junior in the atelier of Cosimo Rosselli derived his first inspiration. Two life-size figures of St. Anthony and St. Nicholas, seated respectively in the right and left corners of the immediate foreground, are executed with an intense cutting hardness and rigidity which we are not accustomed to associate with Cosimo's own productions; and they may, like portions of the background—showing on the right the Massacre of the Innocents, and on the left the Nativity—be from the brush of an assistant. A picture which should not have been hung here at all is the "Virgin and Child" (153), attributed to Botticelli, but really nothing more than a poor copy after Lorenzo di Credi, as is clearly shown by comparison with a genuine if not very inviting example of that painter, the "Virgin and Child" (148: Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck). A well preserved but second-rate performance of the Florentine school is another "Virgin and Child" (149: J. Stirling Dyce, Esq.), attributed with much temerity to the great Domenico Ghirlandajo, but clearly by a painter inclining to the manner of Credi, as is more particularly shown in the type of the infant Christ and in the landscape. Preposterous, too, is the attribution to Verrocchio of the large and inferior "St. Michael trampling on Satan," even though it is furnished forth with the extraordinary signature, "Verrocchio Andrea, 1475"! Yet again, the large "Virgin and Child, with Saints" (109:

Madame Baude), ascribed to Francia, is a lifeless and inferior performance, issuing—as the type of the virgin and the changing hues of some of the draperies show—from the *bottega* of the Bartolommeo-Albertinelli combination. It is refreshing to find in the "Holy Family" (101: Ludwig Mond, Esq.) a genuine example of Fra Bartolommeo himself—rarest of masters in English collections. True, it is not one of the Frate's most impressive performances, and is, we should say, much injured in the face of the Madonna and the body of the infant Christ. Nevertheless, the St. Joseph is a characteristic creation, and the whole bears a kind of family resemblance to Earl Cowper's famous "Vierge au Palmier" at Panshanger, though it is infinitely inferior to that masterpiece. The "Holy Family" (103: W. Cornwallis West, Esq.), ascribed to Albertinelli, appears to us to be a *pasticcio*; the St. Joseph being closely akin to the corresponding figure in the last-named picture, while in the strong hot colour and in the types of the Virgin and the unscarred *Bambino* there is something suggestive of Gaudenzio Ferrari. With questionable taste there has been allotted to the huge "Holy Family," ascribed to Perino del Vaga (102: W. Cornwallis West, Esq.), one of the places of honour of the whole display. This, notwithstanding a certain, at a first glance, imposing symmetry of arrangement, is an empty, washy production, which reminds us not so much of Raphael's young Florentine pupil and imitator as of one of those Post-Raphaelite painters of the Perugian School, of whom there is a depressing room-full in the Pinacoteca of Perugia. The treatment of the landscape, with its curious upright trees, favours this hypothesis. It will be seen from the preceding remarks that great names but by no means great works represent Florentine art in the exhibition. Let us, however, take a step backwards, and examine a beautiful little "Virgin and Child, with St. John," ascribed to Bartolommeo Montagna (156: Miss Henriette Hertz). The grouping of Madonna and child is unusually true, and free from conventionality, and the drawing of both heads is fine and accurate. The work is certainly from the brush of a painter of Vicenza nearly akin to Montagna; but many characteristics point rather to his contemporary and imitator, Giovanni Speranza, than to the *chef d'école* himself. The charmingly natural infant Christ is clearly taken from the same model as that in the picture by Speranza which is in the National Gallery (No. 802; under the name of Montagna). Again, it is our ungrateful task to point out that the "Virgin and Child with Angels," ascribed to Pinturicchio" (146: W. Cornwallis West, Esq.), is, though pure Umbrian, not good enough for that master. Quite genuine, and a fair, if uninspired, example of the artist, is Lord Wantage's signed "Virgin and Child," by Cima da Conegliano. A certain richness of colour, a certain characterless sweetness, and a manifest effort by a *Quattrocentista* to display the freedom of the newer manner are shown in Lady Alice Gaisford's "Virgin and Child" (155), attributed to Giovanni Bellini. It does not occur to us as necessary even to discuss the correctness of this attribution of an inferior, if not unpleasant, work to the incomparable master himself. The panel is evidently by a Venetian of the second or third order, who painted in the first years of the sixteenth century, and apparently received only at second-hand the rays radiating from the great art-centre of the Bellini studio. Among the most beautiful things here, though not free from injury, are the three predella panels with "The History of Three Martyrs," by Bernardino Luini (143-5: Charles Butler, Esq.). These amply reveal the qualities of suavity, grace, and true devotional spirit of the happier order, which

make amends in the works of the gentle Milanese for the absence of virility and true dramatic force. The large "Nativity" (140) belonging to the same collection is also a very representative Luini, with a full measure of the usual pensive delicate beauty in the heads, but almost too Luinesque in its rigid adherence to the few chosen types affected by the painter. Again, a genuine picture and a great rarity in England is the "St. Jerome" (110: Ludwig Mond, Esq.) by Sodoma. This large panel is evidently a production of the great painter's Lombard time, executed before he thoroughly identified himself with Siena and Rome. Probably always sombre, with a Leonardesque sombreness, the picture is now unfortunately still further darkened, so as to be almost monochromatic; but the figure of the saint in penitence is still very expressive, and the landscape is of unusual richness and variety. Singularly unattractive in its present condition is the large "Virgin and Child enthroned, with Saints" (147: Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck), attributed to Moretto, and playing, indeed, some characteristics in common with the work of the great Brescian. This altar-piece is, however, interesting as being in all probability the only example in England showing the hand of Callisto Piazza, of Lodi, the pupil of Romanino, and probably the companion of Moretto, in his studio. Especially characteristic of this Piazza are the two angels placing a crown on the head of the Virgin.

Relatively, if not absolutely, the examples of Flemish and German art, gathered together in the fourth gallery, must be pronounced to attain a higher average of excellence than their Italian neighbours. Here also unduly ambitious and erroneous attributions abound. A very beautiful little work of the Van Eyck school is the "Virgin and Child, with Saints" (162: Stephenson Clarke, Esq.), attributed to Dierick Bouts. The gay hues of the red and blue robes of the Virgin, and the treatment of certain details in the landscape, give colour to this attribution. Yet the panel appears to us—especially in the type of the Virgin, in the rendering of the minute flowers and foliage, of the little figures in the middle distance, and of the slender pseudo-Romanesque architecture—nearer to Jan van Eyck than Bouts ever got. We put forward as a suggestion only that the picture may be by Petrus Cristus, the head of the Virgin bearing considerable resemblance to that in Cristus's signed picture at the Städel Institut of Frankfurt. Two other panels of the "Virgin and Child" belonging to the same collection are respectively ascribed to Hugo van der Goe (160) and to Hans Memline (167); both being, however, school pictures in the manner of the latter master. In the manner of Roger van der Weyden—but rather by a German than a Flemish imitator—is the very careful but extraordinarily harsh and exaggerated "St. Jerome" (139: Rev. G. F. Egan). Not to Hugo van der Goe, but, in our opinion, to a painter of the Lower Rhine, coming within Cologne influences, should be put down Mr. Chas. Butler's exceptionally interesting "Coronation of St. Augustine, and Scenes in his Life" (163), a most unusual subject for a Northern artist, and one of a type such as we are accustomed to associate rather with Siennese and Florentine art. To the School of Cologne of the first quarter of the sixteenth century has been ascribed the Rev. W. J. Strachey's large triptych (159), a piece which *en moins bien* somewhat resembles the productions of the still anonymous *Meister des Todes der Maria*, but which, in the landscape and certain types, rather suggests a follower of the Fleming Patinir. The quaint and characteristically elaborate "Solomon and the Queen of Sheba" (169: the Earl of Ashburnham)—a subject not unusual in the Dutch-Gothic art of the sixteenth

century—is put down to Lucas van Leyden; but its extraordinarily long, angular figures, and hard sharply-broken draperies, recall rather the style of Hendrik Bles. To this latter artist is erroneously ascribed a "Crucifixion" (166: Lady Alice Gaisford), which is in the manner of Patinir, but not precise enough in execution to be from his own hand. The Earl of Ashburnham's great "Adoration of the Magi" (161), a splendid and finely-preserved performance in the Dutch-Gothic style of the early sixteenth century, ascribed to Mabuse, merits a longer and more detailed analysis than we are here able to accord to it. It bears, no doubt, a certain vague and general resemblance to the famous masterpiece of Gossaert at Castle Howard, and also to the several renderings of the same subject by the *Meister des Todes der Maria* to be found at Dresden, Genoa, and Naples; but this resemblance is rather produced by similarities in the exaggerated fashion of the modish costumes, in the wealth of late Gothic ornaments, personal adornments, and vessels of curiously-wrought gold, than by really close affinities of type or style, going beyond those main characteristics which are, to an unusual degree, common to all painters of the Low Countries and of the Lower Rhine exercising their art between 1500 and 1530 or thereabouts. The name which occurs to us in connexion with Lord Ashburnham's "Adoration," and which we put forward tentatively only, is that of Jan van Scorel, the pupil first of Jacob Cornelissen at Amsterdam, and then for a while of Mabuse at Utrecht, before he started on his erratic peregrinations in Europe and Palestine. But little was known of the Gothic pre-Italian art of Scorel until there was identified some few years ago the important altarpiece at Ober-Vellach, in Carinthia, which is signed by him in full, and dated 1520. The present work, which is still more free from extraneous influences than that just referred to, must, if it, was executed by the painter of Alkmaar, have been produced even before that early date. Two remarkable works of the German school, both quite above question, are those correctly given to Hans Baldung Grün and Albrecht Altdorfer respectively—both of them to a certain extent independent masters, although well within the wide circle of Dürer influences. Baldung is represented by an earnest and pathetic "Pietà" (165: A. F. Payne, Esq.), signed and dated 1512; while Mr. Charles Butler's "Nativity" (158) is as exquisite and as well preserved a specimen of Altdorfer's peculiar-unbridled fancy and mannered, yet in its way masterly, execution as we remember to have seen. Most fascinating is here the little group of the Holy Family tended by infant angels, weirdly lighted and ensconced in the corner of a ruin; and not less so another group of these half-pagan *putti* in the clear dark sky. Of much charm, too, is the injured "Portrait of a Man" (168: W. Cornwallis West, Esq.), dated 1533, and described with unusual modesty as "Unknown;" but evidently by a painter, either of the Augsburg or the Nuremberg School, who had undergone—as did many of his tribe—the influence of Venice, or it may be in this case Brescia.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

OBITUARY.

CHARLES KEENE.

THE death of this distinguished artist and charming man—one of the most eminent comic draughtsmen of our time—occurred last Sunday. It was not unexpected, for Mr. Keene had for many months been mortally ill, and he had reached what a few years ago would have been accounted old age, for he was nearly seventy; at all events, seven and sixty. He was a bachelor, devoted to old friends

rather than to new acquaintances, and never afraid of loneliness. His delight was in the quiet practice of his art. As an artist his work was practically confined to black and white; but it was not wholly, or at all events it was not all of it, professedly comic.

In the good days of *Once a Week*—some seven and twenty years ago—Charles Keene was among its illustrators; but for about a generation his labours upon *Punch* had pretty well engrossed him. When his health permitted it, he contributed two cuts a week, or thereabouts; but latterly he had become a far less frequent contributor. It is stated that his last work in the accepted comic journal appeared in the middle of August in last year; but for months before that he had been—as we happen to know—using up old material, and employing sketches and suggestions of long ago. Indeed, he had been able to get about very little of late. His journeys to Scotland—where he had some attached friends—and his sojournings in Suffolk, which was the county of his boyhood (for he was educated at the Ipswich Grammar School) had become things of the past. He went, of course, very little into general society; and if one met him out at dinner—even at an artists' dinner, one may say, when he wore his short jacket and his pipe was not far from him—he had a *dépaycé* air, as if, amiable and charming though he was, he would rather have been at home. The appreciation of him by the big public was, we fancy, never very deep, and with the progress of years it had become slighter. Simple as were his subjects, and seemingly simple as were his methods of treating them, his appeal was chiefly to artistic folk. These understood the learned shorthand to which he had reduced the expression of his art. These saw variety enough, wonderful humour, wonderful force in the oft-repeated figures which may be spoken of as his familiar properties—the shrewd man, in the workings of whose countenance, as Mr. Keene depicts them, you trace the Aberdeen accent; the Suffolk parson, and the hedger and ditcher of his countryside; the London lodging-house keeper (a relative, generally, of the Mrs. Lillipier of Dickens), the cabby, the fattish elderly man who only with an effort can catch the omnibus; and, last, the umbrella which is not expected to open, but which somehow will never quite shut. With what astonishing veracity, with what apparent ease, with how much of nature, with how little of caricature did the great artist—the great creator of types who has gone from us—depict these people and these things!

Keene did nothing whatever to bring himself into notice. He detested the *réclame*. It had never dawned upon him that a comic draughtsman might perchance aspire to be a public man. He went on, therefore, to the end of his days, being neither strictly popular nor in any way fashionable. But he was gratified, one trusts, by the real recognition of his art among the better class of painters, art amateurs, and critics. Purely English as were his themes and his method, his work yet received appreciation from some of the best judges in France.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE PRESERVATION OF THE MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

THE following letter has been received by the Earl of Wharfedale, in answer to the memorial concerning the ancient monuments of Egypt presented by him to the Marquis of Salisbury:

"Foreign Office: Dec. 25, 1890.

"My Lord,—I am directed by the Marquis of Salisbury to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 10th inst., and to inform you that the memorial enclosed therein, praying for the appoint-

ment of an official inspector with a view to the better preservation of the ancient monuments in Egypt, will be forwarded to Her Majesty's Agent and Consul-General at Cairo for presentation to the Egyptian Government.

"Sir E. Baring will be instructed to state that Her Majesty's Government consider the question of the nationality of the official to be appointed to such a post to be a matter which lies wholly within the competence of the Egyptian Government, and that their only desire is that adequate steps should be taken to preserve the monuments from further destruction or mutilation.

"Sir E. Baring will also explain to the Egyptian Government how the memorial came to be signed in two different forms.

"P. W. CURRIE."

We further quote the following from the telegraphic correspondent of *The Times*:

"Cairo: Jan. 4.

"The Egyptian Government have decided to appoint two European inspectors to insure the preservation of ancient monuments. The inspection staff of the museum is also to be considerably increased."

"Cairo: Jan. 5.

"The Egyptian Government has just approved the following regulations for private persons and scientific societies desiring to excavate for antiquities:

"All demands are to be addressed to the Public Works Ministry, which can accept or reject them as it pleases. When permission to excavate is accorded, all unique objects found will belong, of right, to the Museum, disputes being settled by a commission of three persons, nominated, one by the excavator, one by the director of the Museum, and one by the Minister of Public Works. The surplus will then be handed to the excavator on the conditions that the greater part is given to some public museum, and that a description of the articles found is published within two years. If these conditions are not accepted, the surplus will be equally divided between the excavator and the Government. Gold and silver objects in all cases are to be equally divided, on the basis of the intrinsic value of the articles."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

AN exhibition will be opened next week, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's gallery in New Bond-street, of a series of "Sketches from a Caravan Window, from the North to the South of France," by Mr. Charles Sainton.

THE annual general meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland will be held at Dublin on Tuesday next, January 13, when Lord Wolseley will be proposed for election as a fellow. Visits are to be paid to the antiquarian collection in the newly-opened Museum of Science and Art, and to the ancient charters and municipal documents in the City Hall. Among the papers to be read is one on "Ogham Inscriptions recently discovered at Ballyknock, County Cork," by Canon Barry.

THE late Andrew George Kurtz, a chemical manufacturer near Liverpool, has, by his will, directed his executors to offer for sale to the trustees of the National Gallery his collection of pictures at the original price he paid for them, and has also bequeathed his collection of autographs to the British Museum "for the benefit of the nation."

THE remains of Dr. Schliemann, having been removed from Naples to Athens, were buried on Sunday, January 4, in the Greek cemetery beyond the Ilissus. This place was chosen, and not the mound at Colonus, in accordance with his own testamentary wishes. Speeches were delivered over his grave by Mr. Kavadias, director of the government department of antiquities, and by Dr. C. Waldstein, head of the American School at Athens. The two friends to whom he has bequeathed legacies are Dr. Dörpfeld and Prof. Virchow.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

WE shall speak later of Mr. Burnand's entertaining adaptation, produced at the Strand on Wednesday night; meanwhile, two important revivals are the events of the theatrical week. The first, in order of date, is that of "The Silver King," which Mr. Wilson Barrett, who has "Belphegor" in preparation, gave us a few nights since at the New Olympic, where, we are sorry to say, the well-balanced qualities of "The People's Idol"—its singular impartiality, for instance, in its treatment of the strike—told against its popular success. "The Silver King" does not deal with burning questions. It is frankly and *tout bonnement* a melodrama; but a melodrama with some originality of motive, and with much skill of treatment, and with a measure of humour. The cast is a good one, though it is hardly likely that Mr. Cooper Cliffe can make of the character of the Spider all that was made of it by Mr. Willard. Perhaps the only other change of importance in the cast, since the last or even since the first performance, is that by which Miss Winifred Emery succeeds to Miss Eastlake's part as the heroine. Now, Miss Eastlake's Nellie Denver we have always ranked as one of the very best of her performances in domestic drama. Here and in "The Lights o' London"—not to speak of her admittedly remarkable impersonations of Ophelia, and of Helle, in "Clito"—Miss Eastlake has been seen to singular advantage; and it says much for Miss Winifred Emery, who lacks Miss Eastlake's force and breadth of style, that she is acceptable in a part which we have never seen inadequately filled. Now Miss Emery is very acceptable. She has her own very gentle womanliness, her own order of simplicity, her own delicate perception of the needs of a particular moment. The revival of "The Silver King" affords once more to Mr. George Barrett a part that is worth his playing. His Jaikes—the typical faithful servant—a modern version of Adam in "As You Like It," with his "service of the antique world"—is as good and as popular as ever. We don't suppose Mr. Wilson Barrett has played any part quite so often as that of Wilfrid Denver; but he never seems to tire of it, and, what is more, his playing of it never becomes mechanical. The impersonation is a living one; the sufferings of the hero are true and vivid; his less frequent joys are as convincing. Here an actor justly admired in purely romantic characters, and never less than interesting and suggestive in the most poetic dramas that the stage affords, is seen in a part which he has most excellently created—conceived broadly, and filled in with many details appropriate and vivacious. It is one of his most sympathetic parts. "Belphegor"—whatever may be its qualities and its opportunities of interest—will not be wanted just yet.

THE second big revival—of which this week, at all events, we must speak more briefly—is that of "Much Ado about Nothing," at the Lyceum. Here the wonderful *mise en scène*—a *mise en scène*, if anything, only too elaborate—is an immense element of attraction. The groupings of colour and crowd show evidence of a master hand. The principal parts—those obviously of Benedick and Beatrice—remain naturally in the hands of Mr. Irving and Miss Ellen Terry; and they afford to each of these distinguished public favourites some of their finest opportunities. Any approach to a fresh analysis of their brilliant and long accepted performances we shall not to-day allow ourselves. The changes in the cast permit of the appearance of Mr. Mackintosh as Dogberry and Miss Annie Irish as Hero. Mr. Mackintosh is an actor we greatly esteem. He brings to each part that he performs an individual judgment,

and a mature method. Yet it is doubtful whether his Dogberry is perfectly satisfactory. In its self-consciousness, does it not travel a little too far upon lines hardly suggested by the Shakesperian text? The Hero of Miss Annie Irish—marred on the first night to some extent by nervousness apparently, for which there was really no cause—is bound to be agreeable and sympathetic. The personal qualities of the actress—her appearance and her voice and her sensitive intelligence—make that inevitable.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Wagner's Life and Works. By Gustav Kobbé. In 2 vols. (New York: Schirmer.) The writer in his preface tells us that these volumes are the outgrowth of a pamphlet on the "Ring of the Nibelungen." It is a very extensive outgrowth, for they contain a biography, descriptions of all Wagner's operas and music-dramas, and extracts from his literary writings. As the biography is based on Mr. Dannreuther's able article in Sir G. Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, and as the analyses of the music-dramas have been prepared from the writings of Wolzogen and Heintz, there is no pretence to any originality, though here and there the author makes known his own opinions. In the "Biography" there is one little error, which is perhaps worth noting. We are told that the opera "Die Feen" has never been performed; yet it was produced at Munich in June, 1888. Mr. Kobbé remarks that, as children in the streets of Bayreuth whistled motives from Parsifal, Wagner's music "cannot be so terribly abstruse." But surely the motives might be simple, and yet the music abstruse. The author, under the title "Bayreuth Echoes," tells of his visit to that town in 1882. He describes the performance of "Parsifal," and explains some of the ingenious mechanical properties used in that work, and also in "Lohengrin" and "Siegfried." A very brief though interesting account is given of Wagner's literary writings, including a translation of the essay "Music in its Relations to the Drama," in which the reformer expresses his views in, for him, an unusually concise manner. M. Kobbé justifies Wagner's bitter remarks about his contemporaries by quoting many of the hard things said by them of him. The *Echo*, a Berlin journal, called the tetralogy "Bayreuth Cabbage"; an English critic described Wagner's compositions as "weeds growing on the grave of Beethoven"; and Hiller spoke of the riot scene in "Die Meistersinger" as "the most insane attempt to murder art, taste, poetry and music." We spoke of M. Kobbé's personal opinions. Here is an example: "Wotan, except in the noble scene with Brünnhilde in the finale of 'The Valkyr' is a bore." For an enthusiastic admirer of the master, this is indeed a candid confession.

Famous Musical Composers. By Lydia T. Morris. (Fisher Unwin.) This book is curiously described as "suitable for the use of girls and young people"; it is also addressed to the "public at large." Without singleness of aim it is difficult to produce satisfactory results. It is scarcely wise to tell young people that Mozart "did (*sic*) as was generally his habit—viz., put off writing the score (*sic*) ['Don Giovanni'] till the very last moment"; and surely the "public at large" will be puzzled to know why Hummel is included amongst the "famous" composers, seeing that it is said "he cannot by any means be regarded as a composer of the highest order." One might ask on what principle the composers were selected. Bennett and Benedict are there to represent England, but not Purcell. What

right has Kalkbrenner to a place? Why is Berlioz not mentioned? There are also many mistakes in the book. For example, under Wagner we are told that his opera "Die Feen" did not meet with much success. But it was never performed during the composer's lifetime; only excerpts were tried at Würzburg. The production of "Tannhäuser" is given with date 1844, instead of 1845. Wagner is said *not* to have visited London after 1855. Some of the sentences concerning the musicians are extraordinary, and the opinions are clumsily expressed. We can only quote a few. Of Dvorák is said that "his works chiefly consist of orchestral music, though he has written some very beautiful things for the piano." Chopin's compositions are "full of poetry and emotion, rather than of grandeur, or of anything ennobling." And this of Mendelssohn:

"The list of his compositions is a most extensive one, and embraces music for the piano, the organ, the orchestra, and the voice, both sacred and secular; it seemed as though his genius was equal to all sorts."

Brahms's chamber-music is mentioned, and it is also recorded that he has written "a number of pretty songs." We have dwelt at greater length on this volume than its merits deserve; but it is a duty to point out shortcomings in any work intended for the young.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE performance of the "Messiah," at the Albert Hall on New Year's Day attracted a very fair audience; the cheap places were full. The solo vocalists were Miss Macintyre, Mme. Belle Cole, and Messrs. E. Lloyd and Norman Selmond. Mr. Barnby's choir is, of course, well at home in the choruses.

THE Popular Concerts recommenced on Monday evening. Herr Stavenhagen was the pianist, and for his solos he chose Chopin's D flat Prelude and Liszt's Rhapsodie in C sharp minor. His reading of the former was good, though somewhat artificial. He plays Liszt remarkably well, but this composer's music is out of place at these concerts. Herr Stavenhagen was recalled three times and played a piece by Schubert. The programme also included Brahms's Sextet in G, led by Mme. Néruda. Mr. William Nicholl was the successful vocalist.

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

PRESBYTERIANISM AND THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

Minutes of the Manchester Presbyterian Classis.
Edited by William S. Shaw. Part I.
(Printed for the Chetham Society.)

IN this and the forthcoming volumes Mr. Shaw proposes to edit the minutes of the Manchester classis; and when this is accomplished, to do the same for other records of Long Parliament and Commonwealth Presbyterianism. With the modesty of a true historian, he refuses to sit in judgment on English Presbyterianism during its temporary exaltation until the whole of the available documents are before him. For the present he contents himself with reminding his readers that they will have to abandon the received opinion that Presbyterianism was established only in London and Lancashire.

In the meanwhile, till his larger subject is ready for him, Mr. Shaw presents us with a thoughtful and carefully prepared preface detailing the steps by which the Long Parliament was brought to adopt the Presbyterian system. If the facts which he adduces are for the most part already known, he often throws new light on an old story by his method of handling them, especially by bringing into prominence the indecision of the Long Parliament in its early days, before its detestation of the Laudian system had led to any clear conception of the constructive legislation needed to replace it. He then passes to the Root and Branch Bill, as instancing the kind of legislation which an English House of Commons of that day would, if left to itself, have been likely to propose; while he regards the acceptance of Presbyterianism in 1643 as a mere concession to a political necessity, and a capitulation to the Scots, necessitated by the military exigencies of the time.

Mr. Shaw's treatment of the subject has all the strength and some of the weakness of the specialist. The story of the ecclesiastical proceedings of the Long Parliament taken apart gains in interest, but it loses something in completeness. Mr. Shaw has a tendency to rely too much on his knowledge of the debates in the House, and to leave out of sight the course of political events by which those debates were influenced. In his account, indeed, of the ecclesiastical debates of February, 1641 (p. 13), he is, doubtless, right in arguing that I have written elsewhere rather too strongly of the actual formation of two parties at that date, though it still seems to me that the parties may fairly be described as in process of formation at the time. Where he fails to satisfy the inquirer is

in his sudden leap from the debates of February to the Root and Branch Bill in May. We want to know why the House of Commons—which was in so hesitating a mood in February that it could not make up its mind as to the abolition of episcopacy, because it knew not what system to substitute for it—nearly three months later agreed to a drastic measure for the entire overthrow of the bishops, and for giving the power of ordination to presbyters and the power of jurisdiction to lay commissioners.

The real cause of the change is undoubtedly to be found in political considerations from which Mr. Shaw shakes himself free. Nor is it only the general setting of this picture which is adversely affected by his mode of treatment. He objects to the statement—which he fathers on me—that the production of the Bill for restraining bishops and other persons in holy orders from intermeddling with secular affairs was a compromise between Falkland and Hampden. I am afraid that I must acknowledge that my own language (*Hist. of Eng.* ix. 347) is not so clear as it ought to have been; but Mr. Shaw misunderstands the point altogether. The compromise did not lie in the bringing in of the Bill; but, as he will see by my note at the foot of the page cited above, in Hampden's engagement that if the Bill passed "there would be nothing more attempted to the prejudice of the Church." This statement is Clarendon's, not mine; and Clarendon's authority, when he reports words of Falkland in the part of his History which he wrote in Seilly and Jersey, stands deservedly high. It looks as if Hampden had engaged not even to move in the matter of so-called primitive episcopacy, though it is quite possible that he really only promised to take no further step without Falkland's concurrence.

To turn to another matter, Mr. Shaw's account of the bringing in of the Root and Branch Bill can hardly be considered satisfactory. He rejects the notion that Dering brought it in with a view to frightening the Lords into passing the Bill for excluding the clergy from secular callings, without the omission of the clause forbidding the bishops from voting in the House of Lords, on the ground that the Root and Branch Bill was only brought in on May 27, whereas that clause had been rejected on May 24. This argument rests, I venture to think, on a mistaken view of parliamentary procedure. When the Lords reject a clause in a bill sent up from the Commons, that clause is not, as Mr. Shaw imagines, dead. Its rejection, unless the Lords subsequently, as they did in this case, throw out the Bill, is in the nature of an amendment. The amended Bill must return to the Commons; and if the Commons insist on rejecting the amendment, there will be a conference between the Houses, in which the Lords would be asked to reinstate the clause. Curiously enough this view of the case receives support from a passage in Dering's speech, which Mr. Shaw has printed without perceiving its significance.

"When this Bill is perfected," says Dering (p. xcii.), "I shall give a sad 'aye' unto it, and at the delivery in thereof I do now profess

beforehand that if my former hopes of a full reformation may yet revive and prosper, I will again divide my sense upon this Bill, and yield my shoulders to underprop the ancient, lawful, and just episcopacy," &c.

The italics are my own, and the words so printed seem to me to point to Dering's belief that the bishops' exclusion clause was not in Dering's opinion incapable of revival.

The criticisms which I have made do not in any way detract from my sense of the high level of excellence to which Mr. Shaw's work attains. It is much to be able to handle materials so admirably as he has for the most part done. And those who are best qualified to measure the value of his Introduction will be most ready to predict that he will, at no distant time, acquire the habit of keeping in mind all the influences bearing on the actors on the stage, even when they are excluded from the narrative by the limitations which the author has imposed on himself. Mr. Shaw has set himself to discover how it came about that an English Parliament adopted a foreign system of church-government. It is an interesting quest, and Mr. Shaw has shown himself worthy of undertaking it.

SAMUEL R. GARDINER.

Essays in English Literature, 1780-1860. By George Saintsbury. (Percival.)

IN the first essay in this volume Mr. Saintsbury has some sentences to the effect that the mere expression of liking or the reverse is not criticism, and that the distinguished man who said "J'aime mieux Alfred de Musset" could hardly claim to be considered a critic in virtue of that remark. The truth of this verdict is so obvious that we might be disposed to disparage it as a truism, were it not for the fact that much of what goes by the name of criticism is simply a translation into very literary English of those simple sentences "I like this" and "I don't like that." Still, true as it is that personal emotion must possess some sort of intellectual justification before the expression of it can have any critical value, enjoyment being one thing and intelligent admiration another, it is none the less true—so far, at any rate, as the ordinary human being is concerned—that, if one enjoys a book very heartily, one has not much difficulty in producing justifying reasons for such pleasant emotion. That these reasons will satisfy anybody but the reasoner is by no means certain. He, however, has done his best, and his best is all that the world has a right to expect from any man.

It follows, therefore, that as one person who has read this volume of essays with unmistakable gusto is called upon to appraise it, he is bound not merely to record, but to vindicate his experience—to provide for it that justification which is a *sine qua non* of criticism. Other things being equal, an object or quality which is intrinsically delightful or valuable gains an extrinsic delightfulness or value from the fact of its rarity; and perhaps the one quality which is rarest in the critical writing of the day is simple common sense. Mr. Goldwin Smith made a singularly happy hit in that gently scathing *obiter dictum*: "Criticism is be-

coming an art of saying fine things," the sting of the remark lying in what is implied rather than expressed—that the fine things are really things fantastic, far-fetched, paradoxical. In these delicacies Mr. Saintsbury's pages are mournfully deficient. He is clearly of opinion that a man of intelligence who loves literature and knows it, and whose love and knowledge have begotten a desire to say something about it, may trust his thought to produce the telling effect of freshness even if it be presented in its most simple form, and does not therefore think it necessary either to file it to the sharp angles of paradox or drape it in the vesture of oracular epigram. A living master of creative work, who would do well not to leave his last, once wrote of a distinguished brother novelist, "He is the greatest of the wits because he is greater than his wit." This is a noble example of the new criticism as Mr. Goldwin Smith conceives it; and it may be safely said that Mr. Saintsbury neither could if he would nor would if he could attain unto it. And this for two reasons—first that he always knows what he means; and, second, that he seems to consider it fitting so to write that other people shall know it too. One may agree with Mr. Saintsbury or one may disagree with him—I have had both experiences in reading his book—but one never has any difficulty either in understanding his thought or in seeing how he came by it; and it may be remarked that this latter knowledge is as essential to intelligent enjoyment as the former. For example, he seems to me to be rather unduly hard on the defects of Leigh Hunt and Jeffrey, and correspondingly lenient to the defects of Lockhart; but moderately careful readers will have no difficulty in finding Mr. Saintsbury's point of view, and when they have found it they will see how to anyone occupying it things must seem thus and thus. He thinks that Hunt was sometimes vulgar, and that Jeffrey was sometimes gushing; and his hatred of vulgarity and "gush" is so fervid that, though he praises the work of both men with generosity as well as discrimination, many people whose dislike of these defects is as genuine as his own will feel that on the whole Hunt and Jeffrey are treated with something less, and Lockhart (who was free from these sins) with something more, than absolute justice. Absolute justice, however, like Clough's *summum pulchrum*, "rests in heaven above": on earth we may well be content if judges will supply us with hints which enable us to discern the "relativity" and, therefore, the fullibility of the verdicts.

The word "judges" in the last sentence came spontaneously to the end of the pen. But it is a word which in a survey of Mr. Saintsbury's book must be paused upon for a moment; for there could be no better illustration of the saving common sense that gives his writing such a charm for simple folk than his vindication in the opening essay of the essentially judicial character of all criticism worthy of the name. It is unfortunate that it should be necessary, but as a matter of fact it is necessary, to remind the world that

"the most admirable discourses from th^o

merely literary point of view on taste, Shakspeare, and the musical glasses, with some parenthetic reference to the matter in hand, are not criticism. There must be at least some attempt to take in and render the whole virtue of the subjects considered, some effort to compare them with their likes in other as well as the same languages—some endeavour to class and value them."

"To compare them with their likes"—that must surely be the most fertile method of criticism; and any protest, though it may be valid as against certain kinds of comparison, is powerless against comparison in itself. Mr. Le Gallienne, in his recent book *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*, admits that "the comparative method has its uses," but goes on to lament that "latterly it has sadly overgrown them, and the critics are all too many who tell us who and what an author is like and not like, but leave us almost wholly in the dark as to what he *is*." By all means let the critic tell us what a literary work is; but is it not impossible to do this without some comparison expressed or understood? For if we analyse any positive characterisation we find that it is nothing but a disguised differentiation. When we say "negroes are black" we make no verbal comparison, but the representative value of the epithet "black" lies in our knowledge of other races who are brown or yellow or white. And when, to take an illustration from this volume, Mr. Saintsbury exhibits the presence of certain qualities in the work of Crabbe which make him a great writer, and the absence of other qualities necessary to make him a great poet, or, indeed, a poet at all, he can only make his view—which is a positive thing—realisable or even comprehensible to us by a series of sentences which, whatever they may be in form, are comparative in essence.

"As far as mere treatment goes, the fault of Crabbe is that he is pictorial rather than poetic, and photographic rather than pictorial. He sees his subject steadily, and even in a way he sees it whole; but he does not see it in the poetical way. You are bound in the shallows and miseries of the individual; never do you reach the large freedom of the poet who looks at the universal. The absence of selection, of the discarding of details that are not wanted, has no doubt a great deal to do with this—Hazlitt seems to have thought that it had everything to do. I do not quite agree with him there. Dante, I think, was sometimes quite as minute as Crabbe; and I do not know that anyone less hardy than Hazlitt would single out, as Hazlitt expressly does, the death-bed scene of Buckingham as a conquering instance in Pope to compare with Crabbe. . . . I think myself that a poet, if he is a poet, could be almost absolutely literal. Shakspeare is so in the picture of Gloucester's corpse. Is that not poetry?"

Here it will be seen that explicit comparison begins with the reference to Dante, and is continued by the references to Pope and Shakspeare. But the foregoing sentences are as essentially comparative; for the reader is compelled to think of Crabbe as distinguished from other great writers who are poetic but not pictorial, who, when pictorial are not photographic, who deal with the universal rather than with the individual, who select details instead of throwing them down pell-mell. How otherwise, the simple-minded person

must ask, could he have communicated intelligibly his view of Crabbe as he *is*?

Of course, what has been just said concerns Mr. Saintsbury's general method, not his particular opinion; and, indeed, it is obviously impossible in the course of a brief review to discuss his critical verdicts one by one. Many of them are so clearly just that it is impossible to imagine their being questioned by any intelligent person, and yet they are often expressed with such freshness that they have much of the stimulation of novelty. For example, the work of De Quincey has a certain charm which is felt by every cultivated reader; but the nature of that charm has never been so aptly described as in the sentence where Mr. Saintsbury characterises De Quincey as "a scholar of the best and rarest kind—the scholar who is exact as to language without failing to comprehend literature, and competent in literature without being slipshod as to language." Not less admirable are the passages devoted to Wilson's criticism and to Moore's songs, the analyses of the characters of Hogg and Jeffrey, and the defence of the early critics—often so fatuously abused—of Wordsworth and Tennyson.

Here and there agreement is less easy. It is impossible, even with the help of the note in the Appendix, to feel that Mr. Saintsbury establishes his charge brought against De Quincey of untrustworthiness as a narrator; and the statement that the style of Dickens exhibits marks of the influence of Hazlitt is one to which few students of either writer will yield ready assent. These things are, however, small matters; but at a time when criticism has become so largely irritating and sterile rather than instructive and fruitful, it is no small matter to have an opportunity of reading and profiting by such bright and brave common sense as is to be found in these essays of Mr. Saintsbury's.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Royal Edinburgh. By Mrs. Oliphant. (Macmillan.)

THERE are so many good things in this book that it would be ungracious—although it would not be unnatural—to cast about for its *raison d'être*. Edinburgh seems to stand in need of an *éloge* every ten years or so—much as Burns requires to be toasted once a year, on January 25; and Mrs. Oliphant is better qualified to pronounce the latest panegyric than any living Scotch writer, not even excepting Mr. Stevenson. For the east wind of Mr. Stevenson's native city has obviously entered into his soul and dashed sentiment with censoriousness. But there is no east wind in Mrs. Oliphant's love for the Scotch capital. She has done well, too—from the standpoint of mere picturesqueness—in looking at Edinburgh exclusively from the "Royal" point of view. The Edinburgh she confines her attention to is associated with tragedy and pathos, but never with squalor or pettiness: it is not the Edinburgh of the Cowgate or even of the purlieus of the Parliament House, but that Edinburgh which affects the visitor as no other city affects him

if he is fortunate enough to view it first on a moonlight night from Prince's Street. Mrs. Oliphant has not only taken Edinburgh at its best—or at least at its most picturesque and most dignified—but she has secured the aid, for purposes of illustration, of Mr. George Reid, one of the ablest of living Scotch artists. Mr. Reid has done very much better work than the realisations here given of Edinburgh as a whole under different aspects, and of its more truly "Royal" nooks and corners. He seems too fond of snow effects, which have suffered under the engraving process. But most of the illustrations are, nevertheless, very good.

Royal Edinburgh has been written on a special plan; but, perhaps because it has been so written, it is a good deal too long and a great deal too discursive. Mrs. Oliphant centres the narrative portion of her book round various personages of distinction, whom she classifies as saints, kings, prophets, and poets; and naturally enough she gives the first place to Queen Margaret, the wife of Malcolm Canmore, but for whom in all probability not Edinburgh, but St. Andrews, or Dunfermline, or Perth, would have become the capital of Scotland. Queen Margaret, as being not only a saint of a kind, but a capable woman eminently fitted to do the work of governing and helping to civilise a backward and semi-barbarous country, undoubtedly deserved a fair share of Mrs. Oliphant's attention—although is there not the echo of "that blessed word Mesopotamia" in such a description of her as that she "lived by love and died of grief, and reigned and rejoiced and triumphed as well as suffered and prayed?" At the best she is somewhat of a phantom, if not of a myth, and she hardly deserves so much as forty pages in a volume of this kind. After Margaret come the leading Stewart kings, who, unlike Robert Bruce, are associated with Edinburgh, and whose names suggest not a little of the romance and of the social anarchy of Scotch history during the pre-Reformation period. It is quite intelligible that James the First, as at once "poet and legislator," should have ample justice done to him—he was perhaps the one statesman of the dynasty to which he belonged, or, at all events, of the name which he bore—but James the Fourth, "knight-errant" though he was, is not such a remarkable personality, and in two senses he gets more than his due here. When, however, Mrs. Oliphant comes to the period of Edinburgh history during which Queen Mary and John Knox were the leading figures, she ceases to be diffuse. Indeed, it would be difficult to find anywhere a fairer or more picturesque account of the Reformation struggle in Scotland than in the chapters which deal with this subject. Mrs. Oliphant has no favourites or prejudices; or, if she has, she conceals them most effectually. Her sympathies, it might naturally be imagined, would not be with such an iconoclast as Knox—would rather, in fact, be with Mr. Skelton's hero, Maitland of Lethington. But she sees clearly that popular feeling has been right in regard to the character and relative importance of the men who took part in the struggle; and

that Knox was the true centre of what was after all a national and not merely an ecclesiastical movement, although he was "incapable of that crowning grace of the imagination and heart which enables a man to put himself in another's place, and do as he would be done by." Mrs. Oliphant also duly recognises the massive self-respect—it cannot properly be styled egotism—of Knox, more particularly in her description of his death. "He lay for about a fortnight dying, seeing everybody, leaving a charge with one, a prophecy with another, with a certain dignified consciousness that his death should not be merely as other men's, and that to show the reverential company of friends who went and came how to die was the one part of his mission which had yet to be accomplished."

In the concluding part of her book, to which she gives the title of "The Modern City," Mrs. Oliphant writes of Ramsay, Burns, and Scott under the titles of "A Burgher Poet," "The Guest of Edinburgh," and "The Shakspeare of Scotland." These chapters are neither more nor less than good magazine essays of a rather conventional kind. Mrs. Oliphant has a great deal to say of Scott and Burns that is interesting, but nothing that is new. Altogether, she may be congratulated on having, with the aid of Mr. Reid, produced what is likely to be regarded for many a day as *the Book of Edinburgh*.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer: an Examination into its Origin and Early History, with an Appendix of Unpublished Documents. By F. A. Gasquet and E. Bishop. (John Hodges.)

THIS volume is one of the most interesting and valuable contributions to the study of the Reformation in England that has appeared for many a day. There will, of course, be among readers differences of opinion as to the justice of the judgments expressed from time to time by the writers upon the course of ecclesiastical affairs at the period treated of; but there can be no difference as to the importance and the interest of the documents now published for the first time.

It is certainly strange that, notwithstanding all the keen interest felt in the history of the Book of Common Prayer, liturgical documents bearing plain marks of Archbishop Cranmer's handiwork should have been allowed to lie hidden up to this time in so well-known and accessible a collection as the Royal MSS. in the British Museum. Dom Gasquet and Mr. Bishop have printed in this volume two schemes prepared or, at all events, revised by Cranmer for a reformed Breviary, including his attempts at construction of a Calendar and Lectionary. To these they have added "certain notes touching the disputations of the bishops in this last parliament assembled [*i.e.*, 1548-9] of the Lord's Supper." The interest of the last document is diminished by the meagreness of the notes, and by the fact that the theological views of the more eminent speakers and the character of their reasoning are, for the most part, known to us

otherwise. But still, the disputation having been referred to by more than one contemporary writer, it is satisfactory to get even a glimpse of so animated a discussion on the most sacred subjects as occupied the House of Lords on three successive days at the close of 1548.

The preparations (and they were carried a good way towards completion) for a reformed Breviary which are exhibited in this volume serve to illustrate, as the editors point out, the petition (Nov. 5, 1547) of the Lower House of Convocation of Canterbury "that the labours of the bishops and others, who by command of Convocation had been engaged in examining, revising, and setting forth (*et edendo*) the Divine Service, should be produced and should be submitted to the examination of this house."

The main influence that seems at work in this revision is that of Quignon's Breviary, which both in general construction and in detail is adopted as a model.

"The relation of the projected office to that of Sarum is more simple. The Archbishop appears to have used this [the Sarum] Breviary as a quarry from which to take his materials, when not quite satisfied with the new Roman office." (p. 25.)

In passing, I may say that, had I been translating the Latin of the resolution of the Lower House of Convocation, I would have translated *reformando* by the word "reforming" rather than "revising," which latter rendering seems to obscure the extent to which Convocation had committed itself. It was, in fact, no more than Quignon had done (with the approval of Paul III.) in his "Breviarium Reformatum." It was what had been contemplated by the Provincial Council of Cologne of 1536, as we find in the Canons (Tit. II., cap. xi.).

"Videbimur ergo operae precium facturi, si Missalia perinde atque Breviaria pervideri curemus, ut amputatis tantum superfluis et quae superstitionibus invecta videri possint, ea tantum quae dignitati ecclesiae et praeis institutis consentanea reliquantur."

The first scheme for the English reformed Breviary does not, in respect to the omission of antiphons, follow the first text of Quignon. Either Cranmer and his associates had learned that Quignon had, under pressure, in the later forms of his text restored antiphons, or independently they were loath to sacrifice this very beautiful feature of the mediaeval service books. It is to be deeply regretted that the Prayer Book of 1549 and its several descendants are lacking in this admirable device for sounding not only the musical key-note, but the key-note of devotional feeling. In this particular the second Breviary scheme, printed in the volume before us, set the unhappy example. This second scheme was much more radical in its changes. The canonical hours were reduced to matins and vespers, and the monthly recitation of the psalter is enjoined. In fact, it abounds in indications of the approaching form of the English matins and evensong of 1549. Its preface gives us the Latin original of several passages of the preface of 1549 not found in Quignon. The slight variations are often very instructive. The tone of the English preface is more moderate, and less

objurgatory in regard to the unreformed books and usages than the Latin. The evensong of 1549, with the beautiful features rescued from compline, is much superior to Cranmer's vespers.

In the second scheme three (and sometimes four) lessons are appointed for matins and two for vespers. They were to be read "non intra cancellos ut hodie sed foris e suggestu," and in the English tongue. The *Quicumque vult* was to be said every Sunday immediately after matins. It was not a substitute for the *Credo*; and this falls in, it will be remembered, with the soundest interpretation of the rubrics of 1549, relating to the use of the *Quicumque*. One learns from the study of these most interesting documents that even the acknowledged liturgical genius of Cranmer did not leap at one bound to his masterly construction of the English matins and evensong.

If Messrs. Gasquet and Bishop's volume contained no more than is indicated above, the book would, of necessity, have a place on the shelves of every student of the English Prayer Book. But besides the new material, the authors have exhibited in a very convenient form material already known as evidence on several moot points with historians of the English Church. Thus, the question whether the Prayer Book of 1549 ever received the sanction of Convocation is discussed with much ability, and the testimonies *pro* and *con* presented with an impartiality that is still too rare not to deserve a word of praise. The evidence is certainly very nicely balanced, though I hope that I am not unconsciously prejudiced when I say that the weight of testimony seems to me to lean rather in favour of the decision which our authors reject.

Among points of very real, though minor, interest may be mentioned our authors' contention that the form of the words of Institution is derived, not from the Mozarabic rite, as has been urged by some, but from the liturgy of "Brandenburg-Nuremberg" (1533). Our authors seem to me to have made good their contention, though they do not sufficiently recognise the intercourse that must have existed between Spain and England consequent on the marriages of Katherine. The benediction of the font is certainly from the Mozarabic; and if Cranmer were acquainted with the existence of a national, or at least non-Roman, rite in Spain, nothing is more probable than that he should have made enquiry as to its eucharistic formula of consecration. That a copy of the Mozarabic liturgy is not to be found among the books known to be Cranmer's is not more strange than that copies of Quignon's Breviary are also wanting. Mr. Edward Burbidge, in a communication to the *Guardian* (March 12, 1890), has put forward other reasons (though I must confess that those based on supposed resemblances between the collects do not seem to me very forcible) for supposing that the English reformers were acquainted with the Mozarabic rite. All this acknowledged, I still think that Messrs. Gasquet and Bishop have made good their case.

Dealing with the revision of 1552 (Edward VI.'s Second Prayer Book), Messrs. Gasquet and Bishop show in a most in-

teresting way that some of the most important changes in the Communion Service of that book were due to the desire to exclude the interpretations which divines of the "old learning" had put upon certain features of the first book. Thus, Gardiner, it will be remembered, signed a declaration that the First Prayer Book of Edward VI. was "godly and Christian." And (1) he argued that "adoration" is implied in the "Prayer of Humble Access" (where the priest and people were ordered to kneel) being placed *after* the consecration. Cranmer takes care that that feature shall not be relied on after 1552. Further (2), Gardiner argued that those whom Cranmer calls Papists agree with the teaching as to the presence expressed in the words of delivery. Cranmer alters these words in 1552. Again (3), Gardiner condemns Hooper's attack upon altars, and points to the use of the word in the Book of Common Prayer. Down comes Cranmer, at his first opportunity, and deliberately excises the word. Other examples of the influence of Gardiner's very effective dialectic are also given. It is plain that some of the changes of 1552 were due not necessarily to foreign influence, but to the exigence of the controversial position at home.

There is a school of recent writers in England that quite underrate the critical character of the English liturgical reform. Nothing was too minute to be weighed in the balance of the revisers' judgment. The criticism extended far beyond any particulars noticed in the volume before us. Even the venerated text of the Nicene-Constantinopolitan Creed in the Mass was subjected to a critical examination. Rightly or wrongly, the opening words of the *Gloria in excelsis* were brought into conformity with what was esteemed the correct Greek text of Luke ii. 14. The Athanasian Creed was certainly translated from a Greek text. If there was a conservative spirit in the English reformers' work, it was certainly not conservative through timidity.

There are a few points to which, did space permit, I should demur, but I must content myself for the present with one observation. Most students of history will form a different estimate, I think, from that of our authors as to the intelligibility of the Latin service to the people generally in times past. Even for people who could read (and that was a comparatively rare attainment) it was not infrequent to prefix English rubrics with the prescribed direction as to how the Latin prayer was to be used. This is surely a highly significant fact. Many examples will be found in the *Sarum Horae*. Nor do we think that the old German citizen, "pius quidem sed minime cultioris ingenii," using in Dr. Daniel's hearing the phrase (p. 238), *Plat voluntas tua*, or such like, in his talk, goes very far to establish the authors' opinion in regard to the present day.

We must not, however, delay over such minor and trifling particulars, in which a difference of view is perhaps inevitable. We gladly recognise in this book a very thorough and scholarly piece of work, written in a spirit of fairness that is worthy of all praise.

One's eye is often offended by peculiarities

of typography that suggest a foreign printer; and there are a good many errors of the press (as at pp. 3, 166, 169, 326, 351, 360, 376, &c.), which will doubtless be corrected in the new edition that must soon appear.

J. EDENBURGEN.

TWO BOOKS ABOUT MEXICO.

Face to Face with the Mexicans. By Fanny Chambers Gooch. With 200 Illustrations. (Sampson Low.)

"THE STORY OF THE NATIONS."—*Mexico.* By Susan Hale. (Fisher Unwin.)

NEITHER of these books can be praised from a literary point of view; but the faults of style have a very different result in each. The slipshod colloquial writing of Mrs. Gooch hardly mars the effect of her minute descriptions of the daily life, the manners, the housekeeping, the marketing, the cookery, which picture to us the population among whom she has lived. The very *naïveté* of her language gives the impression of greater sincerity. But in the more serious historical work of Mrs. (or Miss) Hale it is far otherwise—inexactitude of language, and careless composition, are there a real defect.

Mrs. Gooch, who apparently had never before left her native land, looks upon Spanish Mexico (we do not mean Aztec Mexico with its unknown past) as a land of vast antiquity. She speaks of it as an Englishman would speak of a visit to Greece or to Italy. In her eyes the churches are Gothic, and the houses Moorish; of the style of the Renaissance and its debasements she seems never to have heard. She tells of wonders which less enthusiastic visitors have never dreamt of; of "an emerald three quarters of a Spanish vara in length, which served as the *ara* or consecrated stone on the altar of the church"; and she adds, "This is historical." Yet, in spite of—perhaps by reason of—this simplicity, a true impression is left on the mind of the reader of the thoroughness of the work of the early Spaniards, and how vast and solid were their constructions.

Our authoress rarely distinguishes between what is Spanish and what is really Indian or Mexican, produced by the conditions of life and climate; but she looks on all with kindly eyes. She considers the Mestizos to be the handsomest race in Mexico, and is not shocked at a lady being proud of her Indian blood. Even when the *costumbres* jar most against her Yankee habits, she is not bitter nor irritated. She likes the gentle speech, the soft voice, the quiet, almost helpless, ways of the people. She enters into the poetry of their lives, delights in their songs, shares their love of flowers, disdains not their sensitive melancholy. She sometimes spoils the effect of her pictures by exaggerated praise. Daughter of a republic, to her all republicans are good. Treason, cruelty, assassination, wholesale public robbery, repudiation of debt, are recounted without a word of blame when done by patriots. Ithurbide is an object of admiration, but Juarez is her chief hero:

"Juarez seemed to have been born to redress the wrongs of his times. The memory of Juarez

is undimmed by the shadow of aught that would detract from his glory. Had he never done another act save that of divorcing Church and State, his name would for ever remain embalmed in the hearts of his people."

So, too, in social life she can see nothing wrong in those who have been personally kind to her; their houses, the furniture, the management of their estates, all is perfect. She seems to have learnt Spanish colloquially and fluently, and makes good use of her knowledge in noting the cries, the nursery rhymes, the songs of the people; but she commits the oddest blunders where something more than car-knowledge is required. There is too much padding, almost of the advertisement kind, in the book. Yet, after all, with its copious and useful illustrations, its *naïveté*, its unconscious ignorance, its blind partiality, its transparent sincerity, we are constrained to admit that this volume is better worth reading than many an one of far higher literary pretensions.

We are sorry not to be able to give equal praise to Mrs. Hale's *Mexico*. She has evidently undertaken a task beyond her strength. In her earlier chapters she gives a fair epitome of two of the traditions of the Mexican tribes or nations, and of the theories of their origin—viz., from the submerged Atlantis, or from the mound-builders of the North; but she seems unaware of the strong arguments there are for the recent erections of these mounds, and for the theory which would derive the Mexican races from South-Eastern Asia passing through the islands. The story of the conquest of Cortés, the deductions to be made from the exaggerated accounts of the early Spaniards, the extent to which they were helped by divisions and by alliances with some of the native tribes, are well indicated; but the period of Spanish rule is very badly told. Justice is indeed done to the Franciscans and to the good intentions of some of the Viceroy; but it is difficult to gather from this sketch what were the grounds of the dissatisfaction with the Spanish rule, unless it arose from a vague feeling for independence. The revolutionary period that follows is even worse narrated; some pages are almost unintelligible. The war with the United States and the episode of Maximilian are dealt with in somewhat better guise; and the concluding chapters, on the physical advantages and on the future of Mexico, contrast favourably with the rest. In historical narrative our authoress wholly fails; nor does she distinguish clearly between the different populations and races in Mexico. Whether "Mexican" means in any given case, Indian, Mestizo, Creole, or Spaniard, is left to the perspicacity of the reader to determine. The map is exceedingly poor, but that is probably not her fault; the illustrations are better. But certainly the story of Mexico should be told in different fashion from this.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

NEW NOVELS.

A Life Sentence. By Adeline Sergeant. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Homburg Beauty. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. In 3 vols. (White.)

Handfasted. By A. C. Bickley and G. S. Curryer. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Little One. By Eleanor C. Price. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

The Flowing Tide. By John Littlejohns. (S. J. Kilby.)

Hadassah; or, from Captivity to the Persian Throne. By E. Leuty Collins. (Fisher Unwin.)

A Life Journey from Mannheim to Inkerman. Edited by Edward Barrington de Fonblanque. (Ward & Downey.)

F. R. S. and other Stories. By William H. Staepoole. (Dean.)

MISS SERGEANT'S new novel, *A Life Sentence*, is the story of the expiation of a crime. If there are times when a few sentences put into the mouth of one of the characters would have cleared up the mystery, on the whole the interest is well sustained. Hubert Lepel has a sister, Constance, who has formed a *liaison* with Sydney Vane, a country squire. The latter is already married, but to escape his bond she and Constance decide to elope. On the night before the flight, however, Vane is murdered, and one Westwood is arrested for the crime. The circumstantial evidence against him is irresistible, and he is condemned to death. But a life sentence of penal servitude is substituted as the result of a reprieve, and after some years of convict life Westwood escapes and appears under another name. He discovers his daughter under the disguise of a popular singer, Miss Cynthia West, who—to complicate matters—is engaged to Hubert Lepel. Hubert, to save his sister's honour, had shot Vane in a duel; but he was afraid to give himself up, and very despicably allowed Westwood to bear the shame and punishment of his deed. Miss Enid Vane, the daughter of General Vane, bears a great part in the unravelment of the plot. Constance, who had married Enid's father for his property, foists a son upon him, and endeavours to poison Enid. It would be unfair to trace all the steps of the avenging Nemesis, as described by the author; but it may suffice to state that righteous judgment is at length executed all round, with the minimum of retribution for the chief culprits. There are several touching scenes in the course of the three volumes, the saddest being that in which General Vane becomes aware of the deceptions of which he has been made the victim, and which are so insupportable to a man of honour that he falls, stricken with death, on the spot. Miss Sergeant has written a novel that is notable if not brilliant, and readable if not profound.

A Homburg Beauty is very vivaciously written, with life and movement all through it. The "beauty" in question is Hetty Davidson, the daughter of a Manchester manufacturer. Mr. and Mrs. Davidson are very material creatures, and the latter has a perfect mania for the aristocracy. An

English lord can make her tremble with delight when he addresses her, while she is ready with positive worship for a German prince or princess. Between her father and mother Hetty is almost bored to death; and at the opening of the novel she threatens either to die of dullness, or run away with the first masculine creature who should be good enough to propose to her. However, the family visit Homburg on account of the father's health, and at that fashionable place of resort Miss Davidson finds pleasure and excitement enough. Her beauty makes quite a sensation, and all the male residents are mad after her. She rejects the love of an honest man, however, and marries six feet of masculine beauty in the person of a penniless German officer, only to repent it ever afterwards. Her heartless husband deserts her for a public singer; and she returns to England hoping to be received by her father, who angrily cast her off upon her marriage. Tragic indeed is her end. It is powerfully depicted by Mrs. Kennard, and comes upon the reader like a shock after the scenes of simple gaiety and frivolity which have preceded it. The author is known for her cleverness in describing sporting scenes; and her picture of the great steeple-chase, in which the heavy German officer wins against the most famous English rider, is extremely graphic. With all its faults—and it is certainly not without them—*A Homburg Beauty* is unquestionably entertaining.

A curious Wessex custom forms the basis of *Handfasted*. By a brief ceremony known as "handfasting" young couples were united for a twelvemonth and a day; and if after that they were mutually agreeable, the ceremony of marriage was solemnised in church. Such an illegal union took place between Arthur Crosby, afterwards Earl of Grass-thorpe, a Jacobite peer, and Elsie Steele, a pretty village maiden of Winterbourne, the heroine of this story. Poor Elsie was under the impression that the ceremony was as good as a marriage, and a great deal of trouble ensues when the union is repudiated. All, however, comes right at last, after much suffering on both sides; and we take our last glimpse of hero and heroine as a happy couple actually married. The novel has many pleasant points, and the incidents are well told. The various characters also are very fairly drawn. Mrs. Tyler is amusing. When reminded that "we be all sinners, as parson says," she remarks, "That wor his funnin'." *Handfasted* has several strong situations, in addition to many humorous ones.

The story of *A Little One*, by Miss Price, is tender and touching. In a peaceful Yorkshire village, not far from the sea, resides Mr. d'Alby, with his two grandchildren, Nora and Agnes. Mr. d'Alby is a dispossessed French count, though the strange ways of Fate have made him an English clergyman. Into this happy home one Gilbert Wolfe obtrudes himself. He is handsome, but has a past that must not be investigated; and he proves a veritable wolf in sheep's clothing. We are not sure from the narrative that both the girls did not fall in love with him; but it was Agnes, "the

little one," who became his victim. Easily persuaded to elope with one whom she regarded as everything that was good and noble, it was only when travelling in Italy that she learnt the terrible truth, that her paragon had another wife living in some distant part of the world. The frail human flower withered from that moment, and returned home to die. Miss Price's novel is charmingly written, and is far above the average in literary merit.

The Flowing Tide is the most foolish and bombastic story it has ever been our lot to read. It is a political novel, in which Mr. Littlejohns, alone and unaided, stands forth to repel

"the attacks now being made on our country's religion by the Radical party, which, like a rising flood, are sapping the foundations of England's institutions, obliterating the landmarks of her national faith, and threatening to overthrow her in the whirlpool of atheism."

Mr. Littlejohns saves England through his hero, Aubrey Langton, who is sixteen years of age when we make his acquaintance, and twenty-one when the story closes. But never was such a David seen for grappling with the Goliaths of evil. During this brief period of five years he practically dethrones atheism, undoes all the evil Mr. Gladstone has wrought through his protracted career, shatters the revolutionary and infidel party, and places Conservatism on a durable basis, such as it had never seen since the days of Pitt. Having executed this large order in all its fulness, Mr. Langton prepares to go to the university to complete his education. This is an astounding work, and the Recording Angel plays the same part in it that Charles I. did in Mr. Dick's memorial. On p. 44 the Recording Angel is engaged in "writing up the decrees of human history"; on p. 59 he threatens to inscribe upon an imperishable tablet the "stupendous record of England's shame," if Parliament supports the cause of the atheist (Mr. Bradlaugh); on p. 73 Langton pledges himself to study a certain great political question "under the tuition of the Recording Angel"; on p. 110 it is prophesied that the Recording Angel is to blow a trumpet that shall wake the dead; on p. 144, we read: "Must this abominable Radicalism climb the heights of conquest, and only be arrested by the commission of the Recording Angel?" Passing next from the rôle of a policeman, the celestial dignitary is to appear as the great roller-up of the monuments of human history. Finally, in the closing chapter, the Recording Angel rides on a cloud of purple and gold, accompanied by the records of human history; and in this, which is positively his last appearance, he accomplishes an enormous amount of valedictory work in the winding up of empires, &c.

It is *Hadassah* Mr. Leuty Collins has practically rewritten the story of the Book of Esther, in the light of Mr. Rider Haggard's *She*. After a dispassionate study of both works, we prefer the original. It may be a little antiquated, but it will yet outlive any number of *Hadassahs*. And what shall be said for the designer of the illustrations facing pp. 84 and 324?

A Life Journey from Mannheim to Inkerman is a volume constructed from the reminiscences of an army surgeon. Though many of the anecdotes are of little value, a few are so striking as to justify Mr. de Fonblanque in acting as editor, and presenting the volume to the public.

A similar observation applies to Mr. Staepoole's *F. R. S., and other Stories*. If one or two of them fall below the average, it would, on the other hand, be difficult to find short stories excelling "Nellie Hales" and "Seratched Out" in originality of incident.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT LITERATURE.

The Freytag Reminiscences. In 2 vols. Translated by Katherine Chetwynd. (White.) It has become a general fashion, as often honoured in the breach as in the observance, to write Reminiscences; but there is ample excuse in the case of Gustav Freytag, whose recollections extending over a long life are now presented to the English public in a graceful and sympathetic translation. For the veteran novelist not only has a good deal to say about the literary and academical circles in which he has moved, but has also had the good fortune to have been in contact with several of the statesmen and generals who have been among the foremost makers of modern Germany. His observation, however, has been genial rather than piercing. The reader must not look for new light upon historic characters or new insight into great events. Freytag, although he took some part in politics himself and warmly supported the movement organised in the National Liberal party, appears to have always occupied the rôle rather of a spectator than of an actor in the struggle or of a trusted counsellor. The consciousness of constitutional incapacity for taking an active part was keen with him, and he was never happier than when he could fall back upon the musings of his childhood and the recollection of the simple life and surroundings of his forefathers. And it is in the description of his early life and of the character of his immediate ancestors that the principal interest of these volumes lies. As in many other German families of the same class, the records of the Freytags—who were prosperous farmers on the Polish border—were carefully handed down and passed from one generation to another. The excellent material which this reverent tradition gave the novelist proved a rich quarry, and has been shrewdly worked. The small frontier town, with the old wooden church hard by an ancient heathen circle, the melancholy forest and waste around, and the simple and devout life of its inhabitants, have given the local colouring to the most popular of his works, *Aus einer Kleinen Stadt*, which has touched a deep chord in the German heart. More ambitious attempts in a more distant past have not the same distinctness. The figures and events have lost their outline in the haze of historical and philosophical theorising which has confused so many German novels in late years. But there are pages in *Aus einer Kleinen Stadt* which are excellent in their genre, and in connexion with them the novelist's recollections will be read with special interest.

"HISTORIC TOWNS."—*Carlisle*. By Prof. Mandell Creighton. (Longmans.) Mr. Creighton's compact volume is not only a history of the city of Rufus, but also in a great degree a sketch of life on the North-Western border. Romance and ballad poetry have thrown such a halo around the petty wars between England and Scotland that it is with a sense of something

like disappointment that we involve ourselves in the study of what really did occur in those wild days when cattle-stealing was one of the principal employments of a Cumbrian gentleman. Carlisle, as the great western fortress against the incursions of the Scotch, was often the scene of fierce combat. From the days of Henry II. down to the Forty-five there was never a turmoil in the Scottish Lowlands which did not arouse the burgers of Carlisle. The author has, one would fancy, an affection for the Border people. His chapters on "Border Life" and "Border Warfare" could never have been written by a mere antiquarian plodder. He is thoroughly at home in the mediæval history of the North, and his account of the reigns of the Tudor sovereigns is well executed. When, however, we arrive at the seventeenth century, Mr. Creighton's interest seems to relax. He makes, so far as we can test him, no mistakes; but he has not grasped his subject with all the firmness required. It was not only the time of the great struggle between the King and the Parliament, but also the era when the heads of the great Border families dwindled from petty despots into mere country squires. The change was noiseless. Its victims probably were not themselves aware of what was going on. It is, however, certain that by the time of William III. the existing notions as to rights of property and the power of the lord over his people had become fixed in the popular mind. The recent growth of our towns is generally left by historians pretty much to the imagination. It requires very different faculties to tell of steam engines and railways, lighting, paving, house-building, and the vulgar plots and counter-plots of election agents, to those called into play when men settled their differences by cold steel. Modern days have, however, an interest of their own, and we are never content when we find them slurred over. Mr. Creighton has devoted the last chapter of his book to the period between 1747 and 1881. It was obviously impossible to make such a chronicle picturesque; but he has done his best, though we think more might have been told of Parliamentary contests and the Lowthers.

Homes of Taste: Economical Hints. By J. E. Panton. (Sampson Low.) Mrs. Panton is certainly indefatigable in her efforts to introduce tasteful decoration into commonplace dwellings. She takes a gloomy view of the future condition—mental and moral—of the child brought up in the midst of "hideous surroundings, vulgar pictures nailed up against an ugly common paper, blinds which are never drawn up straight, things provided more on the grounds of their use than their beauty." But she does not waste her strength in mere denunciation of what is vulgar and inartistic. Her little book contains a large amount of information as to the best and most economical way of rising out of that monotonous or meretricious treatment of walls and furniture from which such disastrous consequences are to be apprehended. "Nothing," she says, gives one so much joy as the sight of admirably-arranged colours; and if she could only get her readers to see with her eyes, and neither trust their own uneducated judgment or the interested suggestions of the shopkeepers, life within doors would soon assume a brighter aspect.

A Book about London. By W. H. Davenport Adams. (Henry.) This is a book-made book, but readable. The author would scarcely himself dispute the fact that his stories have been told a hundred times before, and that his seasoning is not more novel than the distress. Still any book that is written on our great metropolis can hardly fail to be interesting, unless written in the spirit of a Dryasdust, which this is not. Mr. Adams divides his volume into three parts—stories about historic

scenes, stories of famous localities, and stories of crime and misadventure. The work before us would have been more suitable for the young, had these last been omitted, though in the opinion of the general reader this part of the book will probably be the most attractive. Short as must be our notice, we can not pass over one remark of the author without comment. In telling the story of Miss Reay's murder, by Mr. Hackman (her clerical lover), Mr. Adams mentions the well-known fact that Miss Reay was the mistress of Lord Sandwich and the mother of six children. No exception can be taken to this, but Mr. Adams need not have added the little known fact that one of these six children was a well-known barrister and literary contemporary of Lord Macaulay, who only died in 1851. It surely served no good purpose to name this gentleman as a son of the worthless Lord Sandwich and the unfortunate Miss Reay.

A Manual of Bibliography. By Walter Thomas Rogers. (Grevel.) A good manual of bibliography is greatly needed, but it has not been the fate of Mr. Rogers to fill this considerable void in English literature. His book is prettily printed; it has a coloured frontispiece, representing one of Zaehndorff's buildings, and also a number of woodcuts, most of them familiar to readers of books in typography. There is nothing fresh in the treatment, and Mr. Rogers's ideas of the boundaries of his subject are indefinite. He devotes a chapter to the invention and progress of printing, a chapter which is of the very slightest, for instance, omitting all reference to the important Avignon documents recently discussed in the ACADEMY; then there is a chapter on "The Book"; another on "The Ornamentation of a Book," while the third and last deals with "The Library and its Catalogue." In one of these we are told, "the father of the celebrated James Fox caused a copy of his historical works to be bound in the skin of a fox"—a curiously slipshod statement for a work of scholarship. In dealing with practical library details, Mr. Rogers passes over the "decimal classification" of Mr. Dewey in absolute silence. The list of books of reference is meagre. Altogether, the book is an example of a lost opportunity.

To the handsome volume of *Lord Chesterfield's Worldly Wisdom* (Oxford: Clarendon Press), which Dr. Birkbeck Hill has arranged and edited, is prefixed a critical introduction, setting out the main principles of the teaching which the peer wished to inculcate in the mind of his natural son; and there is an appendix containing the characters of his contemporaries in the political world. Dissimulation towards male friends, and dishonourable conduct towards the ladies whom he met in society were, of course, the principal notes in the teaching of Chesterfield. But outside these degrading passages—and there is no evidence that they injured the moral tone of the youth to whom they were addressed—there was much in the instruction that could not fail to improve. Witness, for example, the manner in which Chesterfield desired that servants should be treated, and the earnestness with which he dilated on the misery caused by excess in drinking. Many of his aphorisms are exceedingly terse and pointed; but the amount of his reading would in these days be considered far below the level of an educated statesman, and his quotations are repeated again and again with wearisome iteration. Considering the temper of the age and the shifting alliances of the politicians of the last century, Chesterfield's estimates of the men with whom he came in contact in the cabinet or in debate have always seemed to us to be penned by a man not unduly partial in his bias. When he wrote the maxim "Whoever

is in a hurry shows that the thing he is about is too big for him," the figure and manners of the Duke of Newcastle must have been in his mind.

THE authorities of the Clarendon Press have, with fairness which all must commend, printed, in a form suitable for preservation with the first edition of *Lord Chesterfield's Letters to his Godson*, that peer's correspondence with the godson's father, which was appended as an additional attraction to the cheaper issue of the *Letters to the Godson*. It opens with dramatic effect with a notification from Lord Chesterfield that his brother is about to marry a young woman who is capable of bearing children, and that the godson may therefore lose his chance of succession to the family peerage and the family property. Fortunately for this youth, husband and wife were only too glad to separate after a short experience of domestic happiness and without the birth of any children. The letters now reprinted add but little to the character of the statesman or of the child whom he undoubtedly loved, but they serve to strengthen still more the current impression of the old man's failings and merits.

A Good Start. By J. Thain Davidson. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Books which are confessedly and designedly "improving," without being dull, are not very common. Such books Dr. Davidson has already proved his capacity to write, and these "homely talks" to young men are not inferior to his previous efforts. Earnest and plain, and strictly adapted to the understanding of the ordinary man, they are never careless or meaningless. The author takes the trouble to get up the subjects of his papers thoroughly, and his moral energy enables him to express himself upon them with strong and genuine feeling. Books of this sort are used too generally as table-ornaments rather than as literature, but if anyone will give Dr. Davidson a fair chance he will find that he can be read with pleasure as well as with profit. The papers which deal with incidents of Old Testament history strike us as unusually good.

The Way to Win. By John T. Dale. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) "How to Succeed in Life" is the secondary title of Mr. Dale's book. It is an elaborate compilation of extracts and anecdotes which are worked into a series of short essays, all more or less connected with the problem of succeeding in life. We recognise the care and industry which have been spent upon the book, but yet cannot pronounce it a success. It is, on the whole, commonplace in style and in thought, nor does it quite succeed in rising above the sordidness, the respectable selfishness, which too often taints the gospel of "getting on." The anecdotes and illustrative incidents are of unusual merit: they have been chosen at first hand, being obviously the result of many years' reading, and form the redeeming feature of an otherwise dull book.

Old Thoughts for Young Brains. By Athol Maudslay. (Snupkin, Marshall & Co.) It has been asked by one who has read this book whether anything so dull and sententious has been offered to boys since the days of *Sandford and Merton*, and we are unable to reply in the direct negative to the question. In fact, the author himself seems, while deprecating it, to have anticipated the verdict of his youthful readers:

"By Jove! I never read such a book, it's as dry as saw-dust, and the old chap who wrote it is as long-winded as a sea-serpent engaged in a swimming race round the world."

No doubt there are boys and boys, and it may be possible to find among them some who will appreciate at a higher value than we can the "preaching and teaching," wherewith Mr. Maudslay seeks to temper the too festive character of the season. If it be a virtue in a

boy to be priggish, then this well-meaning book (with its sometimes appropriate anecdotes) will be found invaluable.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK—formerly of Edinburgh, but now of Scho-square, London—have just issued the fourteenth and final volume of the new edition of the *Collected Writings of De Quincey*, edited by Prof. David Masson. It consists of *Miscellanea*, of considerable bibliographical interest, for some of them are now claimed for De Quincey for the first time. Among these we may mention—three new translations from Kant; a review of the Hazlewood system of education, practised near Birmingham by Mr. T. W. Hill, the father of Sir Rowland and Commissioner Hill, and the grandfather of ladies well known to the present generation; a contemporary article on the Scotch "disruption" of 1843; and De Quincey's own account of the part he played in early days in the forgery of a pseudo-Waverley novel, translated from the German under the title of "Walladmor." After some minor waifs and strays, an Appendix follows, giving a chronology of all De Quincey's known writings, and an Epilogue, in which Prof. Masson incidentally estimates the average of De Quincey's literary earnings at only £100 a year. Finally, we have an Index to the whole set of fourteen volumes, compiled by Mr. H. B. Wheatley. Thus is worthily brought to conclusion a work of which the truest praise is that it has so stimulated the popularity of De Quincey that it has necessarily become incomplete before it was finished. As editor of Milton, and now of De Quincey, Prof. Masson may be assured that his name will remain associated with two authors, who are both classics, though in a different measure.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE materials left by the late Prof. Thorold Rogers for the concluding volumes of his *History of Prices and Agriculture in England*, will shortly be published by the Clarendon Press, in a single volume, under the editorship of his son, Mr. Arthur G. L. Rogers. The tables of figures, which are almost complete, include, besides the usual lists of prices of grain, labour, and general native and imported produce, the daily quotations of bank stock, the Three per cent. Stock, and the South Sea Stock. The previous volumes dealt with the years 1259-1702, and vol. vii. will bring the history down to 1793. Unfortunately, Prof. Thorold Rogers had not been able to prepare his commentary on the figures tabulated in this volume; but many of his deductions are to be found in his writings of the last three years, and he has left ready for publication the MS. of five lectures in which some of his conclusions are summarised. These deal with the parliaments of 1710 and 1713; the South Sea scheme; the events of 1745; bimetalism and corn bounties in the eighteenth century.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will publish immediately an entirely new edition of Webster's Dictionary, under the title of the "International Dictionary," which is the result of ten years' labour expended upon the revision of this standard work. In addition to the dictionary of words, with their pronunciation, etymology, and various meanings, illustrated by quotations and numerous woodcuts, there are several appendices, comprising a gazetteer of the world; vocabularies of Biblical, Greek, Latin, and English proper names; the noted names of fiction; a brief history of the language; a dictionary of quotations, phrases, proverbs, &c.; and a biographical dictionary, with 10,000 names.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will shortly publish a Dictionary of the English Language in handy

form, based on their Encyclopaedic Dictionary. This new work will extend to about 1100 pages, demy octavo size, and will give definitions of more than 100,000 words. It will be especially complete as regards words and phrases employed in the language as spoken and written to-day. Scientific words, Americanisms, provincialisms, and archaic words will be largely introduced; and in an appendix will be given a short history of the language, with some specimens of its literature at various periods.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN is able to announce that, partly owing to the success attending the issue of the first three volumes of the *Century Dictionary*, the promoters of this work have somewhat extended its scope, while the price remains the same. This extension will increase the number of pages of matter from 6500 to 7000. Over the remaining three volumes thousands of carefully-wrought illustrations will be distributed. The fourth volume will be published at the end of this month, and the sixth and last in the autumn.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish in the course of the present month a new edition of Mr. T. L. Kingdon Oliphant's *Old and Middle English*, very carefully revised and brought down to date. Like the same author's *The New English*, this book is a remarkable contribution to the history of the language, though it has recently called down the wrath of Dr. Fitzedward Hall.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in a few days *Political Americanisms: a Glossary of Terms and Phrases current at Different Periods in American Politics*, compiled by Mr. Charles Ledyard Norton.

A WORK shortly to be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, *Baboo English as 'Tis Writ*, is the same as that recently announced under the title of "Curiosities in Indian Journalism." The author, Mr. Arnold Wright, who has been connected for several years with the Indian press, has got together many amusing examples of native English as illustrated by quaint editorial announcements, specimens of descriptive writing and poetry, quack advertisements, and begging letters.

MR. W. HEINEMANN will publish Mr. Gosse's translation of Henrik Ibsen's new drama, *Hedda Gabler*, on Monday next. It will have a photogravure from the latest portrait of the author. An edition of 100 large-paper copies will also be issued.

MR. T. R. R. STERLING's Life of his friend David Robertson, the Naturalist of Cumbrae, is on the point of publication by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co.

THE same publishers will issue immediately, in their "English and Foreign Philosophical Library," *Lion's Philosophy of Right*, translated from the Italian by Mr. W. Hastie, with the sanction of the author.

SOME little while ago a wish was expressed in the ACADEMY that the work in mental philosophy of Prof. Harald Höffding, of Copenhagen, might be rendered accessible to the English public, as being specially in harmony with English modes of thought. We now hear that his *Outlines of Psychology* has been translated by Mr. M. G. Lowndes, and will shortly be published by Messrs. Macmillan in their series of Manuals for Students.

THE late Mr. J. E. Bailey, author of *The Life of Fuller*, had, before his death, made considerable progress in preparing a collected edition of Fuller's Sermons. By arrangement with his widow, the completion of the work was entrusted to the hands of his friend, Mr. W. E. A. Axon, of Manchester. The work is now nearly completed, and will very shortly be issued in a limited edition in two handsome

octavo volumes, printed and bound in old style. There will also be 100 large-paper copies, printed on royal octavo and bound in parchment.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD & SONS announce for immediate publication a volume entitled *British Work in India*, by Mr. R. Carstairs.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have in the press a second volume of Dr. William Junker's *Travels in Central Africa*, covering the period from 1879 to 1883. Like the first volume, it is translated by Prof. A. H. Keane, and will contain numerous illustrations.

MISS VIRGINIA W. JOHNSON's new novel will be published next week by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin in one-volume form. It is entitled *A Royal Physician*, after Duke Charles of Bavaria.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish immediately *April's Lady*, in 3 vols., by Mrs. Hungerford, author of "Molly Bawn."

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNY will publish in February a new novel entitled *Kilmallie*, by Mr. H. Johnston, the author of "Chronicles of Glenbuckie." The scene is again laid in an Ayrshire village.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. have in the press a series of volumes of "Famous Women of the French Court," written by M. Imbert-de-Saint-Amand and translated by Mr. T. Sergeant Perry, with portraits. The first volumes to appear will deal with Marie Antoinette, Josephine, wife of the First Consul, and Marie Louise.

MESSRS. P. T. KING & SON will next week publish the first volume of the *Transactions of the National Liberal Club Political Economy Circle*. The volume will contain the inaugural address by Mr. Leonard H. Courtney, on "The Economic Principles which should guide Legislation with regard to the Occupation of Land"; and essays on "International Migration and Political Economy," by Mr. J. T. Mann; on "The Report of the Gold and Silver Commission," by Mr. Alfred Milner; on "The Rate of Interest," by Mr. Sidney Webb; on "Distribution as a Branch of Economics," by Mr. J. H. Levy; and on "The Migration of Labour," by Dr. Hubert Llewellyn Smith. The book will also contain a short sketch of the history and constitution of the Circle, and will be edited by Mr. J. H. Levy, its hon. secretary.

MESSRS. JOHN LENG & Co., of Dundee, have in the press a pamphlet which claims to be a "true narrative" of the Majuba disaster. It is based on written statements supplied by officers of the 92nd Highlanders who survived the engagement, and is a protest against the charge of cowardice which several writers have made against the British force engaged. The work has been edited by Mr. James Cromb, author of "The Highland Brigade: Its Battles and Its Heroes."

MESSRS. HOWE & Co. will publish, in a few days, *General Booth and His Critics*, being an analysis of General Booth's scheme and an inquiry into the value of the criticisms of Prof. Huxley, Mr. C. S. Loch, the *Times* newspaper, and others. The book is written by Dr. H. Greenwood, and will contain a summary of the new trust deed in connexion with General Booth's scheme.

A REVISED edition of Mr. J. W. Crombie's *Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands* is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MISS MAGGIE BROWNE's fairy story, *Wanted—a King*, illustrated by Mr. Harry Furniss, has already reached a third edition.

PROF. VICTOR HORSLEY, fullorian Professor of physiology, will on Tuesday next, January

20, begin a course of nine lectures, at the Royal Institution, on "The Structure and Functions of the Nervous System. Part I: The Spinal Cord and Ganglia." Mr. Hall Caine (author of *The Bondman*), will on Thursday, January 22, begin a course of three lectures on "The Little Manx Nation"; and Mr. W. Martin Conway will on Saturday, January 24, begin a course of three lectures on "Pre-Greek Schools of Art." The Friday evening meetings will begin on January 23, when Lord Rayleigh will give a discourse on "Some Applications of Photography."

MR. W. E. H. LECKY will deliver an address on "The Message of Carlyle to his Age" on Sunday afternoon, January 25, at 3.30 p.m., at the Lambeth Polytechnic, Ferndale-road, Clapham. Tickets can be obtained from the hon. secretary, the Rev. Freeman Wills.

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Russian at Oxford, will deliver a lecture on "Old Slavonic Religions" at South-place Institute, Finsbury, on Sunday next, January 18, at 4 p.m.

It is stated that as many as 213 Polish papers are published in Europe, and 13 in North America. Forty-eight of these appear daily.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

TERM begins at both Oxford and Cambridge at the end of the current week.

THE Rev. Andrew Clark, of Lincoln College, the chief worker in the Oxford Historical Society, has been collecting all the scattered autobiographical material which is dispersed about Antony Wood's printed books and papers, and has nearly finished the first volume of the collection. This newly gathered material adds greatly to the details of Wood's life and opinions, and brings out with remarkable distinctness the effect of the Restoration in Oxford. Wood, in his private papers, is nothing if not plain-spoken, and he calls a spade a spade with frankness and zest.

PROF. EWING, Mr. Stuart's successor in the chair of engineering at Cambridge, will deliver his inaugural lecture on Tuesday next, January 21, his subject being "The University Training of Engineers."

THE Rev. G. F. Browne, Disney professor of archaeology at Cambridge, has been nominated to a canonry at St. Paul's.

MANSFIELD College, Oxford, has received a bequest of £2000, under the will of the late Mr. Walter Howorth, of Manchester.

IN continuation of the course on "Homer's Greece," given at the Chelsea Town Hall before Christmas, in connexion with the London University Extension Society, Dr. Walter Leaf proposes to deliver a course of ten lectures on "The *Iliad*," beginning on Wednesday next, January 21, at 5.15 p.m. The poem will be discussed from the literary point of view; and it is intended to take, at each lecture after the first, two or more books of the *Iliad*, and to go through them in such detail as the time will permit, pointing out their chief beauties and difficulties. Admission to the first lecture of the course, at which Lord Justice Bowen will preside, is free.

THE Grillpazzer *Säcularfeier* will not pass quite unnoticed in this country. Prof. Buchheim will devote the first lecture of his German literature course at the King's College department for ladies in Kensington-square, to a comparative estimate of Goethe, Schiller, and Grillpazzer, as dramatists. The remainder of the course, which begins on Friday next, January 23, will consist of a study of Goethe's works.

MR. WILFRID GILL, of Magdalen College, Cambridge, will begin a course of lectures on "Kant and Comte" at 13 Kensington-square, in connexion with King's College, on Tuesday next, January 20.

THE following appointments have been made at the University College of North Wales, Bangor:—Assistant lecturer in English, Mr. W. Lewis Jones, of Queen's College, Cambridge; assistant lecturer in mathematics, Mr. J. J. Alexander, of St. John's College, Cambridge.

DURING the past year the total number of matriculated students in the University of Edinburgh was 3503, as compared with 3602 in 1889. Of this total 940 were enrolled in the faculty of Arts, 116 in Divinity, 468 in Law, and 1979 in Medicine. Of the students of Medicine, 814 (or over 41 per cent.) belong to Scotland, 687 (or nearly 35 per cent.) were from England and Wales, 58 from Ireland, 99 from India, 270 (or 13 per cent.) from various British colonies, and 51 from foreign countries. From the graduation lists of 1890, it appears that 103 students took the degree of M.A., 5 that of D.Sc., 28 that of B.Sc., and 20 that of B.D. In the faculty of Law, 10 took the degree of LL.B., and 3 that of B.L. In the faculty of Medicine, 54 took the degree of M.D., and 210 the conjoined degrees of M.B. and C.M. The general council of the university now numbers 6622 members. The aggregate value of the fellowships, scholarships, bursaries, and prizes, now amounts to about £14,000 a year, viz.: In the faculty of Arts, £9235, in Divinity, £1545; in Law, £410; in Medicine, £2560; and in Science, £250.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

SWEET PEGGIE—A SOUTH-AFRICAN DITTY.

'NEATH other stars than ours,
Amidst strange herbs and flowers,
On the high veldt or waste karoo,
He thinks of you,
Sweet Peggie!

Upon the frontier's edge,
He keeps our English pledge,
Facing swift hordes, strong, brave, and true,
For home and you,
Sweet Peggie!

When camp-fire embers glow
Flameless and crumple low,
He cheers the gloom, musing the while
On your bright smile,
Sweet Peggie!

And when the far patrol
Brings weariness of soul,
He flags not, drinking in a bit
Old letters writ
By Peggie

Seeing the glorious dyes
Of Afric's sunset skies,
Purple and red and gold, he sighs
For pure blue eyes
Of Peggie.

When thunder volleys loud,
And from the tropic cloud
The prompt rain falls, he doth rejoice,
In swift low voice,
Of Peggie.

Watching the river swift,
Swirl broad'ning on the drift,
He longs to flow down to the sea,
Round Cape and be
Near Peggie.

The wily crocodile
He shoots in splendid style,
Making believe he was the wight
Who danced last night
With Peggie.

And from the ostrich fleet
He beats a quick retreat,
Saying, "It is your chaperon,
Let us dance on,
Sweet Peggie!"

The meerkat in the brake
Stirs him, for it would make,
Could it be snared in silken net,
A pretty pet
For Peggie.

The kopje on the plain,
With boulders piled amain,
By contrast hints the cushioned ease
That most doth please
Sweet Peggie.

Amongst the exotic bloom,
Rich flowers without perfume,
Better, he thinks, than this proud dower
My wee Scotch flower,
Sweet Peggie.

When prickly pears cause pain,
And "wait-a-bits" detain,
Smiling, from thorns his coat he frees,
"These bushes tease,
Like Peggie."

On transport journeys long,
All waggons and bultong,
With glee he sings, "My heart and hand
I have inspanned
To Peggie."

And wheresoe'er he fare,
In sunshine's cruel glare
Or moonlight cool, this is his theme
"I think and dream
Of Peggie."

J. C.-B.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for January opens with the first of a series of articles by Prof. Marshall, of Manchester, designed "to prove the existence of an Aramaic Gospel embedded in our present Gospels, and to unveil its contents." He thinks that the discourses of Christ were for the most part delivered in Aramaic, but that some of his sayings were uttered in the very words of our Gospels. It will certainly be a fine proof of scholarship to show that the variations in the common matter of the Synoptic Gospels are due to a variant translation of a common Aramaic original. Prof. Sanday's essay on the title, "Son of Man," has a twofold object—to give the author's personal conclusions on the origin and meaning of this title, and to warn readers against Mr. Carpenter's recent little work on the first three Gospels. Any chips which Prof. Sanday can give us from his workshop will be eagerly welcomed, and his criticism on Mr. Carpenter's appendix, dealing with the title referred to, cannot fail to be valuable. But is it fair to prejudice readers against a book by telling them that the author writes as a Unitarian? A cultivated student must be presumed to have the historical spirit, and to be free from a controversial bias. Prof. Sanday proposes a "self-denying ordinance," binding critics to exclude alike supernaturalistic and anti-supernaturalistic theories, but does not say what he means by the supernatural. An interesting lecture on Hosea at the close of this number contains the statement that "God speaks to you and to me as directly and as supernaturally as He spoke to those Old Testament prophets"; this would be called by many "anti-supernaturalistic," but it breathes the historical spirit. Dean Perowne communicates statements by Sir G. G. Stokes and Prof. Pritchard on the relation between Gen. i. and the sure results of modern science.

In the *Antiquary* for January the Rev. Charles Kerry continues his account of the discovery of

the Register and Chartulary of the Mercers Company of York. The volume is evidently one of great interest, which ought to be printed in full. This is just such a work as the *Surtees Society* ought to undertake. Mr. R. C. Hope continues his valuable series of papers on Holy Wells, dealing with those of Westmorland, Worcestershire, and York. The paper entitled "Out in the Forty-Five" is amusing; authentic information concerning an outbreak which has been "smothered by romance" is much wanted. Mr. T. C. Smith gives an account, far too short, of the Ribchester Parish Church library. Many of the volumes have been lost. It is much to be desired that a specialist should catalogue those which remain.

SLAVICA.

UNTIL comparatively recent times little had been done to facilitate the study of the English language and literature among Slavonic peoples. The first to make the attempt among the Bohemians was the late J. Maly, who published an English Grammar. Since his time Prof. Mourek, of Prague, has been an indefatigable worker in this field. We have seldom seen anything more complete than his sketch of English literature, which, having first appeared in the *Slovnik Naučný* ("Bohemian Encyclopaedia"), has just been issued in a separate form (*Pichled Dejiny Literatury Anglické* ("Survey of the History of English Literature")). We have been greatly struck by its accuracy and fulness. The author does not confine himself to the literature of the United Kingdom, but devotes many pages to that of America. Prof. Mourek is also the author of a very useful Bohemian-English Dictionary, of which the first volume has appeared, and the second is in course of publication. It is a compact little work. Its only rival in the field is a Dictionary issued at Racine in Wisconsin (U.S.) in 1876, which seems, from the great prominence given to the technical words of various trades, to have been primarily intended for the many Bohemian artisans in America. In 1889 Prof. Mourek published a useful book to help his countrymen in the acquirement of colloquial English (*Čeebné Listy Jazyka Anglického pro Samouky*), in which he gives amusing anecdotes, a tale from Dickens and other extracts, with dialogues somewhat on the Robertsonian method. But Prof. Mourek is not merely a writer of popular books on English. He has recently published, under the sanction of the Bohemian Society of Arts (Prague) a scientific work entitled *Syntaxis Gotských Predložek* ("Syntax of the Gothic Prepositions"). This is a profound study, in which the use of each preposition is carefully traced in the remains of the Gothic language which have come down to us, with constant references to the original Greek.

M. M. Philippov has published (St. Petersburg) a work in vindication of the rights of the Croats against Austria and Hungary, *Khorvati i Borba yikh s' Austrii* ("The Croats and their Struggle with Austria"). His book shows a great deal of learning, but will hardly be welcome to our many western Russophobes, for he advocates a close union between the Croatian population and Russia, and is as Pan-Slavistic in his tendencies as Yuri Krizanić, the Croat, was in the days of the Emperor Alexis of Russia. It seems to us that the natural development of Croatia, Serbia, Bosnia, and Herzegovina, and even of the Slovenes of Southern Austria, would be to form at some future period an independent nationality, such as was finely dreamed of by the patriotic Ljudevit Gaj and others some forty years ago.

W. R. M.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- HEISS, A. Les médailleurs de la Renaissance. Se vol. Florence et les Florentins. Paris: Rothschild. 200 fr.
- JEDINA, L. v. Au Asiens Küsten u. Fürstenthöfen. Tagebuchblätter v. der Reise Sr. Maj. Schiffes "Fasana" u. ü. den Aufenthalt an asiat. Höfen 1887-9. Wien: Hölzel. 15 M.
- MENNUNO, A. Der Bel Inconnu d. Renaud de Beaujeu in seinem Verhältnis zum Lybeaus Disconus, Carduino u. Wigalois. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- MINIATURE, le, nei codici Cassinesi. IV. Milano: Hoepli. 10 fr.
- SCHWEBEL, O. Aus Alt-Berlin. Stille Ecken u. Winkel der Reichshauptstadt. Berlin: Lüftens. 15 M.
- WERK, das, der Münchener Künstlerfamilie Adam. Hrsg. v. S. Soldan. I. Nürnberg: Soldan. 33 M.
- YRIARTE, Ch. Au tour des Borgia: les appartements Borgia au Vatican etc. Paris: Rothschild. 50 fr.

HISTORY.

- DEHNING, H. Die Geschichte der Stadt Celle von den ältesten Zeiten bis auf die Gegenwart. Celle: Schulze. 4 M. 40 Pf.
- DOKUMENTE zur Geschichte der Wirtschaftspolitik in Preussen u. im Deutschen Reich. 4. Bd. Berlin: Heymann. 6 M.
- LÜBECK, die freie u. Hansestadt. Lübeck: Dittmer. 12 M.
- PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. preussischen Staatsarchiven. 45. Bd. Urkundenbuch zur Reformationsgeschichte d. Herzogth. Preussen. Hrsg. v. P. Tschackert. 3. Bd. Leipzig: Hirzel. 9 M.
- REGESTEN der Pfalzgrafen am Rhein 1214-1400. Bearb. v. A. Koch u. J. Willa. 5. Lfg. Innsbruck: Wagner. 4 M.
- URKUNDBUCH, westfälisches. 4. Bd. Die Urkunden der J. 1251-1300. 4. Hft., bearb. v. H. Finke. Münster: Regensberg. 5 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HINTZE, C. Handbuch der Mineralogie. 4. Lfg. Leipzig: Veit. 5 M.
- WEBER, Th. Metaphysik. 2. Bd. Die antithet. Weltfactoren u. die apokalyptische Theologie. Gotha: Perthes. 11 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- GRIMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 8. Bd. 5. Lfg. Reiten-Rind. Bearb. v. M. Heyne. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

GLOSSES FROM ROME AND PARIS.

Rome: Dec. 3, 1890.

The glosses which I have recently found in the Vatican Library and in the Bibliothèque Nationale fall under four heads: I. Latin, II. Old-High-German, III. Old-Breton, and IV. Old-Irish. Of the Latin and Old-Irish I give only selections.

1. LATIN GLOSSES.

Vat. MS. lat. 1339 (Canons).

Fo. 27^a 1, pastelli .i. xenii. Pro ordinatione ergo uel pallii seu cartae (.i. decreti uel precepti uel mundiburdii) atque pastelli. 27^a 2, scenicam .i. meretricem. 45^a 2, tonsorandus .i. clericandus, multata .i. damnata. 56^b 1, boni pastoris est pecus tondere non deglomerare* .i. non scorticare. 56^b 2, phitonum [i.] phitones [leg. pythones] dicuntur qui falsa diuinant. 75^a 1, rumigeruli .i. namiloqui: in marg. Rumigeruli dicuntur qui falsos rumores, id est uanas laudes, portant. 80^b, cancer. uulgo dicitur grancus.†

Fo. 112^a 1, ampullas .i. ammulas‡ l. lecithos. 114^a 1, negotia uectigalia .i. seruilia. 116^a 1, ballando .i. iocando. 116^a 2, choros .i. rotas. 122^a 1, in loculo .i. in fuscilo uel sacco [so in 238^b 2, loculos .i. sacculos l. fiscos]. 132^a 2, tragoediorum .i. iocularium. 132^b 1, scenam .i. domum meretricum l. cantionum. 140^b 1, pallas .i. sindones. 143^b 2, scurriles .i. ioculatores. 158^a 2, sortilogos .i. pithones. 158^b 1, filacteria .i. pictaciola [leg. pittaciola and cf. πικτάκιον] l. ligaturas. 168^a 2, diocesi .i. parrochia. 168^b 2 and 180^a 2, camo .i. curcuma. 174^b 1, carice .i. fici carotii. 175^a 2, contagia .i. crimina. 191^a 1, uitricum .i. patrinium. nouercam .i. matriniam§. nurum .i. noram. 193^b 2, aborsum .i. morticinum. 203^b 2, sublatum .i. tultum. 222^a 2, in laqueo .i. in laciolo. 231^a 1, pinguodo .i. sugina [leg. sagina?].

* A scribal error for deglubere?

† Cf. Ital. *granchio*, *granchio*.‡ See Ducange s.v. *ama*.§ A similar gloss occurs in ff. 307^a 2, 305^a and 308^b. Cf. Fr. *marraïne*.

238^b 1, sub scabello .i. sub pedaneo. 245^a 2, hylarescit .i. letatur. 256^b 1, a communione suspendi .i. separari l. substolli. 280^b 1, immoderatione .i. inrefrenatione. 291^b 1, iurgatrix .i. rixatrix. 295^b 2, ornatus .i. circumfultus l. circumdatus. 308^a 2, fructeetis [i.] spinis l. sentibus.

Vat. MS. lat. 1347 (Canons).

Fo. 77^a 1, Biberes .i. potiones. 77^a 2, Eulogias responsiones uel salutationes. fomitem occasionem. subministrationem. Fomes origo. Fomenta solatia. Sinaxis [συναξις] oratio assidua.

Vat. MS. lat. 341 (Jerome's Epistles, &c.).

Fo. 33^a, effutire .i. depromere. alias autem est effutire uel infutire stulte loqui est. 48^b, ut moriatur in taphnis* in marg. Taphnis interpretatur mandatum humile. 54^a, in marg. Oratores rabullare dicuntur rethores quando multum declamant.

To these may be added the following three glosses from a tenth-century copy of Arator, *De Vita et Actibus Apostolorum*, in the Biblioteca Vallicelliana, at the beginning of a codex marked F. 65:

Fo. 1^b, loriam asbergum†. acies‡ sceras§. 4^a, externas stranias.

II. OLD-HIGH-GERMAN GLOSSES.

Vat. MS. lat. 1347 is a tenth or eleventh century copy of Cresconius's *Concordia Canonum*, in quarto, now containing 180 leaves. Its beginning is lost. Ff. 77, 78, are in a handwriting different from, but contemporaneous with, that of the rest of the codex. They contain about 208 Latin glosses, intermingled with which are the following twenty-three Old-High-German. I have added references to similar glosses in the second volume of Steinmeyer and Sievers' collection, *Die Althochdeutschen Glossen* (Berlin, 1882).

Fo. 77^a, col. 1, Affectum .i. muotscaf [A.G. 52, 21].

„ „ 2, Grauitas modestia .i. uuisduom [A.G. 52, 22].

Indigeries id est frosmelzunga [A.G. 52, 23].

Rebellio uidaruuinneo [A.G. 52, 43].

Recreare gilabon [A.G. 52, 44].

„ 77^b, „ 1, Uilicationes ambantes|| [A.G. 52, 45].

Alea gula [A.G. 87, 1].

Resciso contractu froslizanero githinsungu [A.G. 86, 10].

Reditus heimbrung [A.G. 82, 19: 86, 14: 96, 8].

Amplioiem summam meron scaz [A.G. 86, 16].

Seditionem ungareh oto fara [A.G. 82, 32: 86, 17: 99, 47].

Exp[i]andi zihelisonoe¶ [A.G. 82, 35: 85, 19: 86, 19: 87, 35: 94, 34: 99, 44: 109, 76].

Raritate fohlogi [A.G. 82, 38: 85, 21: 86, 21: 96, 11].

Fo. 78^a, col. 1, Practextu occasione uel piunange [A.G. 83, 1: 86, 24].

In pulpitu In lectar [A.G. 86, 27: 112, 60: 147, 35].

Filacteria zaubargiscriv [A.G. 83, 7: 85, 29: 86, 39: 92, 53: 95, 61].

* For *tapinis*: cf. *ταπινός* and the Fr. *en tapinois*.† Cf. Ital. *usbergo*, *osbergo*, O.H.G. *halsberc*.

‡ The context is ferratas acies atque agmina uincunt.

§ Cf. Ital. *schiera*.

|| This and the preceding five glosses seem to have been taken from a copy of the Rule of S. Benedict.

¶ Read *zihelisonne*.

Fo. 78^a, col. 1, Plebeios psalmos saeculares psalmos aut uuinleod [A.G. 83, 11: 85, 33: 92, 55: 96, 1: 100, 60: 113, 29: 140, 42].

„ col. 2, Conductor meuir [A.G. 113, 54: 118, 19].

Portentuose unghiuuro [A.G. 83, 18: 85, 43: 86, 46: 101, 56].

„ 78^b, „ 1, Delerantes tobonte [A.G. 83, 22: 86, 50: 87, 24: 115, 18: 138, 43: 139, 30: 140, 11].

„ „ 2, Inretitus bifangan odo bisaget [A.G. 83, 42: 85, 43].

Non obis uiindar ni si [A.G. 85, 65: 86, 53: 103, 3].

Spectacula einautigi odo slaptispil [= slaptispil, A.G. 85, 68: 86, 55].

III. OLD-BRETON GLOSSES.

These I found in Vat. MS. lat. 1974—a twelfth-century copy of Orosius, and in Vat. MS. lat. 1480, a Priscian of the tenth or eleventh century. The first, third, and fourth are identical with the Breton glosses in Regina 691, which were published in the ACADEMY of January 18, 1890, p. 46, col. 2. The Breton glosses in Vat. MS. lat. 1480, are in a hand different from, and perhaps a century later than, that of the text.

Vat. MS. Lat. 1974.

Fo. 47^b, impensis .i. impeneticion.

48^b, in foro boario (proprium nomen loci .i. osuin.)*

gestatorum .i. eusouion.

49^b, corbem i. cayuel.

Vat. MS. Lat. 1480.

Fo. 35^b, left margin, Strigilis .i. scristl.†

36^a, right margin Trutina .i. bulans.‡

48^a, fiber (nomen bestiae) fibri beuer.

IV. OLD-IRISH GLOSSES.

The following glosses are from the tenth-century copy of the shorter Servian commentary on the Bucolics and Georgics preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale, and marked MS. lat. 7960. The text and glosses have obviously been copied from an Irish MS. by a continental scribe, who was, of course, ignorant of the Irish language. Hence some of the glosses are so corrupt as to be unintelligible. They may perhaps be corrected by comparison with the glosses in a MS. at Florence (Laurent. plut. 45, cod. 14), which seems to be derived from the same source as the Paris MS. See *Rheinisches Museum*, Neue Folge, xv. 133, where G. Thilo prints six of these glosses, reprinted by Zimmer in p. 5 of the Supplement to his *Glossae Hibernicae* (Berlin, 1881).

MS. lat. 7960.

Fo. 3^a, l. 9, dumosa .i. drisidi.§

l. 31, cicades cailig [leg. cicadis cailig, and cf. Welsh *ceiliog rhedyn*.]

5^a, last line, fraga .i. subi.||

6^b, l. 4, flauescet blifithir [leg. bláfithir].

8^a, l. 19, ansa .i. dorn.

l. 22, moris .i. merib [leg. smérib].

frontem .i. grode. tempora a aru [leg. aracha].

* Does this mean (nomen) de sono (factum)? The following gloss, in which the word *bosonorio* is obscure to me, occurs in the margin: .i. ubi immolabant diis suis boues .i. bosonorio [= bosonorio, Reg. 691, fo. 51^b] quia boo fit .i. ubi poete laudes regibus l. praefatos cauebant.

† Perhaps *stristil*, but cf. O.Ir. *scrissid* (gl. ratorium), ML. 72^b 8.

‡ The s and the right half of the n are cut off; cf. Mid. Br. *balance*.

§ Derived from *dris* (gl. dumus).

|| Cf. W. *syff* "strawberry."

- Fo. 8^b, l. 34, alnos i. *ferna*.
 9^a, l. 1, apio i. *luib serbh*.
 l. 17, arguta i. *dresactach* i. pro sonanti
 uento.
 l. 18, arcades i. *sulbari*.
 l. 23, examina i. *saithe*.^{*}
 9^b, l. 10, rusco i. *aittun*; 17^a, l. 11, rusco i.
aittin. [Read in both places
aittun, and cf. W. *eithen*
 "furze"].
 muscosi i. *coen* [leg. *coenaig*].
 l. 12, turgent i. *astoid* [leg. *attait*].[†]
 l. 13, tede i. *cuindia* [leg. *taedae* i.
cuindle].
 l. 21, fraxinus *umnus* [leg. *umnus*] †
pinus oetgag . habies *oetgach*
as ardu alailiu . populus i.
fid.
 10^b, bacula i. *bonat* [leg. *bucula* i.
bónat].
 corripuit i. *adrech*.
 11^b, l. 8, subulei i. *muicbi* [leg. *muccidi*].
 l. 12, ferulas i. *flesca*.
 bacis i. *ciraib* [leg. *baccis* i. *cai-*
raib].
 nenabor i. *adcichlus*.[§]
 spicula i. *fogan* || l. *gaan*.
 13^a, ua[c]eina i. *niolo pu[r]poreae* l.
subi l. *certe* [leg. *caera*] *derce*
[f]roich.
 13^b, l. 16, pruna i. *airni draigin*.
 14^a, l. 21, stipula i. *cuissen*.
 15^a, bachare i. *bo ob bethin* [leg. *boo-*
bethiu].
 15^b, l. 27, viola i. *fobuirge* [leg. *sobairge*].[¶]
 paliurus i. *gle elge* [leg. *geldely*
 "whitethorn"].
 calat[h]is i. *cathalaib*.

The following two glosses quoted by Thilo I did not find in the Paris MS. He doubtless took them from the Laurentian: *arista broth vitta snathae*. Here *broth* may be cognate with *Lat. frutex*, while *snathae* [leg. *snithe* = Corn. *snod*] is certainly related to *neo, véa, vñas, vñua*. A trace of the initials of the root is in *εὐνη* (from *ἐ-σνη*) *nebat*. See Curtius G.E. 5, No. 436.

WHITLEY STOKES.

TUNIP AND THE LAND OF NAHARINA.

Bentcliffe, Eccles : Dec. 29, 1890.

In the Egyptian accounts of the wars of the kings of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties against the Khita, mention is several times made of a town Tunip, whose exact locality is a puzzle. Wiedemann in more than one place says it was near Damascus. Brugsch, on the other hand, identifies it with Daphne, close to Antioch. I cannot think that either of these sites, which are a considerable distance apart, satisfies the conditions of the problem.

In the friezes preserving a version of the epic story describing Rameses II.'s battle at Kadesh, a town which is admitted to have been situated on some enlargement of the Orontes, and probably on the lake of Homs, the two spies are made to tell Rameses that the king of the Khita had withdrawn from Kadesh, and was then "in the land of Khilibu [*i.e.* Aleppo] to the north of Tunip."

It seems to me that this phrase necessitates our putting Tunip somewhere between Kadesh and Aleppo. Now it is a curious fact that, in the inscriptions describing the campaigns of this period, I cannot find the name of Hamath at all; and it seems to me that

Tunip was in all probability the Khita name of Hamath, where several inscriptions have occurred proving it to have been a seat of Khita power. This identification would satisfy, I believe, all the conditions necessitated by both the Egyptian and the Assyrian texts where the name Tunip occurs.

This is not all. Tunip in one place is called "Tunip in the land of Naharina." It has been usual to identify the Naharina of the Egyptian texts with the Mesopotamia between the Tigris and the Euphrates. I believe this to be an entire mistake. Naharina is no doubt the Naharain of the Old Testament, and means the land of the rivers; but the rivers which bounded it were not the Euphrates and the Tigris, but the Euphrates and the Orontes. Brugsch reports that a learned traveller, a friend of his, informed him that the Arabs are still accustomed to call the fertile country to the west of Damascus which is watered by many rivers by the very same name of Naharain (Brugsch, *History of Egypt*, i. 292).

The name was in fact generic; but I have no doubt that the Egyptians applied it themselves specifically to the country (of which Tunip was the capital) bounding Syria on the north and intervening between it and the proper country of the Khita.

I believe also that it is here, and not in Mesopotamia, that we must put the Aram Naharain of the Bible narrative. This clears up a difficulty. Aram Naharain was also called Padan Aram in the Bible narrative. Now in the inscriptions of Shalmaneser (900-860 B.C.) a tribe Patena is placed in the Orontes valley and the watershed separating it from the Euphrates; and these Patena have been identified as the people of Padan Aram and of Batanaea or Bashan by Rawlinson (see *Herodotus*, i. 463, and *Dictionary of the Bible*, sub voce "Aram").

The whole argument, therefore, hangs together very reasonably; and, if sustained, it enables us to clear up and to set right somewhat the geography of the country of the early Hebrew patriarchs, as well as to better understand the Egyptian texts.

HENRY H. HOWORTH.

WHY WAS THE HORSE DRIVEN BEFORE IT WAS RIDDEN?

Queen's College, Cork : Jan. 13, 1891.

If Mr. McClure's objections to my theory are only those stated in his letter, I have every hope of making him a convert. His argument is, that because the horses under chariots appear of full size on the monuments of Assyria and Egypt, the reason why men did not ride them cannot be that they were too small to carry a rider with ease. But it by no means follows that the moment the horse became sufficiently developed men would abandon the chariot, consecrated by use of generations, and employ the horse solely for riding. It would involve a great change in the weapons and mode of warfare. For instance, the Assyrians were a nation of archers, accustomed to shoot from the chariot. Take the archer from the chariot and put him on horseback, and he would be helpless. (The Parthians seem to have been almost the only people who used the bow on horseback.) The horseman, to be effective, must be armed with a strong lance (instead of mere javelins for throwing) or a long sword suited for cutting; for the short bronze swords of the ancients were only available for thrusting in close encounter. Moreover, the addition of scythes to the axles of the wheels probably prolonged the use of the chariot, as such scythe-bearing chariots became a formidable weapon when driven against bodies of footmen. Although, owing

to "villainous saltpetre," the mediaeval knights with lance in rest has long departed, lancer regiments still linger on in the armies of modern Europe, partly as a "survival," and partly because they are found useful in certain conditions of modern warfare. The horse has been able to draw the plough for many centuries, but he has not yet succeeded in dislodging the ox from his ancient office as tiller of the soil. The steam-plough, in turn, is superior to the horse-plough; but it will be long before it will supersede the latter. Changes in institutions do not go *per saltum*. First came the chariot, then we hear of "chariots and horsemen" side by side; finally, the chariot disappears, and the horseman has finally triumphed.

It is almost certain that the horse originally came from the plains of Northern Asia and Europe to the peoples of Asia Minor and Egypt. The Turko-Tataric and Indo-European races have each a common name for it, whilst the Semites (from some of whom the Egyptians borrowed their name) have no common term (Schrader, p. 261). The horse, when once in the hands of people who fed him on corn, and exercised care in the choice of their breeding studs, would rapidly develop. That such was the practice in Asia Minor is made clear from several passages in the Homeric poems—*e.g.*, the well-known description of the stallion "well fed at the manger" (*Il.*, vi. 505); and that other (*Il.*, v. 200)—where Pandarus describes his horses, which he had left at home, lest, owing to the siege, they should come short of provender at Troy, as feeding on "white barley and spelts." Whilst the curious story told (*Il.*, v. 234) of how Anchises managed to get somewhat dishonestly the breed of the horses of Troy shows to what lengths the ancient horse-breeder would go to obtain the service of a good sire for his mares.

The fact that the ass was ridden at an early period in Egypt was a good reason for their not riding the horse when they got him. If the ass was as lazy and stubborn in Egypt as he is represented in Homer (*παῖς ὄνος*, *Il.*, xi. 668), he certainly would not have been much use for war or long journeys; he might do well enough, as he still does in Egypt, for carrying elderly gentlemen, like Balaam, short distances when pace and docility for management made no difference. The Egyptians, regarding the ass as the proper beast for riding, as the ox was for ploughing, would all the more keep the noble horse (when they obtained him) for the purposes of war, the chariot being regarded as the noblest implement of warfare.

I am sorry to have drawn down the ire of Prof. Max Müller by omitting to mention *l'île Veda*, v. 62 (which is relegated by Grassman to the limbo of his appendix as of late date), quoted in the note to Schrader (*E. T.*, p. 262), as well as the reference there given to Prof. Max Müller's *Biographies of Words*. However, as he affixes his *imprimatur* to my general statements, my position remains secure.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

Hampstead : Jan. 12, 1891.

With reference to Mr. McClure's letter in the ACADEMY of January 10, it should be remembered that "the relatively small size of the Greek horses on the frieze of the Parthenon" is due not only "to the desire of the sculptor to give greater prominence to his heroes than to his animal forms," but also to his desire to keep the heads of the riders at the same level as the heads of the men on foot, thus avoiding blank spaces in the upper part of the frieze. This principle of "isokephalism" runs through the various stages of Greek art, and in earlier work often involves absurd disproportion, as in the Assos frieze.

* Pl. of *saithe* = W. *haid*.

† The act. b. fut. sg. 3 of this verb occurs in the Bible, Numbers vi. 27: *atfaihd* a *bolg*.

‡ = *huinnus*, Sg. 67^a 11.

§ Redupl. s. fut. sg. 1 of *adclaidim*.

¶ O.Br. *gungoion* (gl. *spiculis* i. *telis*), Regium 296, fo. 38^a.

¶ Cf. *barr bairche*, L.U. p. 131, l. 30.

As to the main question, it was no doubt easier to learn driving than riding, and on horseback a chief could not carry his heavy defensive armour. At the same time, the horse may have improved as much through selection, greater comfort, and better food, as (according to Prof. Rolleston) women have improved in physique relatively to men since the days of the long-barrow people.

TALFOURD ELY.

ODYSSEUS AND THE CYCLOPS.

London: Jan. 12, 1891.

It appears that I have myself to defend now, Homer's position being admitted to be unassailable. I have verified my own references, as I am fairly challenged to do, and find that I have verified my previous inferences also. In Mr. A. Lang's paragraph, which I cited, I find, as I found before, that he wrote with respect to the adventure of Ulysses with the Cyclops: "his conduct was out of character indeed"; and that he agrees to the possibility that Homer, in the interest of his plot, was capable of making "Ulysses inconsistent, with his eyes open and knowingly."

These were the propositions I challenged, and how is my challenge responded to? Mr. Lang now turns round upon himself—a creditable course enough when avowedly due to standing corrected—and writes: "I do not think Odysseus inconsistent"—"I do not myself think this [the taunt of the Cyclops] out of character in a man of spirit." Well and good; Homer may accept the palinode so far, but has still a right to grumble at what is taken back with the left hand in the qualification, "even if he was inconsistent, his conduct was necessary to the story."

As to the subject—I will not say the question—of the unity of each poem as a most artful composition, and the essential interdependence of the pair, I do not think that any illustration of importance has been added to what Col. Mure gave in detail long ago; nor do I believe that the *Cosmos* is the result of a fortuitous concurrence of atoms uniform or other.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

"WIDERSHINS."

Christ's College, Cambridge: Jan. 12, 1891.

"Semasiologically," I account for the specialised meaning of "widershins" by instancing the Icelandic phrase, *Vir solar sinnis*, "contrary to the sun's course;" "phonetically," for the aspirated sibilant by seeing in the word the influence of Middle English *schin*, A.S. *scēn*, "shine," used also in the sense of "magic," e.p. *deafet-shine*, devilish magic; *Ormulum*, 8110.

Had I for one moment imagined that Mr. Jacobs actually derived this old English word from the High German *wider Schein*, I should most certainly have described his etymology as "a learned etymology." I, of course, regarded his German analogue as merely a learned corroboration of an obvious "folk-etymology," which connected the latter half of the word with the English "shine." I carefully stated this in my note: "The disguised 'westerners' has strictly no more to do with 'west' than 'widershins' has with 'shine,' though in the one case 'learned etymology,' and in the other 'folk-etymology,' has been at work."

With all due deference for one of the greatest of our English folk-loreists, I must say I am not convinced that Burd Ellen's capture by the Elf-King was the result of her going round the church "widershins." The only extant document of that eventful episode says nothing about it; the little tailor to whom we owe the Childe Rowland tradition did not attempt to satisfy his hearers as to why the lady was

captured—but he was only an "amateur" folk-loreist.

It is, however, best for me perhaps to take Mr. Jacobs's advice to heart and "beware of widershins," least the grim thing should still exercise its power of evil and change a grateful admirer of *English Fairy Tales* into a graceless and pedantic critic.

I. GOLLANZ.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, Jan. 18, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Old Slavonic Religions," by Mr. W. R. Morfill.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Woman's Ideal," by Miss M. S. Gilliland.
- MONDAY, Jan. 19, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Social Questions in the Middle Ages," by Mr. E. L. S. Horsburgh.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: Lecture on Painting, V., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Clifford's Philosophy," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare.
8 p.m. Richmond Athenaeum: "Fables and Fairy Tales," by the Rev. S. Goldney.
8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Meteorological Results of the Challenger Expedition in relation to Physical Geography," by Mr. Alexander Buchanan.
TUESDAY, Jan. 20, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," I., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
7.30 p.m. Statistical: "The Operation of the Contagious Diseases Acts, from their Introduction in 1861 to their Ultimate Repeal in 1886," by Dr. R. Lawson.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Auxiliary Engines in connexion with the Modern Marine Engine," by Mr. W. H. Allen.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Species of Earthworms of the Genus *Siphonogaster* from West Africa," by Mr. F. E. Beddard; "Anodon and *Unio*," by Mr. Oswald H. Latter; "Butterflies collected in Tropical South-western Africa by Mr. A. W. Eriksson," by Mr. Roland Trimen; "A Specimen of the White Bream (*Abramis blicca*, Bloch), without Pelvic Fins," by Mr. H. H. Brindley.
- WEDNESDAY, Jan. 21, 8 p.m. Microscopical: Annual Meeting; President's Address; Election of Council and Officers.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Photography in Aniline Colours," by Messrs. A. G. Green, C. F. Cross, and E. J. Bevan.
8 p.m. Geological: "*Agrasaurus Macgillivrayi* (Seeley), a Saurischian Reptile from the N.E. Coast of Australia," and "*Sauroides Robertsoni*, a Crocodilian Reptile from the Trias of Linkfield in Elgin," by Prof. H. G. Seeley; "The Age, Formation, and successive Drift-Stages of the Valley of the Darent, with Remarks on the Palaeolithic Implements of the district, and on the Origin of the Chalk Escarpment," by Prof. J. Prestwich.
8 p.m. Cymrodorion: "Celtic Ornament," with Illustrations, by Mr. T. H. Thomas.
- THURSDAY, Jan. 22, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Little Manx Nation," I., by Mr. Hall Caine.
6 p.m. London Institution: "Animal Life on a Coral Reef," by Mr. Sydney J. Hickson.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: Lecture on Painting, VI., by Mr. J. E. Hodgson.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Hall-marking of Silver Plate, with special Reference to India," by Mr. E. J. Watherston.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Distribution of Electricity, with special Reference to the Chelsea System," by Gen. C. E. Webber.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
- FRIDAY, Jan. 23, 8 p.m. Philological: "A Dictionary Evening," by Dr. J. A. H. Murray.
8 p.m. London Amateur Scientific Society: "Fruits, their Classification and Terminology," by Prof. Boulger.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Applications of Photography," by Lord Rayleigh.
- SATURDAY, Jan. 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Pre-Greek Schools of Art," I., by Mr. W. M. Conway.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

THE ORIGIN OF THE MEDIAN EMPIRE.

Medien und das Haus des Kyaxares. By J. V. Prásek. (Berlin: Calvary.)

EVER since the discovery of the cuneiform inscriptions of Nabonidos and Kyros, which have cast so new and unexpected a light on the rise of the Persian Empire, an active discussion has been going on between those who would unreservedly follow the statements of these contemporaneous documents and those who would harmonise them with the accounts left us by the Greek authors. The history of the Median empire and the invasion of Western Asia by the Skyths have especially attracted the attention of scholars. The Medes, indeed, have formed the subject of a learned monograph by M.

Delattre. Unfortunately, the want of critical judgment the latter has shown in estimating his authorities led him to more than one unacceptable conclusion. It has, however, induced Dr. Prásek to publish a book which is full of original views and critical acumen, and which I warmly recommend to the notice of historians.

Dr. Prásek begins by an analysis of the sources of the Median history found in the pages of Herodotos. He shows that the narrative in I. 95-104, 106-122, forms a single whole, divided into two parts by the story of the Skythian invasion, which has been derived "partly from the tradition of the temple of Ashkelon, partly from a North Pontine source." The author of the narrative was not acquainted with Media, and his description of Ebbatana is therefore incorrect. His comparison of the Median capital with Athens (I. 98) points to his Greek or Graeco-Lyidian origin, a conclusion which is confirmed by the use he makes of the spurious Delphic oracles about Kroesos and Kyros. His information, however, was derived from Median sources, as is indicated by his partiality for the Medes, and by the leading position assigned to Harpagos. When we remember that Asia Minor was conquered by Harpagos, it is natural to infer that the ultimate source of the narrative is to be sought in the family traditions of the Median general.

A second narrative is given by Herodotos in chaps. 123-130, which is inconsistent with the first. It is clearly of Persian derivation, and is unfavourable to the Medes. The relationship of Kyros to the Median King is unknown to it; Harpagos figures as an insolent traitor; and Astyagès, instead of being an old man, is in the prime of life. But we may gather from the earlier portion of it that, although in its present form it has come to Herodotos through Persian hands, it contains "a valuable relic of Median popular tradition." Just as in the first narrative the traditions of the family of Harpagos have been coloured by a Greek of Lydia, so in the second narrative we have a Median tradition which has received a Persian colouring.

Dr. Prásek passes a very just judgment upon the rival of Herodotos, Ktésias. As he remarks, the long sojourn of the Knidian physician at the Persian court must have made him well acquainted with Persian, and so able to make full use of the royal archives, as he claims to have done. But he lacked critical capacity, and was biassed by his jealousy of Herodotos. It must be remembered, however, in fairness to Ktésias, that fragments only of his work remain, and that even these fragments are sometimes of doubtful authenticity.

The greater part of Dr. Prásek's book is naturally devoted to the materials furnished us by the cuneiform inscriptions. Here I am compelled to dissent from his conclusions in more than one particular. I doubt the identification of Pasargada with Anzan, the city and country over which Kyros and his immediate ancestors ruled. The Babylonian inscriptions prove that Anzan was not far from the frontiers of Chaldaea, and the recent attempt of Dr. Winckler to disprove the evidence of the Susian inscriptions in

regard to its position and character is founded on a mistake. The Susian kings, not only at Susa, but also at Bushire in the south of their dominions, call themselves "ruler(s) of Anzan, Susian(s)." Dr. Winckler maintains that in this title the word Anzan does not denote a district, but has some general signification, like that of "plain," since it is not preceded by the determinative of "country." It is, however, only where the determinative is omitted before *Susunga*, "Susian," that it is omitted before Anzan; where it precedes the word *Susunga*, as on the bricks of Silkhak, it also precedes the word Anzan. If, therefore, "Susa" is a geographical name, Anzan must be one too; and the title shows plainly that the Assyrian scribe was right when he tells us in a tablet that Anzan or Ansan was synonymous with Elam. Elam is, of course, used here in a general sense, and is not to be confined to Susa and its immediate neighbourhood. Sir Henry Rawlinson has long ago pointed out that the site of the city of Anzan should be sought in the vicinity of Shuster, since Assan, according to Ibn en-Nadim, was a district of Shuster.

There is another point on which Dr. Prášek and myself are at variance. The tablets relating to the invasion of Assyria by Kastarit of Kar-Kassi, the Gimirra or Kimmerians, the Medes and the Minni, which I first brought to light in 1877, belong, I believe, to the closing days of the Assyrian Empire, and not, as Dr. Prášek assumes, to the reign of Esarhaddon, the son of Sennacherib. The enemy overthrown by this Esarhaddon consisted of the Kimmerians alone; and their leader was Touspa, not Kastarit. The war with the Medes was a later and separate event; and it was the Assyrian king and not the Medes that was the aggressor. The Medes, moreover, were at that time under the government of more than one chief, neither of whom bore the name of Mamitarsu, the sole leader of the Medes according to the tablets which I have published. I must, therefore, adhere to my original conclusion that these tablets belong to the latest period of Assyrian history, and that the Assyrian king Esarhaddon whom they record was a descendant of Esarhaddon I. The conclusion is confirmed by a curious tablet (*W. A. I. III. 16, 2*), the historical significance of which has been indicated by M. Amiaud. Here we have an "Esarhaddon king of Assyria" who seems to have reigned after Assur-etil-ilani-yukinni, the son and successor of Assur-bani-pal.

The close of Assyrian history is still shrouded in obscurity. We now know that Assur-etil-ilani-yukinni was acknowledged as king in Northern Babylonia as late as the fourth year of his reign, and consequently that the revolt of that country from Assyria could not have taken place immediately after the death of Assur-bani-pal. We also know that Sin-sar-iskun corresponds to Sarakos, the last king of Assyria according to the Greek writers. A tablet (*K. 195*) further makes us acquainted with a certain Sin-iddina-pal, whose name reminds us of the Greek Sardanapallos, and who was raised to the government by his father, Esar-haddon, "king of Assyria." As the tablet is of the same peculiar style as those

which relate to the invasion of Kastarit, it must belong to the age of Esar-haddon II. We shall, therefore, have to find room for the four following princes between the death of Assur-bani-pal and the fall of Nineveh: Assur-etil-ilani-yukinni, Esar-haddon II., Sin-iddina-pal, and Sin-sar-iskun.

Kastarit, I still believe, must be the Kyaxarés of the Greeks. The two names agree phonetically. At all events, Kyaxarés cannot be represented by the Uvakhshatara of the Belistun inscription, as this is phonetically impossible. On the other hand, Kastarit is identical with Khshathrita, the Persian form of the name assumed by the pretender who in the time of Darius claimed to be "king in Media." But it must be remembered that Kyaxarés was reputed to have been the predecessor of Astyagés, and Astyagés was king of the Manda, or "nomads," not of the Medes. How came the Medes to take the place of the Manda?

A. H. SAYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SANSKRIT PLAYS PRESERVED AS INSCRIPTIONS.

Göttingen: Jan. 3, 1891.

Sanskrit scholars will be interested to learn that among the papers of General Sir A. Cunningham, sent to me by Mr. Fleet, I have found rubbings of two unique stone inscriptions, the originals of which are at the famous Arhai-din-kā Jhonpra at Ajmere, in Rājputānā. For these inscriptions contain large portions of two unknown plays, by the King Vigharā-jadeva, of Sākambhari, whose Delhi Siwalik pillar inscriptions I re-edited last year in the *Indian Antiquary*. A full account of the inscriptions, together with the texts thus discovered, will be published in the same journal. Here I would only state that one of the inscriptions gives a large part of the fifth act of a play called "Harakeli-nātaka," in which the royal author has evidently followed Bhāravi's "Kīrātārjunīya"; and the other, the end of the third act and a large portion of the fourth act of another play, which has reference to Vigharājadeva's wars with the Muhammadan invaders of India. It is clear that the king had both plays carefully engraved and put up in public; and I venture to hope that we shall soon hear from India of the existence of more stones with other portions of the same plays.

F. KIELHORN.

THE BABYLONIAN LEGEND OF ETANA.

Leipzig University: Dec. 23, 1890.

During my visit to the British Museum last October, with the kind assistance of Mr. Pinches, I collected and copied many fragments of Babylonian legends, among them considerable portions of the Etana series, which is mentioned in the list of legends S. 699, next after that of Gilgames (the true reading, according to Mr. Pinches's discovery, of the name of Gisdhubar). I recognised among the fragments the Greek myth of Ganyasde; and Mr. Pinches directed my attention to the engraving on the Babylonian cylinder, No. 18 of Sir Henry Peek's collection of cylinders, which we at once decided to belong to the same legend. Mr. A. H. Sayce has since then connected the name Gilgames with the Gilgames of the Babylonian legend referred to by Aelian (*Hist. Anim.* xii. 21); and Dr. William Hayes Ward, in the *ACADEMY* of Dec. 18, connects this story with the picture on the cylinder. It may be of interest, therefore, to

publish the translation of some fragments of the Etana legend before I have completed the study of them.

I give a literal translation of the more connected portions of the legend, so far as I at present comprehend their contents:

The serpent on [his arrival said to Samas]
I will give the account
Against the eagle [I complain (?)]
Now my nest [he has robbed]
My nest is broken up
My young are destroyed,
He came down, he ate
The punishment which he has put upon me do thou
O Samas [repay]
Surround (?) O Samas with thy net the earth
With thy snare the heaven [compass]
Who can escape out of thy net?
Even the evil-doer, the storm-bird, the lifter up of
the wicked head [did not escape (?)]
Samas the complaint of the serpent [heard]
Samas opened his mouth and addressed the
serpent.
Go the road, push forward to the mountain
Let the carcass of a wild ox cover you,
Open its inside, slit up its stomach.
Take up your abode in its stomach.
All the birds of heaven will come down,
The eagle among them will come.
The bait (?) of flesh he will perceive.
Into the hiding-place of the inside he will tear (?)
When he comes into the midst
Do thou catch him by the wings,
Cut off his wings, his pinions, and his claws.
Tear him and throw him down in an out-of-the-
way place (?)
Let him die a death from hunger and thirst,
According to the bidding of Samas the hero.
The serpent went, pushed forward to the mountain.
The serpent arrived at the carcass of the wild ox.
He opened his inside and slit up his stomach.
His abode he took up in his stomach.
All the birds of heaven fly down to eat the flesh.
The eagle the mischief
With the birds of heaven he does not eat flesh.
The eagle opened his mouth and spoke to his
young—
Come, let us leave and not trouble ourselves about
the flesh of this wild ox.
A young eaglet with extreme keenness of mind
. . . . A word spake
. . . . In the flesh of this wild ox a serpent lies
hid.
. . . . A word speaks.
The reverse of this tablet, after many lines are
lost, contains a prayer for a son.
My offerings are finished. . . .
My sacrificial lambs to the satisfaction of the gods
are complete.
O! Lord, let the command go forth from thy
mouth,
And give me the plant that assists bearing.
Show me the plant that assists bearing; take away
my and grant me a son.
Samas opened his mouth and spoke to Etana
Go the road, push forward to the mountain.

The largest tablet contains the ride of Etana to heaven on the back of an eagle. After some broken lines it reads:

The throne fell over
Under the throne
I came
I was frightened, I trembled sore
The eagle to him to Etana speaks.
My friend cheer up
Come, I will carry you to heaven.
Upon my breast place your breast;
In the feathers of my wings fasten your hands.
Upon my side place your side.
Upon his breast he placed his breast.
In the feathers of his wings he fastened his hands.
Upon his side he placed his side.
He was large and the weight was great.
One two hours' distance he takes him up.
The eagle to him to Etana speaks,
Look, my friend, how the land is.
See the sea; its boundaries are vast (?)
Here the land is described as a mountain sur-
rounded with water, and then follow two more

stages of the journey, each introduced in the same manner. After the third stage we read:

See, my friend, how the land is.
The sea has changed to a gardener's ditch.
When they came to the heaven of Anu,
Into the regions of Anu Bel and Ea
The eagle and Etana together

Many lines are here missing, but the journey continues on the reverse of the tablet:

The eagle, the bird
It is not
Come, my friend, I will carry you
With Istar the Queen [you will be?]
At the home of Istar the Queen
Upon my side place your side.

The description is completed as before, and the stages of the journey follow. After the first, the land looks like a yard; after the second, like a garden-bed; and, finally, the vast sea is so small that no plant could satisfy itself with it. Then follows:

My friend, go no higher to heaven.
Retrace the course
One two hours' distance he retraced the course (?)
The eagle plunged down and there met him

This is repeated for the three stages of their fall, and the tablet breaks off.

The last fragment I shall mention appears to contain an apotheosis of Etana, but there are no complete lines. It begins:

And the gods founded [for him a sanctuary]
. . . . exalted, exalted
Before him the gods lay down
May they place his dwelling
May he be their shepherd
May Etana be their
A sceptre
In the seventh place came the spirits of earth
And held a council
May the lands

Further down it reads:

At that time
And a sceptre of lapis lazuli stone
Embracing the regions of the world

The last word of this tablet is, "he exalted him." And the first line of the next tablet, "The eagle opened his mouth and spoke to Samas his lord."

As will be seen, the fragments begin with a complaint of the serpent to Samas concerning the eagle who has torn up his nest and eaten his young. He begs Samas to catch the eagle for him; but Samas suggests to him a plan by which he can catch the bird himself. He directs the serpent to go to the mountain, find the carcass of a wild ox, and set a bait for the bird. He is then to crawl into the stomach of the ox and wait for the eagle. When the birds, attracted by the flesh, gather around, he is to catch the eagle, cut off his wings and claws, and leave him to his fate. The serpent carries out these directions to the letter; but the eagle seems to suspect something, and admonishes his young birds to avoid that carcass. One young eaglet is especially sharp-sighted, and suggests that a snake lies hidden there. As so often happens, the tablet breaks off in the most interesting part, and we are left in the dark as to whether the cunningly-laid scheme was a success or not.

The prayer for a son is addressed by Etana to Samas. The word omitted in the last line reads *piltu*, but its meaning is unknown to me.

The account of Etana's ride on the eagle begins with an address of Etana to the eagle, in which he tells of confusion and fright. The eagle cheers him up, and requests him to take a ride to heaven, and tells him to nestle closely on his back and hold fast. Etana is heavy; but the eagle carries him up. The journey is divided into three stages of two hours' distance each. At each stage of the trip the eagle addresses Etana, and calls his attention to the appearance of the land and sea. The descrip-

tion is very vivid, and it is unfortunate that the ends of the lines are broken off. We have before us a literal bird's-eye view of the world as the ancient Babylonians imagined it, and a single glance teaches us much of their cosmology. At the end of the first stage upward the vast sea stretches away on all sides, and in the midst stands what they called the mountain of the earth surrounded with water. As they mount higher the picture grows smaller, till, finally, the land looks like one of the small garden-beds with the irrigating ditch around it, which were so common in old Babylon, and the vast sea appears like the encircling ditch. Some of the words used in the comparisons are obscure, but they all express the same general idea. The earth is surrounded with water as with a girdle; the vast sea is like the yard around a castle, &c.

The apotheosis tablet is much mutilated, and only suggestive words give us a clue to its contents.

There seem to be some curious points of agreement between these tablets and those of the Creation series, especially the fourth tablet. There also the god Ea, whose usual abode is in the ocean, is found dwelling above in the heaven of Anu and Bel.

It may be interesting, in conclusion, to refer to the Babylonian legend mentioned by Aelian. The outline of the story is as follows:

When Sakkharos was king of the Babylonians, the Magi predicted that the son born from his daughter would deprive his grandfather of the kingdom. To prevent this, the king shut her up in a tower; but the precautions were in vain, and she bore a son from an unknown man. The guards threw the child from the tower. An eagle perceived its fall, darted under, and received the child on its back, carried it to a garden, and laid it gently down. It was brought up by the gardener, called Gilgames, and ruled over the Babylonians.

We could easily pick out agreements between the stories. The prayer is that of the captive daughter in the tower; the frightened child falls on the back of the eagle. But such points are probably delusive. The name here is Etana not Gilgames; and Etana himself makes the prayer. Then, too, the myth of a man borne by an eagle is very widespread, though it undoubtedly lies before us in the legend of Etana in one of its most ancient forms.

All these bits give us tantalising glimpses of the riches of the old Babylonian literature. It is to be hoped that before long the rest of the legends which lie buried under the mounds will be brought to light.

EDWARD T. HARPER.

British Museum: Jan. 12, 1891.

The texts which Dr. Harper translates here are in the highest degree interesting. One cannot help thinking, however, that the Greek writer has reproduced these remarkable legends of the ancient Babylonians in a very distorted way—unless, indeed, he copied from an entirely different version.

The cylinder referred to by Dr. Harper and Dr. W. Hayes Ward (who first published a reproduction of it) will be found in the Catalogue written by me, entitled *Babylonian and Assyrian Cylinder-Seals and Signets in the Possession of Sir Henry Peck*. The man is shown (No. 18) riding astride on the bird, whose neck he holds. Beneath are two dogs looking up at them, and, to the right, a man carrying what is apparently a basket. This last is followed by a herdsman driving three goats. Above are a man carrying a rectangular object, apparently intended for a letter, and two men seated, one on each side of a large vase which stands between them. The man carrying the

rectangular object seems to be kneeling on one knee. It is not unlikely that the two upper groups are intended for distant objects, visible to the man on the bird from his elevated position. If this design be an illustration of the legend of Etana, the engraver or designer has not attempted to represent him as described on the tablet; for, according to Dr. Harper's translation, Etana was to place his breast against the eagle's breast, to fasten his hands in the feathers of the eagle's wings, and to place his side against the eagle's side. This description is not over clear, but it seems certain that the writer of the legend thought that Etana hung on to the bird rather than rode astride on its back. This difference may, however, be due to a variation in the legend.

THEO. G. PINCHES.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE medals and funds to be given at the anniversary meeting of the Geological Society of London on February 20, have been awarded by the council as follows:—The Wollaston Medal to Prof. J. W. Judd; The Murchison Medal to Prof. W. C. Brogger, of Christiania; the Lyell Medal to Prof. T. McKenny Hughes; and the Bigsby Medal to Dr. G. M. Dawson; the balance of the Wollaston Fund to Mr. R. Lydekker; that of the Murchison Fund to Mr. R. Baron; and portions of the Lyell Fund to Messrs. C. J. Forsyth Major and G. W. Lamplugh.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE meeting of the Philological Society on Friday next, January 23, will be a "Dictionary evening," when Dr. J. A. H. Murray has promised to come from Oxford and report on the progress of his great undertaking. His coadjutor, Mr. Henry Bradley, happens to be president of the society for the current year.

M. JULES OPPERT has been elected president of the Académie des Inscriptions for the current year; and Prof. Kern of Leyden, Prof. Wattenbach of Berlin, and Prof. Schuchardt of Göttingen, have been elected foreign correspondents.

MR. SAYCE'S little book on the Hittite Empire has been translated into French, with a preface and appendices by M. J. Menant, and published as a volume in the "Bibliothèque de Vulgarisation" of the Musée Guimet.

COURT PUBLISHER Friedrich, of Leipzig, is about to issue a pamphlet by Prof. Carl Abel, entitled *Offener Brief an Professor Gustav Meyer*, discussing controversial points connected with the question of Egypto-Aryan linguistic affinity and Indogermanic etymology.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Dec. 9.)

FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., vice-president, in the chair. —A paper on "An Apparent Paradox in Mental Evolution," by the Hon. Lady Welby, was read. —Mr. Francis Galton exhibited a large number of impressions of the bulbs of the thumb and fingers of human hands, showing the curves of the papillary ridges on the skin. These impressions are an unfailing mark of the identity of a person, since they do not vary from youth to age, and are different in different individuals. There is a statement that the Chinese—who seem to be credited with every new discovery—had used thumb-impressions as proofs of identity for a long time; but Mr. Galton pronounced it to be an egregious error. Impressions of the thumb formed, indeed, a kind of oath or signature among the Chinese, but nothing more. Sir W. J. Herschell, however, when in the Bengal Civil Service, introduced the practice of imprinting finger-marks as a check on personation. Mr. Galton's impressions were taken from more than 2000 persons, by spreading a thin film of printers'

ink on a plate of glass; then pressing the thumb or finger carefully on the plate to ink the papillary ridges, and afterwards printing the latter on a sheet of white paper. Typical forms can be discerned and traced, of which the individual forms are mere varieties. Wide departures from the typical form are very rare.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Jan. 5.)

S. H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—The Rev. Thomas B. Strong read a paper on "Dr. Martineau's *Seat of Authority* and *Lux Mundi* compared." The point of contact in the two books lies in the theory of authority expressed or involved in them. Dr. Martineau's theory is that of pure individualism—the soul receives revelation immediately through the moral sense. It is constructive, aiming at describing the impact of Revelation upon the soul. The theory of the authors of *Lux Mundi* starts with faith as a primary quality, at any rate, for religion. The authority of the Creeds lies in their being exact expressions of facts, which are apprehended by faith; thus authority is in their substance rather than in their form. This position rests upon a philosophy of being, summed up in the phrase, "reason cannot prove existence," and, therefore, is chiefly dependent upon historical evidence.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Jan. 9.)

R. E. ALLARDICE, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. John McCowan, of University College, Dundee, read a paper on the heating of conductors by electric currents and the electric distribution in conductors so heated; and Mr. J. D. Hamilton Dickson, of Peterhouse, Cambridge, discussed the solution of a certain algebraic equation.

FINE ART.

My Life. By T. Sidney Cooper, R.A. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

Mr. COOPER's autobiography will be read with somewhat mixed feelings, at least by those who are alive to any marked want of delicacy and good taste in works of this sort. For one thing, a full and authentic record of the career of so distinguished a painter could hardly be without interest, especially as he affords an instance of genius developing itself under extremely unfavourable conditions, and as he has had a close acquaintance with many of the principal artists of the last fifty or sixty years. On the other hand, his volumes have a fault from which nine-tenths of the personal memoirs produced in recent times are commendably free. He is outspoken where a little tact and kindness of heart might have counselled him to be silent. His piety, of which we are often reminded by fervent ejaculations of thankfulness to Providence for his gifts and success in the world, is decidedly more conspicuous than his charity. He has an unamiable weakness for drawing the frailties of his friends from their dread abode. He shows but slight respect for the good name of the dead or the susceptibilities of the living. Perhaps the most repelling example of this is to be found in his treatment of Sir Edwin Landseer, who, as he indirectly shows, had many claims to his gratitude, esteem, and even affection. It is known to a few that the painter of "The Shepherd's Chief Mourner" was afflicted in his later years with dementia, accompanied by a terrible craving for stimulants. Mr. Cooper, while professing to hold him in

"sincere" regard, does not shrink from exposing him to contemptuous pity:

"It was near Carshalton that he lived, and we went down together on a Sunday. I was indeed shocked when I saw him so changed. He was always crying out for more drink, and was to all appearance half out of his mind. He said to me, 'Oh, Cooper, you do not know how ill I have been and still am! And they don't care anything about me: they leave me alone and do nothing to help me; they will not even give me anything to drink when I am dying of thirst.' I tried to console him, but it was of no use. He did not seem to understand what I said. . . . The whole place was in dire disorder—beer and porter bottles, dishes, pipes, cigars, newspapers strewn about the room; but no Bible, nothing to calm his mind or to lead him to think about death and eternity. How I desired to draw their attention to this, and to try if poor Sir Edwin could not be persuaded to think of his soul and of his God! . . .

He was walking about more than half boozey, his nose of a purple brown colour, and looking altogether repulsive, like all men who are habitually intoxicated."

Samuel Cousins, too, is exhibited lying in a drunken state on the floor of the Star and Garter, Richmond, after a dinner there. But, Mr. Cooper adds, "it is not a habit with him; I never heard of his again indulging in excess, and he lived to a good old age." It does not seem to have occurred to Mr. Cooper that this is an aggravation of his offence against decency in mentioning the incident at all. He is also careful to inform us that an eminent country banker (one of his earliest patrons) abruptly left a dinner table soon after the removal of the cloth, having drunk what an inquisitive guest ascertained to be the larger portion of a bottle of brandy; and that Douglas Jerrold, becoming "quite helpless" after a convivial gathering, was sent home in a cab, with a card bearing his name and address tied to his neck. In fact, for chronicling instances of insobriety among his associates Mr. Cooper has a craze which the tenderest memories are apparently unable to check.

It is a relief to turn from matters like these to the account he gives us of his long and busy life. Of humble parentage, he was born at Canterbury in the autumn of 1803. In his early years he became familiar with poverty in almost its direst aspect. The elder Cooper deserted his wife, leaving her to support herself and five young children as best she might. By dint of sheer hard work she just managed to keep their heads above water, though all the necessities of existence were then at famine price. In such circumstances the future painter could receive only a meagre education, but a sense of his deficiencies induced him to make up for them in part by self-teaching. He soon took a fancy to drawing, and in default of paper and pencils, which he could not afford to buy, would make sketches upon his school slate. Canterbury cathedral, he tells us, was his invariable model. His mother, satisfied that he would never earn his bread in this way, urged him to pursue a trade; and eventually, as a sort of compromise, he went to a coachbuilder's in the place to help in painting panels. Provided with pencils and paper, he produced more sketches of the Great Church, for one of which the Archbishop gave him £5.

Subsequently he painted scenery in a few Kentish theatres, meeting Edmund Kean, Elliston, and other histrionic celebrities. He next accepted an invitation to stay with some relatives in London, and, thanks to nothing but his own ability and energy, was admitted a student of the Royal Academy. "You draw correctly," said Fuseli to the young artist, tapping him on the head; "you will do something." His friends not being able to keep him long, he sat up as a drawing master, first at Canterbury, where he was beginning to be known, and then at Brussels, where he married Miss Pearson, daughter of a learned mathematician. It is worthy of note that he did not admire Paul Potter's famous "Bull" without a good deal of reserve. The Belgian revolution, which occurred a few months later, necessarily brought his affairs to a sad condition, and he returned with his wife to London. For a year or two he found it no easy matter to obtain a livelihood; but his "Landscape and Cattle," exhibited at the Suffolk Street Gallery in 1833, at once placed him on the high road to distinction. For this task he had fortified himself by careful studies of the animals in Smithfield, Regent's Park, and elsewhere. *The Times* said that there were parts of the picture which might "challenge comparison with the works of some of those who were acknowledged to be the best living painters." His first picture at the Academy was the "Study for a Farm near Canterbury," now in the Vernon collection at the National Gallery. From the day it appeared his path was strewn with roses; the *cognoscenti* treated him as another Cuyp, and in the fulness of time he became an Academician.

On one of his recollections he may be pardoned for dwelling at some length. The Queen asked him to go to Osborne to paint a picture of a cow which had been sent to her from Guernsey. Before the work was finished, the Prince Consort induced him to give her a sight of it.

"As soon as the Queen saw my picture she exclaimed, 'Oh yes, that is my Buffie.' That was the name she had given to the cow on account of its having a very largely developed 'dewlap,' and being considered in that respect to resemble a buffalo; or rather, I should say, that was the pet name given to the animal by the Queen, its proper name being the 'Victoria.' So much interest did Her Majesty manifest in the picture that I held it for fully a quarter of an hour while she was examining all the different points and making most intelligent and pertinent remarks as to the execution of the work. I have painted for many persons of distinction, but I never came across anyone who showed a more comprehensive appreciation of artistic excellence generally, or a more perfect and simple reliance upon my powers than in this particular instance as to the execution of the work. . . . The Prince suddenly said, 'How about those dock leaves that you are introducing into the foreground, Mr. Cooper?' I answered, 'The privilege of my branch of art, your royal highness, is to take advantage of objects of still life, to assist the composition of a work, and for pictorial combination; and such accessories as dock leaves are considered allowable to avoid the monotony as much as possible of grass and earth.' 'Well,' said the Prince jocosely, 'they are beautifully painted, and doubtless assist the composition; but they do not give evidence of good farming.' Her

Majesty smiled appreciatively, and, shaking her finger at the Prince, said, 'How about the little pool of water in which the heifer's hind legs are standing?' 'Oh,' said his royal highness, laughing, 'I think it is a beautiful artistic idea, and gives a stamp of nature to the scene.' 'Yes, Albert,' said the Queen, 'and I like its introduction much; but it is not evidence of good draining.' Upon this they both laughed heartily, and I confess I could not help joining in myself. I could see then, and afterwards heard as a fact, that Her Majesty was very fond of farming, and that the Prince was endeavouring to make a complete work of the drainage throughout the whole estate."

More than once does Turner appear before us in these pages. Here, for example, is a sketch of his strangely squalid home at the height of his power and prosperity:

"I called upon Turner at his house in Queen Anne-street, and a dirty-looking house it was. There was no evidence of its having been painted for a great many years. I knocked and knocked again, when at last the door was opened by a most frightful looking creature—a short woman, with a very large head, wearing a dirty white gown, and with a ragged dirty thing tied round her head and throat, making her already large head twice its natural size. She looked just like those ogres one sees in the pantomime before the transformation scene, and was altogether a most appalling vision. I told her that I wished to see Mr. Turner if he was within. She said he was in, but she did not think he would see anyone. 'But I will go and see if he will,' she added, and showed me into a small room by the entrance, where she left me. I shall never forget the damp, dirty smell of the inside of the house. It was dreadful—as if it had never been washed or cleaned, or even dusted; and I am sure no window was ever opened to let in any fresh air. The atmosphere was quite sickening. However, Turner did come in to see me."

In connexion with "A Mountain Group," painted in 1846, we have the following anecdote:

"On the varnishing day, when I went to the rooms to touch up my picture, I found it hung next to one of Stanfield's. He came in shortly; and, after looking carefully at my work, he advised me to lower the tone of the ground upon which a group of sheep were lying, as he thought the whole was too much the same colour. I felt that his suggestion was a good one, and was acting upon it when Turner came by, who, having just entered the rooms, was taking a look round before beginning his own work. He had four pictures in the Academy that year, and was continually passing us as he went from one to the other. Some of his work was, as usual, only just rubbed in; and it was a common practice of his, when he saw how his pictures were placed, to paint first a little on one, then on another, and so on till all were finished to his satisfaction. On the second day, when passing us, palette in hand, and while I was still engaged on my picture, he stopped to look at it, and then, saying 'Put it out; it destroys the breadth,' he put a dot of colour over the part on which I had been painting and then walked away again. Stanfield saw him do it as well as myself, and immediately said, 'Don't you touch it again; he has done in one moment all that it wanted.' So I left it; and when Turner passed again, I went up to him and thanked him, showing by my manner that I meant it; whereupon he nodded, and gave a sort of grunt, but vouchsafed never a word."

Gillott, the dealer, no sooner heard of this

"touch" than he bought the picture at the painter's own price.

Many interesting reminiscences of other masters of the pencil are to be found in Mr. Cooper's book. With Landseer, as we have seen, he became rather intimate:

"Independently of his talent and very high reputation as a painter, he was an extremely clever man, and distinguished himself in a variety of ways. He had a great store of anecdotes, which he was fond of relating; and he was altogether a most agreeable member of society, and much sought after in the highest circles. My friendship for him was sincere, and we frequently met. He dined several times with us, and was always cheerful and courteous; drank but little wine, and after dinner, in winter, he would sit by the fireside with a cigar, entertaining my daughters with stories of fun and venture. This was while they were still quite young. On one occasion he kept them in attention and amusement by describing deer-stalking—a sport to which he was very devoted, and in which he was a great adept. . . . Little did I think in those days in what a shocking manner his life was to end."

Little, too, could Sir Edwin have thought of what was to be done for his memory by this very friend. Maclise's modesty is rather happily illustrated. He had finished "The Sleep of Duncan"; and Mr. Cooper, who was on the hanging committee, rightly gave it the place of honour in the exhibition. When Maclise saw this—

"he was quite vexed with us, and told us that he particularly disliked his picture being hung in that position. 'I don't want it there, my dear Cooper,' he said; 'you must take it down and find some other place for it. Hang it anywhere else that you please.' I was obliged to comply with his demand, or I feared that he might be seriously offended, though I knew that it was only his modesty that made him raise this objection to the position we had selected for his work. 'Some one else will like to be so placed better than I do,' he added, after a pause. And that was true enough!"

Creswick appears in a less favourable light; in addition to being of dirty habits (his friends called him the "great unwashed"), he was "ignorant, vindictive, and unsociable." It would be well, however, to take this description with a grain of salt, as for some reason unexplained he did all he could to prevent Mr. Cooper from attaining the full honours of the Academy.

Of those who rose to distinction in other walks of life we have many glimpses. At Charles Knight's house Mr. Cooper met Thomas Campbell.

"Another most amusing man, full of jokes and anecdotes, and as bright and sharp as a needle. He was a peculiar-looking man, with sharp blue eyes, a long and tapering nose that would go through a keyhole, of fresh colour, and, I think, marked with the small-pox. He was a man of keen observation, and was always delightful company—a man who impressed and singularly attracted me; but I could never think of him as the author of that beautiful ode, 'The Evening Star,' or of 'The Last Man,' and other serious productions. They did not seem to belong to his character or nature, and I could not understand the apparent anomaly. His manner of expressing himself was insinuating, cheerful, and bland; and there was great and pointed humour in his conversation, his fun being always full of vigour and real wit, but never in the slightest degree coarse or vulgar."

Next comes Southey when his mind was giving way:

"One year, when I was up in the Lake country, I was sketching at Rydal Water, when a gentleman came up behind me, and after watching me, as I painted, for some time, said, 'The man who can do that should have a name.' I answered, just as he moved away, 'The man who can see that ought to have a name too.' He looked very peculiar, and I asked some men, who were working in a stone quarry close by, if they knew who he was. 'Oh, yes,' they said; 'why, that's Southey, the poet. He's a funny fellow.' 'How funny?' I asked. 'Why, he's mad,' they answered."

Douglas Jerrold, with Mr. Cooper, was a member of the old Museum Club:

"His countenance was open and bright (when sober!) and showed nothing of that satirical bitterness for which he was so eminent. Leigh Hunt, in proposing his health on one occasion, called him 'the bitter Jerrold, with honey under him.' I once ventured to tell him that several of the members of the club were afraid of him and his bitter tongue, and shunned conversation with him on that account, when he said to me with great energy, 'Sidney, I have never in my life said or written a bitter thing of anyone who did not deserve it.' And I must say that I have frequently heard him speak of persons and things in the most courteous and beautiful and even feeling language—metaphor following metaphor, quaint conceits, graceful images, beautiful ideas and thoughts, all expressed in one continual flow of eloquence from a fountain inexhaustible. . . . In the winter Jerrold always took a chair close to the fireside, where he sat with his cigar, and whence he issued his witticisms in his dry and amusing manner, keeping us all in a continuous state of uproarious laughter."

Slighter reminiscences in the book relate to the Keans, Albert Smith, Samuel Lover, Buckstone, Lord Beaconsfield, and Mr. Gladstone.

Mr. Cooper, it must be added, is often inaccurate where a very little care would have sufficed to put him right. If it was necessary for him to retail afresh some hackneyed stories, such as the "rowing in the same boat with very different skulls," he ought at least to have seen that they were given according to the authentic versions. Some of them are spoilt in the retelling, while one of Thackeray's best known jokes, "The Reach and the Peach," is ascribed without any apparent misgiving to Jerrold. The latter, in addition to being described as "fine looking," which was true only of his countenance, is stated to have been editor of *Punch* since its commencement, whereas he never occupied that onerous position. And this reminds me that Mr. Cooper's good-natured readiness to speak of any undue fondness for the bottle has involved him in a serious exaggeration. He says that, after the weekly *Punch* dinners of old, Jerrold, as well as "many other members" of the staff, "was sure to be inebriated." How far this assertion is true may be gathered from the fact that the company consisted almost exclusively of Thackeray, Leech, Gilbert à Beckett, Richard Doyle, Percival Leigh, and Tom Taylor. Still more astonishing is another of Mr. Cooper's assertions. According to him, "Dickens undertook the editorship of the *Daily Telegraph* from the time that that paper was first established, and carried it

on in a very efficient manner for some years." In an account of his old age, again, he tells us that he has taken the *Daily Telegraph* "ever since it was first published, with Charles Dickens as its editor." Mr. Cooper here gets into a curious and unfortunate muddle. Are we to assume that for the space of thirty-five years he has patronised the *Telegraph* under a false impression? Or does he mean another journal altogether? For, as everybody is aware, the only daily paper edited by Dickens was the *Daily News* at the outset of its career, and his connexion with it came to an end about a decade before the *Telegraph* made its appearance.

With the art-criticism of the present time Mr. Cooper is profoundly dissatisfied. According to him, most of its votaries are prone to extol some painters at the expense of others perhaps equally good, to ignore or disparage the productions of new or comparatively unknown men, and, above all, to be guided less by their own judgment than by the dictates of mere fashion. How far these charges are justified I leave the readers of our daily and weekly papers to determine for themselves. Mr. Cooper, after unctuously quoting the well-known dictum in *Lothair*, suggests that disappointed artists would at times make better critics. They would have the advantage of technical knowledge, while those without that knowledge have merely their taste to depend upon. Of course, he adds, the artist must be of a sufficiently magnanimous character to sink all bitterness and littleness of feeling before he attempts to criticise others. Does it not occur to Mr. Cooper that such magnanimity might be a marked exception to a very general rule? Perhaps the only valid argument he brings forward against the work of the art critics is based upon the unfavourable conditions under which it is done. He condemns their judgments as hastily formed and hastily expressed. Allowing that men of refined taste and a wide acquaintance with the best sort of art might perceive the general worth of a picture if they had the time to examine it carefully, he asks whether this is possible in the few hours during which the critics are admitted to the exhibitions before they are opened. Obviously enough, the evil here complained of might be remedied by the simple expedient of extending press views over several days instead of one, upon the understanding that nothing should be printed until a specified date; but Mr. Cooper, unless I do him a grievous injustice, has not thought it necessary to propose an alteration to this effect in the practice of the body of which he is so important and influential a member. By the way, as he himself shows, it scarcely lies in the mouth of one of the council of the Royal Academy to reproach the critics with hasty and insufficient observation. From an ingenuous description he gives us of the method of selecting pictures for exhibition at Burlington House I take the following passages, the italics, of course, being my own:—

"Everything is admitted, and is passed in review before the council. These sit in a semi-circle, the president being in the centre, with a stand opposite to them, on which each picture

is placed by the attendants in quick rotation, except those of the full members, which are accepted as a matter of course, and are not seen till afterwards. . . . The stand on which the paintings are rested is placed *some distance away from the semi-circle of judges*. . . . Every aspirant to Academy honours may rest assured that all his works are seen, and receive full notice and mature consideration."

Possibly, however, the young artist, far from accepting the last statement as correct, may be disposed to think that in all the circumstances his merits are less likely to be overlooked by the needlessly-hurried critics than by the more leisured council of the Academy.

FREDERICK HAWKINS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

AN UNPUBLISHED GREEK INSCRIPTION IN ASIA MINOR.

Alascheir (= Philadelphia), Asia Minor :
Dec. 29, 1890.

Yesterday my host showed me a dark stone slab, about two feet in length and thirteen inches in breadth, bearing the following inscription in characters of the second century, A.D. :

ΠΡΕΙΣΚΙΑΑΑ
ΤΗΑΤΙΚΗΘΥ
ΓΑΤΗΡΔΗΜΟΥΣ

The remainder of the stone is blank; the letters are about one inch and a quarter in length. I hear that no copy or impression of the inscription had been taken already. It is built sideways into an inner wall of Kourschoun Han in the Belladiah quarter of the city of Alascheir.

S. S. LEWIS.

THE SILCHESTER EXCAVATION FUND.

Southampton : Jan. 9, 1891.

Will you allow me to appeal, with the concurrence of Mr. G. E. Fox and Mr. W. H. St. John Hope, for aid on behalf of the Silchester Excavation Fund?

The committee of the Hampshire Field Club have made a donation of five guineas to this fund, and hope that other provincial archaeological societies will assist the systematic excavation of Silchester by similar contributions. Although Silchester is in Hampshire, its exploration is a matter not of local but of national concern. The archaeologists of this county have long felt a great desire to see such an exploration at Silchester as that which the Society of Antiquaries has now undertaken; but they have recognised that the magnitude of the work of excavation over a hundred acres, which must occupy a series of years, was beyond the power of a provincial society.

It is much to be hoped that local archaeological societies in all parts of the kingdom will do what they can to assist this undertaking, which will be recommenced in the spring. So good an opportunity of learning all that can be learnt of Roman city life in Britain has never yet occurred.

THOMAS W. SHORE.

Hon. Organising Secretary of the Hampshire Field Club.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have obtained from the Porte a renewal of the firman, giving them authority to excavate in the Holy Land; and Mr. F. J. Bliss, son of the president of the American College at Beirut, has been appointed to continue the

work begun last spring by Mr. Flinders Petrie at Tell el Hesry, the site of Lachish.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER, & Co. will very shortly publish a book by Mrs. Tirard (Miss Helen Beloe), well known by her lectures on Egyptology at the British Museum. It is entitled *Sketches from a Nile Steamer*; and, in light diary form, it is intended to serve as a readable and trustworthy guide to the tombs and temples between Cairo and the Second Cataract. It will consist entirely of notes taken during a recent visit to Egypt, and, in addition to numerous sketches, it will contain plans of the principal temples.

MESSRS. WARD & DOWNEY will publish, in March, a *Life of Linnell*, the painter, in two volumes, by Mr. Story. The work will contain reproductions of many of the artist's characteristic paintings. Mr. Story has had the advantage of access to Linnell's journal and private papers.

DR. MARTIN CONWAY will begin on Saturday next a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution upon "Pre-Greek Schools of Art." He proposes to deal in order with the contributions of pre-historic man, of Egypt, and of the East (including Babylonia, Phoenicia, the Hittites, and the Etruscans) to the art traditions of the world. In the first lecture, he will treat of the decorative instinct, the genealogy of ornament, and the origin of architecture.

ON Monday next, January 19, Mrs. Ernest Hart will deliver a lecture, at Princes' Hall, on "The West Coast of Ireland : How the People Live, and how they can be Helped," in aid of the technical school of the Donegal Industrial Fund. Sir Lyon Playfair has promised to take the chair.

A CONFERENCE was held, on December 28, in the university library at Heidelberg, between representatives of Prussia, Bavaria, Württemberg, Baden, and Hesse, and also of the Academies at Berlin and Munich, for the purpose of agreeing to some plan of united action for the exploration of the *Lines Romanus*, or frontier line of the Roman dominion in Germany, and to settle the proportion of the expense of the undertaking to be borne by the several States. Major von Leszczynski, of the general staff of the German army, was deputed by the Emperor to represent the topographical interests concerned. It was agreed to recommend that a commission be appointed, consisting of representatives of the five States and the two Academies; that there be two superintendents of the work of exploration, one of whom should be an archaeologist or architect and the other a military officer, under whose superintendence several persons should be charged with carrying out the work in series of comparatively short lengths. It is expected that the whole track, including the remains of the various military stations or camps, will be laid bare within five years.

THE new Part of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.) opens with an important article by the Passionist Father, Germano di S. Stanislao, giving a detailed description of the excavations commenced by him some four years ago on the Coelian Hill at Rome, which resulted in the discovery of the house of the Saints John and Paul, who suffered martyrdom under Julian the Apostate. On the second page, we notice a curious mistranslation, which is perhaps not to be found in the original Italian. "The Coelian Hill, though now a desert, was in Roman [? ancient] times densely peopled, and was called by Frontinus a *famous (sic)* hill: *Coelius et Aveninus celeberrimi colles*." Of course, *celeberrimi* has here its primitive meaning of "very densely peopled." Among the other articles are: an architectural description of the

monastery of San Martino al Cimino, near Viterbo, by Prof. A. S. Frothingham, junior; and some notes on Babylonian cylinders, by Dr. W. Hayes Ward. The record of recent archaeological investigations is rendered yet more useful by a general summary prefixed to it; and the analysis of the contents of archaeological publications is as elaborate as ever.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. SAVILE CLARKE'S adaptation of Mr. Thackeray's story *The Rose and the Ring*, is played at the Prince of Wales's every afternoon. It is an adaptation executed with real skill; and though it is not very frequently actually witty in dialogue, it is all exceedingly telling. Mr. Savile Clarke being evidently in the fullest possession of the requirements of the stage. And, as we shall explain in detail a little later on, it is very well acted. Mr. Slaughter's music is as tuneful as possible. The spectacle, which, in the first act, assumes no remarkable proportions, becomes, in the second, very noteworthy. The piece is "staged"—as the ugly term now goes—by Mr. Charles Harris, who is only second to the great "Augustus Druriolanus" himself in his aptitude for conjuring up a sight that is delightful and imposing. The piece has the advantage of being played and sung by some of the leading lights of the stage of comic opera; and in the performance there are engaged two extraordinarily clever children: Isa Bowman, "the fairy black-stick," who is grace itself; and a yet younger child, full of aplomb and effectiveness, Emispie Bowman. Mr. Harry Monkhouse, as Valoroso, King of Pallagonia, gives a performance that is ripe and dry; in reality, nothing is more laughable than the measure in which he endows that monarch with the querulous tones and the little ugly, vulgarish, and familiar gestures of the lower bourgeoisie. Later on, Mr. Monkhouse—when the monarch is in love with Rosalba—assumes burlesque heroism. There are ways of dethroning his wife and exalting the newer lady; for, as he suggestively remarks, "Am I not a king, and does not a river flow under my palace wall?" Mr. Le Hay, partly in virtue of his physique and of a very dexterous make-up, is not less admirable as Bulbo, Crown Prince of Trim Tartary. His face, broad and ingenuous, suggests a vision of Mr. Pickwick in his youth; and his sigh is like a westerly gale. The other actors do, all of them, useful service. Then, in regard to the ladies—those ladies who are quite grown up—in Miss Attalie Claire we have a sympathetic singer and a sympathetic presence; and in Miss Violet Cameron all that is handsome and spirited. It will not be the fault of players, or managers, or of Mr. Slaughter, or of Mr. Savile Clarke, if this very pretty version of *The Rose and the Ring*—which Mr. Thackeray, we take it, would have enjoyed to see—does not run at the Prince of Wales's beyond the extent of the holidays.

A NEW joke in several acts, and lasting from two to three hours, has been produced at the Strand. Mr. F. C. Burnand—improving in certain respects upon M. Vallobrigue's invention—has turned "La Sécurité des Familles" into "Private Enquiry"; and "Private Enquiry," in its smartness of dialogue, in its intrigues and mystifications, in its wealth of entertaining incident, is at least a worthy successor to "Our Flat." Mr. Burnand has done his work thoroughly well—with the cunning hand that comes of long practice, and with his natural gift of wit, his delightful faculty of seeing the funniest side of a thing. The private enquiry agent, whose not un-

remunerated activity brings something more than discord and distrust amongst the people who are silly enough to suffer his presence, is played by Mr. Willie Edouin, with full appreciation of the character of the professional busy-body, the modern Paul Pry, whose motives are self-interest rather than curiosity. Mr. Edouin, in look and gesture and speech, is at point after point exceedingly droll. In parts that are of secondary importance, but yet are distinctly telling, Messrs. Maltby and Beauchant contribute to the entertainment. Miss Whitty is really a comedian; Miss Marie Linden is graceful as well as skilled—the Strand stage is fairly provided with people who may be called decorative, as well as with comic artists. If we do not profess to tell the story itself—but confine ourselves, instead, to a few words of comment—that is because stories of the kind to which "Private Enquiry" belongs require for their due effect the elucidation of action. The main intrigue is ingenious; but the piece from end to end—and it is indeed no discredit to it—is essentially for the boards. And in regard to it we should invite the reader of these lines by no means to imitate the prudenece of Sir William Harcourt—by no means to "continue to cultivate his own fireside, in this seasonable weather"—but, on the other hand, to venture bravely forth, and, in regard always to "Private Enquiry," to form an opinion of his own, and to express it.

"BEAU AUSTIN," by Messrs. Stevenson and Henley, held its place but for a few nights in the Haymarket bill. The theatre was closed for the first part of the present week, and was to re-open on Thursday for the production of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's "Dancing Girl," which will be duly noticed in our next week's issue.

Of the re-opening of the Vaudeville, we shall also shortly afford some notice. This favourite and convenient little playhouse—about the size that a house ought to be for the performance of comedy—has for months been in the hands of builders and decorators, and Mr. Thorne and his company have been wanderers. Not much required to be done in the auditorium of the Vaudeville, which indeed was always agreeable; but there was very considerable room for improvement in what we may speak of as the avenues of approach, which have to-day been both widened and beautified.

At the Birkbeck Institute, a night or two ago, Mr. Frederick Moy Thomas—whose utterances receive consideration not solely in virtue of his father's eminence as a critic—accomplished that which is a rare feat for an Englishman. He delivered a discourse in French. But the thing that makes the discourse noteworthy to readers of the ACADEMY is that it was concerned with Molière and the "Misanthrope." Mr. Frederick Moy Thomas very sensibly holding, in opposition to a view put forward not long since, that the "Misanthrope" is not to be linked with "Tartuffe" as a satire and attack upon hypocrisy, but rather that it must be regarded as a demonstration of the impracticability of absolute frankness. Mr. Thomas further interested his audience by assuring them that what has been reckoned an excuse for plagiarism—the oft-quoted words, "*Je prends mon bien où je le trouve*"—is really nothing of the sort. Grimarest, Molière's original biographer, could never, Mr. Thomas contended, have given sanction to the supposition that Molière was a plagiarist; and "*Je reprends mon bien où je le trouve*" is the true reading of Molière's saying. Cyrans de Bergerac had appropriated some intellectual goods of Molière's, and it was of his own goods alone that Molière would fain have re-possessioned himself.

On Friday of this week, the association now

known as the Théâtre d'Art were to give a representation of Shelley's "Cenci," in M. Félix Rabbe's version, at the Théâtre Montparnasse. M. Prad, of the Odéon, takes the part of the Count, and Mlle. Georgette Camée that of Beatrice.

THE *Neue Theater Almanach* for 1891 contains tables showing the frequency of the performance of certain classes of plays in the German theatres during the last nine years. From these it appears that altogether Shakspearean plays were performed 822 times in the year 1889, 751 times in 1888, 717 times in 1887, and 679 times in 1886. In 1881 they were performed 795 times, which is attributed to the influence of the Meiningen troupe. Of late years especially the most popular play seems to have been "Othello," which during the nine years 1881-1889 was performed 837 times; next come "Hamlet" with 816 performances, and "The Merchant of Venice" with 695 performances. The plays most rarely performed were "All's Well that Ends Well" and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," each of which had only a single performance during the nine years.

MUSIC.

MUSIC NOTES.

MIDLE. ILONA EIBENSCHÜTZ, a young pianist, made her first appearance at the Popular Concerts on Monday evening. She came out as a prodigy at the age of eight, but was wisely soon withdrawn from the concert platform, and put for several years under Mme. Schumann. Her rendering of the Etudes Symphoniques at once proclaimed her a pupil of that lady; but she was exceedingly nervous, and could do justice neither to herself nor to her teacher. We must be content for the present to say that she shows intelligence, and that she has been well trained; for this nervousness spoiled both tone and technique. She is to play Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 111) next Saturday, and that work is a splendid though severe test. Miss Marguerite Hall sang with great taste two lovely *Lieder* of Schubert's, and Bizet's "Adieu de l'Hôtesse Arabe," in which she was admirably accompanied by Miss M. Carmichael. The programme included Beethoven's "Harp" Quartet, and his Sonata for pianoforte and 'cello in A (Op. 69).

AGENCIES.

London Agents, Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, 186, Strand.

Copies of the ACADEMY can be obtained every Saturday morning in EDINBURGH of Mr. MENZIES; in DUBLIN of Messrs. EASON & SON, 40, Sackville-street; in MANCHESTER of Mr. J. HEYWOOD. Ten days after date of publication, in NEW YORK, of Messrs. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

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LITERATURE.

George Meredith: Some Characteristics. By Richard Le Gallienne. With a Bibliography by John Lane. (Elkin Matthews.)

"The following essays," Mr. Le Gallienne tells us in his Preface, "make no attempt either to 'place' Mr. Meredith or to be a kind of critical microcosm of his work, nor do they presume to speak with any air of finality thereon. . . . My whole attempt is that of a lover of the works to give expression to the faith that is in him; and I have written rather for those who are already spending their lives in a vain endeavour to convert masculinity to *The Egoist*, than in the hope of being myself an instrument of conversion. . . . My attempt is just that: to say some things which, doubtless, no few lovers of George Meredith could have said better, but which, as yet, they have kept to themselves."

It is, indeed, only too true that the people who care most for Mr. Meredith's work, and whose opinion would carry most weight, have, with some slight exceptions, made no attempt to put their views on record. Why has not Mr. Stevenson given us a really adequate essay instead of some tantalising fragments? Why has not Mr. John Morley written a convincing study? Why has not Mr. Pater said the right word on a greater than Mérimée? Even Mr. Henley, who has written so much and so well on the subject, has contented himself with making a series of sketches instead of painting a full-length portrait. Other and lesser critics have been praiseworthy—have expressed enthusiasm, or cleverly analysed certain characteristics; but as yet the adequate criticism has not been written. Mr. Le Gallienne has told us, in the passage I have quoted, that he has not presumed even to aim at anything like a final judgment. Perhaps it would have been better if he had aimed at it. Such an endeavour would have had a bracing effect upon a style which is apt to become limp and as if out of breath; it would have taught him conciseness—that is, the nearest road to an end kept steadily in view; it would have suggested to him that without unity there can be no culminating effect. The book should have been launched at the British Philistine, like David's one convincing pebble, straight to the forehead. It must be likened rather to a shower of small shots falling more or less casually on the resounding armour. Some effect it will no doubt have; for a great deal of what Mr. Le Gallienne says is excellent, has the warmth of conviction, and may even be persuasive. His manner of saying it is not always quite what one would desire. On occasion he can say admirable things—he can be witty, adroit, a phrase-maker; but he is rarely content to be

simple, and he forces alike his humour, which is limited, and the English language, which it is wise to limit. One cannot see quite the relation to English of such a phrase as that already quoted, "to convert masculinity to *The Egoist*." Mr. Le Gallienne is so fond of the word "masculinity" that he uses it twice in two pages. At times he tries to write like Mr. Meredith at his wilful worst. That is not surprising, if it is unfortunate; for everyone must have felt, at one time or another, the fatal attraction of a style about which one is writing. To write about Carlyle, Mr. Meredith, or Mr. Swinburne, without unconsciously reproducing some trick of manner, is a feat of which any man might be proud.

Mr. Le Gallienne's first chapter deals with "Style and Aim," and is a good introduction. The second chapter is devoted mainly to *Richard Feverel* and *The Egoist*, which are taken, not quite justly, as representative of the novels as a whole. Mr. Le Gallienne tells us that in his opinion *The Egoist* is Mr. Meredith's greatest novel, and "may be taken to stand for the one thing he can pre-eminently do." Opinion against opinion, I can but say that to my mind such a statement is far from true. *The Egoist* is a wonderful book—no doubt the most wonderful book, literally speaking, that Mr. Meredith has written. But that does not make it his greatest novel, nor prove that it is "the one thing he can pre-eminently do." In the elemental comedy of such a novel as *The Egoist*, Mr. Meredith challenges Congreve, or even Molière; but in the elemental tragedy of certain parts of *Rhoda Fleming* and *Richard Feverel* he challenges Webster, or almost Shakspeare. Mr. Le Gallienne has some interesting pages on the "idea of comedy," in the course of which he notes acutely the difference between the ordinary humorist, who "has to make his comedy," and Mr. Meredith, for whom "it inheres in all things as vitally as poetry and as diffused as sunshine." But he has no such pages on the yet more essential "idea of tragedy," to which we owe what is most profoundly human, most intimate and penetrating, in these novels.

In regard to style, Mr. Le Gallienne says much that is acute and sensible; but is it true that *Richard Feverel* shows us Mr. Meredith's style "as mature in his twenty-seventh year" as at a later period? Mr. Meredith was not in his twenty-seventh but his thirty-second year when *Richard Feverel* was published; but that is a mere detail. I question if Mr. Le Gallienne has read *Richard Feverel* in its original form. He would see that Mr. Meredith had by 1878 so far matured as to weed out from that particular novel a great deal of very irrelevant and very badly written stuff—whole chapters near the beginning, paragraphs and passages throughout. Then, while I quite agree with Mr. Le Gallienne that *Richard Feverel* is fuller of fine things than any single one of the later novels, I cannot think that, even in its revised form, it is so mature and masterly in style as some of the middle period work. Mr. Meredith's style has always been, as I think he has himself said, "experimental," but the experiment has been carried out at different

times with somewhat varying success. The uncouthnesses which disfigure *Richard Feverel* were the mere shavings, so to speak, of *Shagpat*—a mere aftertaste of Arabian extravagance. It is a new kind of uncouthness that comes into prominence in *The Egoist*—that exaggeration of qualities which one sees in the later works of most men who have a pronounced style, as, in our own days, we see it in Carlyle and in Browning. Rough and ready judgments about Mr. Meredith's style are, or should be, impossible. No prose writer of our time has written finer or viler English. It is a mistake to treat him as if he were stylist first, and novelist afterwards, as Flaubert might almost be said to be. But it is a greater mistake to compare his troubled intensity of phrase with Balzac's hopeless incapacity for writing sustained good French, or Dickens's hopeless incapacity for writing sustained good English. He is a conscious artist always—as conscious as Goncourt, with whom he may be compared for his experimental treatment of language, his attempt to express what has never been expressed before by forcing words to say more than they are accustomed to say. Sometimes they give his message, but ungraciously, like beaten slaves; sometimes the message seems to go astray. That is why Englishmen, forgetting triumph after splendid triumph of style, will sometimes tell you that Mr. Meredith cannot write English, just as Frenchmen gravely assure one another that the novels of the Goncourts are written in any language but French.

The most novel, the most needed, part of Mr. Le Gallienne's book is the section in which he deals with Mr. Meredith's poetry. That astonishing little volume, *Modern Love*, and *Poems of the English Roadside*, published nearly thirty years ago, has never received anything like justice, except at the hands of such fellow-craftsmen as Mr. Swinburne and James Thomson. Mr. Le Gallienne seems inclined to place the title-poem at the very head of Mr. Meredith's work, above even the novels. He is in good company, for that, too, was Mr. Browning's opinion. But while I for one cannot but feel that Mr. Meredith works more naturally, with a freer hand, in prose than in verse, that poem of "Modern Love," and at least one or two of the smaller pieces, seem to me among the masterpieces of contemporary poetry. As I have said elsewhere, in a very inadequate article on Mr. Meredith's poetry, "Modern Love" is the most distinctly modern poem ever written. There had been nothing like it in English poetry: it brings into our literature something fundamentally new, essentially modern. Side by side with this super-subtle study of passion and sensation, we have the homely realism of "Juggling Jerry"—a poem which can only be compared with Burns's "Jolly Beggars" for triumphant success in perhaps the most difficult kind of literature. Mr. Meredith's later poetry is sometimes very wonderful, sometimes very dreadful; and the dreadful part of it has unduly, but not unnaturally, prejudiced people against what is really wonderful in it. Mr. Le Gallienne's pages on this curious individual nature-poetry, with its searching vision, its troubled and tumultuous form,

have considerable interest, and are certainly very sympathetic.

A bibliography of Mr. Meredith's work, and of the main criticisms upon it, fills the last seventy pages of the volume. In this bibliography, Mr. John Lane has brought together material of permanent value, and has done a real service alike to collectors and to students. Mr. W. Morton Fullerton contributes a pleasant note on the recent American discovery of George Meredith.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

The Adventures of Count George Albert of Erbach. Translated from the German by H.R.H. Princess Beatrice. (John Murray.)

It would be fortunate for the world if the records of other families yielded as interesting a picture of adventures and manners as the archives of the Erbach-Schönhausen house. The history of Count George Albert of Erbach, which has been compiled from family documents by Emil Kraus, and translated into graceful English by the Princess Beatrice, gives us a vivid insight into a great European romance—the defence of Malta and the fate of captives among the Moorish corsairs. That no familiar touch may be wanting to the story, we have even the Moorish princess pitying her father's prisoner, and not obscurely hinting at her love. The Bey of Tunis readily gave permission to Selima to play chess with his noble captive. His own object was to elicit from the Count an admission of his identity in some unguarded moment, and this very interested motive appears to have actuated the lady herself to some extent. But Selima was playing with dangerous fire, and ran the risk of surrendering to more tender feelings. The Count, however, though grateful and chivalrous, was proof against her blandishments, and persevered in preserving his secret in order to save his family from paying the heavy ransom which a knowledge of his true quality would have enabled the Bey to exact.

Our hero started in life as the youngest son of a German family of distinguished position and important connections, although destined by the death of his elder brothers eventually to become the head of the house and the ancestor of the present Counts of Erbach. Accompanied by a "governor" and a "principal," or courier, he was sent out in 1614 on a protracted tour of foreign travel. Admission to the best society of the day was everywhere open to him, partly through the introductions he carried, and partly through his fine manners and a handsome person, which we can realise from a silver relief made at Nuremberg during his lifetime. We find him at Strassburg, Grenoble, and Paris, and eventually at Rome. It was impossible to return home from the Eternal City without visiting Naples, although his courier was receiving sharp remonstrances from the family steward for his extravagance. Accordingly the Count made his way south with a company of German fellow-travellers well equipped for the road, and was hospitably entertained at Naples by a German noble resident in that city. The conversation naturally turned from time to time

upon the Knights of Malta and their valiant deeds against the corsairs who infested the Calabrian and Sicilian coasts. An ardent wish sprang up in Count George's breast to pay a visit to the isle of heroes. He was momentarily deterred by a summons home, and by the serious warnings which his host addressed to him. But the promptings of a fellow-traveller, who appears to have been a curious mixture of cupidity and venturesomeness, redoubled his first longings. His companions determined to share the adventure, and they started for Valetta on a galley of the Order rowed by slaves whose hard work and scanty fare had reduced them to the semblance of bronzed skeletons. The voyage was a success, and the readers of to-day owe to it a graphic account by an eye-witness of the way of living of the famous knights. Up to that time, at any rate, the religious fervour and crusading zeal of the Hospitallers was unimpaired. Discipline and austerity prevailed everywhere, and their martial ardour was reinforced by religious enthusiasm.

The Count, albeit a Lutheran, was received with a fine hospitality and tolerance by the Grand-Master Alosius de Vignacourt, although some of the Spanish knights, in the true spirit of St. Dominic, were tempted to try a little coercion on the heretics. The party were shown the arsenal and equipments of the Order, and witnessed a solemn investiture of new knights. But the misfortune which had been predicted at Naples, and of which the Count's mother had been warned in an ominous dream, was destined to befall them on their return. They trusted themselves to a hired frigate, but the captain had been observed before their departure to have secret colloquies with a mysterious stranger. He had, in fact—and the occurrence was not infrequent among the rascally traders of the day—arranged to sell them to the corsairs. Under the coast of Sicily, and almost in sight of haven, they were attacked by a galley of Tunisian rovers, which shot out from a cove where it had been waiting. It is gratifying to learn that the treacherous captain was killed by one of the party, an event which was welcomed by the corsairs, who were thus released from paying him his stipulated fee. But he had made a successful resistance impossible by abstracting the ammunition of his passengers. Handicapped as they were, the Germans made a desperate fight; but the poisoned arrows of the corsairs were too much for them, and they were eventually overpowered.

The prisoners were treated with considerable humanity by the pirate captain, and were agreeably surprised to find similar treatment extended to them at first at Tunis. But the Bey suspected that his prisoners were persons of rank; probably their betrayer would not have sold them otherwise. Count George, however, was determined to represent himself as a student, and apprised his family of the fact in a letter which he contrived to send them. The Bey, disappointed and suspicious, left no means untried to entrap his prisoner, whose birth was plainly evinced by his noble mien and manner, into an admission of his rank, and finally had resort to torture and

privation. The Count held out pluckily; but meanwhile the story of his captivity was bruited about in Europe by his family, who made every effort to procure his release. But when an inkling of the truth at length reached Tunis, the prize had almost slipped through the fingers of the hard taskmaster. Malignant small-pox had brought the Count into the last extremity; and the Moors hastily determined to close with the Knights of Malta, who were acting as intermediaries, while they still had a live man to traffic with. Accordingly a bargain was knocked up out of which the Count's companion, who had prompted the voyage, tried unhand-somely to make something for himself, true to his principle of sponging on his noble friend; and the ransomed prisoner was shipped, more dead than alive, to Malta. The careful nursing of the Hospitallers, however, succeeded in restoring him to health; and he lived to take an active part in the Thirty Years' War, and to continue a line which was in danger of disappearance.

C. E. DAWKINS.

The Life of Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S. By his Son, Edmund Gosse. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

In that very excellent little volume, *Glaucus*; or, the Wonders of the Shore, Charles Kingsley observes:

"Happy, truly, is the naturalist. He has no time for melancholy dreams. The earth becomes to him transparent; everywhere he sees significances, harmonies, laws, chains of cause and effect endlessly interlinked, which draw him out of the narrow sphere of self-interest and self-pleasing into a pure and wholesome region of solemn joy and wonder."

It is not improbable that Kingsley was thinking of his friend Philip Gosse when he wrote these words, for they are thoroughly applicable to the latter, when regarded from that side of his character with which the author of *Glaucus* was principally familiar. How applicable they are may easily be perceived while reading many pleasant passages in the interesting volume which forms the subject of this notice. Of such passages the following brief extract from a letter written by Gosse in 1833 may be quoted as an example.

"How I love to recall every little incident connected with that first morning excursion!—the poor brown crane-fly, which was the first English insect I caught; the little grey moth under the oaks at the end of the last field; the meadow where the *Satyride* were sporting on the sunny bank; the heavy fat *Musca* in Heckford-field hedge, which I in my ignorance called a *Bombylius*, and the consequent display of entomological lore manifested all that day by the family, who frequently repeated the sounding words '*Bombylius bee-fly*.'"

But, unfortunately, there was another side to his character, which was of a gloomy and morbid tendency, probably due to some latent bodily ailment, some organic disease eating away the roots of life and joy and happiness. Mr. Edmund Gosse has taken a very proper and sensible view of the matter; and, referring to a private diary kept by his father while living in Alabama, he observes:

"His diary is full of self-upbraidings, penitential

cries, vows of greater watchfulness in the future; and it is downright pathetic to read these effusions, and to know that it was quinine that the poor soul wanted in its innocent darkness."

In his youth he had suffered from a serious attack of water on the brain, and throughout the larger portion of this volume reference is continually made to periodic visitations of headache and depression. It is not, therefore, improbable, as the biographer himself seems to suggest, that the religious melancholia from which Philip Gosse suffered was really due to some defect in his physical constitution.

As might be expected in the life of a naturalist, those chapters will be found the most interesting which are, as it were, pages torn from the book of Nature, and which carry us away through the vast and varied fields of life, disclosing the hidden wonders of the shore or the forest. Very excellent, also, are the graphic descriptions with which these chapters are adorned, depicting the wild scenery, and the manners and customs, of Newfoundland, Canada, Alabama, and Jamaica, some fifty years ago. This is not surprising when we remember that Gosse was not only a naturalist, but was also, as all his writings plainly indicate, a poet—possessing the rich imagination, and the love of strange or sonorous words, fantastic phrases, and florid epithets, which so many writers of verse endeavour to cultivate. Those who are familiar with his various works—*A Naturalist's Sojourn in Jamaica, Tenby, The Aquarium, Devonshire Coast, A Year at the Shore*, &c.—know that as an observer of all the details of natural objects, and as a writer of flowery and romantic descriptions, Philip Gosse had a talent that deserved the success which it eventually secured. But those who have also read his volume entitled *Omphalos* will agree with the writer of the biography that that volume was "fatal to the advance of his reputation as a man of science"; for it proved that as a thinker or philosopher "he was fitted neither by training, nor by native aptitude, nor by the possession of a mind clear from prejudice." It is, indeed, surprising that a naturalist who was through life the contemporary of such writers as Darwin, Huxley, and Herbert Spencer, should have so utterly failed to apprehend the cogency of their arguments on the subject of evolution that he remained quite unaware that a new era in the history of science had commenced and was rapidly advancing.

In reading the chapters of the biography dealing with the portions of his life spent in America, we are reminded of the wanderings of another famous naturalist, Charles Waterton, to whose character his own bore some slight resemblance. As, for instance, when we are told that while residing in Jamaica he was

"frequently accustomed to rise two hours before dawn and, sitting loosely in the saddle, to ride slowly up a romantic ascent by the light of the stars, listening to the rich melodies poured forth by dozens of mocking-birds from the fruit-trees and groves of the lower hills, managing to arrive at the brow of the mountain at sunrise."

Here, we read,

"was the haunt of several rare birds of peculiar interest—of the eccentric jabbering crow, of the solitary, and of the long-tailed humming-bird."

It was fascinating, in intervals of labour,

"to sit on a fallen log in the cool shadow, surrounded by beauty and fragrance, listening to the broken hymns of the solitaires and watching the humming-birds that sip [*sic*] fearlessly around your head and ever and anon come and peep close under the brim of your broad Panama hat—as if to say, 'Who are you that come intruding into our peculiar domain?'"

It is in such passages and amid such scenes as these that the character of Philip Gosse appears to advantage, and the volume before us contains many poetic descriptions similar to that which we have just quoted.

The naturalist has been fortunate in having so skilful a biographer, for Mr. Gosse has given us a very interesting and, for the most part, pleasant volume. It is an ungracious duty which requires us to add that we notice a number of oversights and ill-constructed sentences, due probably to over-pressure of work. We give a few examples which it may be deemed advisable to alter in a second edition—the italics are ours:

"Their neighbours, few and far *between*, were vulgar and sordid, sharp and *mean*" (p. 96).

"Perhaps if he *had* more perseverance, or a little capital, he might have turned this into meadow" (p. 97).

"—which they would have been obliged to fell even before they *could build* a hut to cover their heads" (p. 97).

"Cahawba had *then until lately* been," &c. (p. 132).

"who, *possessing* no intellectual resources herself, looked with suspicion on those who *did*" (p. 221).

But these are slight defects in a volume which will interest and entertain many readers.

SAMUEL WADDINGTON.

Longinus on the Sublime. Translated into English by H. L. Havell. With an Introduction by Andrew Lang. (Macmillan.)

THE treatise on the Sublime has been described by Prof. Jebb as one of the best pieces of literary criticism in the Greek language. Its authorship and date are both uncertain; but it is usually ascribed to Longinus, "the friend of Plotinus, the tutor of Porphyry, the victim of Aurelian;" the date of its composition being about 213 A.D.—nearly five hundred years after Greece had been subjugated by Macedon and one hundred after it had become a Roman province. It is thus the offspring of a critical age, which had superseded the creative age of Greek letters. Longinus admits that contemporary literature is bad; "all its glowing improprieties of language may be traced to one common root—the pursuit of novelty in thought. It is this that has turned the brain of nearly all the learned world of to-day." And without citing names, which would be invidious, we may easily see the same spirit at work in our own time. Longinus hoped

to correct these faults, by turning the attention of contemporary authors to the great writers of the past—to Homer, to Demosthenes, to the tragedians, for "a just judgment of style is the final fruit of long experience." The student of ancient literature will read eagerly the criticisms of Longinus, written at the beginning of the Christian era, upon his favourite writers. Although, out of complacency apparently, Longinus does refer to the oratory of Cicero, he makes no allusion to the great poets of Rome, who had drawn their inspirations from Greece, much as Longinus wished the writers of his own day to do. We shall read these criticisms of Longinus with interest, much as we read Addison's Essays upon Milton, although we are now, in some ways, in a better position to judge of the English and Greek poets than either of their earlier critics. For Longinus based his criticism upon a belief, now exploded, in a personal Homer, while Addison was shackled by the pseudo-classicism of the eighteenth century.

Of the present translation the English is sufficiently fluent. Mr. Havell has given us a readable book, and none will grudge the hour and a half devoted to its perusal. Yet the treatise on the Sublime cannot be regarded as a work of art. It is avowedly fragmentary, and its discussion of ancient oratory will not appeal to the general reader, while with scholars it will not stand beside the more comprehensive Rhetoric of Aristotle. Yet it is not oratory, but the sublime in oratory, that Longinus discusses; and the sublime for us of the Victorian era has as potent an interest as on those living in the days of Aurelian. Often in the Crimean speeches of John Bright, as where he hears the wings of the angel of death passing through the land, we, too, acknowledge the presence of sublimity, such as Longinus felt in the Philippics of Demosthenes.

"A sublime thought," he says, "if happily timed, illumines an entire subject with the vividness of a lightning flash." And again, "the sublime, whenever it occurs, consists in a certain loftiness and excellence of language; and it is by this, and this only, that the greatest poets and prose writers have gained eminence and won themselves a lasting place in the Temple of Fame. . . . To believe or not is usually in our own power; but the sublime, acting with an imperious and irresistible force, sways every reader whether he will or no."

The main interest and value of the work are to be found in the opening sections, from which the foregoing passages are taken; but in the main body of the treatise, devoted to an investigation of the sources of sublimity, occur two interesting passages, which have served perhaps better than anything else to keep Longinus's name in memory.

"The law giver of the Jews, no ordinary man, having formed an adequate conception of the Supreme Being, gave it adequate expression in the opening words of his Laws; God said—what?—Let there be light, and there was light; let there be land, and there was."

—a passage of curious interest, which finds its parallel from the other side in St. Paul's quotation from Euripides, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

In illustration of the sources of sublimity, Longinus quotes instances from older writers. Here is one:

“ I deem that man divinely blest
Who sits, and, gazing on thy face,
Hears thee discourse with eloquent lips,
And marks thy lovely smile.

“ This, this it is that made my heart
So wildly flutter in my breast;
Whene’er I look on thee my voice
Falters, and faints, and fails;

“ My tongue’s benumbed, a subtle fire
Through all my body inly steals;
Mine eyes in darkness reel and swim;
Strange murmurs drown my ears;

“ With dewy damps my limbs are chilled;
An icy shiver shakes my frame;
Paler than ashes grows my cheek;
And Death seems nigh at hand.”

Is it not wonderful how, at the same moment, soul, body, ears, tongue, eyes, colour, all fail her, and are lost to her as completely as if they were not her own? Observe, too, how her sensations contradict one another—she freezes, she burns, she raves, she reasons, and all at the same instant. And this description is designed to show that she is assailed, not by any particular emotion, but by a tumult of different emotions. All these tokens belong to the passion of love; but it is in the choice, as I said, of the most striking features and in the combination of them into one picture, that the perfection of this ode of Sappho’s lies.”

—a criticism which forecasts those of Lessing and Coleridge. Thus has been preserved to the modern world a fragment which Mr. Lang, in the admirable Introduction prefixed to the volume, justly terms “priceless and not to be translated.” “Beautiful words,” says our author, “are the very light of thought.” If Mr. Havell’s rendering is not Sappho, it is at least scholarly and metrically sufficient. We think that he has done wisely in not attempting to follow the metre of the original, and also in adopting the unrhymed stanza.

ROBINSON KAY LEATHER.

“RULERS OF INDIA.”—*The Marquess Cornwallis*. By W. S. Seton-Karr. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THE last volume of Sir W. Hunter’s interesting series is a departure from the usual character of the “Rulers of India.” It is less a monograph on Cornwallis than a sketch of the land-revenue system of British India, interspersed with notices of the character and career of the founder of the Permanent Settlement. On Cornwallis as Viceroy of Ireland and his share in the Union the reader, inspired by contemporary interest, will find nothing, or next to nothing. This omission might be put down to unwillingness to include in the book anything that did not bear upon the subject of the memoir as a “Ruler of India,” if it were not that the book contains a chapter on the Peace of Amiens, which is as irrelevant as an account of the Irish viceroyalty would have been. And there is other matter which, though certainly pertinent to India, has not much connexion with Cornwallis, such as revenue-proceedings in Benares and Madras which took place after Cornwallis’s time.

Mr. Seton-Karr writes with fulness of knowledge, however, upon the Settlement

in Bengal, and shows what were the good and the evil of that much-debated measure. It undoubtedly tended to strengthen and define the position of the territorial aristocracy, which had sprung up, fungus-like, on the wreck of the Mughal empire. But it sacrificed the interests of the actual agricultural community, whose protection has only been accomplished in our own days, after three generations have gone to their graves in oppressed and helpless pauperism. And it has done more, by depriving the Indian tax-payer in general of his legitimate share in the “unearned increment” of the soil’s produce. It may be that—as the author says—“it has committed the British nation to pledges from which no viceroy can think of drawing back.” But what is to be said for the statesmanship which could thus fetter a remote posterity? The Provinces of Bengal have an area equal to that of France, with a population almost double. The land-revenue—substantially what it was ten years ago—is three and a quarter *krors* of rupees. Meanwhile the land-revenue of the adjoining Provinces—about half the size—has advanced in ten years from over five and a half *krors* to five *krors* and sixty-five *lakhs*. Surely there is something wrong here; for the difference is not compensated by other forms of taxation.

The broad fact is that the tenures on which the Bengal Settlement was based were in hopeless confusion; and a wise statesman would have considered this, especially when it was so clearly put before him by such experts as John Shore, afterwards Lord Teignmouth. The Muhammadan government—to which the British succeeded—regarded the surplus produce of the land as the rightful profit of the community, to be gathered by the State as its steward and representative. The State might collect this produce—as well as it could have it estimated—in a variety of ways. In one estate—or group of estates—it might be farmed to contractors; in another, the collection might be assigned to agents, often called *zamindars*—from the Persian words *zamin* “land,” and *dār* “holder.” These *détenteurs*—to use a French word for which our language has no exact equivalent—availed themselves of the increasing debility of the Delhi empire to create out of their status a heritable and transferable interest, as happened in the growth of the feudal system. Thus the *zamindars* in Bengal were, in Cornwallis’s time, much in the position of usurping *seigneurs*, or lords of the manor. But, beneath them, there still remained the actual occupants of the soil, whose possession—subject to the dues of the State—had once been little less than allodial. They had now become something analogous to the English copy-holders, cultivating portions of the estate at customary rates and certain fixed services. Of course, it was not an exact counterpart of the feudal system that had thus grown up. But similar causes had led to similar effects; and the analogy might have been perceived, as experience deepened, if Cornwallis had suspended final and irrevocable action. The relation between the cultivators and the *zamindars*, and the duty of providing for the protection of the former, escaped attention at the time for another

reason. Agriculture and population had been diminished by a long succession of anarchy and war; consequently cultivators were few, and it was the interest of the *zamindars* to treat them well and attach them to their estates. In a charming passage Mr. Seton-Karr has shown the way in which the confiding agriculturists had accepted this state of things, and built their homes on the volcanic basis of aristocratic selfishness.

“He erected two, three, or four houses, neatly built of bamboos and wattles, well-thatched, with a verandah on more than one side, and the whole raised on a firm foundation of well-beaten clay. The space between the houses ensures privacy. The courtyard and the dwellings are scrupulously clean. They are shaded by fine trees, and the garden adjoining is dense with foliage and heavy with fruit. Many of this class, if not rich, are independent and comfortable; and in spite of the antagonism between *Zamindar* and *Ryot*—which has been the normal state of the country for some two or three generations—many of this useful class have maintained their position.”

Evidently homesteads of this kind must have been numerous in the time of Cornwallis. But as population increased, after many years of peace, the competition for cultivators among *zamindars* gave way to a competition for land among cultivators. Then arose rack-renting and illegal cesses—against which the Settlement had made no due provision; and a tenant, such as the cultivator had now become, was liable to eviction from some or all of his holdings when another offered better terms. There was a general prohibition of such doings, but the prohibition was without sanction, save what might be obtained from costly litigation, in which a poor man was sure to be defeated by a rich man; and there were no local officials, nor was there any field survey or record of rights such as might make a true copyhold. It was not until 1859—more than sixty years after the Permanent Settlement—that the increasing misery of the tenantry led to measures of legislative relief, which were only completed in the Viceroyship of Lord Ripon, after keen and angry opposition on the part of the *zamindars*.

If, however, Cornwallis was led into all this grave error, it was by benevolence and a wish to do his duty. The same characteristics marked his whole career. When laying down the charge of Ireland, he wrote: “I am leaving a people who love me, and whose happiness I had nearly secured in a state of progressive misery.” And again, of his recall, he says that it would not give him much concern;

“but [for] the reflection of the misery to which a people are doomed who have shown me every mark of gratitude and affection, and the ultimate danger to which . . . Ireland will expose the British Empire.”

This is the language of an amiable and just man, by no means likely to sacrifice the mass of any nation to aristocratic oppression—if he knew what he was doing.

The author does ample justice to these qualities, remarking on the “sound sense and right feeling” of his hero, and his “almost uninterrupted devotion to duty.” Cornwallis surrendered his ease and health

at the age of sixty-seven, to return to India, when he conceived that by so doing he could serve his king and country. He died, on his way up the Ganges, less than three months after his landing in Calcutta; and his statue by Bacon is fitly placed in the town hall there. The peerage has become extinct; but he is represented—which Mr. Seton-Karr does not mention — by Mr. F. S. W. Cornwallis, who still holds Linton—the *zamindari* of Galfridus, brother of Sir H. Mann, whose daughter and coheirress was Cornwallis's mother.

It only remains to say that the book is a clear explanation of an obscure and thorny subject; and that the style is always scholar-like and often excellent.

H. G. KEENE.

Sonnets and Reveries. By Marcus S. C. Rickards. (Clifton: Baker.)

THERE are poets who write chiefly for the ear, and whose readers are so well pleased with melodious measures that they are not too curious about the sense which ought to accompany the sound. There are others who are perhaps too indifferent to the graces of expression, but who are careful to compress into their verse all the thought and reflection it can be made to convey. Mr. Rickards belongs rather to the second than to the first of these classes. Not that his verse is marred by want of smoothness. It scans well, and offends against none of the laws of metre. But its first merit consists in its thoughtfulness, and in the fact that it obliges the reader to think. It is not ambitious. The thoughts it suggests and the truths it teaches are perfectly simple. They owe nothing to philosophy or science, except in so far as both philosophy and science are involved in the simplest observations of nature. Mr. Rickards's subjects are found among those natural objects which gave Wordsworth his best inspiration. He addresses a poem "To a Swarm of Gnats"; he writes a sonnet on that pleasant aspect of the weather which is called "Clearing Up"; another owes its origin, as well as its title, to "A Distant View of Gloucester Cathedral"; he indites a long poem to "A Late Swallow"—though the freaks and delaying flight of the swallow are made to indicate the ways of men; while "The Glow-worm" suggests to him reflections that are well worth the half-dozen pages he devotes to them. This humble little "woodland star" reminds him of woman's mission in the world:

"Wedded or single, she may learn from thee:
Wingless thou art, not hers to roam too far,
Her realm is home—a home-light let her be."

But he would have her glow with intellectual as well as domestic light:

"Daughters of brightness, shine! This is your lot,
Your being's end. They play you false who
keep
The mists of falsehood round you. Heed them
not.

Bid knowledge welcome, let her glory steep
Your minds that they may radiate some light
Over earth's sickly gloom. In this be bright,

Ay! and in this—excel in every gift;
Besiege Parnassus: borrow from each Muse
Some ray of splendour."

There are other poems in the volume which also point to the place of woman in human affairs. The following sonnet, with its apt but curious comparison of woman to a wheel and man to an axle, is one of them:

"UNITED OR APART.

"I am the axle, Dearest! Thou, the wheel.
Around my soul is nought but thee; while thou
Art pivoted on me, if our true vow
Be fully kept. Till we are one, I feel
We miss self-rapture, nor find play for zeal.
United, we might help to drag the world
And circle through eternity entwined
In love's ecstatic maze our bliss to seal!

Ah, blind complaint!—unless both parts be fit,
The whole lacks needful balance: each requires
Due finish, and is wrought alone: the fires
That forge the iron, scorch the wood. The wit
Of a great Master fashions all. Be still!
He knows the hour to join us—wait His Will."

The lines which I have italicised are singularly forcible. The first of the two italicised passages shows how capable of exalted treatment is a somewhat commonplace image; the second pithily expresses the difference between the discipline necessary for a man and that suited to a woman.

Mr. Rickards is at his best in descriptions of purely natural objects; and, true as the lessons are which he draws from these, one would now and then prefer the picture without the pendant moral. Here, for instance, detached from the attendant lesson, is an account of what happens in "May's sweet moon" (the poet's May, for when, alas! was the month of east winds sweet?), when "Earth is all a-flutter":

"This wild sport,
This gay coquetry everywhere to-day—
The greenfinch's short rapturous accent,
The pipit's ecstasy on stiffened wing,
The wood wren's shivering fall, the lifted tail
Of the hedge bird with pinions all adroop,
The archings, toyings, twists, and gambollings
That charm the stealthy eye, if it should rest
On any wedded pair of sylvan things—
Is just the shifting play of the love-light
Upon the happy face of mother earth.
Mark her expression! Constant restlessness,
And yet complete repose: as various
The movement is as are the ways and turns
Of creature wooing; while from out her lips
Uprises a melodious burst of song,
All shades of note, all subtleties of tone,
Blending in symphony."

No one who reads this book can doubt that Mr. Rickards has the making of a poet in him; but if he would really woo the Muse, he must make up his mind occasionally to leave the moralist and the homilist behind.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

NEW NOVELS.

Virginie. By Val Prinsep. In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

A Colonial Reformer. By Rolf Boldrewood. In 3 vols. (Macmillan.)

A Line of Her Own. By Mrs. Conney. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Secret of the Princess. By Mrs. Sutherland Edwards. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Romance by Proxy. By Evans Comyn. (Eden, Remington & Co.)

Otho. By Mrs. J. L. Brown. (Digby & Long.)

Lad and Lass. By Jón Thóróddsen. Translated by Arthur M. Reeves. (Sampson Low.)

Aniwee. By Lady Florence Dixie (Henry.)

It would be difficult for a novel-writer possessing the smallest eye for dramatic effect not to find in the Reign of Terror a subject provocative of sustained excitement as well as replete with historical interest. Mr. Val Prinsep, who places the incidents of his novel, *Virginie*, in the French Revolutionary period, has, as may naturally be supposed, no lack of eye for effect; and, though his first volume reads rather heavily, owing to its laborious minuteness of detail, there is a fairly good supply of stirring incident in the remainder of the work. Enormous pains are taken in describing how Valerie, daughter of the *chef* and *aubergiste*, Jacques le Blanc, left her home secretly, and eloped with the Comte de la Beauce, who honourably married her, though of this fact her father long remained in ignorance; and comparatively little interest is aroused until we come to the arrest and imprisonment of la Beauce as a suspect, at the information of Le Blanc and his friend Rousselet, who believe him to be merely her seducer. Many of Mr. Prinsep's characters are decidedly well drawn: the fat, warm-hearted, fussy, hot-tempered, and chivalrous Le Blanc, his gaunt, solemn, philosophical friend, Rousselet, together with Virginie and her husband, their faithful follower, Jean Durand, and their deadly enemy, Captain Pinard, are all studies of more than common merit. As already hinted, the chief defect of the book arises from excess of painstaking. Though correct and cultured, the language is by no means sparkling, nor is the narrative relieved by many of those lighter episodes, or flashes of humour, or other subtle touches that entitle a novel to high rank. It is doubtful whether the author has done well in relinquishing the brush for the pen, and he is certainly unfortunate in having chosen ground already traversed by first-rate novelists.

In the pages of *A Colonial Reformer* we are introduced to Ernest Neuchamp, a younger son from an English county family, who starts for Australia with £5000 in his pocket and in his teeming brain a plan for the complete regeneration, under his own apostolic influence and example, of colonial manhood. His scheme includes "the reign of abstract justice and the dethronement of shams. He saw afar a general refinement in manners, pervading culture, which was harmoniously to fuse classes now so unhappily divided; the co-operation of labour with capital, and the equal partition of the public lands." Of course, he is—at the outset, at all events—an arrant prig, brimming over with assertive self-sufficiency, and absorbed in "all the fair visions of the higher life," which, according to the rather florid language of the writer, "commend themselves to ardent youth and generous manhood in that springtime of the heart when beautiful emanations are evolved in multiform glory." It may be re-

marked in passing that the writer's methods of expression would be none the worse for a little gentle pruning. Much may be allowed to a hero and heroine of onlightened views; but when Aymer Brandon, a rough squatter, comes to relate a story in the same sesquipedalian verbiage and gorgeous metaphor as are used by the more pretentious characters, the result is—well, anything but sublime. Apart from this, the book has many merits. It is a quiet and not unfriendly satire upon the attitude of superiority often assumed by youthful immigrants from the Old Country on arriving in the colonies; and it amusingly describes the gradual process by which Ernest Neuchamp is brought to his senses. The writer, moreover, is thoroughly conversant with Australian life, and his descriptions of every sort of farming occupation seem exhaustive enough to serve as a complete guide to any intending immigrant.

To classify a work of fiction as "a hunting novel" is half way on the road to reviewing it. One knows in a moment that the *personnel* of the story will be county families, army men, and grooms; the name is instantly suggestive of spinneys and coverts, of bullfinches, stone walls, double posts and rails, and nasty bits of water. And for all true lovers of sport these details have an irresistible fascination, so that when a really well-told love story is combined with them, a solid popularity may be predicted for the book. With the exception of Mrs. Edward Kennard, no lady writer has hitherto made any serious effort to challenge the position long held by Capt. Hawley Smart in this department of fiction. However, in *A Line of Her Own* Mrs. Conney has produced an excellent book of its kind. In her cross-country runs she always manages to be lively and interesting, and her talents for constructing an elaborate tale of intrigue are indisputable.

The Secret of the Princess has one remarkable peculiarity about it, in the fact that it totally differs from the ordinary tales of Russian life we are accustomed to read. The latter depend, as a rule, for their interest upon portrayal of the more savage side of Slavonic régime, and the barbarities that still mark an imperfect civilisation. Mrs. Edwards, in her story of the Princess Volhonsky and her three children, has avoided all such unpleasant topics; and though the secret police and Siberian exile are features which must of necessity crop up in a narrative of this kind, the writer has managed to diffuse such a rose-water aroma over her allusions to them, that one scarcely discerns any atrocious element in the scenes she describes. In fact, if it were not for the nomenclature, and the elaborate descriptions of fur clothing, the adventures of Prince Sergius and the Princesses Marie and Nellie Volhonsky might have been supposed to take place almost anywhere. Though guiltless of any sensational surprises, the story is not an altogether dull one, and will be acceptable to readers who are interested in court life and millinery.

By the help of a good deal of excision, *Romance by Proxy* might manage to pass muster as a popular handbook to Cairo and

the Thebaid; as a novel it is intolerably dull. Descriptive sketches of the monuments of antiquity have a special interest of their own which compels attention; and explanatory theories of primeval religions, even when illustrated with nothing better than the lights of a second-hand philosophy, may be made at least readable. But chapter after chapter devoted to the vacuous gossip and frivolities of garrison society become, after a while, appallingly wearisome. Mr. Comyn is vastly more interesting as an antiquary and a dilettante philosopher than as a writer of romance. After some 300 pages of his book have been passed, matters become a trifle more exciting; but it is doubtful whether many readers will get as far.

Unquestionably it is the duty of every reviewer who reads *Otho* to dissuade Mrs. J. L. Brown, if he possibly can, from ever writing another novel. Mere orthographical mistakes, of which there are many in the book, do not usually count for much in one's estimate of the literary value of a work; but when, as in the present instance, a good deal of the mystery and interest of the tale are connected with the so-called Greek word "Plaino" engraved upon a ring, and you keep wondering all along what in the world "Plaino" can mean, until just at the end you discover that it ought to have been "Phaino," there seems legitimate room for complaint. Grammatical errors also—e.g., "both *him* and Gwendolynes" seemed to prefer their own home in Wales"—are of trivial importance, for they can easily be rectified by a friend. And even gross ignorance of commonplace facts, such as is exhibited by this author, who, among other errors, appears to think that all the country clergy are styled "Very Rev." and that members of the House of Lords are elected to their seats by popular vote, may be concealed from view by the simple expedient of submitting the proof-sheets to the judgment of a competent critic before publication. What really makes Mrs. Brown's chance of success hopeless is her total lack of any eye for artistic effect, combined with an infinite capacity for sentimental gush and vapid twaddle. Her book—of which it is scarcely possible to give an outline—is marked by the continual introduction upon the scene of characters who have no connexion whatever with the plot, nor has the plot itself much scope allowed it for development except at the beginning and the end. From the constant occurrence of such phrases as "I guess," "just perfectly delightful," and suchlike, we should conjecture the writer to be an American.

Readers of Icelandic literature are better acquainted with Thóróddsen as a poet than as a novelist. *Lads and Lasses* is a translation of his "Piltur og Stúlka," the only romance (with one exception) which bears his name. It is interesting not so much for any startling features of plot or incident as for primitive simplicity of style, and as exhibiting the quaint peculiarities of custom and observance that exist among a remote and little known people.

Lady Florence Dixie has made herself well known to the world as an advocate of

the right of woman to be ranked, not only intellectually but also physically, on a par with man. This does not prevent her from being a fascinating recounter of perilous adventures among wild and barbarous tribes. *Aniwee*; or, *The Warrior Queen*, is a sequel to a previous story entitled *The Castaways*, dealing with life among the Patagonians and other savage races of the South American continent. One of the great charms of the book, apart from its bright and spirited style, is that it introduces us to peoples and customs of which we know next to nothing. Of course, the story is written more especially for the amusement of younger readers.

J. BARROW ALLEN.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

The Quakers: a Study, Historical and Critical. By Frederick Storrs Turner. (Son-nensehein). Mr. Turner must be congratulated on the achievement of a work which fills up very efficiently a gap in our religious literature. Of histories of Quakers we have, it is true, no lack; but they all, without scarce an exception, treat the subject from within. That such a mode of estimating the rise of a religious movement has advantages—especially on the score of truth and reliability—we should not dream of denying any more than we should think of questioning its peculiar appropriateness in the case of the Quakers. Probably no religious sect ever possessed a more vivid and authentic representation of its origin than the Quakers possess in the Journal of George Fox. It is a revelation, absolutely honest and straightforward, of the weakness as well as the strength of the Quaker movement, regarded from its inner standpoint and source of inspiration; and the line laid down by Fox's immortal work has been that adopted by his successors, e.g., by Barclay, Woolman, &c. But it is one thing to know the life of an organism or the motive power of a machine from within, and another to estimate it from without—carefully discriminating the relation between the initial force and its varied outcomes. This is precisely the task Mr. Turner has set himself with regard to Quakerism. He analyses the movement from its first crude starting-point to its incipient decay during the last century. It seems a pity that he should have stopped short at this point, and declined to consider the motive forces which have not only brought down the sect to our own time, but which at present seem likely to give it a renewed lease of popularity in the immediate future. Mr. Turner finds in the central doctrine of Quakerism—the self-evidence of the truth of Christianity, which is only the objective form of what the Quakers, from a subjective point of view, called "The Newer Light"—the antidote to much of the disbelief and negation of our own time. The book is attractively written, and may be commended either to those interested in the Quakers or to those who delight to ponder the less obtrusive among the religious problems of our time.

Quaker Strongholds, by C. E. Stephen (Kegan Paul & Co.), is, in our opinion, a contribution equally suggestive and important to the religious thought of to-day. The gifted authoress—a sister of Mr. Justice Stephen—narrates her conversion from the National Church to the Society of Friends. It is impossible not to sympathise with the reasons of such a change, which may briefly be defined as a need of freedom, elasticity, and spiritual expansion which the liturgy of the Church, so far from ministering to, seems intended to thwart and

stifle. The objection is well founded, and is as old as it is true. It is not an incidental outcome; it is the design of every liturgy to embody the general devotional feelings of those who join in it, and thereby not so much to suppress as to bring into subjection the occasionally vague but oftentimes wild and eccentric emotions of undisciplined individual piety. It may not be an ideally high form of human devotion that its embodied utterances should be provided already manufactured and packed like the wares in a grocer's shop, and that not the least change or readmixture should be permitted to any article thus authoritatively retailed; but we must unfortunately bear in mind the attributes and exigencies, not of individuals rarely gifted both intellectually and spiritually, but of average humanity. We cannot doubt that Miss Stephen finds in the freer worship of the Friends an atmosphere and aliment much more suited to her wants and susceptibilities than those provided by the Church of England; but what proportion does she suppose of individuals, gifted like herself, exists among the ordinary worshippers in the National Church? Still, it must, in fairness, be admitted—and Miss Stephen's book is useful as an opportune reminder of the truth—that liturgical forms are not the highest conceivable mode of worship; they are rather condescensions to average human frailty and mediocrity. Besides the autobiographical element in the book, Miss Stephen gives an account of what she regards as the strong points of Quakerism. Here, as elsewhere, she seems, however, open to the criticism of generalising too widely and indiscriminately from her own personal tastes and feelings. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the book may fairly claim to be the most important contribution to the apologetics of Quakerism since the celebrated Apology of Robert Barclay.

Selected Sermons of Schleiermacher. Translated by Mary T. Wilson. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This volume deserves what we hope it is destined to receive, a warm welcome. Schleiermacher is probably better known in England as a philosophical and semi-rationalistic thinker than as an evangelical preacher, endowed with all the pietistic fervour and unction of Charles Simeon, or Hugh McNeile among ourselves, though with infinitely greater breadth and comprehension. We suspect, therefore, that those who take up this volume as the first of Schleiermacher's works they have been able to peruse will confess to an agreeable surprise. They will find in these Selected Sermons nothing to shock the most vigilant and fastidious orthodox, while they will discover much evangelical teaching of the tender mystical kind that we identify with the best traditions of evangelicalism. It is not easy to determine the principle on which the selection has been made. The sermons seem chosen in a happy-go-lucky way from the four volumes of the Berlin edition, perhaps with a due care that nothing in them might shock the orthodox susceptibilities of the English reader. The translation seems well done. We have tested it occasionally, and have found it not only accurate but happy. We may add, by way of recommendation to the translator, that she might worthily devote her powers in another volume to the "Predigten über den Christlichen Hausstand," in the first volume of the Berlin collection, from which she has taken the seventh, eighth, and ninth in her present selection, and give English readers a translation of the whole in one volume. We have no sermons in English on the family life approaching them for Christian wisdom, beauty, and tenderness. The interest of this selection is considerably enhanced by a brief but accurate memoir of the great theologian.

Where is Christ? By H. B. Chapman. (Sonnenschein.) This book is a continuation

of the author's former volume, entitled *The Religion of the Cross*. It may be described as a plea generally forcible and incisive, oftentimes startlingly quaint and original, for practical Christianity. The book abounds with apophthegms and epigrams, and keen, shrewd remarks on various aspects of Christian thought and duty. Here is a remark on Free Thought worth noting:

"The teaching of centuries, which has tabooed Free Thought until it has now become appropriated by the enemies of the Cross, has thus incurred a very grave charge, not to be explained away easily."

And this is how Mr. Chapman comments on the cold charity of the rich:

"Hunting goes on all right, balls are advertised, dinners are given, the *Morning Post* reads very much the same; and at night the streets are alive with poor tempted women, driven to sell their virtue to gain their bread. And yet men can refuse five pounds while their stables are full of horses, and the price of a single night's amusement would open the gate of heaven to several of their sisters who are now in hell."

To those who like plain speaking on the subject of Christian teaching and duty, the book may be strongly recommended.

The Living Christ and the Four Gospels. By R. W. Dale. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Dr. Dale is so well known as a preacher and writer on popular theology that every production of his is certain to find a large and sympathising audience. This book, however, differs from all his previous writings. It consists of a number of lectures on the history of the Early Church. As, however, they only repeat the general results of well-known church histories, they cannot be said to have the importance which belongs to Dr. Dale's original work. It goes without saying that, in the account which he gives of Early Church polity, Congregationalism is mostly in the ascendant. This is, however, of less importance, inasmuch as most ingenious writers, even when their own sympathies are ecclesiastical, admit that the Churches were at first mainly separate, and in many respects wholly independent of each other. The title of the book is intended to mark one of its chief objects—viz., the superiority of the evidence of experience and intuition to that of external authority in respect of the Gospels. This is well brought out in lectures two and three, and again in lecture fourteen. Dr. Dale finds in this immediate spiritual apprehension the cause why Christians are not appreciably affected by attacks on religion or destructive criticisms of its sacred books. His own large experience as a preacher gives him the right to speak with authority on the point.

Spiritual Law in the Natural World. By E. Swift. (Elliot Stock.) Though the tone of this little book is much less presumptuous and dogmatic than that of the *Natural Law in the Spiritual World* of Prof. Drummond, its object is not wholly dissimilar. It may be described roughly as an attempt to effect a union, generally by the method of analogy, between religion and physical science. "Theology and science," says the author, "have become like two fondly-attached friends, whose friendship has, through divergence of sentiment, died out; and when they meet, neither of them dare look the other straight in the face." In order to re-establish this broken friendship, he purposes "to show that true science is in perfect harmony with all the grand fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion." The author manifests some acquaintance with various departments of physical science, as well as considerable dexterity in utilising his knowledge for the apologetic purpose above mentioned. That he succeeds in his design is, however, in our opinion, doubtful.

The Spiritual Development of St. Paul. By G. Matheson. (Blackwood.) To every student of early Christianity it must be obvious that St. Paul had not one sole but several distinct developments. It is, therefore, of importance to understand the meaning which Dr. Matheson desires to give to the title of his book. He tells us in the Preface:

"The problem I set before myself was this: assuming that the thirteen Epistles of St. Paul are genuine, and waiving for the present all questions of Biblical criticism, is it possible to regard these as marking the stages of a progress in development? Is it possible out of these alone, and without the aid of any foreign materials, to construct a fairly correct picture of the successive phases of Paul's Christian experience?"

Dr. Matheson answers these questions in the affirmative, and his book is worth reading. At the same time, it is open to the objections: (1) That the scope of his inquiry is needlessly narrowed, being limited to the Pauline Epistles; (2) That his plan is not always consistent with itself, and that his results are largely obtained by a dexterous manipulation of certain texts, and an ignoring just as dexterous of other inconvenient texts. This, however, does not seem to us to affect the substantial probability of the conclusions arrived at, with most of which we are disposed to agree.

Puritanism in Power. By Clement Wise. (Kegan Paul & Co.) We dare not suppose that Mr. Clement Wise, in the plenitude of his wisdom, deliberately designed this volume in order to prove and illustrate the foolishness of reviewing, but his book is undoubtedly capable of that or some equally bewildering explanation. To baffle the conscientious reviewer—to render a succinct account of the design of his book a sheer impossibility—might not unfairly stand for the final cause of his volume. With a warning, therefore, that we are about attempting a difficult, if not hopeless, task, we may say that *Puritanism in Power* is a diatribe or vehement invective directed against most of our English traditions, whether political, social, or religious. The standpoint from which the attack is made is so various that it might not unfairly be summed up as universal dissidence. Mr. Clement Wise seems to possess the characteristics immortalised in the hero of Cervantes. With more than Quixotic courage and boisterous energy, he not only arrays himself against every belief or institution which wears the aspect of stability or general acceptance, but he continually mistakes the phantasies of his own imagination for actual oppugnable realities. Let us add that the book, besides being thoroughly original and independent, is enlivened by a considerable amount of wit, and abounds with suggestions as amusing as they are impracticable. As a specimen, we may quote his plan for the transformation of St. Paul's Cathedral by chromatic mural decoration, to be effected by idle young ladies, in memorial of of which he hopes to read the following inscription on a mural tablet:

"Done in attempted expiation of the previous worthlessness of their lives by 4000 young women of what are called the upper and middle classes whose fathers paid for the paint. They subscribed the cost of a new bonnet and one year's pocket money to the benefit funds of the Painters' and Decorators' Trades Union of London."

After this evidence of what may be termed Acute Meliorism, it seems superfluous to record our conviction that Mr. Clement Wise is a person of sanguineous temperament—as the medical men of the beginning of this century would phrase it. It seems equally needless to add that he is a devout believer in a forthcoming millennium.

Some Central Points of our Lord's Ministry. By Henry Wace. (Hodder & Stoughton.) This

is a republication of certain papers or expositions originally printed in the *Clergyman's Magazine*. How far they merited republication is a question in which Dr. Wace and his admirers are primarily concerned. Certainly the expositions are learned, and are written in a clear if somewhat dry and pedantic style. But they seem to us to lack originality and animation. Most critics would, indeed, pronounce them dull, but this would not be a courteous description of the effect they are nevertheless calculated to produce. The third sermon, on "Our Lord's Education," touches the fringe of the question which has recently been so much discussed in reference to *Lux Mundi*; but it does not throw any appreciable light on it.

The Churchman's Theological Dictionary. By R. Eden. (Elliot Stock.) This republication of a well-known Dictionary does not seem to merit more than a passing acknowledgment. It is a re-cast, with certain additions, bringing the book up to date in matters of religious controversy. The author does not seem to be very successful in determining the limits of his work. Sometimes the terms defined seem to belong to a Biblical Dictionary; occasionally they are definitions of words employed in church architecture, for which we should refer to "Parker's Glossary." The author frankly avows that his book is intended not only for churchmen, but for Protestant churchmen; but though it is thus written ostensibly from a party point of view, the definitions, even when they touch upon burning questions, are commendably free from bias. Indeed, they claim to give in every case both sides of the question, with, of course, a little leaning to the author's own school. The book is distinctly honest, and may, in the circle to which it especially appeals, claim no small measure of utility.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SIR EDWIN ARNOLD left Japan by the P. and O. steamer on January 13, and will arrive in London early in March.

THE first instalment of the texts of the Petrie Papyri—the fragments of Euripides' "Antiope"—will appear on February 1 in the new number of *Hermathena*, which will also contain other articles of great interest. Prof. Mahaffy is preparing a monograph on the other classical texts and legal documents in the collection for publication in the *Transactions* of the Royal Irish Academy, with facsimiles.

MR. GOLLANCZ has undertaken to prepare for the Chaucer Society an account of Chaucer's "Philosophical Strode," with a reprint of his philosophical writings. As yet, Mr. Gollancz is unwilling to commit himself on the subject of Strode's possible authorship of "The Pearl," suggested by him in the *ACADEMY* of Jan. 10.

THE series of articles which have been appearing in the *Times* on the Negro Question in the United States are from the pen of Mr. W. Laird Clowes, who paid a special visit to America in order to prepare them. These papers will be revised by the author, and published in a few days by Messrs. Cassell & Co. under the title of *Black America*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly publish a volume of Literary Essays by the Bishop of Durham, and new volumes of Sermons by the Bishop of Meath, and by the Rev. Phillips Brooks, of Boston.

MESSRS. NISBET will publish immediately a new work by the Rev. Dr. Paton J. Gloag, entitled *An Introduction to the Johannine Writings*; and also a volume of *Reflections Exegetical and Experimental on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans*, by the Rev. J. G. Heisch.

The next volume in the series of "Canterbury Poets" will be an anthology of *Love Lyrics*, edited by Mr. Percy Hulburd.

A POPULAR edition of Prof. Henry Drummond's *Tropical Africa* is announced by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. It will contain a new preface, in which the author replies to Mr. H. M. Stanley.

MESSRS. FREDERICK WARNE & Co. will issue in a few days an entirely revised and much enlarged edition of Sir Henry Thompson's work on *Food and Feeding*, originally published in 1880.

MISS BETHAM-EDWARDS's novel, *The Parting of the Ways*, will shortly be added to Bentley's "Favourite Novel Series." A revised edition of *Disarmed*, by the same writer, is in the press; and we may add that *Dr. Jacob*, which originally appeared twenty-four years ago, has recently been reissued in a cheap form.

A NEW edition of the entire Bible in Pitman's Shorthand, at a popular price, is promised on February 1, after the work has been out of print nearly twenty years.

MESSRS. CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS and Scribner & Welford, of New York, announce that the branch of their business heretofore conducted under the name of Scribner & Welford will, after January 31, be carried on under the name of Charles Scribner's Sons, which title will thus include all departments of their business.

THE Teachers' Guild of Great Britain and Ireland, which has been established for seven years, has taken up its headquarters at 74, Gower-street. The council are beginning to organise an educational museum, at present confined to two departments—(1) a classified collection of text-books of all kinds; (2) a collection of mechanical appliances of use in historical and geographical teaching. As the nucleus of the latter, the Royal Geographical Society have consented to lend their educational collection, selected from the exhibition held by the society a few years ago. This consists of text-books, atlases, wall and other maps, globes, relief maps, models, geographical and historical pictures, and various other appliances of use in geographical teaching. The guild now consists of over 4000 members, with branches all over the kingdom. The council are promoting a Bill for the compulsory registration of teachers.

THE Association of Assistant Mistresses in Public Schools, which now numbers more than 400 members, held its seventh annual meeting at Bedford College last Saturday. The chief subjects of discussion were technical education, the teaching of science, and the registration of teachers—to which last, in all forms at present proposed, the association was strongly adverse. Miss C. E. Collet, M.A. Lond., was elected president for the ensuing year. At the end of the meeting the members of the association inspected the new science laboratories at Bedford College, which are now in working order.

MR. EDMUND GOSSE will give a lecture on Monday next, January 26, at the Royal Institution, on "British Ballads."

At the monthly meeting of the Browning Society, to be held at University College, Gower-street, on Friday next, January 30, a paper will be read by Prof. Jones, of Bangor, entitled "Browning's Proof of Optimism: a Statement and a Criticism."

THE *Wednesday Journal* has been reprinting some of John Strange Winter's earliest stories, written fifteen to twenty years ago, and afterwards issued in her first book "Cavalry Life," over ten years ago. Mrs. Stannard is, not unnaturally, very indignant at seeing her old

crude work advertised in huge letters on the numerous posters; but having sold the entire copyright she is powerless to prevent it.

IF the present season has not been rich in new poetry, it is at any rate notable for the number of single volumes containing the collected work of old favourites. After Tennyson (in a pocket edition), Shelley, Matthew Arnold, William Morris's *Earthly Paradise*, and Miss Christina Rossetti, we now have the original poems of Dante Gabriel Rossetti, edited by his brother (Ellis & Elvey). We are careful to say "original poems"; because not only are the lyrics omitted which were contained in *Dante and his Circle*, but also the versions from the Old French of Villon, &c., for which room might easily have been found. Moreover, as students of Rossetti know, at least one sonnet has never been reprinted since the first edition of 1870. For frontispiece is given what we believe to be a new etching, after a photograph taken in the garden of Cheyne Walk in 1854. The typography leaves not a little to be desired, even in a cheap book.

Corrigenda.—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter in the *ACADEMY* for January 17, 1891, p. 64, col. 3, last line but two, for *smérib* read *merennib*; p. 65, col. 1, l. 33, for *bethin* read *ethin*; p. 65, col. 1, last note, for *bairche* read *sobairche*.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

"THE Life and Labours of Schliemann" will be the subject of an article in the February number of *The National Review*, by Dr. Karl Blind, who for fourteen years was connected with the late explorer by intimate friendship, and who possesses more than 120 letters from him on his discoveries and plans—mostly written in German, some of them in English or Greek.

THE February number of *Scribner's* will contain—a poem by Sir Edwin Arnold, entitled "The Musmee"; an article on Africa, by Mr. J. Scott Keltie, illustrated with some rare portraits of explorers from Mr. John Murray's collection; and a defence of autograph collecting, by Mr. A. H. Stoddard, the poet.

The Century for February will contain the first chapter of Dr. Edward Eggleston's new novel, "The Faith Doctor." In a paper on "The Anglo-Saxon in the Southern Hemisphere," Mr. George R. Parkin will discuss the position of the working man in Australia.

THE February issue of the *Newbery House Magazine* will contain some letters of the late M. Chatrian, with an introduction by the Rev. F. A. Malleon; and also the final instalment of Mr. Charles Welsh's "Notes on the History of Books for Children," giving an account of the work done between 1830 and 1840 by Joseph Cundall in improving the "get-up" of books for the young, together with some interesting letters from well-known people on the books they read in childhood.

MR. FREDERICK DOLMAN will contribute an article on Edna Lyall's novels to the February number of *Sylvia's Home Journal*.

MR. CLEMENT SCOTT contributes an article on the Scott-Grundy Controversy to the February number of the *Theatre*.

EARLY in February will appear the first number of a new monthly entitled the *Fancy Goods and Toy Trades Journal*, edited by Mr. J. S. Morris, and published by Messrs. J. G. Smith & Co. at 165, Queen Victoria-street.

WITH the March issue *Literary Opinion* will be permanently enlarged to thirty-two pages, bound with a fancy cover, at the price of threepence instead of twopence.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE late Dean Church has bequeathed his valuable library to Oriel College, Oxford.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, Oxford, celebrated last Monday the five hundred and fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. It was on January 18, 1340-41, that Edward III. sealed, in the Tower of London, a licence to Robert de Eglesfield, chaplain to Queen Philippa, to found in the parish of St. Peter-in-the-East a collegiate hall of scholars, chaplains, and others, under the name of the Queen's Hall of Oxford.

PROF. SWETE, Bishop Westcott's successor in the chair of divinity at Cambridge, will deliver his first course of lectures this term, on "The Acts of the Apostles."

THE Rev. F. Wallis, of Caius, has been appointed to lecture during the current term as deputy for the Lady Margaret's professor of divinity at Cambridge.

THE university of Cambridge has conferred the degree of M.A., *honoris causa*, upon Prof. J. A. Ewing, Mr. Stuart's successor in the chair of engineering.

PROF. J. W. HALES, Clark Lecturer in English Literature at Trinity College, will begin on Saturday of this week a course of six lectures on "The Romances of Chivalry from Chaucer to Tennyson."

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, Slade professor of fine art at Cambridge, announces a course of six lectures on "Verrocchio and Michelangelo."

MR. J. BASS MULLINGER will deliver a course of ten lectures this term at Cambridge on "The History of Education."

AT the annual meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society, held on Thursday of this week, Mr. F. W. Thomas was to read a paper on "The Representation of the Indo-European Long and Short Liquid and Long Nasal Sonants in Greek and Latin." Dr. Sandys is proposed for re-election as president.

THE Oxford University Dramatic Society hope to have the play of "King John" ready for performance by the end of the first week of February. The part of King John will be played by Mr. Irving, junior, and that of Constance by Mrs. Sim. Mr. Mackinnon—who, as before, is responsible for all the arrangements—will be Faulconbridge; Miss Mabel Hoare, of Miss Mary Anderson's Lyceum company, Arthur; and Miss Ffytche, Queen Eleanor. The orchestra will be supplied by Lady Radnor's string-band, conducted by herself.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for January 21 prints an interesting list of the winners and "runners up" of the Hertford and Ireland scholarships since 1835 and 1825 respectively, together with the schools at which they were educated.

THE controversy concerning the right of colonial universities to confer degrees of examination in this country, which was raised by the action of Trinity College, Toronto, in regard to the musical faculty, has for the moment been settled by the Toronto authorities withdrawing from the right they had asserted, and which they still assert in the preamble of the resolution announcing their decision. The question therefore still remains open, whether any colonial universities with the right of conferring degrees could exercise that right by examining, say in Oxford or Cambridge, and conferring all the degrees with a lower standard and by mere examination. Probably an Act of Parliament will yet be required to settle this question.

THE council of University College, London, have arranged for a series of free popular

lectures to be delivered on Wednesdays, at 8.30 p.m., during the present term. The following is a list of the dates and subjects: February 11, "The Difficulties of Socialism," by Mr. Leonard Courtney; February 18, "Samuel Richardson," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; February 25, "St. Paul's Cathedral," by Prof. Roger Smith; March 4, "The Art of Legislation," by Mr. T. Raleigh; March 11, "Ice, Water, and Steam," by Prof. W. Ramsay; March 18, "Sir Henry Vane," by Prof. Beesly; and March 25, "The Universities of Egypt, Heliopolis, Alexandria and Cairo," by Prof. Stuart Poole.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

CAMBRIDGE IN SUNSET.

THE trees stood bare and cold on every side,
The earth about her bosom closelier drew
Her ragged dress of green, and—woman true—
Smil'd back to the smiling sun, as in yore-tide;
And the dear flow'rs that on her breast had died
And gone to heav'n, as all good flowers do—
White lily, and red rose, and violet blue—
Pansy, and poppy, and daisy golden-eyed—

These all came out to look on earth adown,
And made the sky a garden overhead,
Aglow with colour—blue and yellow and red—
And (was it poet or bird?) a small thing brown
Did sing about it in a leafless tree,
And chirp'd—Look, look! this only hue you'll
see!

ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE BANCROFT.

WE have to record the death of George Bancroft, the veteran historian of the United States, which took place at Washington on Saturday, January 17, in the ninety-first year of his age.

He was born at Worcester, Massachusetts, in 1800, being the son of a Unitarian minister, who is himself known as the author of a *Life of Washington*. After graduating at Harvard before he was seventeen, he spent the next five years of his life in Europe, visiting the chief centres of culture and making the acquaintance of many eminent men. On returning to America in 1822, he taught for a short time at Harvard and elsewhere, and wrote poems and magazine articles. The bent of his mind and the result of his continental studies was shown by his translation of Heeren's classical work on *The Political System of Europe and its Colonies*; and henceforth he devoted himself to compiling a history of the United States, which should be marked alike by laborious research and by philosophical insight. The first volume was published in 1834; the tenth and last of the original plan, which ended with the recognition of American independence, did not appear till 1874. Shortly afterwards the whole was revised in six volumes; and two more volumes were ultimately added (1882), describing the formation of the constitution.

Bancroft's literary activity thus extended over a period of fifty years. But it formed only part of his services to his country. As a faithful member of the Democratic party, he held successively the posts of collector of the port of Boston (when Hawthorne was his subordinate at Salem), Secretary of the Navy in the cabinet of President Polk, minister at the court of St. James's (when Oxford conferred upon him the hon. degree of D.C.L. at the Encenia of 1849), and again minister at Berlin for seven years. He was also called upon to pronounce funeral orations upon Prescott, Washington Irving, and Lincoln. Altogether, no contemporary occupied a higher place in the esteem of his countrymen. His history like-

wise received special recognition in Germany, though it must be admitted that it is not so much read in England as the more brilliant works of Prescott and Motley.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE current number of *Mind* opens with a clear and instructive article by Prof. A. Bain, entitled "On Physiological Expression in Psychology." The writer seeks to show how far it is desirable for the psychologist, in the present imperfect state of our knowledge respecting the workings of the nervous system, to attempt a detailed and largely hypothetical statement of the nervous concomitants of psychical processes. While contending that the reference to these physiological concomitants should be as thoroughgoing as possible, and much more distinct and frequent than is the case in some recent English psychological writings, he warns us against the futility of trying to find a physiological expression for all psychical processes, more particularly the complicated workings of mind in the higher operations of intellect. A second psychological article of considerable importance is a study on "Apperception and the Movement of Attention," by Mr. G. F. Stout. The essayist has been a careful student of the Herbartian psychology, and in the present paper he gives an interesting and, in some respects, new presentation of the theory of apperception or intellectual assimilation as held by the Herbartian school. Mr. Stout explicitly aims in this paper at showing the insufficiency of the Laws of Association or Suggestion as relied on by English psychologists for explaining our thought processes, and more particularly the operation by which new impressions, facts, and ideas are assimilated and woven into the texture of pre-existing knowledge. The account of apperceptive systems, with their conflicts and co-operations, which he here gives us will probably strike the critical reader as a doubtful improvement on English doctrine. It seems to be hardly less cumbersome and less hypothetical than the well-known doctrine of conflict of presentations, arrest, &c., of Herbart himself. It is curious, perhaps, that, at a moment when German psychology is clearly divesting itself of Herbartian methods, and substituting for them the simpler methods of the English Associationists, an English writer should be introducing Herbartian conceptions. One may venture to think that all the processes which Mr. Stout here describes and illustrates in so clear and interesting a way can be explained by Laws of Association fully and accurately formulated, aided by references to those physiological concomitants of which Prof. Bain reminds us, and which Mr. Stout completely ignores. The historical fact that the Laws of Association have often been stated in a crude and unsatisfactory way does not, it may be urged, justify us in condemning the principle itself as inadequate. Mr. Stout's thoughtful essay, which is to prepare the way for an account of the function of language in thought, will do good service to English students by bringing into view aspects of mental activity which our associational psychology has been apt to overlook, and so compelling them to reconsider the common statement of the doctrine of Association. The remaining contents of the number, each interesting in its own way, are a criticism of Helmholtz's Theory of Space-Perception, by Mr. J. H. Hyslop; an inquiry into the fundamental principle or axiom of induction, by Mr. L. T. Hobbhouse; and a translation of a curious speculation by a German savant, Herr von Lendenfeld, on "The Undying Germ-Plasm and the Immortal Soul."

In the *Jewish Quarterly Review* for January, Dr. D. Rosin discusses the proper place of Solomon Ibn Gebirol in the history of ethics. Our respected contributor, Mr. Owen, describes optimism and pessimism as exhibited in Jewish philosophy in connexion with a monograph by Dr. H. Goitein. Prof. Grätz gives two Biblical studies on the last chapter of Zechariah and the Central Sanctuary of Deuteronomy. Dr. A. Kohut continues his comparison of Parsic and Jewish traditions on the First Man. Prof. Kaufmann gives a sketch of Jair Chayim Bacharach. Dr. Schechter surveys the Jewish literature of the year 1890. There are also interesting historical notes by Prof. Bacher, Mr. Simmons, and Dr. Neubauer; and critical notices of Steinthal's Essays by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, and of M. Renan's last historical volume by Mr. C. G. Montefiore. To the latter writer we are also indebted for a lucid and thorough article called "Recent Criticism upon Moses and the Pentateuchal Narratives of the Decalogue."

THE *Theologische Tijdschrift* for January contains a sequel to Dr. Meyboom's study on Marcion, in which the Clementine Homilies and "Recognitiones" were too hastily treated. The author now repairs his omission, with much fulness of detail. Dr. Berlage discusses the meaning of Gal. vi. 2. Among the notices of books, that of Buhl's new book on the Old Testament Canon and Text, by H. O., deserves attention; the work is highly praised, but a fuller examination is desired of the factors of the Massoretic vocalisation. Dillmann's *Isaiah*, naturally enough, does not suit his extremely critical reviewer. W. C. v. M. gives a full notice of Werner's treatise on the Paulinism of Irenaeus.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ALBERTS, O. Linguistisch-medizinischer Beitrag zur Culturgeschichte der Türken. Berlin: Koehler. 5 M.
CASTELLAN, Marquis de. Gentilshommes démocrates. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
FAUET, E. Politiques et moralistes du 19e siècle. 1re série. Paris: Lecène. 3 fr. 50 c.
GRILLPARZER, F. Gedichte. Jubiläums-Ausg. zum 100. Geburtstage d. Dichters. Stuttgart: Cotta. 10 M.
MASSAIA, Carl G. I miei 35 anni di missione nell' Alta Etiopia. Vol. VIII. Milano: Hoepli. 12 fr.
P. H. X. La politique française en Tunisie. Le Protectorat et ses origines 1834-1891. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
REINACH, S. Peintures de vases antiques recueillies par Millin (1808) et Müllingen (1813). Paris: Firmin-Didot. 30 fr.
THEURIET, A. Reine des bois. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BAUDRILLART, A. Philippe V. et la Cour de France. T. 2. Philippe Cinq et le duc d'Orléans. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
FOURNIER, P. Le Royaume d'Arles et de Vienne (1138-1378). Paris: Picard. 12 fr.
LETTOW-VORBECK, O. v. Der Krieg v. 1806 u. 1807. 1. Bd. Jena u. Auerstedt. Berlin: Mittler. 10 M.
LEVASSEUR, E. La population française avant 1789. T. 2. Paris: Rousseau. 12 fr. 50 c.
MARSAUCHE, L. La Confédération helvétique d'après sa constitution; ou études d'économie sociale et politique. Strassburg: Treuttel. 2 M. 80 Pf.
MARTIN, P. Guerre de 1870. Batailles sur la Lauter, la Sauer et la Sarre: Wissembourg-Reichschoffen-Forbach. Paris: Spectateur Militaire. 7 fr. 50 c.
SEMSZAYCKI, J. Die Reise d. Vergerius nach Polen 1556-1557. Königsberg: Beyer. 1 M. 80 Pf.
SÉCHÉ, L. Les derniers Jansénistes, depuis la ruine de Port-Royal jusqu'à nos jours. Paris: Perrin. 15 fr.
TALLEYRAND, Mémoires du Prince de. T. 1 et 2. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 15 fr.
TATISTCHEFF, Serge. Alexandre 1er et Napoléon, d'après leur correspondance inédite de 1801 à 1812. Paris: Perrin. 7 fr.
VANDAL, A. Napoléon et Alexandre 1er: l'alliance russe sous le premier empire de Tilsit à Erfurt. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.
VERCAMER, E. Des franchises diplomatiques et spécialement de l'exterritorialité. Paris: Mareseq. 8 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- BITTNER, A. Brachiopoden der alpinen Trias. Wien: Hölder. 80 M.
BLANKENHORN, M. Das marine Miocän in Syrien. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 80 Pf.
HANSEN, A. Pflanzen-Physiologie. Die Lebenserscheinungen u. Lebensbedinggn. der Pflanzen. Stuttgart: Weisert. 6 M.
RODLER, A., u. K. A. WEITHOFER. Die Wiederkäufer der Fauna v. Maragha. Leipzig: Freytag. 3 M. 40 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BARTH, J. Die Nominalbildung in den semitischen Sprachen. 2. Hälfte. Die Nomina m. äusserer Verhebrg. Die gebrochenen Plurale. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 10 M.
CICERONIS Paradoxa ad M. Brutum. Erklärt v. M. Schneider. Leipzig: Tauchnitz. 1 M.
ETUDES romanes dédiées à Gaston Paris le 29 Décembre 1890 par ses élèves français etc. Paris: Bouillon. 20 fr.
GOLDENBERG, B. Or chodosh. 2. Thl. Wien: Lippe. 1 M. 80 Pf.
LÉVI, Sylvain. Le Théâtre indien. 18 fr. Quid de Græcis veterum Indorum monumenta tradiderint. 3 fr. Paris: Bouillon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"LIVES OF SAINTS FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE."

Youghal: Jan. 7, 1891.

This book is similar in structure to the editor's *Tripartite Life*. Two new features are a list of loan-words and an index of first lines of poems. A decided change for the worse, for those who require to use the volume, is the deviation from the Rolls system of placing the text and translation face to face, with the variants and notes underneath. The illustrative material occurs first to be considered. The following comments, which are not exhaustive, will show to what extent it has attained facility.

Viriliter age et confortetur cor tuum is said (p. evi.) to be a quotation from the Vulgate. Read *agite* (with the MS.) and *vestrum*. "Three chapters of the *Beati*" are mentioned (p. 32). The sole information supplied consists (pp. ex., 406) of calling *Beati* the 119th Psalm. The expression is the most valuable Scripture item in the work. It proves that the octonary divisions of Ps. cxviii. were known in the early Irish Church. The "chapters" in question were, no doubt, Aleph, Beth and Ghimel (vv. 1-22) inclusive. A passage in the panegyric of St. Columba, we are informed (p. 169), is a paraphrase of Ps. xlix. 15. But in Lebar Brece (p. 30a) the text is quoted in full from Ps. evi. 6. *Misericordias [Dei]* is annotated (p. 173) "Ps. 82?" Elsewhere (p. 303) it becomes "the 100th Psalm." It is: *Misericordias [Domini]*. Ps. lxxxviii.]

The subject of pilgrimage, we learn (p. eviii.), "is handled with singular good sense." But the "sense" is not Irish, except by adoption. The Latin original will be found in L. B. (p. 30a b.). *Potius dicendus est evangelista quam propheta*, a dictum attributed to St. Jerome, the reader will have to verify for himself. (In five Biblical places he must do likewise.) *Non legam Marcum quo usque compleveram Mattheum* is given (p. 269) as a saying that was deemed worthy to be sent to Rome. But the countrymen of Columbanus knew their Priscian better than to send the aphorism in that form. The MS. has *complevera*. Replace a by e and you rectify the reading.

Of the numerous persons and events mentioned in the text, only a few have dates assigned to them. Some of this incidental work is noteworthy. For instance, the Annals of Innisfallen are quoted at first hand, "ad a. 886" (p. ex.) and "A.D. 892" (p. xlii). It will be time enough to discuss these numerals when we know whether they occur in the MS. (Rawl. B. 503); or, if not, how they have been arrived at. From the Annals of Ulster, to take two test cases, we have A.D. 783 and A.D. 890 (pp. 405, xlii.). Has the editor noted that in the new edition the former year is marked Bissextile on the margin and the latter has the alias 891?

With respect to personal identification, novel results are not wanting. "As to the death (A.D. 604) of Aed Slane, otherwise called Aed mac Ainmirech, see Reeves' *Columba*, p. 42" (p. 306). Ad Caesarem ibis! At "p. 42" you will see that Aed Slane became joint-king on the death of Aed mac Ainmirech. Similarly, "Cairpre Crom. xvi., 244=Cairbre Find, 245" (p. 370). But C. C. was a king

in Connaught; C. F., a king in Munster. Contrariwise, "Congall" and "Congall of Bennechor" (ib.) are one; "Echaid Tirmacharna" and "Eochaid T." (p. 371), the same Eochu.

In like manner, regarding places and tribes there is some remarkable work. "Hui Neill . . in Meath, which was divided among the sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages and possessed by their descendants until the English invasion; Four MM. A.M. 3510, note a" (p. 379). In "note a" O'Donovan accurately describes the Southern Ui Neill. But, with submission, Niall had other sons; to wit, Eogan (*a quo* Tir-Eogain, co. Tyrone), Conall (*a quo* Tir-Conaill, co. Donegal), Enda (sixth son of Conall, according to the editor, p. 381) and others. Their posterity were collectively called the Northern Ui Neill. But see what we have got here. Of the eight Index references, five belong to the northern branch. Nay more, in the very first (p. xxviii.) the "northern Húi Neill" are expressly named! Loch Silenn of the text is said (p. 380) to be on the borders of Cavan, Longford, and Meath. But, as the editor doubtless knows, the Annals of Innisfallen place this L. S. in Magh Femín, a plain which he himself has located in Tipperary. The district of Mogh Ruith is equated (p. 232) with the half of Mogh, i.e., the southern moiety of Ireland. According to the Index (p. 380), however, the latter M. had the agnomen Nuadat. And, if you rely on the Book of Lismore as cited here (p. xxxvi.), the territory of M. R. comprised the two Fermoy (not the "barony of Fermoy" (p. 378), but Condons and Clangibbons, the next barony to the east) co. Cork.

In reference to the transcription, as the facsimile shows that the letters are as plain as capitals, with ordinary care no error ought to appear in the portions that are unabbreviated in the MS. Furthermore, the extension of contractions is, as a rule, devoid of difficulty. Nevertheless, the lengthy list of errata (in which corrigenda like *comdhi* for *co mo dhá*, *betho* for *báis*, *intsamhail* for *in tsamtha*, can scarcely be charged to the printer) forbids implicit reliance to be placed on the text. An innovation not to be commended is the retention of the contraction *et* for *ocus* (and). Similarly, we get *vel* (l. 507) for *no* (or), and (l. 3048) *et reliqua* for *ocus araile* (and so forth). An instance of want of uniformity is *bliadan* (n. s.) 4745, *bliadain* (n. s.), 4747. *B* of the facsimile (col. b, l. 38) is read *Buiri* in one place (p. vii.) and *Baidhi* in another (p. 98). The textual revision is still incomplete. For *Feilimí* read *Fei[d]limthe* (808); for *episcopus*, *episcopus* (1785); for *Imlech*, *Imlecha* (2831); for *Imliuch*, *Imlech* (2880); for *n-ainiadh*, *n-veiniadh* (3253); fac. col. b, l. 38); for *Feidlimid*, *Feidlimthe* (3978).

With regard to textual emendation, the editor seems unaware of the extent to which it is needed. *Na huili riagla [naob] Eireanacha*, "all the rules of the Irish saints" (p. 104). This, of course, is not Irish, unless the intruded word is removed. The reading being thus restored, the meaning is "all the Irish rules." The editor's English would require *na huili riagla na naob Eireanach*. As *i sin mil-sin*, "that is the honey" (p. 120). The Irish words, as they stand here, are void of sense. Read *as i sin in mil* ("that is the honey"), or *as i in mil-sin* ("it is that honey"). *Ind eclais bic*, "into the little church" (p. 132). Rather "into a little church." Read *Isind eclais bic*. The omission was a scribal oversight.

Omissions like the following are more serious. *Dorairngert . . Mochta . . Colum Cille bliadain riana gheineamain*, M. foretold C. C. a year before his birth (p. 23). M., namely, in reply to a query (ib.), said C. would come after one hundred years. Yet the contradiction suggested nothing to the editor.

His function, it would seem, is to take the text as he finds it. The copyist, L. B. (p. 30a) proves; left out a c. Read *cēt bliadan*, "a hundred years." Again, *alu bliadna do inn Alpain*, 45 years was he (Columba) in Scotland (p. 30). The editor is still unsuspicious. Supply from L. B. (p. 33a), *xliv. a deis intan dochuaid, xxxiiii. d. i n-Albain*, 42 his age the time he went (to Scotland), 34 (were passed) by him in Scotland. Hereby, likewise, the *alu* of the Book of Lismore is to be corrected into *xliv*. (*u* and *ii* being frequently mistaken for each other).

In one case somebody has blundered sadly. St. Brigit (p. 38) once visited her mother, and, finding that she was ill, took her place in making butter. After a time, the herdsman went to report to the owner, who lived elsewhere. The (printed) text then goes on: "*Rofhiafraig in drai ocus a ben: 'In maith leasaighius an ingen?' Tainie ann na bu,*" "The wizard and his wife asked, 'Hath the virgin cared well for the dairy?' Then he came to the kine." Well, in the first place, there is no "dairy" in the original. Secondly, *Tainie ann na bu* will excite a smile. Thirdly, the sole difficulty is to discover how any perplexity can have arisen in connection with a construction so obvious. Put "?" after "bu"; for *Tainie* read *tainie*, and translate: The druid and his wife asked, "Does the maiden that came there care the cows well?" *Tainie ann*, a minimum of native knowledge shows, is a relative clause referring to *ingen*; *na bu* being the object of *leasaighius*.

In other instances the MS. is certainly right. St. Mochua cured persons of the Yellow Plague and transferred the colour to his crozier (p. 143): *Conuadh dia fothugud sin asbert in senchaid*, "whereof of that colouring spake the poet." At foot (p. 287) is a note: "For the *fothugud* 'founding' of the MS. we should probably read *dathugud*." But there are two fatal objections. The proposed lection cannot signify "of that colouring," but "to colour that." Moreover, "of that colouring" is in Irish (not *dia dathugud sin*, but) *do'n dathugud sin*. No emendation is required. The meaning is that the poet made verses to "establish," or perpetuate, the fact of the miraculous cure and the consequent promise of service by those who were healed.

"Ferna, gen. Fernann, now Ferns, co. Wexford" (p. 378). In the text (p. 62) the gen. is the only case employed. It occurs twice, and is correctly given as *Ferna*, not *Fernann*. Confirmation is found in an unexpected quarter. Perhaps the earliest extant example is contained in the "unintelligible (!) verse" (Hampson: *Med. Aer. Kal.*, p. 398) of the *Kalendar in Galba and Tiberius*:

(II. Kal. Feb.) Ast Iani fines signat Aed famine Ferna.*

The translation requires a separate notice for adequate discussion.

B. MACCARTHY.

"IN TAPHNIS."

London: Jan. 17, 1891.

In a footnote to his letter printed in the ACADEMY of to-day, Mr. Whitley Stokes suggests that the word *taphnis* (in the passage *ut moriatur in taphnis*, quoted from a Vatican MS.), is a mistake for *tapinis*, and compares this with Greek *ταπινός* and French *en tapinois*. It is, however, unquestionably the name of the

* The MSS. (according to Hampson) have *sigat* and *famina*: *Aed* by designation "of Ferns," so-called to distinguish him from others of the name. The homonymous lists in L. L. (p. 366c, f) have twenty-one saints under *Aed*. In L. Be. (p. 225d) "*xxi. sunt*" stands at foot, but only eighteen are given; thus proving the scribe's oversight.

Egyptian city Tahpanhes (see Ezek. xxx., Jer. xliii.). The interpretation *mandatum humile*, which is St. Jerome's (*Comm. in Ezech. xxx.*), is very puzzling—it does not seem possible to account for it by a reference to Hebrew. Some of the Church Fathers seem to have had sufficient knowledge of Egyptians to make blunders in it; is there any conceivable combination of words in that language that might have suggested this extraordinary explanation?

HENRY BRADLEY.

TUNIP AND THE LAND OF NAHARINA.

Rochester: Jan. 17, 1891.

Writing at a distance from good libraries, I do not know what has been said about Tunip. But Mr. Howorth's very plausible theory respecting Aran Naharina is surely a very old friend. At least, some fifteen years ago one heard of it in connexion with the names of M. Halévy (*Mélanges*) and Dr. Beke. The tribe Patina are also, of course, very old friends. But the new suggestion of Mr. Howorth about Tunip certainly helps the theory if it can be made out.

T. K. CHEYNE.

There is one difficulty in the way of Mr. Howorth's suggestion in the ACADEMY of January 17 with regard to the name Naharain. The two rivers which he proposes as the boundaries of the land so called do not unite, but flow into different seas. They do not enclose a tract of country in the same sense as two rivers which join.

The analogy of the Indian use of a similar term will be helpful. The familiar word *do-áb* "two rivers" (the equivalent of Naharain), is applied to "a tract between two confluent rivers" (Yule and Burnell's Glossary). It may seem that this still leaves undefined the area to which the word is applied, as two confluent rivers cannot really enclose it. There can only be two sides of the figure; but a third side is supplied by the mountain range from which the two confluent rivers come, and it is to the roughly triangular space thus enclosed that the name *do-áb* is given. Thus, the tracts between the several rivers which unite and ultimately join the Indus are called *do-ábs*, each with its own distinctive name. So also the great tract between the Ganges and the Jumna is known as the *Doáb*, without any further name. But to the broad strip of country between the Sutlej and the Jumna, which rivers do not unite but flow into different seas, the term *do-áb* is not applied. Is it not probable that the use of the term Naharain is similar, and that it is only applicable to a Mesopotamia, in the ordinary sense of a *do-áb*?

R. MACLAGAN.

WHY WAS THE HORSE DRIVEN BEFORE IT WAS RIDDEN?

Queen's College, Cork: Jan. 19, 1891.

Mr. Talfourd Ely says that "it was no doubt easier to learn driving than riding." Is this true? Under modern conditions it may be so, when a person's first essay in driving is made on some old and steady animal, tightly embraced in harness and shafts. But when primitive man first subdued the little wild horse, was it easier for him to learn to drive two of these animals when simply attached by means of a yoke and pole, with free play for their hind quarters and heels, their first instinct being to kick to pieces the rattling, creaking wheels and axle which formed the primitive car, or to learn to sit firmly on his back—an art which the South American Indians found no difficulty in acquiring when they obtained the horse from the Spaniards?

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

"COCK'S EGGS."

King's College, London: Jan. 14, 1891.

As Dr. Murray's derivation of the word "cockney" has lately called special attention to the curious phrase, "a cock's egg," the following extract may, perhaps, be worth making. It is a note in Souvestre's *Le Foyer Breton*, apropos of the phrase *race née de l'œuf du coq*:

"On croit en Bretagne que certains œufs, recouverts seulement d'une pellicule, sont pondus par les coqs et proviennent du démon comme tout ce qui sort de l'ordre naturel. Ces œufs sont, dit on, couvés par des couleuvres et produisent des monstres. *Race née de l'œuf du coq* est donc une injure qui exprime l'origine diabolique de l'être auquel on l'adresse."

JOHN W. HALES.

"ARERAGE" IN THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

London: Jan. 20, 1891.

I should be glad to correct an error which occurs in a note of mine to "Some English Documents temp. Henry VII.," printed in the ACADEMY of Jan. 3. It is there stated that the word "aravage" is not given in the New English Dictionary. As a matter of fact it appears under the head "arrears," of which four senses are given, including that mentioned in my note. There is, however, no cross-reference "aravage" to "arrears," though there is from "arere" to "arrear"; this it seems is intended to imply all the related words.

PACOT TOYNBEE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, Jan. 25, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Presbyterianism," by the Rev. David Fotheringham.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Am I my Brother's Keeper?" by Dr. Stanton Coit.
- MONDAY, Jan. 26, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Pāṇini, Poet and Grammarian, with some Remarks on the Age of Indian Classical Poetry," by Prof. Peterson.
5 p.m. London Institution: "British Ballads," by Mr. Edmund Gosse.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Byzantine Architecture," I., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Construction and Capabilities of Musical Instruments," I., by Mr. A. J. Hipkins.
8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Evidences for the Ether," with Experiments, by Mr. A. T. Hare.
- TUESDAY, Jan. 27, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," II., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Lithography: A Finished Chapter of Illustrative Art," by Mr. William Simpson.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Machine Stoking," by Mr. J. F. Spencer.
8 p.m. Anthropological Institute: Annual General Meeting; Presidential Address, by Dr. John Beddoe.
- WEDNESDAY, Jan. 28, 8 p.m. Society of Literature: "Dr. Samuel Parr," by Mr. Arthur Benson.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Illustrated Journalism," by Mr. Carmichael Thomas.
- THURSDAY, Jan. 29, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Little Manx Nation," II., by Mr. Hall Gaike.
4 p.m. Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead: General Meeting.
6 p.m. London Institution: "The History of Medicine in London," by Dr. Norman Moore.
8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Byzantine Architecture," II., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
- FRIDAY, Jan. 30, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting; "The Counterbalancing of Locomotive Engines," by Mr. E. L. Hill.
8 p.m. Browning: "Browning's Proof of Optimism: a Statement and a Criticism," by Prof. Jones.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "British Mosses," by Lord Justice Fry.
- SATURDAY, Jan. 31, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Pre-Greek Schools of Art," II., by Mr. W. M. Conway.

SCIENCE.

THE GREEK MSS. IN THE VATICAN.

La Vaticane de Paul III. a Paul IV. d'après des documents nouveaux. Par Pierre Batiffol. (Paris: Leroux.)

THIS charming little book may well be commended to the notice of all who are interested in the history of libraries and of MSS. It belongs to a series of which the

outward get-up is somewhat similar to that of our own "Parchment Library," but even more elegant and refined; and the price is trifling. All scholars nowadays who take their work seriously are concerned in the external, as well as the internal, history of MSS.; and to these the Abbé Batiffol offers a pleasant and interesting sketch of an important period in the history of the most important library in the world.

It is needless to open our account with a review of the work that has recently been done, or is now doing, at the history of the Vatican, for all this will be found concisely stated in the Preface. It may, however, be as well to mention that M. Batiffol's researches are practically confined to Greek MSS., so that the title would have been a little more correct if it had been *La Vaticane Grecque*, &c. The distinction is important, because the Greek collection in the Vatican has a separate history, and is more modern than the Latin. In 1443, under Eugenius IV., there were only two Greek MSS. (a Boethius and a Graeco-Latin Psalter) in the library. From that time to the death of Sixtus IV. in 1484 it increased rapidly; but here M. Batiffol leaves us rather in a mystery, for he himself can only ask the question what became of the 900 volumes which were there at that date. And he goes on to say in the next sentence that the nucleus of the present collection is formed by the 450 MSS. catalogued in 1519-1521 under Leo X. The landmarks in the history of the library from that time onwards are the catalogues: first an alphabetical subject-list, made under Paul III., in 1545; and then, about 1620, a new catalogue, made by the Rainaldi, which established the order in use to the present day.

It is this period, 1545-1620, which M. Batiffol has undertaken to chronicle. During a great part of the time the library was in the hands of three cardinal librarians: Cervini (1548-1555), Sirleto (1570-1585), and Carafa, who appears to have succeeded Sirleto at once and died in 1591. All three were keenly interested in Greek letters, and it was through them that the principal accessions were made to the collection. Cervini added about 143 Greek MSS. From the private library of Sirleto thirty-five were bought for the Vatican at his death, and the rest also found their way ultimately into the Vatican with the Ottoboni collection, with which they had been incorporated. This was under Benedict XIII., in 1740. Carafa bequeathed to the Vatican, as it would seem, sixty-nine Greek MSS. (No. 31 *bis*) of rather less importance, but including some of the material for the Roman edition of the Septuagint, which had been entrusted to him and was published in 1586.

The central figure in M. Batiffol's book is Sirleto, a genuine scholar, of mild and simple character, tutor at one time of Carlo Borromeo, who had been charged with the collecting of the patristic authorities for the discussions in the Council of Trent, especially in its first and most important period, 1545-1552. In this capacity Cardinal Seripando said of him that he had "done more service to the Council while at Rome than fifty prelates more would have done at Trent."

Of his predecessor and successor we also get a graphic impression, the vigorous, impatient, and imperious Cervini—first of the librarians who belonged to the Sacred College, and afterwards Pope for twenty-two days as Marcellus II.—who promptly set to work and brought the library into better order than it had ever been; and the stern, severe Carata, a characteristic figure of the reaction of the latter part of the century, of whose temper we have a melancholy monument in the shape of a page and a half of exultation over the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.

M. Batiffol touches, by the way, upon a number of interesting points: the two great markets for MSS. at Rome and Venice; the shifty Greeks, who brought over their packages of books for sale or were employed as copyists; the method of constructing Renaissance texts, in which the scribe has usually two copies at his side, and chooses the most readable text, now from one and now from the other; the worthlessness of the greater number of these sixteenth century MSS., where along with some twenty replicas we often possess the original from which they were copied. We have besides many details about the price of books; some interesting illustrations of the Tridentine doctrine of the inspiration of the Vulgate; and a sketch of the origin of the Roman edition of the LXX. In the course of this M. Batiffol comes to speak of the famous Codex Vaticanus 1209 (B). The earliest reference to this is in 1533. He can find no mention of it in the catalogues before that date; and he is himself of opinion that it was brought to Rome by Cardinal Bessarion, after resting somewhere in the South of Italy from the tenth or eleventh century, but he is not prepared to say that it was written there. On this point the reader may consult especially De Rossi, *De Origine Bibliothecae Apostolicae*, pp. xxxvi.-xxxviii. We may observe in passing that it is perhaps a little in excess of the facts to say that "modern criticism is unanimous in considering the text of Cod. B. as the oldest form which we possess of the text of the Septuagint." This hardly does justice to the qualifying phrases ("on the whole" and "relatively") in the quotation given just before from Dr. Swete; and there is still some dissent—e.g., in Dr. Hatch's *Essays in Biblical Greek* (p. 281), for the Book of Ecclesiastics, and I believe also on the part of Dr. de Lagarde.

At the end of his treatise, M. Batiffol turns to a subject which he has made specially his own—the history of a small, but compact and valuable, collection of MSS., which Paul V. carried off in high-handed fashion from Grotta Ferrata. What M. Batiffol has to say about these MSS. has the further interest that it is at issue with the opinion of Dom A. Rocchi, to whom we owe the excellent catalogue of the MSS. still at Grotta Ferrata. Dom Rocchi affirms, and M. Batiffol denies, that the collection in question formed part of the original stock of the abbey. He finds, first, a statement by Ambrose of Camalduli that the volumes in the library when he visited it in 1432 were *dissipata, disrupta, conscissa, putrida*, which does not agree with the

present condition of the greater number of them. He finds, also, two lists of Grotta Ferrata MSS.—one of sixty volumes, dated 1462, and another of fifty-three volumes, drawn up in 1575; only a few of these latter volumes are included in the earlier list. Lastly, out of the forty-one MSS. now in the Vatican, but one can be proved to have been at Grotta Ferrata at the beginning of the fifteenth century, while several, the origin of which can be traced, belonged to other monasteries. One would be glad to know what Mr. T. W. Allen had to say about these MSS. from a palaeographical point of view; but I do not gather that they were included among the data for his *Notes on the Abbreviations in Greek MSS.* M. Batiffol himself may throw more light upon them in his forthcoming volume on Rossano.

W. SANDAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHAMBALA.

Dedham School, Essex: Jan. 18, 1891.

In the ACADEMY for October 18, 1890 (pp. 344-5) it was shown that in the Jātaka book *Seruma* and *Simbali* were in some way connected as the abode of the Supannas. There is an Avesta *Sairima* which appears in the Pahlavi texts (Bund. xx. 12) as *Salmān* (the source of the Tigris). The Sanskrit *Cālmala*, as the name of a *Dvīpa* is not very ancient, and may after all be a corruption of some proper name like *Salmān*.

The second element in *Ka-serumant* may be compared with the Avesta *Haētūmat* *Haētūmat*, Pahlavi *Hētūmand*, which in Bund. xx. 34 is said to be identical with the spring *Zarīnmand*. There is another *Haētūmat*, the modern *Helmend*, the *Ἐρμάνδος* or *Ἐρμάνδος* of Arrian.

With regard to the *Cālmala* groves the old tradition* respecting this delightful abode is still current in Thibet. The author of an article in the *Edinburgh Review* (No. 352, p. 405), October, 1890, speaks of a most popular Thibetan work entitled "A Guide for the Journey to *Shambala*."

"Shambala," he says, "is a supernal city supposed to exist on the borders of Mongolia; and every Mongol pilgrim visiting Lha-sā prays the great deities and the living celebrities of the place to grant that at his next re-birth he may be born in the blessed groves of Shambala."

R. MORRIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. are about to publish *Outlines of Psychology*, by Prof. Harald Höffding, of Copenhagen, translated by Miss Mary E. Lowndes. The translation is from the German edition, which the author has accepted as an adequate rendering of the original. The work is well known on the continent, and, in its German form, is familiar to many English psychologists. Dr. Höffding sharply distinguishes psychology from metaphysics, treating it in the strictest sense as the science of mental phenomena. The greater part of the book is occupied with an exposition of the psychology of cognition, of feeling, and of the will; but there are also chapters on the subject and method of psychology, on the relation between mind and body, on the conscious and the unconscious, and on the classification of the psychological elements. The author is as

* The Jains knew something of this tradition—"Rukhesu nāte jaha sāmālied jassim ratim veyayanti suvannā" (Sāy. I. 6, 18, p. 315).

strongly opposed to materialism as to spiritualism, but is at great pains to show what light has been thrown by physiology on psychological problems.

THE seventeenth general meeting of the Association for the Improvement of Geometrical Teaching was held at University College, London, on January 17. Unfortunately both the president-elect (Prof. J. J. Sylvester) and the retiring president (Prof. G. M. Minchin), were prevented by illness from being present. The chair was taken by Mr. R. B. Hayward, of Harrow. The following officers were elected for 1891: president, Prof. J. J. Sylvester; vice-presidents, R. B. Hayward, R. Levett, Prof. G. M. Minchin, R. Tucker; treasurer, Prof. A. Lodge; hon. secs., E. M. Langley, C. Pendlebury; other members of council, Mrs. Bryant, C. V. Coates, E. T. Dixon, A. S. Eve, G. Heppel, Prof. W. H. H. Hudson, Rev. J. J. Milne, Prof. W. N. Stocker; auditor, G. Heppel. The following were elected members of the association: Prof. T. M. Blakslee, Messrs. H. G. Bell, J. C. Iles, C. Legg, A. A. Lintern, J. S. Norman, A. Wheatley, T. Wilson. Papers were read by Miss Wood (on "The Use of the term 'Abstract' in Arithmetic"), by Mr. E. T. Dixon (on "The Foundations of Geometry"), and by Mr. E. M. Langley (on "Statics and Geometry"). Mr. H. Perigal showed some ingenious models and diagrams in illustration of Euclid's proofs. A petition prepared by the Decimal Association, urging the prompt introduction into the United Kingdom of a decimal system of coinage, weights, and measures, was signed almost without exception by the members present.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE president and council of the Royal Asiatic Society have made arrangements for the delivery in future, during the course of each session, of evening lectures on Oriental subjects: that is to say, on the history, customs, religions, and literature of Eastern nations, ancient and modern. The lectures are intended to be such as will appeal generally to educated men and women, and not of a character to interest specialists only. The inaugural lecture will be delivered by Prof. Max Müller, on Wednesday, March 4, at 8.30 p.m., in the lecture-hall of the University of London, Burlington-gardens. Two tickets will be at the disposal of each member of the society, on application. Unappropriated space will, after February 15, be held to be available for the use of the general public.

At the usual meeting of the Asiatic Society, on Monday next, January 26, Prof. Peterson, of Bombay—who is now at home on leave—will read a paper entitled "Pāṇini, Poet and Grammarian, with some Remarks on the Age of Indian Classical Poetry."

MR. JOSEPH MASSEL, of Manchester, has just issued, in a limited number of copies, a version into Hebrew of Milton's *Samson Agonistes*. The excellence of the translation is vouched for by Dr. Mandelkern, of Leipzig; and for Western readers the neatly printed little volume has the advantage of being supplied throughout with the Masoretic vowel points. It would be difficult to find a literary composition better suited for rendering into Hebrew than Milton's grand scriptural poem. The translator prints and publishes his own book.

WE have much pleasure in announcing the fourth part of Jastrow's Dictionary of the Targumim, the Talmud Babli and Yerushalmi, and the Midrashic Literature (New York: G. P. Putnam's; London: Kegan Paul & Co.). Condensation and excellent typography con-

tinues to distinguish this work; and though Fleischer's contributions to Levy's Lexicon will for long render that book indispensable to the full study of late Hebrew, we cordially recommend Dr. Jastrow's Lexicon to English students. May health and strength be given him for the conclusion of so laborious an undertaking!

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday Jan. 5.)

KINETON PARKES, Esq., in the chair.—The Rev. J. P. Fauntorpe read a paper on "*Fors Clavigera*." The paper drew attention to the meaning of the term, pointed out some resemblances to the *Spectator*, and asserted that *Fors* contained some of the most valuable of Mr. Ruskin's teaching. It contains much bitter satire, many sharp antitheses, much profound reverence for Scripture, and many anticipations of the solution of political and economical problems. The satire is directed against Stuart Mill, the clergy, the British squire, commercial immorality, and ironclads. The Scripture references take up nine pages in the Index with double columns, and there are many other adaptations of Biblical words not given in the Index. Every one may learn reverence from Mr. Ruskin. Its object is again and again stated to be to explain the nature and the intention of St. George's Guild, which in its main design has not succeeded. The main design was to buy land and have it cultivated under certain rules and in certain ways somewhat after the fashion of Mr. Booth's "Farm Colony," but with laws more nearly approaching monastic regulations. The secondary design of a museum of art and natural treasures is now an accomplished fact at the Meersbrook Park, Sheffield, and in a less degree in various colleges and schools in England and Ireland. The land courts in Ireland and Scotland are now doing exactly what *Fors* advised years ago. Technical education, the brotherhoods in the Church, and other good things are anticipated in *Fors*; and from its pages a valuable treatise on education may, and probably will, be compiled. Perhaps, after all, its greatest value is not so much in what it has accomplished, but, like the writings of Bacon and Coleridge, in what it will cause by way of suggestion.—A brief discussion followed.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(Tuesday, Jan. 13.)

E. W. BRABROOK, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—Mr. Lewis exhibited a specimen of the stone used by Admiral Tremlett to cut marks on the granite of which the Breton dolmens are composed.—Mr. R. B. Martin exhibited a fire-syringe from Bornco.—Mr. C. H. Read exhibited some specimens of worked jade from British Columbia, and a bored stone from San Juan Teotihuacan.—Mr. J. Edge-Partington and Mr. C. Heape exhibited an ethnographical album of the Pacific Islands.—Mr. F. W. Rüdler read a paper on "The Source of the Jade used for Ancient Implements in Europe and America." Its object was to call the attention of anthropologists to certain mineralogical discoveries which have been made within the last few years, and which tend to overthrow the well-known theory that suggested early intercourse with the East as the source of the jade objects found in the lake-dwellings of Switzerland, the prehistoric burial places of France and Germany, and the ancient Indian graves on the north-western coast of America. Herr Taube, of Breslau, first recorded the occurrence of jade *in situ* at Jordans Mihe, in Silesia, and afterwards discovered it at the arsenals-pyrites workings at Reichenstein. Rough pebbles have also been found in the valleys of the Sann and the Mur in Styria. Dr. G. M. Dawson has described the occurrence of boulders of jade partly seen through, at Lytton and Yale on the Fraser River; and Lieutenant Stoney has actually found the mineral *in situ* at the Jade Mountains, north of the Kowak River in Alaska. These discoveries prove that, contrary to general belief, jade does occur in the rocks of Europe and of North America, thus supporting the views so long held by Dr. A. B. Meyer, of the Royal Zoological Museum in Dresden, and accepted in America not only by Dr. Dawson, but by Prof. F. W. Clarke and Mr.

Merrill, Mr. Kunz, and others. In England, most anthropologists have hitherto inclined to the exotic rather than to the indigenous origin of the prehistoric jades.

FINE ART.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

THE schools of Spain, though more modestly represented this year than on the last occasion, still constitute an interesting, if not a dazzling, series. The little "Pieta," ascribed to Juan Juanes, is a work still based entirely on Flemish-Gothic traditions, although it belongs to the full sixteenth century. Francisco de Ribalta—a Spanish painter who, like most of his *confrères* of the latter half of the sixteenth century, acquired the better part of his artistic education in Italy—is credited with a pleasing, if by no means masterly, double portrait, called "Portraits of the Painter and his Wife" (Sir Wm. Eden Bart). The "Simeon and the Infant Saviour" (Marquis of Bristol), though not wanting in a certain characteristic intensity of religious sentiment, marred by the undue self-consciousness of the time to which it belongs, is not firm enough in draughtsmanship or searching enough in modelling for Spagnoletto, to whom it is ascribed.

Three canvases of important dimensions bear the magic name of Velasquez; but of these it is only the "Portrait of the Conde-Duke de Olivarez" (Earl of Elgin) to which it is possible conscientiously to leave that attribution. This is an original replica, on a much smaller scale, of the great equestrian portrait of Philip IV.'s all-powerful minister; or, as Herr Justi thinks possible, an earlier version of the subject. We deem the former hypothesis far more likely to be the true one; because, with all its unusual sparkle and splendour of colour, Lord Elgin's canvas lacks, to a great extent, the intense vitality which is the unique characteristic of Don Diego's art. Still, the surprising force, when seen at the proper distance, of the white war-charger on which the Count Duke is mounted, and above all the masterly sweep of the brush in the barren yet beautiful landscape background, half veiled by the smoke of an unseen combat, prevent us from thinking of any other name in connexion with this fine performance. Quite otherwise is it with the "Infanta Maria Theresa" (Mrs. Lyne Stephens), to which Herr Justi—usually so discerning and impartial a critic—has unaccountably given his *imprimatur*. This, showing in childhood the future spouse of Louis XIV., may be a repetition of an original by Velasquez; but it is so pasty and timid in execution, that it is not possible, for a single moment, to regard it as an original work of Velasquez. It reveals a painter who has undergone Flemish as well as Spanish influences, and may therefore, as has been suggested, be by Carreño de Miranda. The full-length, "Philip IV. of Spain" (Mrs. Lyne Stephens), is simply a copy, and by no means a very excellent one, of the superb portrait of that monarch in the Dulwich Gallery. From the same collection comes, however, a very large and important Murillo, awkwardly described in the catalogue as "Allegorical Subject: Faith Elevating the Eucharist." This great canvas is, as to execution, on the confines between the second and the third or *vaporoso* manner; a splendid group of portrait-like male figures in adoration before the figure of Faith is its most attractive portion. The picture came originally from the same church of Santa Maria la Blanca in Seville which contained at one time the famous "Immaculate Conception" of the Louvre.

Very rarely at Burlington House has the

Flemish section of the art of the Low Countries been so weakly represented as on the present occasion. To a Fleming of the latter half of the sixteenth century belongs unquestionably the quaint "Saint in the Desert," ascribed to Bronzino, and signed *en toutes lettres* "Alessandro Bronzino Allori"! The leaden flesh-tints in the nude figure of the still youthful saint—apparently St. Francis of Assisi—who lies prone, in self-imposed penance, in the brambles; the crude freshness and peculiar detail of the green landscape in which he is framed, both point to a northern hand. The "Queen Henrietta Maria" (Miss Chambers), ascribed to Van Dyck, is a net very convincing replica of a well-known type; while the "James Stuart, Duke of Richmond," holding a fruit, is a repetition of the well-known portrait, of which the best example is in the Long Gallery of the Louvre. A brilliant piece of decorative art, from the Flemish standpoint, is the "Peasants Going to Market" (Sir E. C. Guinness, Bart.), ascribed to Rubens and Snyders. The figures of a male and female peasant carrying game and fruit, which constitute the portion of the picture assigned to Rubens, show, with all their brilliancy, a certain harshness of colour and execution—especially in the red of the woman's jacket—which excites the suspicion that Snyders alone may be responsible for the work. That Italianised Lowlander, Sustermans (or Suttermans according to the *Iconographie* of Van Dyck), who became, and remained during a considerable part of the seventeenth century, the painter-in-ordinary of the Grand Dukes of Florence, is characteristically represented by a charming, if somewhat mannered and conventional, "Head of a Girl" (W. Cornwallis West, Esq.); but there is no reason for ascribing to him the huge, and in its way very imposing, "Portrait of Cardinal Capponi," which, in a grandiose *barocco* frame, occupies a central position at one end of the large gallery. This is a work of the Roman school of the seventeenth century, suggestive rather of the style of Carlo Maratta. That charming painter of portraits in miniature, Gonzales Coques—in his breadth of style, however, far removed from the miniature painter proper—has often better deserved his appellation of "The Little Vandeyk" than in "A Lady Playing the Lute" (A. J. Roberts, Esq.). Teniers the younger, in "A Butcher's Shop" (Right Hon. G. Cavendish Bentinck, M.P.), though he has taken extraordinary pains with the wonderfully-accurate carcass of a calf, hanging up in approved fashion, and not less with the brilliantly rendered calf's head placed on a wooden block in front, has not this time—even with the aid of his girl in a bright red bodice, and of his favourite brazen pans and utensils—succeeded in producing a picture. We think regretfully of what Rembrandt, with his all-penetrating and transfusing power, has succeeded in making out of an almost identical subject in his well-known study in the Louvre.

Dutch art is on the whole as splendidly illustrated as on former occasions, although Rembrandt, the hero of the two last displays, is unrepresented, except in so far as his commanding influence reveals itself in the work of pupils and followers. It is very difficult to accept as the work of Van der Helst the admirable "Portrait of a Dutch Lady" (Sir E. Bunbury, Bart.), although it bears his signature in full, together with the date 1647. Van der Helst's manner, in this his early middle time, is already, in its sobriety of diffused light and its silveriness of colour and general tone, diametrically opposed to the Rembrandt school, to a very accomplished painter of which this canvas should, we think, belong. The head—upon which, in accordance with the Rembrandt canon, the light is chiefly concentrated—is, if somewhat over-smoothly

painted, drawn and modelled with consummate skill, while the conception is pathetic in its very simplicity. We must leave to some such specialist as Dr. Abraham Bredius the agreeable task of finding in Rembrandt's following a name for this very fine work. Three portraits which represent Nicholas Maes in his later and more modish phase need not detain us, although at least one of them, the "Portrait of a Young Prince," is a finished example of this style. He is seen at his very best, on the other hand, in the luminous and beautiful, "Old Woman Reading," so nearly akin to a picture of like motive in the Amsterdam Museum. One comes to the conclusion that a Maes of this quality can almost compare on equal terms with Rembrandt himself, audacious as such a proposition may appear. Frans Hals is one of the few great masters who are not seen at their very best in English collections, and it is rarely indeed that such an opportunity as the present one is afforded for judging him. Supreme in intuition as in executive skill, where he sets himself the congenial task of presenting on a human countenance a fugitive, a momentary expression—especially one of jollity or sensuous delight—he betrays a certain emptiness, and an incapacity for penetrating into the depths of a personality or summing up its abiding characteristics, when, as in the broadly and grandly modelled "Portrait of Johann van Loo" (M. H. Colnaghi, Esq.), he is compelled to present a sitter in complete gravity and repose of feature. Of his more favourite mood, Sir E. C. Guinness's famous "L'Homme à la Canne"—from the Secrétan collection—is a splendid and Mr. Cuthbert Quilter's "Pierre Tiarc" a fair specimen. The unusually solid modelling of the "Portrait of a Lady" (G. Salting, Esq.) shows it to be somewhat earlier in date than any of these; while the "Joyeux Buveur" (M. Jules Porgès) is a life-size study of a young toper, in which the surprising brilliancy of the absolutely living head contrasts strangely with the bad execution of the hands and accessories—a badness, too, which is hardly the audacious carelessness of Hals, but rather suggests the co-operation of an assistant. We do not remember to have seen on the walls of the Royal Academy so fine an example of the scarce Vermeer of Delft as "The Soldier and the Laughing Girl" (S. S. Joseph, Esq.), a panel which once adorned the famous Double Collection in Paris, and when there was cleverly etched by the late Jules Jacquemart. Surely never was the full splendour of sunlight, never was the subtle delicacy of reflected beams more wonderfully suggested than in this study, which is at the same time a naïve and truthful piece of *genre*. It is in the human side of his art that Vermeer surpasses the, in other respects, unsurpassable Pieter de Hooch, who is seen at his very best in the famous "Card Players" (Her Majesty the Queen), a canvas in which sunlight seems to be actually captured and detained in perpetuity. The only other Dutch picture here which can claim to take equal rank with these is Terburg's splendid conversation-piece, "The Letter" (Her Majesty the Queen). It is unfortunate that this consummate master never succeeds in connecting his cleverly observed and surprisingly painted single figures by that indefinable yet all-important bond of dramatic union, which would make of his works true and complete studies of life as, from a technical point of view, they are complete pictures. In this respect he is far behind Metsu, whose colouring and execution, however excellent, cannot, for *finesse*, be compared to his. Of the latter master, very fine specimens—marked, however, by his characteristic hotness of colour—are "The Breakfast" and "Dutch Interior," both of which were, we believe, acquired by Sir E. Guinness at the

Secrétan sale. Fuller in colour, and yet not less silvery than usual, are two exquisite Van Goyens, both styled "On the Maas near Dordrecht" (S. S. Joseph, Esq.), showing the familiar scene with a pictorial charm which Cuyp himself does not always attain. On the other hand, the less subtle, but still excellent, "Landscape" (H. W. B. Davis, Esq., R.A.) appears to us rather as the work of Van Goyen's imitator, Salmon van Ruysdael, than as being from his own brush. The greys and greens are less delicate than those of the master himself, and the execution more detailed, and, in its greater deliberation, less effective. Three magnificent examples of Cuyp—to whose works of fine quality in English collections there would appear to be no end—are Mr. A. J. Roberts's "View on the Maas: Evening," and his two pictures, both styled "Cattle on the Maas"; while a less engaging phase of the master's style is shown in a "View of Dort" from the same collection, which is both over-crowded, and, as it were, ill-digested. Of several specimens of the art of Jacob van Ruysdael, the most interesting, because the most closely founded upon natural truth, are a "View from the Ruins of Brederode Castle" (S. S. Joseph, Esq.), and a "Wooded Landscape" (George Salting, Esq.). The large "Landscape," by Hobbema (A. J. Roberts, Esq.), is technically of fine quality; but somehow it is more prosaic in sentiment than are usually the woodland scenes of this admirable but a trifle over-rated landscapist—perhaps because he has this time chosen to enliven his sylvan solitude with a waggon and horses and various figures. We may further call attention to a "Sea-piece," by Willem van de Velde (A. J. Roberts, Esq.)—wonderfully accurate in detail and wonderfully hard—and to "The Little Farm" (G. Salting, Esq.), by Adrian van de Velde—a finished example of a finished and unemotional master.

There have been very wisely placed in the gallery with the Dutch and Flemish paintings three examples of Antoine Watteau, from the celebrated collection of the lately deceased Miss James. Of these, an "Interior"—showing an old woman spinning, a young one seated in an armchair sewing, and near them two children, one with a cat in its arms—though carried less far than many similar works of the Valenciennes master, is unmistakably his in drawing and execution. As still more unmistakably from his brush reveals itself the wonderfully sparkling and rich "Garden Party," which, save in the darkening of the leafy background, appears to an unusual degree uninjured. It is one of those characteristic but, all the same, not easily describable scenes of poetical dalliance of which there are so many fine examples in the collection of the late Sir Richard Wallace. Such a picture as this "Garden Party," should it come into the market, would admirably fill the gap in the too-limited series of French pictures at the National Gallery, created by the lack of even the least specimen showing the handiwork of France's greatest colourist. The charming "Encampment," a little *bambochade*, suggested no doubt by the art of Philip Wouwerman, is much less obviously Watteau's own. Its delicate grey tone and mannered exquisiteness of execution are akin to the style of Pater at his best; but we must own that the little piece is more skilfully done than any by the last-named painter with which we are acquainted.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

EXCAVATION IN EGYPT.

Medum, Wasta, Egypt: Jan. 10, 1891.

AN important step has lately been taken in recognition of scientific work which will, I am sure, be gratifying to readers of the ACADEMY.

Some weeks ago an obstructive party in Egypt succeeded in forcing forward an entirely new regulation. By this the government were to take from excavators, firstly, all that was unique, and then half of the remainder. These terms would practically stop archaeological work, which always needs much unremunerative expenditure; as on such conditions a loss would only be avoided when roughly plundering rich cemeteries. As I was waiting to commence work, I at once protested; and the subject was reconsidered. Sir Evelyn Baring's attention having been called to it, he made active representations on the subject; and, in consequence of his care and intervention, the cordial co-operation of the Anglo-Egyptian officials, and the goodwill of Riaz Pasha, a reasonable arrangement has been passed by the ministry, on trial for two years.

The essential terms are that the Ministry of Public Works will authorise suitable applications. That the Ghizeh Museum may take all objects found that are *sans pareil* in that collection; the decision, if disputed, to be by arbitration, the Public Works turning the scale. That all the remainder belongs to the finder if he will present the major part to public museums, and publish his results in two years; if he will not do so, the government require half of the remainder. Gold and silver remain as before, half to the finder, by intrinsic value.* Thus a clear preference is given to scientific exploration on behalf of public museums. This is not a personal or a national gain, but a benefit to Egyptology in all countries; and I am sure that it will be a satisfaction that this liberal policy should have been brought about by English influence and work. There has been enough of exclusive action in past time to make this public-spirited and impartial settlement a welcome change.

In consequence of the previously impossible terms, I am only just beginning on this most interesting place. I have made a complete facsimile copy, full size, of the tombs, about eight hundred square feet, and coloured copies of special signs. We learn much from these very early sculptures. *An* is not an obelisk, but an octagonal fluted column, with square tenon on top. *Aa* is not a spear, but a papyrus column with bell top and a long tenon at the end. *Hotepe* is a reed-mat in plan view, with a dish of offerings upon it, in elevation. *Ma* (sickle) always has teeth inserted, like the flint-saw sickles which I found. *Men* is the ganning-board, of 3 × 10 squares, in plan view; with a row of ten pieces, alternately tall and short, in elevation on the top. *Menkh* is a chisel in a wooden handle. *Net*, supposed to be a bag, and to mean "chancellor," is an object suspended from a string of red and green beads. The object appears to be a green cylinder with gold end-caps, and if so it means "sealbearer." *Shed* is a raw-stripped skin, rolled up, fur out, with raw red flaps of the limbs and neck showing at the ends, and tied round ends and middle. *Ur* is the common wagtail. Many other points of great interest occur in the splendidly carved and painted tomb of Rahotep. But, owing to the lack of inspection in this country, this tomb has been left open of late years, and every face within reach is smashed. The pyramid of Rikka has disappeared altogether; and the pyramid of Medum has lost some 100,000 tons in the last half century, and is still the quarry of the neighbourhood. Perhaps it will hardly be believed that the anti-English party here are determinedly opposing the appointment of inspectors. The monuments may go to pieces

if some miserable political end can be gained. We may hope that, the excavation difficulty being settled, the inspection question will be likewise firmly solved.

I bought in Cairo the oldest weight known, bearing the name of Khufu. It is marked "ten units," weighs 2060 grains, and so shows the Aeginetan standard at an earlier date than any example of the Egyptian *Kat*.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

DISCOVERIES AT THEBES.

Luxor: Jan. 8, 1891.

WITH the aid of the new tourist tax the excavation of the Theban temples is proceeding apace, and new discoveries are daily being made. The great hall of the Palace-Temple of Rameses III. at Medinet Habu has been cleared of about fifteen feet of rubbish. Three days ago the staircase ascending to the top of the great northern pylon was discovered. The summit of this pylon commands a magnificent view, probably the best of the whole plain of Thebes—the colossal statues of Amenhotep III. in the foreground, the Ramesseum in the middle distance, and, across the river, the temples of Luxor and Karnak.

Still more interesting results have been yielded by the excavation of the Temple of Rameses II. at Luxor. Thirteen colossal granite statues of Rameses have now been discovered, and there must be three more beneath the mosque. Built into a wall, probably of late Roman date, which runs across the floor of this temple, are cartouches of Khunaten and his wife, proving that before the heretic king abandoned Thebes he must have erected a temple, which was destroyed by his successors. Close by, at a level below the floor of the temple, the workmen found, yesterday, an uncompleted granite statue. The greater part is only roughly chiselled out; the nose is finished, but the eyes and mouth have not been commenced, the block of granite having split in two while under the sculptor's hands.

Two days ago a still more important discovery was made. On the western wall there is a picture, about six feet by four, of Rameses II. dedicating his temple to Amun-Ra. In this picture there is a capital representation of the completed temple as seen from outside the western pylons. Both the obelisks are shown, and the four great masts, with their flags displayed. There are now only three colossi outside the pylons; but the picture of the temple shows that there must originally have been six, two seated, and four in a standing position. The portal between the pylons, of which no vestige now remains, is also shown, as well as the entrances to the two staircases which led to the summit of the pylons. With the aid of this representation there will be no difficulty in discovering the staircases themselves, as their position is exactly indicated. The entrance to the southern staircase is, however, now buried under some twenty feet of soil and rubbish, which will have to be removed. When this is done, and access is gained to the roof of the pylons, another attractive feature will be added to Luxor, as the view from the summit will doubtless be superb. I may add that, in the little granite temple, a cartouche of the XIIth Dynasty has been discovered, as well as one of Thothmes III.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE Council of the Palestine Exploration Fund has received information that the famous Siloam inscription has been cut out of its place in the rock and carried away. It was broken in removal, and the fragments are reported to

have been sold to a Greek in Jerusalem. Fortunately we possess an accurate copy of this inscription, made (we believe) by Mr. Sayce.

At a general Assembly of members of the Royal Academy, held on January 21, Mr. T. Brock and Mr. A. C. Gow were elected Academicians, and Mr. David Murray was elected Associate.

THREE exhibitions will open next week: a collection of water-colour drawings by Mr. G. S. Elgood, entitled "A Summer among the Flowers," at the Fine Art Society's; a series of pictures of North Cambria by Mr. Anderson Hague, and of sketches in Hampshire, Surrey, and Holland by Mr. Claude Hayes, at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, in New Bond-street; and an exhibition of water-colour drawings illustrative of the English school, at Messrs. J. & W. Vekins's, in Great Portland-street.

On Monday next, January 26, Mr. G. Aitchison, professor of architecture in the Royal Academy, will begin a course of six lectures on "Byzantine Architecture."

THE second volume of *Architectural Antiquities* in the "Gentleman's Magazine Library" is nearly ready for publication. It completes the papers contributed by John Carter, and contains also miscellaneous architectural subjects.

A GENERAL meeting of the Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead will be held on Thursday next, January 29, at 4 p.m., at 17 Oxford-mansions, W.

MANY of our readers will be interested to know that Mr. C. J. Tomkins has just completed a mezzotint engraving of the late Canon Liddon, from the photograph taken some years ago for *Men of Mark*, which was the only portrait of himself that Dr. Liddon ever permitted to be published. As a likeness, it admirably reproduces the charm of his countenance in private life, though not the fire which he displayed in the pulpit. The engraving is published by Messrs. Henry Graves, of Pall Mall, on behalf of Mr. George C. Whitfield, the editor of *Men of Mark*, who owns the copyright.

THE STAGE.

"THE DANCING GIRL."

MR. JONES's new play—brought out at the Haymarket last week, with every air of success—does not, like "The Middleman," deal, even at a distance and, as it were, indirectly, with a social problem, and has not, as its main motive and most obvious source of interest, any such *fin de siècle* sensation as the supposed experiment of Vashti Dethic, whom Miss Olga Brandon impersonated at the Shaftesbury. But "The Dancing Girl" has as one of its interests, and as almost its chief feature, that it deals with a world of sharp contrasts—more or less, indeed, with three phases of life: the world of good society; the world of the *déclassée*; the world of old-fashioned Quakers in an island off the Cornish coast. The Duke of Guisebury is the link between these three worlds. He gives a party, on the Haymarket stage, which is so well managed that it is really very much more like an important social function than the somewhat conventional representation of the same which the theatre usually affords. The Oriental visitor is a very good touch; and with the arrival of the Brislington interest culminates. (Far are we from the days of "Adelphi guests," who came in hired dress-suits and in cotton gloves!) The Duke gets his kinswoman, Lady

* I may say that I always give my workmen the whole intrinsic value of what they find, as the only true way of securing it; so that finding precious metals entails a loss of half the value to me, without any gain.

Bawtry, to bring half of the most desirable people in London to a *fête*, at which a dancer (who happens to be his mistress) is to bewitch the town with measured steps, taken discreetly, in long skirts, and with the ankles' background of accordion pleats. He builds a break-water, down in Cornwall, in order that some members of the Society of Friends, who chance to be his tenants, may carry on their maritime commerce without undue risk of life. A man of wide sympathies, you see—essentially modern. Mr. Jones's sketch of him shows boldness, observation, and good draughtsmanship.

The character of the Dancing Girl herself is the result of as bold a study—though not quite so fresh an one—as is that of the Duke. She is an instance of revolt. The child of a Puritanical world—for it is as such that Mr. Jones conceives Quakerism—the child of a Puritanical world that never understood her, Drusilla Ives, sent away to London from the little provincial port, takes the opportunity of doing violence, by her behaviour, to the whole of her teaching. Puritans don't dance. Drusilla must learn dancing. Puritans discourage public entertainment. Drusilla must entertain not only herself but the world, by her dainty steps and her adroitly-whisked petticoats. Puritans measure the value of affection by its durability. Drusilla could love a perfect man for the whole of a summer day. Puritans hold that absence of chastity is worse than absence of charm, absence of energy, absence of kindness. Chastity is not the particular virtue Drusilla would give the most to save.

These characters, the character of the Duke and the character of the young woman who is cheerfully led astray, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones treats as they could have been treated only by a really dramatic writer—by a writer of flexible mind, who can shift his point of view; who knows that humanity is not made according to one pattern; who observes and chronicles and does not condemn. And several minor characters, particularly those who are in Society, are drawn with as firm a hand: one Reginald Slingsby, for instance, who, if you are one of his chums, is always wishing you to let him know if there is anything he can do for you, and always forgetting—if it is a thing that costs him anything—that you have asked him to do it. And again, another minor character—that of Lady Bawtry, kindly, genial, admirably tolerant. The good young man of the piece—one John Christison—is nobody in particular. He is almost blameless, but does not profoundly touch you. Sybil Crake is a good young woman, with a shattered ankle and plenty of brains. The interest that she takes in the Duke—whom she finally saves—is sincere and romantic; but that part of guardian angel which she plays is perhaps a little conventional. Still, on the whole, all these people are well drawn. And they talk eloquently or wittily as may fairly be expected of them; and they serve their purpose, and go far towards making a very good play. If they do not succeed altogether, and make a good play from end to end, that is because of two weak points, in one of which only have they any concern, and that one—which I men-

tion first—is the conduct of the fourth act.

The piece has practically come to an end when the curtain falls upon the third act. The Duke is saved by Sybil Crake—she has turned aside the poison from his lips, and his gratitude is the result of her success, and we know what will be the result of his gratitude. They have got to come together, these two—not because they would have done so in real life, but because the ordinary playgoer wishes it. As for Drusilla—an analysis of whose character would present, I think, more devil than Quaker—that wilful but agreeable young person has by this time gone hopelessly wrong. The good John Christison may well be believed to have finished attending to the break-water. The colourless Faith Ives may marry almost anybody with reasonable prospect of continued peace. The play is practically finished. Then we are taken down to the Cornish coast again, that we may be the actual witnesses of what, with a spark of imagination, we may have become aware of already—the Duke's repentance, the break-water's completion. An idyllic fourth act, presenting us with little which we did not know before, save the information conveyed by a certain picturesque Sister Beatrice, that Drusilla, after dancing in the States, has died at New Orleans in the odour of sanctity. The young woman was taken ill, and made, not a rapid cure, but a rapid repentance. It is a piece of information I could, for my own part, have dispensed with. But it may have comforted some.

And now for the second weak point. That is the treatment of Quakerism. Mr. Jones's play is strictly contemporary: it deals with people and events that are supposed to be probable in *le jour où nous sommes*. But Mr. Jones's Quakers, of the island of St. Endellion, are in no respect—not even in externals, still less in their ideas—representative of the Quakers of to-day. Their talk is not indeed the talk of the old-fashioned Quakers; but neither is it the talk of the new. I could show this in some detail, if it entertained or edified anybody; but as it is, I will be brief about it. Only at one single moment of the play do I recognise any real reference to the life of the Society of Friends; and that is where Mr. Jones, dealing with the misfortunes which have overtaken the district of which he treats, makes one of his characters inform an outsider that, while the fate of those who were not "Friends" was such or such a one, those of the district who were "Friends" were provided for by the society. That is a little bit of real knowledge of the matter, mentioned quite incidentally, and so in all probability escaping ordinary notice. The poor "Friend" is never, and never has been, permitted to go "upon the parish": he is invariably relieved, and his necessities supplied, out of the funds at the disposal of the particular Meeting to which he belongs. But here the truth ends. At every other point Mr. Jones's Quakers might be the Methodists of two generations since, or of to-day, for all that I know, in the outlying districts; or the Puritans of two hundred years ago. Quakers they are not. Drusilla—the rebellious one—the "dancing girl"—com-

plaining of the utter dullness of the life at St. Endellion, gives, as an instance of it, the Sunday afternoons and the eternal harmonium. That has to do with orthodox Dissent, very likely—it has nothing to do with Quakerism. Quakers are not, and never were, strict Sabbatarians. The very strict observance of a particular day would be reckoned by them one of those formalities to which they have always objected. As for Drusilla's harmonium, the Quaker of the old style would have had none of it. It was music—to be tabooed, therefore, as much as a banjo or a military band. And the Quaker of the new style, who admits music frankly, what has he got to do with the harmonium and with hymn tunes? He is an educated person; his taste in music is not rudimentary. He is as likely as not to have a Steinway piano, and, on Sunday afternoons, to play you the last things of Grieg, or Schumann's "Kriesleriana."

Another point—this time a little detail, purely indicative. Drusilla is represented as having gone to London, with her father's sanction, professedly to a situation, but actually, and of course without his knowledge, to dance for money. She could never have done so. A born Quaker, and one who has not left the Society, she was of necessity, in Cornwall, a member of her "Monthly Meeting." On her proceeding to London, her Monthly Meeting would have forwarded to that London Monthly Meeting "within the compass of which"—as the phrase goes—she was about to sojourn, a certificate, transferring her for the time being; and I believe two "weighty friends" in that London Monthly Meeting would have been appointed as a "committee," to call upon her, and to exercise a watchfulness over the young woman's movements, in her interest. I do not say she could not have gone wrong, but I do say she could not have gone wrong in the way she did without its being thoroughly well known. The Quakers come into the piece so much that these inaccuracies in regard to them affect, not perhaps the piece's present popularity, but its lasting value. An opportunity has been lost to treat, with something different from the common ignorance, the Quaker life and thought. May I refer Mr. Jones, and the more thoughtful of those spectators whom he unwittingly misleads, to the remarkable volume called *Quaker Strongholds*, written—within the last twelve months, I think—by Miss Caroline Stephen, the sister of Mr. Justice Stephen and of Mr. Leslie Stephen?

And now, with a word or two of brief but very cordial praise for the imagination with which Mr. Jones perceives a situation that is really dramatic—the young man's almost frightened, "What art thou?" for instance, when, on coming out of the meeting-house, he finds Drusilla dancing—and for the lusty and charming English in which much of the play is written, and for the original humour which not seldom brightens it. With a word of cordial praise of these things, which in the contemporary stage one has the opportunity to praise so seldom, let us pass on to the acting. This is not a one-part piece. Mr. Tree requires the ability which he in truth possesses—he cannot rely merely, or even mainly, on the opportunities

afforded by the prominence of a character—to bring, as he does bring, into strong relief, the personage of the Duke. The Duke's remorse and his *insouciance*, the Duke's good nature and his fatalism, the Duke's good breeding and his cynical indifference (while prosperity lasts, at least) to a moral ideal—these things Mr. Tree, by look and tone and bearing, brings out with true dramatic intelligence and a most finished skill. In the big part of the Dancing Girl—for whose representative are splendid opportunities—Miss Julia Neilson is handsome and earnest and interesting. But *figurez-vous* Miss Janet Achurch—banished to Australia—*figurez-vous* Miss Janet Achurch in such a part as that. With its wilfulness, its devilry, its subtlety, it might have been made for her. None the less is Miss Neilson acceptable and charming; and satisfactory, even artistically, within the limits her personality imposes. She rises to poetry—or rose to it on the first night—in the *clan* with which she describes herself as “the topmost rose upon the topmost bough.” Mr. Fernandez, as David Ives—Drusilla's Quaker father—is not so good as usual. He has almost nothing of the gait or utterance of the Friend: neither he nor his fellow actors touch in any way or seem to be aware of the restraint and “inwardness” which are “notes” of the Quakers. But when, in the third act, Mr. Fernandez only needs to be dramatic—when he tears from his daughter, on the staircase of Guisebury House, the flowers she was decked in—then indeed he is forcible as usual, and in command of all his means. Mr. Fred Terry is an honest and graceful and sympathetic John Christisson. Mr. Kerr's Reginald Slingsby—an egotist of a companionable kind, and a very good fellow indeed so long as no one makes demands upon him—is a bright and admirable sketch. Miss Norreys plays tastefully enough the part of the humble young woman who is very much “gone on” the Duke, and who—thanks to the Providence of what for a moment is melodrama—is eventually his saviour. Miss Horlock is sincere but tame; Miss Ayrton, as a crazed woman who has lost her beloved, is discreet and capable. And Miss Rose Leclercq, as Lady Bawtry, a genial member of society, is all that a genial member of society ought to be.

The reality of the piece far outweighs its two bad faults, and a long run is in store for it. Save once or twice—when it demands of us a credulity we cannot accord it—the piece is unconventional, really interesting, a stimulant to merriment, and a stimulant to thought.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

“THE CENCI” IN PARIS.

Paris: Jan. 17, 1891.

THE Théâtre d'Art owes its existence to a group of young literary men, who have hired a theatre in the far-off Montparnasse quarter, with the object of giving a limited number of representations of the works of rising poets who cannot get their productions played elsewhere; it is also their intention to produce, in the course of the season, works of foreign dramatists which “able managers” consider “unplayable.” Several interesting novelties have already been produced—M. Grandmougin's

“Cain”; M. Gayda's “Kallisto”; and, most interesting of all, M. Félix Rabbe's translation of “The Cenci,” which was given with success last night before an audience rather heterogeneous in its composition, but of undeniable artistic culture.

As English Shelleyites know by past experience, “The Cenci” is not a “playable” tragedy—it is not *scénique*; and this for reasons which have been already too ably explained in the ACADEMY to need any further explanatory criticism on my part. M. Rabbe's translation is in prose, and follows the original text line by line; it is in five acts, divided into fifteen tableaux. Last night's performance began at a quarter to nine, and was not over until close on 1 a.m. A long evening, but a highly interesting one. Notwithstanding the continuous horrors of the plot, the repulsiveness of the subject, and certain flaws in the dramatic action, the play was listened to with deep interest. During the fourth act certain passages, badly interpreted by the actors and misunderstood by the audience, gave rise to interruptions and laughter, which, for a time, threatened to bring the dark tragedy to an untimely end; but the storm was soon quelled, and the prison scene made a marked impression on the spectators.

The acting was fairly good, allowance being made for the difficulties the actors experienced in portraying characters and thoughts so different from the personages and ideas of the conventional modern drama. M. Prad, of the Odéon, as Count Cenci, achieved great success in this most difficult and ungrateful part. In speech and bearing he was a faithful personator of the imperious, sensual, and utterly unscrupulous Italian nobleman of the fifteenth century, as portrayed by Shelley in the preface to “The Cenci.” The Beatrice of Mlle. Camée was a very talented and artistic performance, in the third act particularly; while her rendering of the judgment and prison scenes was most pathetic, and she sang with heartrending plaintiveness the song:

“False friend, wilt thou smile or weep
When my life is laid asleep?”

The part of Orsino fell to the lot of M. Fort, the able young manager of the Art Theatre. Of the other parts, we may courteously say that they were acted with the best intentions.

As an artistic venture, the performance of the latest French version* of “The Cenci” reflects the greatest credit on M. Rabbe, on the actors, and the manager. Honour is also due to the five hundred and odd spectators who, for the love of art and literature, came so far on one of the coldest nights we have had this winter to sit through a tragedy which lasted over four hours, the work of a foreigner, so different in style and action from what they consider dramatic perfection. Among the other novelties to be given at the Théâtre d'Art, is Marlowe's “Doctor Faustus,” another literary treat in store for us.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

STAGE NOTES.

THE New Olympic is showing much activity. Mr. Barrett promises us, almost immediately, a performance of “The Stranger.” He is to be the Stranger, and Miss Winifred Emery Mrs. Haller. This will probably be the first time for many years that the play has been done in London. When “The Silver King” is withdrawn at night there is to be a revival of “The Lights o' London,” which is certainly one of the most admirable melodramas produced under Mr. Barrett's management at the Princess's.

* “The Cenci” was also translated by Mme. Doriau some years ago.

So soon as the present performances of “London Assurance” shall have ceased to be attractive at the Criterion, Mr. Wyndham will have a revival of “The School for Scandal.” In this, the most popular of eighteenth-century comedies—which has not yet, to our recollection, been given in the subterranean theatre—Mr. Wyndham will himself appear as Charles Surface, while the part of Lady Teazle will be allotted, it is said, to Mrs. Bernard Beere.

VERA BERINGER took a farewell benefit at Terry's Theatre on Thursday week with every demonstration of appreciation. This clever child—whose art is charming in part because she is so well-bred—now goes into retirement, and pursues her education. It is, of course, quite possible that when she is grown up she will again be seen before the footlights.

We regret to record the death of Mrs. Gaston Murray, who has been described as “a great actress of little parts.” The phrase has much truth in it. Had we a Théâtre Français in England, the excellent artist and charming elderly lady whose loss we lament would unquestionably have belonged to it. She did the very most with small opportunities. She had a rich and well-modulated voice, a mature and most finished method, and a satisfying sense of style. We could have better have afforded to lose many more celebrated people. Firmly established in the second rank, where alone a “first old woman” may hope to be—her charm of manner never absolutely making amends for the superabundance of her years—Mrs. Gaston Murray was a unique artist; a person whom it is impossible to quite replace.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Charles Gounod: His Life and Works. By Marie Anne de Bovet. (Sampson Low.)

THE author, in her preface, remarks: “The present work is neither a biography nor a criticism.” Yet there is something of both in the volume. Gounod has exceeded the number of years allotted to man by the palmist; and it is not likely that he will produce anything to equal, much less surpass, the works by which he has become famous. As his artistic career is practically ended, it can therefore be reviewed. In the introduction the writer distinguishes between “genius” and “talent.” Haydn, Mendelssohn, and Schumann are called “men of talent,” bearing the banner of the ideal after Bach, Beethoven, and Mozart. The classification of names is open to criticism; but surely Haydn, even though he wrote after Mozart's death, should scarcely be spoken of as coming “after” that composer. We have in this volume descriptions of Gounod's early life, of his travels, of his home in Paris, and other personal matters which will be read with interest; but we shall only touch upon a few matters connected with his art work, and the opinions expressed by him with regard to other composers.

Referring to the meeting of Mendelssohn and Gounod at Leipzig in 1842 or 1843, we are told that “Gounod has ever retained an affectionate memory of Mendelssohn, and pays a just tribute of admiration to his genius, but he never was in any way influenced by him.” It may be noted that Mendelssohn, the preface notwithstanding, is here ranked as a genius; and we fancy musicians would agree rather with M. Louis Pagnerre, who, in his *Charles Gounod: sa vie et ses œuvres*, which appeared last year, writes: “Il [Gounod] s'identifia sur bien des points à Mendelssohn qu'il a imité souvent et auquel il a beaucoup emprunté.”

Mme. de Bovet passes in brief review Gounod's operatic career from his *succès d'estime* with

"Sapho" in 1851 to his failure with "Le Tribut de Zamora" in 1881. "Faust," of course, occupies a prominent position. In mentioning previous settings of Goethe's poem, Spohr's opera of "Faust" is given with date 1810 instead of 1818. Of Schumann's and Berlioz's "Faust," we are informed "neither was fitted for the stage." This is true, but neither was intended for the stage. It appears that Rossini and A. Dumas once intended to produce an opera based on Goethe's "Faust," and Mme. de Bovet ventures to say that the non-carrying out of this plan "is not much to be deplored"—a perfectly safe remark. In mentioning the criticisms on "Faust," she quotes extensively from "the very conscientious and detailed report written by this prince of critics," Seudo, for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, but gives not a word from Berlioz's important article in the *Journal des Débats*. "Faust" is generally considered Gounod's masterpiece, but Mme. de Bovet looks upon "Roméo et Juliette" as the one "which indisputably consecrated his genius and sealed his fame"; and for this opinion she has, she says, the authority of the composer.

A chapter is devoted to Gounod's views on music and musicians. His adoration of Mozart is well known, and his special admiration for "Don Giovanni," which he names "the most brilliant star that has ever shone in the musical firmament." Beethoven's "Pastoral" is "a profession of pantheistic faith," and the "Choral Symphony" a "musical gospel of Socialism." Epigrams of this kind are in accordance with French taste. Meyerbeer is "a master, but not a genius"; Berlioz "an incomplete genius." When conversation turned on the Wagnerian question, "this vexed tropic," as, by slip of pen, it is not inappropriately named, Gounod replied, "I know what I think, but I would rather not say it."

The author's estimate of Gounod, both as artist and man, may possibly be considered too favourable; but books of this kind are only written by enthusiastic persons who ignore, as much as they can, the tares which grow up with the wheat. Mme. de Bovet is an intelligent if not altogether impartial critic. The volume contains a good portrait and some facsimiles.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL resumed his orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall last Thursday week. The programme opened with the "Ossian" overture in memory of Niels Gade. This was followed by a "Funeral March" by Mr. E. Germán, played for the first time under the direction of the composer. The work is well written, but lacks contrast—even the Trio is in minor. Mr. Arthur Friedheim gave a correct, though cold, reading of Liszt's E flat Concerto. Mme. Nordica sang the "Greeting to the Hall of Song" from "Tannhäuser" in an impressive manner. The concert closed with Beethoven's C minor Symphony, which was well rendered.

Mlle. Eilona Eibenschütz made her second appearance at the Popular Concerts on Saturday afternoon last, and played Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111). The young lady had almost recovered from her nervousness, and her performance showed skill, intelligence, and feeling. She has certainly profited by Mme. Schumann's instruction, and she may, in the future, take high rank as a pianist. But prudence is the better part of valour; and, for the present, she would do well to avoid Beethoven's greatest tone-poem for the piano-forte. It needs age and experience to do it full justice. The slightest flurry takes from the grandeur and passion of the Allegro, and interferes with the nobility of the Adagio and with its ethereal variations. Mlle. Eibenschütz was well received, and, as an encore, played a

Scarlatti piece. The programme included Schubert's great Quintet in C for strings, magnificently interpreted by Mme. Neruda, and Messrs. Ries, Straus, Whitehouse, and Piatti; and also Mendelssohn's pianoforte Trio in C minor. For the first time, we believe, since these concerts were established, there was no vocal music; Mr. Reginald Groome was, at the last moment, unable to appear, and Mr. Chappell could find no one to take his place.

Great enthusiasm prevailed on Monday evening. Mr. Santley, who has been absent from England for nearly two years, made his *réentrée*, and was received with overwhelming applause. The English public never forgets its favourites. Mr. Santley was rather hoarse, but sang with all his old skill and feeling Gounod's "Maid of Athens," and for an encore a setting of Shelley's "Love's Philosophy." His second song was Schubert's "Erl King," followed by Hatton's "To Anthea." The programme included four "Romantic Pieces" for violin with pianoforte accompaniment by Dvorák. They are recent compositions, and are both quaint and expressive. They are all of moderate compass, and in each one mood prevails. The first is an *Allegro moderato* with a soft delicate theme; the second number is bright and bustling; the third has again an expressive melody with an effective accompaniment in triplets; the last, a *Larghetto*, is peculiarly mournful. They were admirably rendered by Mme. and Mlle. Olga Neruda. The second one was repeated by way of encore. Herr Stavenhagen played Beethoven's Sonata in E minor. The first movement was given in a rough, jerky manner; the Allegretto, however, was rendered with taste and charm. The pianist also obtained his encore, and played a small trifle of his own. The number of encores at this concert was somewhat alarming, but it may be regarded as an exceptional evening.

"Israel in Egypt" was given at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. The basses and tenors were flat at the beginning of the performance, and "He sent a thick darkness" suffered in consequence. But afterwards the choruses went, as usual, extremely well. Mr. Barnby repeated the "Hailstone" chorus, and yet he firmly resisted the demand for an encore after "The Lord is a man of war." Why so firm in the one case, so weak in the other? We know not, unless it was that he lacked the courage to repeat the sin of giving Handel's duet with "four hundred tenors and basses." By the way, will Handel's trombone parts ever be played? They are not only persistently ignored, but parts for those instruments are put in where the composer did not employ them. Mr. E. Lloyd had an immense success with "The enemy said," but firmly declined the encore. The other vocalists were Miss A. Williams, Mr. K. Finn, and Mme. Sviatlovsky.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

No. 978, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

The History of the Reformation in England and on the Continent. By Aubrey Moore. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

MR. MOORE'S volume is made up of lectures, which he delivered at Oxford, as deputy to the regius professor of ecclesiastical history. The lectures are divided into four courses: three of them are about the history of the English Church; the fourth is devoted to the Reformation upon the continent. To these are added some genealogies and tables, as well as a few miscellaneous papers, collected out of the reviews or delivered before particular societies. Mr. Moore's work was never revised for publication by himself: indeed, it is always unfinished, and often imperfect; but the whole has been prepared and edited by Mr. W. A. B. Coolidge, whose qualification is, that he has "often talked with Mr. Moore about Reformation matters," and has himself "paid some attention to the subject." The editor has been obliged to supply omissions and to supplement the meagre headings of Mr. Moore from the note-books of several pupils; and he has taken advantage of the occasion, he tells us, to insert "a *Guardian* article of my own on Cardinal Allen."

Mr. Moore's lectures are intended, in the first place, to give an history of the English Church. In that history, the Reformation of the sixteenth century is, to say the least, a striking and a prominent event: an event, too, which has been most variously explained. Mr. Moore's attention, therefore, is directed continually to the affairs of that period. His attitude is logical and consistent; and he expresses that view which has always been maintained by the most wise and learned of the Anglican divines. Mr. Moore quotes with great approval the Hibbert Lectures of 1883, where it is said that the English Reformation is,

"both in its method and in its result, a thing by itself, taking its place in no historical succession, and altogether refusing to be classified; and that which differentiates the English Reformation is the continuity of the Anglican Church. There is no point at which it can be said, 'Here the old Church ends; here the new begins.' . . . It is an obvious historical fact that Parker was the successor of Augustine, just as clearly as Lanfranc, and Becket. Warham, Cranmer, Pole, Parker; there is no break in the line, though the first and third are claimed as Catholic, the second and fourth as Protestant."

There is no break in the line, it is true; but there is a break in the tradition, and some variety in the doctrines which these prelates represent. It has never been

denied that in a succession of bishops some of them may be orthodox, others unorthodox: a mere succession does not make a true and apostolic church. Mr. Moore's reasoning appears to be weak and inconclusive when he rests it upon this poor foundation; and the argument for the Church of England is given in a finer and a more convincing way in Palmer's *Treatise on the Church of Christ*.

"It is as certain as the truth of Christianity itself," says this grave authority, "that the Churches have always continued as visible societies, in unbroken succession from the very earliest ages of Christianity. They may be called heretical, schismatical, apostate, or anything else; but their perpetuity is a matter of fact so absolutely certain that he who denies it must be prepared to deny all historical truths whatever."

Mr. Moore's arguments all rest upon what he calls "the continuity of the Anglican Church," and on what William Palmer describes in a finer way as "the perpetuity" of the Churches in these islands; and, from this point of view, Mr. Moore's position is impregnable and firm.

"The repudiation of the Pope's power in England," he says, "was a vindication of the historical independence of the English Church." If we leave the English Church for a moment, and turn to the history of the Universal Church, we find that its early constitution shows us a polity of bishops, metropolitans, and patriarchs. The term patriarch was slow to obtain its technical meaning; and Saint Gregory Nazianzen applies it to "venerable" bishops, the fathers of their people. In the process of time, however, four great patriarchates were recognised: Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, Antioch. It was only in 451 that Jerusalem became a patriarchate; and then it was reckoned the last in order, which serves to show that the patriarchs, like the metropolitans, took their order from the civil importance of their sees. This form of constitution left no room for the modern papacy; yet it prevailed in those ages to which theologians appeal as the ages beyond all others when the Church was pure and undivided. Among these patriarchs, the bishop of Rome had a vague and traditional precedence; but the important figures in early history are the patriarchs of Constantinople and of Alexandria. "Genuine history," says Dr. Döllinger, "has nothing to tell us of the Popes before the age of Constantine;" and the thirty-eighth canon of the Council of Chalcedon, which promoted Constantinople into a patriarchate, says, "the fathers properly gave the primacy to the throne of the elder Rome because that was the imperial city;" and they speak in another place of "the elder royal Rome." To the bishops of the fifth century the history of Rome, and not the history of Saint Peter, gave dignity and precedence to the Roman see. This patriarchal order was the constitution of the Church in the first age of its alliance with the State; and it was to this order that conservative reformers, like Cranmer, wished the Church of England to return.

Through the schism of the Empire, the irruption of the barbarians, and the victories of Islam, this patriarchal confederation was

destroyed. Alexandria and Antioch were lost to Christianity; the Roman world was divided into East and West; the Church was separated into Greeks and Latins. In this new order of things the Roman bishops began to exercise temporal authority; and through causes which were not solely ecclesiastical, the Latin patriarch obtained a growing political influence over the nations of the West. It was the influence which civilisation obtains over barbarians, order over disorder, a mother church over her missionary children. In the centuries when Franks and Germans were being gained to Christianity, the Latin patriarch was laying the foundations of the papacy. This was the age of Saint Gregory the Great; and, certainly, in his time, the Roman pontiff had not claimed the position of universal bishop. But the Roman bishop was the only patriarch known to the western nations; the old constitution of the Church had been forgotten; and it was forgotten, too, that in a healthier and a more vigorous age the Roman patriarch had been only "primus inter pares," that he had had his equals and his peers.

During the seventh and eighth centuries, the Western peoples were preparing to revive the Imperial authority; and in the two centuries which preceded Charlemagne, the papal claims began to assume a vague and shadowy form. The courtesies of this age became the customs of the next; and these, in their turn, grew into absolute rights, through forged but still infallible precedents, when at length the Latin Church had reached its full development. The age of Saint Gregory the Great marks a definite period in the development of the papacy. Those who plead in favour of Rome, as well as those who plead against it, speak of the papacy too commonly as though it were an unchanging institution, homogeneous and primeval; but few assumptions in history are more uncritical, and there is none which has led to more unhistorical conclusions. When the empire was re-founded, the Popes were not the masters, they were hardly the equals, of Charlemagne, of Otho the Great, or of Henry III. Jurisdiction, supremacy, and the priestly functions, had not then been confused. If the Pope were Vicar of Christ in spiritual things, the Emperor was none the less his Vicar in things temporal, and in the civil order. This position, again, may be justified by the practice of the older constitution. If the Church history of the period of the first four Councils be studied impartially, and without reading into it the practice and the theories of a later time, it will be found that the spiritual jurisdiction of metropolitans and patriarchs depended upon the imperial supremacy. It requires a good deal of ingenuity to prove that the patriarch of "Old Rome" presided at, or summoned, the Councils of Nicaea, of Constantinople, of Ephesus; but it is a simple matter to determine the share of the emperors in convoking them, and in promulgating their decrees.

It was when these relations between Church and State were still held to be orthodox and catholic, that Christianity was re-established within the English kingdoms, and it was upon these terms that the Church

of England was founded and maintained. The sovereign is constantly described as "Christi Vicarius." His supremacy was acknowledged in theory and in practice: he held within his realms the place of Caesar, and owned no foreign lord; and even as late as the age of Anselm, the archbishop is described as "*Papa alterius orbis*." In saying this, the Pope of Saint Anselm's day was but repeating the words of Saint Gregory the Great. Through the policy of Gregory VII., of Innocent III., and of Boniface VIII., the Roman Church "developed" fast and furiously from the ancient standard. It has been the design of Mr. Moore to prove that the English Church was conservative; that it maintained its old position; and that its present liberties are not an innovation, but are a lawful continuity of the ancient practice. The attitude of William I., the laws of Henry II., show the conservative spirit of the English government, and the continual resistance of English churchmen to foreign innovations. Mr. Moore makes an ingenious and, I believe, an original criticism when he says that the first clause of the Magna Charta was a protest, not only against the King, but against papal novelties and encroachments. He is upon surer ground when he argues from the anti-papal statutes of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; and he proves his case when he asserts that Henry VIII. obtained nothing more than had been held by his predecessors before the Norman Conquest, and claimed by the sovereigns between the Conquest and the Reformation.

As far as the outward polity of the Church is treated, Mr. Moore vindicates his position. Whether he apologises for its doctrines with equal success is a more dubious question; but he argues with perfect truth, that Henry VIII. had no intention to deviate from Catholic orthodoxy; that Protestantism was not popular in England; and that it has never been officially accepted by the free consent of the Church herself. It is, surely, a strong argument that the Blessed Sir Thomas Moore should require some years of study to decide whether the papal authority were of divine institution, or only a matter of human custom and expediency. The Province of York did not hesitate to answer the question in an anti-papal sense; and both the Universities agreed with the Northern Convocation. The Blessed John of Rochester, as Cardinal Fisher is now to be described, signed a declaration that Councils were superior to Popes. These great personages undoubtedly recorded the old opinions of the English Church. It is possible that some anxious modern Anglican might approach the question of the Pope's authority in the dubious manner of Sir Thomas Moore; it is inconceivable that any modern Romanist should thus approach it. The attitude no less than the proceeding of Sir Thomas Moore serves to bring out the infinite difference between a mediæval English churchman and a modern English papist. Moore, it should be remembered, suffered at last, not for denying the royal supremacy, not for disputing Elizabeth's succession, but for doubting whether Henry's divorce were legal. That is to say, he differed from the

Elizabethan Romanists about the deposing power, just as he differed from the modern Romanists about the limits of the papal authority itself, or as Fisher differed from them about the relative position of Popes and Councils. It is when general beliefs can be challenged and tested in individuals that the full meaning of the theory of "development" stands revealed. Moore and Fisher have been chosen to represent the doctrines of the modern papacy: in genuine history they represent, rather, the very different attitude of mediæval catholicism, and they serve admirably to mark the difference between that and the "developments" of Trent and of the Vatican. The great poem of catholicism is called "*The Divine Comedy*"; to an historian, the great drama of Roman Catholicism, and the part assigned to those who play it, is often a comedy, too; but more comic than divine. The Church used to be described as the body of Christ, and the comparison was beautiful and true; but if the "*Praise of Folly*" were to be written now, Erasmus would surely describe the Roman Church as a body with nothing but a head. To its inflated visage, to its insatiable and unwholesome appetite, he would apply the words of Horace:

"*Creseit indulgens sibi dirus hydrops;
Nec sitim pellit, nisi causa morbi
Fugerit venis.*"

Mr. Moore's book is full of interesting information: too full to be treated justly in a small review; and I have been obliged to content myself with indicating broadly his argument for the Anglican position; and with strengthening his argument, as I hope, by showing that the Anglican position was primitive, was historical, and in the best ages was universal. Strong as it may have been when the Archbishop was "pope of this other world" of the British islands, it is stronger now, when the throne of Canterbury is in some sense a patriarchal power in the universal confederation of the English race.

Mr. Moore, I am glad to notice, pays a just tribute to the greatness of Cardinal Wolsey as ecclesiastic and statesman. Not the least interesting part of his book is where he shows that by the fourteenth century almshouses, hospitals, and schools were being founded in the place of monasteries. Under William I. 45 monasteries were founded; under Henry I., 150; under Henry III., 74 monasteries and 83 friaries; under Richard II., only four of each; and in the whole fifteenth century there were established eight religious houses, but 60 foundations for charity and education. It is important to remember that Wykeham, Waynesflete, and Chichele all preceded Wolsey in dissolving monasteries, and in devoting their revenues to education. It is a pity that Father Gasquet has eluded this instructive side of the monastic history.

The conditions under which Mr. Moore's book was produced render it, naturally, exposed to many faults; but with all its faults it is most valuable. Though some of them are due to the author, others must be imputed to the editor. Upon him lies the responsibility of grammar, of punctuation, and of some unhappy phrases. The good

style of the old divines is famous: in their volumes are some of the best and soundest examples of English prose. They would never talk of being "*out of rapport*" with anything. Mr. Moore's view of art and literature are often less good than his theology: though he has read Mr. Symonds, he confuses many ages together as "*the Renaissance*," without discriminating between their subtle shades of difference. It is hardly true to describe Raphael as "*a Roman*"; it is provincial to talk about "*William Shakspeare*"; and "*Philip le bel*" should be given all in English or all in French. To those who write about Cardinal Allen and his times, Mr. Law's book on *The Jesuits and Seculars* is indispensable; and it is a shame that Mr. Coolidge ventured to insert the "*Guardian* article of my own" without reading or without mentioning Mr. Law's invaluable contribution.

"If I were asked," let me make Mr. Moore say in conclusion, "what was the main cause of unbelief in the present day, I should say, not new truths in history and criticism, but a higher tone of morality, acting upon an immoral travesty of the Gospel of Christ."

ARTHUR GALTON.

Dreams. By Olive Schreiner. (Fisher Unwin.)

THESE Dreams are eleven in all. They are printed, we are told, in the order in which they were written. That is odd; for while perhaps the first Dream is the most matured in style, the last is in style and thought the crudest. They appear to have been written in many different places—in South Africa, in London, in Paris, in Italy; and they have strong local colouring. The dreamer dedicates her work to "a small girl-child, who may live to grasp somewhat of that which for us is yet sight, not touch." It is doubtful, alas! whether aught that is contained within the covers of Miss Schreiner's book will be "sight" even for the small girl-children who are growing up among us. Let her say what she knows of reflection: it is that here we have "a strange old woman who has always one elbow on her knee, and her chin in her hand, and who steals light out of the past to shed it on the future." Pretty; but the stealers of light—from Prometheus, who stole it from the sun itself, to Miss Schreiner's old woman, who steals it from behind her back—have done away with but little of our darkness. The small girl-children must be content to grow into old women asking not to "touch." For them the Evangelist wrote the story of Thomas.

The first of Miss Schreiner's Dreams, "*The Lost Joy*," would be perfect were it not, short as it is, too long. The last sentence was, I think, not needed. Few will want to be told the name of that which has taken the place of "*first-joy*," of which thing rare and beautiful we hear:

"The sunlight when it shines upon the merry water is not so glad; the rosebuds, when they turn back their lips for the sun's first kiss, are not so ruddy."

This is not ordinary prose, and is not ordinary poetry. Some will think that the Dream in which it is but a passage chosen

at random is the most beautiful in the book.

"The Hunter," which appeared first in *The Story of an African Farm*, is too much of a thing that is not good. With few of the writer's merits, it has most of her faults—the trick of iteration, of inversion; the cold Romance word, where a warm Teutonic word was wanted; the terrible nomenclature: now we have a country called "The Land of Absolute Negation and Denial" (the reduplication is specially weak); now a person called "The-Accumulated-Knowledge-of-Ages."

In "The Gardens of Pleasure," the heroine of which, one notices with relief, has no name, we have a drop in style such as occurs but seldom in Miss Schreiner's writings. We are told of "the flowers she had loved so." "So" is a terrible little word, and, when used enclitically, as here, especially—so.

Quite a new tone marks the opening of "In a Far-Off World," the end of which is very noble and strong. A subject glimpsed at more than once (and more than twice) in the course of this book—to wit, woman's rights—meets with novel and able treatment in "Three Dreams in a Desert," marred, it may be admitted, by over mickle "she said," "he said." Baby Passion, who appears in one of these "Three Dreams," is a false conception, but the gold-haired thing is charmingly described.

Next comes "A Dream of Wild Bees." Bad Mother! exclaims the reader, but, happily, the Mother is not to be blamed. It is a case of misrepresentation (unintentional, let us hope) on the part of Miss Schreiner; for women who darn their children's stockings have surely healthier minds than she accredits her mother of nine children with having. Are the words on "talent" which occur in this "Dream," quite new, quite true?

"I am Talent. I can do all things—that have been done before."

With "In a Ruined Chapel" begins the jarring "God said," which henceforth takes the place of "she said," "he said," and the style positively grimaces in "the Bless'd rubbed-out Bambino." This dream in a ruined chapel is perhaps the least satisfactory of those recorded, and is full of marks of haste, the writer even sinning in the conjugation of the verb "to lay," as Byron sinned in the conjugation of the verb "to lie." The closing paragraph has the strong personal note of Walt Whitman, who might have written much that is in this book, and who must have indirectly helped Miss Schreiner to pile up the wonderful sentences in which she describes her awakening from the nightmare called "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed":

"In the streets below, men and women streamed past by hundreds; I heard the beat of their feet on the pavement. Men on their way to business; servants on errands; boys hurrying to school; weary professors pacing slowly the old street; prostitutes, men and women, dragging their feet wearily after last night's debauch; artists with quick, impatient footsteps; tradesmen for orders; children to seek for bread."

This is Walt Whitman, even to the faulty syntax.

In "Life's Gifts" we have more of Walt Whitman, but in "The Artist's Secret" Miss Schreiner is herself again. In the opening paragraph of this Dream she seems to describe her own process in art, for she too is an artist who paints with one colour, and there is a wonderful red glow in her pictures. It is hot and pure, even as the glow of fire.

"I Thought I Stood" is a dream which must have been named by "the good grey poet," and which might have had for its motto the Psalmist's words: "I have roared for the very disquietness of my heart."

Last in the book is placed the well-known rhapsody, "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed." All that is here recorded as seen was recorded as seen more than five hundred years ago. Dante sang of the horror of it, without that blasphemy, "God lay in the sunshine watching," and sang of the joy of it, without that bathos, "we shine here every day; see, the ground has cracked with our shining." A sense of reverence, a sense of humour (I sometimes think that these two senses are very near akin) might have saved the writer from making such fatal slips as those, and such fatal slips as these—the speaking of a woman's "front knees," of "The-Age-Of-Dominion-Of-Muscular-Force," of "stumps" in heaven. One does not like to think even of dear old Witherington in glory with his stumps only polished up, and passed on from hand to hand through Miss Schreiner's heaven, "that he may shine on things that need much heat." That is weak; and what is to be said of the banality (prefaced "God said")—"Once in heaven always in heaven,"—and of the egregiously bad geometry in the passage (it, too, prefaced, "God said") in which is contained the answer to the question: "Which is the larger, heaven or hell?"

Flaws these—and lamentable flaws—in an exquisite piece of work, for the Dreams as a whole are of rare power and beauty. Here and there both style and thought are touchingly simple, as when, in "The Sunlight Lay Across My Bed," the dreamer describes how she began to take off her garments in heaven, and how she determined to tell God of the way in which they had misunderstood her on earth. Quite perfect, too, is her description of the longing which seized her in heaven. Here it is:

"Like the passion of a mother for the child whom death has taken; like the yearning of a friend for the friend whom life has buried; like the hunger of dying eyes for a life that is slipping; like the thirst of a soul for love at its first spring waking—so, but fiercer, was the longing in me."

That is but one of many sentences with the fine sweep which is the poet's at his best. If there were but now and again a frank laugh in the book, or even a frank smile (people both laugh and smile in dreams), it would be immeasurably more beautiful. As it is, to come across the mere word "merry," which the writer uses charmingly, to come across the phrase "great laughter," is refreshing.

Is the book well named *Dreams*? I think not, unless indeed that Celt was right who once explained to some Englishmen, there-

by causing them to laugh loudly, that *to dream* was—to go on waking in one's sleep. It is most certain that the dreamer of the Dreams here under consideration goes on waking in her sleep. At times it is not to be believed that she sleeps even with one eye. She rather seems to watch through a night which is to her moonless and starless. She is filled with fear and horror, and is filled with sympathy. One feels that she would be ready to help with head and heart, the hot that is hot within her, in the great work of help that is going on—can it be unnoticed by her? The "Wine-Press" which she places in the midst of our fair earth is not there to-day, or, as she would have us say, to-night. She wrongs—this is her crime or blindness—the kindest age that has been since two left Eden.

ELSA D'ESTERRE KEELING.

Seven Essays on Christian Greece. By Demetrios Bikelas. Translated by the Marquess of Bute. (Alexander Gardner.)

THE essays contained in this volume were originally either delivered as lectures in France, or contributed as papers to various French periodicals. Subsequently they have been translated by the Marquess of Bute, and published from time to time in the *Scottish Review*, from the pages of which magazine they are now reprinted in a collected form. Altogether, they may be regarded as a sort of Apologia for mediæval and modern Greece, and as an exposition of the difficulties with which the Greeks have had to contend since the establishment of the kingdom, and of their aspirations at the present time. Of the translation we need say no more than that, as we read it, we forget altogether that it is a translation.

The first three of these essays treat of the character of the Byzantine empire, and of its influence on the history of the world; of the share in this influence which is to be assigned to Greek and Roman traditions respectively; and of the condition of the inhabitants of that empire as regards cultivation and prosperity, when compared with those of contemporary states. These papers were composed more than sixteen years ago; and as we read them now, we feel that they are in some sense landmarks by which to test a change which within our own time has been passing over European opinion. The idea that the Byzantine empire was weak, effeminate, corrupt, and immoral, is one of long standing, and has taken form in the name of *bas Empire*, which is applied to that state by French writers; but M. Bikelas is, no doubt, right in attributing its general acceptance to the influence of two conspicuous authors—Montesquieu and Gibbon. It seems strange that writers of such penetration should not have perceived that a state such as they believed the Eastern empire to be could not have been what in fact it was, the bulwark of Europe during the whole of the Middle Ages against the powerful nations which were prepared to overrun that continent from the side of Asia; but M. Bikelas assigns reasons for this perversion of judgment, arising from the point of view from which

they wrote. Finlay was the first to point out in his *Greece under the Romans* and *History of the Byzantine Empire*, nearly fifty years ago, the erroneousness of this view. And though at the time his books were read, and his judgment approved, only by the few, the seed which he sowed has since borne fruit. The same conclusion has been drawn, and the grounds on which it was made have been further strengthened, by writers of note, such as Hopf and Hertzberg in Germany, Rambaud in France, Sathas and Paparrhegopoulos among the Greeks, and Mr. Freeman and Mr. Bury among ourselves. We can now rest assured that it has been accepted by all serious students of history. But, notwithstanding this, there is no reason to regret the republication of M. Bikelas's essays, not only because they deal skilfully with the points in question, but because general readers still require that the correct judgment should be impressed upon them. In combating inveterate error the true principle to be observed is that enunciated by President Lincoln on a very different subject—"keep on pegging away."

The remaining four essays have been written during the last seven years, and deal with modern events. They deserve to be studied by those who wish to understand the present position of Greece, and the steps by which she has reached it. They will be found instructive, but few persons will feel them to be agreeable. There are two points of view from which the history of the Greeks in recent times may be regarded, according as we consider, on the one hand, the undaunted national aspirations of the people, their maintenance of the struggle for liberty against overwhelming odds, and the sympathy evoked by their cause in Western Europe; or, on the other, the chicanery of European diplomacy, by which their development has been checked and hampered. The poetical cast of M. Bikelas's mind would naturally lead him, we should think, to give the preference to the former of these; as it is, what he has here written treats almost exclusively of the latter subject, and those who read it must be prepared for an unwelcome story. The fourth essay, on "Greece before 1821," describes the condition of the Greeks under Turkish sway, from the evidence of travellers; and the sufferings of the people have seldom been more forcibly portrayed. The writer also points out the elements which held the Greeks together under this grinding despotism—their strong feeling of nationality, the influence of the clergy, and the communal system, which was allowed by the Ottomans to continue after their conquest; and he dwells on the influence exercised, first by the revival of commerce among the Greeks, and afterwards by the spread of education, which was one of its results, in promoting the regeneration of Greece. The three remaining essays, on "The Formation of the Modern Greek State," "The Territory of the Greek Kingdom," and "The Greek Question," are a long indictment against the European Governments, for their unwillingness to recognise the claims of Greece at the time of the War of Independence, on the ground that it was an

insurrectionary movement against constituted authority, and for their subsequent discouragement of attempts on the part of the Greeks at further development, arising partly from the desire of conciliating Turkey, and partly from their jealousy of one another. This opposition is described as culminating in the shameful violation of the arrangements of the Berlin Treaty as regards Greece, when, after it had been solemnly agreed that Epirus as far north as the Kalamas should be ceded to that kingdom, Turkey flatly refused to give it up, and after a delay of three years Greece found herself obliged to consent to this violation of her rights. M. Bikelas' accusation is not brought, at least directly, against the nations of Europe themselves—indeed, their sympathy for the Greeks during the War of Independence is recognised as a factor which the governments after a time had to take into account—but a survey of the course of events during this period is sufficient to explain the acrimonious feelings with which Greeks are apt to regard this portion of their history.

We observe that M. Bikelas, like many other Greek writers of the present time, speaks in favourable, almost laudatory, terms of the former King of Greece, the Bavarian Otho. Such a feeling is creditable to the hearts of those who entertain it; but it is irreconcilable with the view that was formed of him by his subjects at the time, and we hardly think this estimate will be endorsed by posterity. King Otho was a man of respectable life, of some culture, and, on the whole, of good intentions; and his youthfulness at the time of his accession, and the difficulty of his position, ought fairly to be taken as an excuse for errors of policy. But the injury which he did to Greece at a most critical period of her history by his endeavours to concentrate the government in his own hands, and to maintain his position by means of intrigue and court influence, appears to us to have been almost irreparable.

The following extract, with which we will conclude this notice, may serve to show that the political aspirations of the Greeks at the present time, as understood by M. Bikelas—and he is an excellent judge of the matter—are neither visionary nor exorbitant:

"It is not the object of the Greek people to set up a Greek empire at Constantinople. What we are struggling and longing to do is this. We hope to have a Greek state with a northern frontier starting eastwards from the Adriatic at some point north of Corfu, and reaching the Aegean at some point east of the Chalcidic peninsula, including such part of Macedonia as is Greek. The island of Crete would be our farthest limit southward. We would fain see Montenegro aggrandised; and, between such a Montenegro and ourselves, an emancipated Albania, either autonomous or attached to ourselves by a brotherly tie. We would that our northern frontier should meet those of a fully expanded Serbia, and of an enlarged and united Bulgaria, embracing not only the actual Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, but also all territory which is really inhabited by a majority of Bulgars."

H. F. TOZER.

Ballads. By Robert Louis Stevenson. (Chatto & Windus.)

ONE is tempted to believe that Mr. Stevenson was not quite in earnest, if in earnest at all, when he wrote and published the first two of these remarkable ballads. It is not because the versification is so very indifferent, for, despite the delightful sparrow-flights in *The Children's Garden*, and many noble verses in *Underwoods*, it was always evident that his mastery of metre was imperfect and not unlikely to break down on a longer and more exacting exercise. But in these ballads there are infelicities of expression and defects of style which it is hard to believe that the author of *Kidnapped* could have allowed to remain in any work of his, whether in prose or verse, except by way of a joke. It is not, in a word, the technical imperfections nor even the defective music that is most astonishing in these ballads, but the fact that one of the finest literary instincts in the world should fail its possessor so often and in passages of so great importance.

For instance, Rahëro, the hero of the first ballad, wakes to the fact that his treacherous enemies have set fire to the banqueting house in which they are sleeping off the effects of a debauch, and that he is the only one of his tribe who is not stupefied by drink and smoke. He immediately tries to find and wake his family, and Mr. Stevenson can find no fitter phrases than these to describe the way he did it:—

"Rahëro stooped and groped. He handled his womankind;
But the fumes of the fire and the kava had quenched the life of their mind."

Scarcely more elegant is the description of one of the sacred spots in the island:

"And now was he come to a place Taiárapu,
honoured the most,
Where a silent valley of woods debouched on
the noisy coast
Spewing a level river. There was a haunt of
Pai."

Nor less surprising in the work of such an author is the number of involved and "squinting" constructions, such as

"Strong in the wind in his manhood;"

or

"To bind what gods unkindly have sundered into one;"

or

"The holiday village careened to the wind and was gone from view
Swift as a passing bird; and ever as onward it bore,
Like the cry of the passing bird, bequeathed its song to the shore."

But of all the errors of literary judgment which Mr. Stevenson commits in these unfortunate poems none is more frequent and marked than the introduction of fine words in the midst of the otherwise homely texture of his verse. This is sometimes unhappy enough in narrative passages, as when he writes of the "emulous crowd" and the "sedulous fisher," or tells us that "copious smoke was conceived;" but it becomes absolutely ludicrous when it occurs in the passionate exclamations of savages. Hiopa has a vision in which the roof-tree of his enemies "decays and falls on the empty lodge, and the winds subvert deserted walls,"

and the Mother of Tāmátéa, in the exultation of her revenge, apostrophises the fire as the "debited vengeance of God," bids her enemies "hark, in your dying ears, the song of the conflagration"; and tells them that "the smoke of your dissolution darkens the stars of night."

But "Rahéro" is a finer poem than the "Feast of Famine" which follows, and it has no little interest as a contribution to folklore. Rahéro, savage though he be, is of the stuff of which legendary heroes are made. A man who, escaping from a conflagration in which every man, woman, and child of his tribe except himself have been burnt alive, can instantly plan how to begin it all over again, is no common person. To kill a fisherman on the shore and make off with his boat and his wife is, so to speak, the work of a moment for such a man as Rahéro. This is really the core of the legend, and is the only part of it in which Mr. Stevenson's imagination has been seriously interested. The verse in which this last adventure is described is certainly not free from flaw, but it is full of life and strength, and does much to redeem the rest of the ballad. As he gets into the boat the fisherman's wife mistakes him for her murdered husband and speaks to him, but

"Never a word Rahéro replied, he urged the canoe. And a chill fell on the woman.—'Atta! speak! is it you?
Speak! Why are you silent? Why do you bend aside?
Wherefore steer to the seaward?' thus she panted and cried.
Never a word from the oarsman, toiling there in the dark;
But right for the gate of the reef he silently headed the bark,
And wielding the single paddle with passionate sweep on sweep,
Drove her, the little fitted, forth on the open deep.
And fear, there where she sat, froze the woman to stone;
Not fear of the crazy boat and the weltering deep alone;
But a keener fear of the night, the dark and the ghostly hour,
And the thing that drove the canoe with more than a mortal's power
And more than a mortal's boldness. For much she knew of the dead
That haunt and fish upon reefs, toiling, like men, for bread,
And traffic with human fishers, or slay them and take their ware,
Till the hour when the star of the dead goes down, and the morning air
Blows, and the cocks are singing on shore. And surely she knew
The speechless thing at her side belonged to the grave.

It blew
All night from the south; all night Rahéro contended and kept
The prow to the cresting sea; and, silent as though she slept,
The woman huddled and quaked. And now was the peep of day—
High and long on their left the mountainous island lay;
And over the peaks of Tairapu arrows of sunlight struck.
On shore the birds were beginning to sing: the ghostly ruck
Of the buried had long ago returned to the covered grave;
And here on the sea the woman, waxing suddenly brave,
Turned her swiftly about and looked in the face of the man.
And sure he was none that she knew, none of her country or clan;

A stranger, mother-naked, and marred with the marks of fire,
But comely and great of stature, a man to obey and admire—"

Here, at least, the scene is fully felt and the verse is sustained by the force of uninterrupted passion. Faults the passage has; but, if all the rest were equal to it, there would not have been so much reason to regret the valuable time which has been wasted on the composition of this ballad. But in any case there would have been sad waste, for Mr. Stevenson should have a higher ambition than to be the Walter Scott of Tahiti or even the Homer of the Cannibal Islands. Besides these tales of the South Sea, the volume contains Mr. Stevenson's spirited ballad of Ticonderoga, reprinted from *Scribner's*, and two short poems, one of which, "Christmas at Sea," is in Mr. Stevenson's best manner, and altogether delightful.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

Lectures on the Growth of Criminal Law in Ancient Communities. By Richard R. Cherry. (Macmillan.)

It was not the least of the services rendered by Sir Henry Maine that he succeeded in awaking attention to the great wealth of material for the study of comparative law and history which is to be found in the ancient laws of Ireland. These laws, as he said, had been developed in a way highly favourable to the preservation of archaic peculiarities, inasmuch as the two causes which have obscured the beginnings of other European systems and institutions affected them in a comparatively small degree—the formation of strong centralised governments, and the influence of the Roman Empire. The Hindu custom of "sitting dharna" appears in the provision of the Senuhus Mer that fasting precedes distress in the case of persons of distinction; in the Irish tribe we find the Hindoo joint family in another stage of development; while the large place occupied by the law of distress marks an important stage in the slow passage from individual redress to independent judicial decision. Since Sir Henry Maine wrote his *Early History of Institutions*, the Brehon laws have attracted fewer students than they deserved. The mine is not nearly worked out; and it is to Irish scholars that one naturally looks to continue the work. But "Irishmen," says Prof. Cherry, "almost alone of all nations of the earth, consider their national history unworthy of study." This is said somewhat sweepingly and impatiently. We should be loth to believe that Irishmen will not be found to follow in the footsteps of O'Donovan and O'Curry, of Sullivan and Richey. In the volume before us, Prof. Cherry shows that he has both the capacity and the knowledge necessary for doing excellent work in the early history of law; and he would do a good deal to wipe away his own reproach if he devoted himself to an elaboration of his lectures on the beginnings and growth of criminal law in Ireland.

In his present volume his aim has been by means of a sketch of legal systems, as far apart from and as much independent of each

other as possible (Irish, Hebrew, Moham-medan, Roman, and English), to show "the close similarity between the early institutions of very distant races as regards penal law." We now regard crime as a wrong done to the community and punishable by the community; but everywhere it has its beginning in customary regulations of self-redress, it can still be observed in that stage among the less civilised peoples of to-day, and traces of its early features remain even in the most highly-developed systems of law. It was only in the last year of George III.'s reign, for example, that in England the right of trial by battle was taken away. Prof. Cherry's lectures (especially that on Roman law) are rather of the nature of notes than systematic studies; but they are full of suggestion, and have the great merit of inviting the student to search further into the matter for himself, and of opening out to him the value and interest of the historical investigation of law. One cannot help noticing, however, that in urging the importance of the historical method the lecturer is curiously unfortunate in the typical illustration which he takes from English law—the history of the principle of a master's liability for the wrongful acts of his servant. After showing very truly that the master's negligence in employing an unskilful servant cannot be accepted as the ground of liability, he goes on to say: "The liability of the master is in reality a survival of the principle of the liability of an owner for the act of his slave, and is based on the same principle as his liability for injuries committed by animals in his possession."

This has often been said; but is it not mere guess-work? If Prof. Cherry will once more follow the principle of the master's liability back through the English cases, he will convince himself, by finding no evidence of it, that the continuity which he presumes had probably no existence. The illustration, indeed, was peculiarly suitable for an entirely different purpose from that for which he has used it—namely, to warn the historical student against the danger of plausible explanations. That warning the student needs perhaps more than any other.

G. P. MACDONELL.

Work While Ye Have the Light. By Count Tolstoi. Translated by Dr. E. J. Dillon. (Heinemann.)

EVEN the *Kreutzer Sonata* cannot destroy the sensation of eager anticipation aroused by an announcement of a new work by Count Tolstoi. If the great Russian writer had, with full intent, set himself to alienate every reader whom he had won by his earlier romances, he could scarce have devised any more satisfactory plan than to write a book which should have all the drawbacks of the fictitious method for the treatment of serious subjects, and yet neither in plan nor in manner have anything of a philosophical, a scientific setting forth—which should be a narrative, and yet not be a story; which should broach and even obtrude the most complex and urgent problems of the day, and yet should, in the most haphazard fashion, evade all their

really difficult intricacies, and leave them, so far as logical conclusion is concerned, in a greater rather than in a less confusion. To make the fate of such a work certain, it was further necessary to relieve the treatment by no grace or charm of style—in a word, to make the book as dull in manner as inconclusive in matter. Even such a book was produced by Count Tolstoi in the *Kreutzer Sonata*. It was, therefore, not unnatural that many people believed the end had come; that the once brilliant, but of late low-linging, fires of genius had burned down. Yet those who formed the resolution to read nothing more from the pen of Count Tolstoi made rash vows. In the first place, there are welcome signs that the author whom Tourguénieff hailed as the foremost Russian writer, and to whom he sent his loyal and now famous death-bed message, is about to take up the pen again as a literary artist, and not merely as the pamphleteer of an outworn fanaticism. There are exciting rumours of more than one great romance in the old manner—in particular, of one, long since laid aside, though yet unfinished, which will dispute supremacy with *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace*.

Meanwhile, we have a welcome interlude in *Work While Ye Have the Light*. It is not a particularly inspiring, and is certainly neither a cheerful nor a cheering narrative; and Lyof Tolstoi, the Slav preacher of an effete, or rather of an impossible unprogressive communism, is more in evidence than Lyof Tolstoi, the greatest of contemporary Russian novelists. Yet it is as far above *The Kreutzer Sonata*, as a work of art, as the latter is, in earnestness of conviction, above the flood of shallow ethics with which we are deluged from innumerable minor intellectual conduits. The prologue apart, it gives, as a whole, a distinct and vivid impression. From the first words to the last, with their vague but haunting charm, every line is written not merely by an artist, but by an artist consciously controlling his fugitive thoughts and perilously ductile material to the accomplishment of a foreseen and carefully calculated end. It is this that gives a real value to *Work While Ye Have the Light*. It is, in short, a work of art. We may not like its substance or appreciate its style, but that, of course, is beside the mark. It is from no liking or disliking, no approval or disapproval of the views set forth in the *Kreutzer Sonata*, that the present writer, for one, looks upon that work as a deplorable episode in the literary career of its author; but simply because in it Count Tolstoi seems palpably to have failed in producing the effect intended, or even in producing any definite artistic impression at all, and because the book contains almost no signs of that creative shaping towards symmetry which is art. As for the opinions or convictions set forth in *Work While Ye Have the Light*, perhaps all that is necessary to be said about them on the part of a literary critic is that as opinions of a man like Count Tolstoi they are interesting, and that as convictions they are profoundly suggestive. Here fittingly it may be added that Dr.

Dillon's translation has all the merits of an original work, while, presumably, it is as literal as is practicable. Mr. Gosse also deserves a word of thanks for his pleasant and interesting introductory sketch.

The prologue, with its guest-table and shadowy modern personages, is, on the whole, unnecessary, though no doubt it does serve the useful, if obvious, purpose of giving the keynote of what is to follow. The guests are not individual personages, but conventional modern types. Apart from the main text, this prologue is interesting as an admirable example of Tolstoi's almost unique faculty for condensation—a faculty genuinely natural to him, though it may seem to some strange to affirm this of the author of the most diffuse works of fiction of our time. With a few keen rapid touches he sways the reader's mind this way and that, till he suddenly brings it up short, as a bewildered person traversing the dark after a swift guide abruptly comes upon a dead wall, with these concluding words:—"It appears, therefore, that no one should lead a good, upright, spiritual life; the utmost people may do is to discourse about it." Then, without further preamble, the story opens, one hundred years after the birth of Christ, in the reign of the Emperor Trajan, and at the house of one Juvenal, a wealthy merchant of Tarsus in the province of Cilicia. This Juvenal has a son Julius, who is the chief personage in the story. He and his friend, Pamphilus, respectively represent Worldly Wisdom and Christianity à la Lyof Tolstoi, and the whole narrative turns upon the intellectual ebb and flow set in motion by the mental and other differences of the two friends. The old physician, who plays so important a part in restraining Julius from accepting Christianity, is clearly meant to typify the scientific mind.

No one can deny the singular fairness and frankness of Count Tolstoi in this remarkable book. So frank, so fair is he, indeed, that again and again he, as Pamphilus, distinctly emerges the worse from the intellectual encounter. A Christian of his own sect might read *Work While Ye Have the Light*, and despairingly exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Pagan." When, in the end, Julius does join the serene company wherein his friend Pamphilus moves like some beneficent being altogether above the frailties of common humanity, one is apt to think—at any rate, many readers will think—that his case is but another instance of "when the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be." It is only fair to add that in the sayings of Pamphilus, who is unmistakably no other than Count Tolstoi himself, there is little or nothing of that barren ethical rigour, of that almost savage abnegation of what are commonly called the just claims of the body, which characterises the *Kreutzer Sonata* and various essays and sketches of a similar nature. At the same time, it is the Asiatic fanatic rather than the Western enthusiast who speaks to us even in the soft low words, even in the serene thoughts, of Pamphilus. Tolstoi may be forgiven his belief in the nobility and beauty of the ethics of the Thebaid if he give us, in his old age, work so good, even if of a polemical nature.

After perusal of the predecessor of this book, one was tempted to apply to Tolstoi Senex what Horace wrote of one whom he knew well, and recognised as a familiar type,

"Difficilis, querulus, laudator temporis acti
Se puero, castigator censorque minorum."

Now that temptation is removed. Difficult and hard to accept is the ethical teaching of this Slav prophet; uninviting, the way of salvation he indicates; he has a bitter tongue for the comfortable hypocrisies of the day; an unsparing censor he of all moralities but that which he believes to be the only morality, indivisible and incorruptible, and not to be mistaken. But he has removed, now and conclusively, that reproach of barren fantasy which lay like a shade against the light of his genius.

WILLIAM SHARP.

SOME CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.

Dublin Translations into Greek and Latin Verse. Edited by Robert Yelverton Tyrrell. (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis & Co.; London: Longmans.) Prof. Tyrrell, venturing to oppose the tide that sets harder and harder against classical verse composition, has published this portly volume, the work of Dublin scholars, in order that, "if the composer cannot secure as heretofore scholarships and fellowships by the exercise of his art," he may at least "have the chance to recommend himself thereby to the good opinion of scholars, men of letters, and men of taste." He adds that, at Trinity College, Dublin, verse-writing "was never more encouraged than it is now." We observe, however, that the Preface is dated eight years ago, though the volume has only just been issued; we wonder if matters are now as they were even eight years ago. Verse-writing, we have been told, is dying, though it dies hard. We all know why it is dying; but why does it die so hard? Not, we apprehend, from mere conservatism, nor from any strong belief in the thing as in itself a valuable accomplishment, but from a sense among teachers that it is a very good tool for sharpening the literary sense in clever boys and youths who read English poetry skimmingly, and need to have their minds pinned to the process of finding out its full meaning and its likeness and unlikeness to the classical models. There must, we should fear, be a wistful doubt in Prof. Tyrrell's mind whether his compilation will reach "the good opinion of scholars, men of letters, and men of taste," though we have no sort of doubt that it deserves to reach it. The first half of the book consists of translations into Greek, largely, though not entirely, from English dramatists. Then follow more than two hundred pages of Latin versions: and, lastly, twenty pages of further translations into Greek. Between forty and fifty translators have contributed. Conspicuous among them are Prof. Tyrrell himself, Profs. J. F. Davies and H. Crossley, Mr. M. C. Cullinan, Mr. T. J. B. Brady, and (rather for the merit than the number of his versions) Mr. Arthur Palmer. Nor is the book devoid of intellectual courage—Mr. J. B. Bury successfully converts Rossetti's "Sister Helen" into a Theocritean idyll (pp. 146-155)—nor of daring humour—Prof. Crossley actually gets "Little Billee" into elegiacs, and the adventures of Penius, Barathro, and Telemachus appear in this style:

"Quae cum vidisset Penius, sic orsus: 'amice,
Disperam, ventrem ni premat atra fames!'
Tum Barathro: 'victus quoniam non suppetit
usus,
Nostrum alter vereor ne sit edendus' ait,

And the crisis is equally good:

"Vixque sacris functus puer 'O gratissima'
clamat
'Tellus' erecto corpore 'visa mihi!'
Apparet Dodona, apparet et ultima Thule,
Et gemina Hesperio terra potita polo!'"

And Mr. Palmer's rendering of Hood's "Bachelor's Dream" (pp. 451-61) is simply excellent; the intrusive "Captain Hogg" appears as "Verres," as, in the same translator's version of "Sally in our Alley," the heroine is complimented in the title as *Tota Merum Sal*. On the whole, we think the Greek versions are the more interesting; particularly good are the editor's renderings of "Oenone" into Theocritean verse (pp. 12-17), and of Falstaff's gasconade (pp. 31-3) into Aristophanic iambs; all Mr. Cullinan's tragic iambs, especially those on pp. 47 and 95. Mr. Maguire's rendering of Manfred's soliloquy, "Glorious Orb!" is sonorous and fine. Has the translator mistaken the meaning of "orisons"? If not, is not *χοροὶς* a curious equivalent for it? Prof. Davies is always excellent, though at times a little verbose—e.g., on p. 193. Mr. West, on the other hand, is sometimes too brief, as, e.g., in the last line on p. 215. Among the Latin versions, Prof. Crossley makes one more attempt at "Father William." A specimen will amuse:

"Te senuisse vides, si fas iterare querellam;
- Crescent crura tibi pingua, pingue latus;
Te tamen inversos dantem trans limina saltus
Miror: quae tanti causa furoris erat?"

It is strange to find Prof. Davies tolerating (p. 435) so cacophonous an ending to a hexameter as "per Gallica rura et Ibera." The book is full of taste and scholarship, with a touch of light-heartedness in it, as befits its origin.

Fifty Poems of Meleager. With a Translation by Walter Headlam. (Macmillan.) This pretty book, with its immense margin, exhibits the gems of the Greek Anthologia in a very delightful form. The Greek originals face the English; prefatory poems, and a concluding stanza, are added by Mr. Headlam himself in both Greek and English. One specimen of these we are sure our readers will welcome—

Ἦνιδε καλλίφθογα μελίσματα σοι Μελεάγρου
προσφέρομεν, πολλὰν ταῦτ' ἀπολεξάμενοι.
ἀλλ' εἰ μὴν δύνασαι, λαβὲ τὴν χάριν· εἰ δ' ἀμαθαίνει
λείπον Ἑλλήνων μύσαν ἀηδονίδαν,
σοὶ τὰ δυσερμήνευτα λαλήματα βαρβαροφώνως
χρησάμενοι φθόγγους πάντ' ἐσαφήνισαμεν.

"Sweet utterances we bring to thee
Of Meleager's voice,
That are of all his poetry
The treasures of our choice.

"Come, if thou canst, receive the gift;
But if thy learning fails
To rede the dulcet-sounding drift
Of Grecian nightingales,

"For thee the twitterings musical,
So hardly to be read,
In our outlandish phrases all
Have we interpreted."

This is to have read the Anthology to some purpose. To us the Greek appears better than the English: "dulcet-sounding drift of nightingales" seems to us a phrase forced by the preceding rhyme. The translations themselves are graceful and musical. There is an attempt to render the Greek elegiac couplet by a metre unfamiliar to us: the hexameter is represented by a line of fourteen syllables; the pentameter, by an ordinary ten-syllabled line. Here is an example from the version of the familiar *Ἀκρίς*, ἐμὴν ἀπάρτητα πόθον.

"Cicala, bringer on of sleep, deceiver of my pain,
Cicala, meadow-mouse of tuneful wing,
Nature's own mimic of the lyre, come strike a
charming strain,
With thine own feet thy shrill wings battering."

We quite feel with Mr. Headlam (Intro., pp. xii., xiii.) that the ten-syllabled couplet "can rarely give the effect of Greek elegiacs"; its parity is an insuperable objection to its form being held representative of the Greek couplet. On the other hand, his couplet seems to us to involve too much disparity. More successful, in our opinion, is his attempt to render the "bucolic hexameter" in the "Idyll on Spring" (pp. 76-7), *Χέλμαρος ἠνεμόεντος*, κ. τ. λ.

"As soon as windy Winter was gone from the sky,
Out smiled the sunny season of flower-bearing Spring:

The dark earth of green grass a coronal put on,
And suckling scions burgeoned with petals all anew.

And now the meadows drinking the tender dew
of Dawn,
Their foster-mother, laugh with the opening of
the rose.

The shepherd in the mountain pipes gaily on his
reed,
And in the white kids of the goats the shepherd
takes delight."

All this idyll is beautifully rendered, and shows Mr. Headlam at his best; he throws off a certain stiffness, which—probably from a great effort to be literal—besets the lesser renderings in slighter metres. On p. 49, we rather demur to rhyming "twine" and "entwine"; minute poems will hardly bear the license in rhyming which may well be conceded, e.g., to the Spenserian stanza. On p. 92, should not *τέφρη* be *τέφρη*? On the whole, it cannot be denied that the nightingales and butterflies of Meleager's fancy sing and float prettily in this English garden.

Latin Verse. English Poetry translated into Latin Verse, chiefly Elegiacs, for the use of Classical Tutors and Students. By the Rev. C. H. Bousfield. (Bell.) Mr. Bousfield is puzzled and a little indignant (see preface) at the comparative disfavour shown by schools and universities to the art of verse-writing; he sighs for the days when the young Addison's Latin verses won him a demyship and gave elegance to his English style. As a matter of fact, the same thing would probably happen to-day. Youths who can do Latin verse and write elegant English get scholarships with ease. We rather agree with Mr. Bousfield that half the inability exhibited by boys in this matter comes of bad teaching. A sense of form can be acquired, and a vocabulary must be, if Latin or any other language is to be of any use; when form and vocabulary have been acquired, verses test the student very well, but there is none of the mystic value about them that Mr. Bousfield seems inclined to ascribe to them. They "suffer not thinking on," like many other useful acquirements, from the multiplicity of subjects now forced upon the young, and must take their chance, which is, no doubt, a diminishing one. Meantime, we doubt if the merit of Mr. Bousfield's verses, though they have a certain grace of their own, is sufficient to make them much help to "classical tutors and students." In the first place, they render a singularly dull set of originals. Fragments of Shenstone, Akenside, Kirke White (or Kirk White as Mr. Bousfield, or his printer, insists on calling him from time to time) and "Anon" are not of sufficient merit to fix the attention usefully; and even Jonson and Burns are not represented by their best strains. On p. 9, "rediet" appears to us an heretical future of "redeo"; on p. 25, "vixerat" seems a misprint for "vix erat," and "tum," perhaps, for "tam," and "roboles" does not exist; on p. 45, should not "cornicium" be "cornicinum"? On p. 99, l. 11, "foret" should probably be "fovet"; a little lower down "volentia" seems used intransitively—a rare construction, except with "annis." There are some pretty verses on pp. 43 and 95-7,

The Works of Flavius Josephus. Whiston's Translation. Revised by A. R. Shilleto. Vols. 4-5. *The Jewish War Against Apion.* (Bell.) These two volumes complete Mr. Shilleto's translation of Josephus, and put within the reach of those students of Jewish affairs who do not read Greek a complete and revised version of a very popular and very valuable author. We have nothing to add to the notice of the earlier volumes which has already appeared in the ACADEMY. We cannot always admire Mr. Shilleto's style, and we do not always agree with his translation of particular passages. For instance, in the treatise against Apion 2, 4 (Mr. Shilleto's p. 223) *Καὶσαρ δὲ μέγας* is more probably "the elder Caesar," i.e., the dictator, than "the great Caesar"; at least, Josephus's use of *μέγας* of other men in other passages points that way. But we have not detected more serious errors; and it is clear that Mr. Shilleto has taken a great deal of trouble with his author.

THE CAMELOT SERIES.—*The Reign of Tiberius* out of the first six Annals of Tacitus, with his Account of Germany, and Life of Agricola. Translated by Thomas Gordon, and edited by Arthur Galton. (Walter Scott.) Mr. Galton has done well to rescue from oblivion the spirited old translation of Thomas Gordon. It may well be that Gordon has not "always conveyed the exact meaning of the sentences of Tacitus." Who has? "But he has done what is better and more difficult, he has grasped the broad meaning of his author, and caught something of his lofty spirit." A translation, as Gordon remarked, ought to read like an original; and much of Gordon's does so read. Mr. Galton's preface to the work is vivacious, or even petulant, and it is distinguished by a wonderful abuse of commas. But he has a theory that commas should be, and used to be, employed to mark many fine shades of meaning. In what sense, by the way, is the famous question of Tiberius, "Who was Hecuba's mother?" a "problem in theology?" It is surely a mistake to translate Volleius Paterculus's words about Tiberius deifying Augustus (*Non appellavit eum sed fecit deum*) "he not only called him, but considered him, divine."

THE CAMELOT SERIES.—*The Ethics of Aristotle.* Chase's Translation (newly revised). With Introductory Essay by G. H. Lewes. (Walter Scott.) "The basis of this version" is Dr. Chase's translation of 1847. So ancient a translation is decidedly out of date, even if it be, as the advertisement states, "carefully revised throughout." But the present revision has been far from complete; see, for instances of oversights uncorrected, pp. 129, 180, 818. The author too would be the most natural person to revise his work; someone else has here done it for him, and we cannot find that any use has been made of the revised fourth edition published in 1877.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE Greek text, with introduction and notes, of the British Museum papyrus, containing "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens," is to be published at the end of the present week, having been printed at the Clarendon Press. The autotype facsimile will not be ready for some little time. The editor, Mr. F. G. Kenyon—to whom, we believe, the largest share in the discovery is due—has contributed the following palaeographical description to the *Oxford Magazine*:

"The MS. consists of four rolls of papyrus, of which the longest measures rather more than seven feet in length, and the shortest only three feet. There are four different hands employed in it; and it evidently was not a copy intended for sale, but a transcript made for his own benefit by some private individual, with the assistance of his slaves. The bulk of the writing is in a small semi-cursive hand, employing a good many contractions, and

is generally free from obvious blunders. The date is apparently about the end of the first century A.D. There are thirty-six columns in all, but the last six are very badly mutilated; and the beginning of the work, to the extent of a column or two more, appears never to have been transcribed. At present the text begins in the middle of a sentence, and a blank space is left before it."

Messrs. Bell & Sons have arranged with Mr. Kenyon for an annotated translation of the treatise.

THE Palestine Exploration Fund have nearly ready for issue Mr. W. M. Flinders Petrie's account of his excavations last spring at Tell el Hes, the site of Lachish. The work will be published in demy quarto, uniform with his volumes of Egyptian exploration. It will be illustrated with a large number of lithograph plates, showing the pottery of various dates, architectural details, &c.

MR. HERBERT SPENCER will publish in March an entirely new edition of his *Essays Political, Scientific and Speculative*, in three volumes. It will contain many new essays not included in the previous editions, and will be uniform with his other works.

A SECOND volume of Mr. Charles Booth's *Labour and Life of the People* is in the press and will be published in the spring. It embraces Central London and will be accompanied by maps. A third edition of the first volume is also in the press.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will shortly publish an original tragedy, entitled *Nero and Actea*, by Mr. Eric Mackay, author of "A Lover's Litanies" and "Love Letters of a Violinist."

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. are about to bring out a new edition of Mr. James Sully's *Pessimism*, with a preface and bibliography, bringing up to date the development of pessimistic literature in Germany and other countries.

MR. JOHN C. NIMMO will publish immediately a work in two volumes, entitled *The Hittites: their Inscriptions and their History*, by Prof. John Campbell, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, who will be known to some readers of the ACADEMY by his attempted decipherment of the Etruscan and the Kelt-Iberian languages.

MESSRS. BENTLEY are about to publish a new novel, in a single volume, by Mr. Henry Seton Merriman, author of *Young Mistley*.

A TRANSLATION into English blank verse, by Mrs. J. B. Shipley, of Johan Runeberg's Swedish poem *Nudeschda* is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has ready a second edition of the Rev. Dr. Augustus Jessopp's *Trials of a Country Parson*.

WE are glad to hear that a Civil List pension of £150 has been conferred upon the widow of Sir Richard Burton. The movement for this recognition of the services of the late explorer originated with the council of the Royal Geographical Society, who were supported by the Royal Asiatic Society, the British Association, and the Anthropological Institute.

A PROPOSAL has also been started to raise a fund for providing in Mortlake Cemetery, where he lies buried, a suitable memorial of Sir Richard Burton. Messrs. Coutts & Co., bankers, 59, Strand, and Alderman Sir Polydore De Keyser, Royal Hotel, Blackfriars, are receiving subscriptions for this object. Among those who have already subscribed are the Countess of Derby, who has given £20; Baroness Paul de Ralli, £20; Messrs. Ralli Brothers, £20; Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Russell, £20; Mr. E. Healey

Thompson, £1 1s.; Mrs. E. Ralli, £10; and Sir Polydore De Keyser, £5 5s. Should any balance exist after erecting the memorial, it will be devoted to bringing over to this country from Trieste Sir Richard Burton's library and effects.

THE third series of lectures provided by the Sunday Lecture Society begins on Sunday next, February 1, in St. George's Hall, Langham-place, at 4 p.m., when Mrs. S. D. Proctor will lecture on "The Life and Death of Worlds," with illustrations by the oxy-hydrogen lantern. Lectures will subsequently be given by Prof. Marshall Ward, Mr. Charles Cassal, Mr. J. M. Robertson, Mr. Arthur Nicols, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, and Prof. Percy Frankland.

ON Sunday next, February 1, Mr. C. F. Keary will lecture at the South Place Institute on "The Influence of Paganism on Christianity."

THE birthday of Charles Dickens will be celebrated by songs, scenes, and recitations from his writings in the French Chambers, St. James's Hall on Saturday next, February 7.

ON Wednesday next, February 4, Messrs. Sotheby will begin the sale of the first portion of the library of the late Edward Hailstone, of Walton Hall, near Wakefield, which will continue for ten days. Mr. Hailstone's local collection of topographical books, MSS., prints, &c., was bequeathed by him to the chapter library at York, as stated in the ACADEMY at the time of his death, and will there be kept separate as the "Hailstone Yorkshire Library." What is now offered for sale is of a miscellaneous character, including many works relating to the fine arts, especially lace and embroidery, and also illustrated books of the present century, both English and French. At the end will come a number of engravings and caricatures.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have published this week the first volume of their new edition of "The Cambridge Shakspeare," edited by Dr. W. Aldis Wright, the sole survivor of the original editors. Like the first edition, which has now become a rare book, it will be in nine volumes, to be issued at intervals of three months; but the order has been somewhat changed. By relegating the reprints of the imperfect quartos to the last volume, together with "Pericles" and the Poems, the Comedies will now form three volumes by themselves, the Histories two, and the Tragedies three. The editor has bestowed a fresh recension on the text, in strict accordance with the principles laid down by the former editors; and he has, in particular, devoted a personal examination to what are known as the Payne Collier annotations in the copy of the second folio now in the possession of the Duke of Devonshire. The typography and paper (including the title-page) are a delight to the eye and an honour to the Cambridge Press. But there is one little matter that we are compelled to criticise. The bibliographical note on the verso of the title-page states that the first edition of this volume was published in 1863, the second in 1867, and the third in 1891. This is, no doubt, technically correct, if by the second edition is meant the reprint of the first, which was required immediately on the completion of the work, owing (we have heard) to an accident that happened to the stock of the early volumes. But it is not consistent with the fact that Dr. Aldis Wright's present preface is described as "preface to the second edition." It might also, we think, have been here stated at what stage J. G[lover] ceased to be responsible as one of the two original editors.

Correction.—In the last line of the sonnet entitled "Cambridge in Sunset," printed in the ACADEMY of last week, for "hue" read "here."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE councils of the two London colleges, University and King's, have each issued an appeal for subscriptions towards a capital sum of £50,000, to enable them to make up arrears in their equipment for the expensive work of modern university education, especially in physical science. It is stated that endowment is now absolutely necessary for the continued existence of the School of Modern Oriental Studies, conducted jointly by the two colleges in connexion with the Imperial Institute.

MR. R. T. GLAZEBROOK, of Trinity, has been appointed assistant director of the Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge, with a stipend of £50 a year, to be paid from the common university fund.

THE special board for biology and geology at Cambridge recommend that the agreement between the university and Dr. Dohrn, director of the zoological station at Naples, be renewed for a fourth period of five years from Michaelmas, 1891, by the payment to him of £100 per annum out of the Worts Travelling Bachelors' Fund.

PROF. SANDAY is delivering a course of public lectures at Oxford upon "Recent Criticism on the Synoptic Gospels."

ON Saturday, February 21, Mrs. Fawcett will give a lecture at Oxford, on behalf of the Association for the Education of Women, upon "The Use of Economic Study in Education."

THE new anatomical buildings at Cambridge were inaugurated on Thursday of this week with a public lecture by Prof. A. Macalister on "The History of Anatomical Study at Cambridge."

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, at Oxford, has had five freshmen this term, raising the total number of students to 35. This includes seven Arts men, who have yet to graduate before their theological course of three years commences.

THE vogue attained by the "missions" movement at the universities may be learned from the fact that the Cambridge Press is going to publish a book, with a preface by the vice-chancellor, bearing the following portentous title:—

"Town and Gown: A Terrible Fight between eight Gownsmen and Twenty Thousand Members of the Town. A Despatch showing the Condition of Affairs at present, with Sketches taken on the Spot, and an Earnest Appeal for Help for the Gownsmen."

THE last number of the *Eagle*—a magazine supported by members of St. John's College, Cambridge—opens with an iconography of Bishop Fisher, who ranks as the second founder of the college. Full advantage has been taken of recent investigations at Rome, stimulated by the beatification of the bishop. For frontispiece is given an autotype reproduction of the engraving by P. Simon, prefixed to the third edition of Hall's *Life of Fisher* (Dublin, 1740). Another article describes the various representations of Bishop Fisher which have been included in the decorations of the newly-opened Roman Catholic church at Cambridge.

THE Cambridge University Press will publish immediately *Eighteen Years of University Extension*, by Dr. R. D. Roberts, organising secretary for lectures to the local examinations and lectures syndicate.

In *Nature* for January 22 is printed the probationary lecture which Prof. Karl Pearson delivered when candidate for the chair of geometry at Gresham College. It is entitled "The Applications of Geometry to Practical Life," and deals largely with the practical work of the professors of Gresham College in the seventeenth century.

THE last issue of *Bibliographical Contributions of Harvard University* consists of a bibliography of Beaumont and Fletcher, compiled by Mr. A. C. Potter. It is arranged as follows: (1) complete works; (2) selections, coming down to the Mermaid series and the Canterbury Poets; (3) separate plays, in alphabetical order; (4) the poems, including the doubtful *Salmasius* and *Hermaphroditus* (1602); (5) translations into French, German, and Latin; and (6) works on Beaumont and Fletcher, including magazine articles, in the order of authors' names. It may be observed that both the Harvard College library and the Boston public library are particularly rich in the works of Beaumont and Fletcher.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AMORIS INTEGRATIO.

IF I might choose, my fellow-servant said,
And shyly turn'd her glowing cheek away,
If I might choose, which never till to-day
Was woo'd by man nor by myself betray'd,
I would not be thus shamefast, thus affray'd:
For neither joy, till now, nor tyrannous love,
Nor loneliness, did ever me so move
But that I wish'd to live and die a maid.
And yet, she said, I am not so dismay'd
By that great mystery of married souls,
Whereby each serves and also each controls,
And either is the other's light and shade,
As that I could not bring myself to see
The dear delight of being a part of thee.

M.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE New Year's *Livre Moderne* opens with, or rather includes, a lively and characteristic circular from the editor, in which, contrary to the wont of editors who assure their subscribers that the paper will go on in *secula seculorum*, he promises them that *Le Livre Moderne* shall certainly not go on long enough for them to get tired of it; but that in a year or two, or by three at most, he will alter its form and plan once more, and make it (as it is) a rarity and a possession for ever to the *abonné*. The number itself justifies this pleasant bravado very well; for, besides a good *compte-rendu* of more or less recent books by M. Gausseren and other current matter, it has an introductory article on the "Physiologie du Lecteur," a subject, as is observed, singularly omitted among the rush of *physiologies* of fifty years ago. This article is charmingly illustrated by some dozens of vignettes in a modern version of the old *physiologie* style, but more splendid, being printed in brown ink. There is also a full-page plate by M. Morin, entitled "La Lecture à Travers les Ages—Estrennes aux Bibliophiles." These "estrennes" depict in somewhat Ropsian style, though without kicking over the traces quite to the extent usual with the great Félicien, a Bacchic procession of readers, from a lady in a high collar and ejaulet sleeves backwards to one whose collar and sleeves cannot be described, because they do not exist. The plate is excellently hit off; and so is the number.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia of November contains only two articles, but both are important. The first is a review and analysis, by F. Ceello, of the "El-Ksar el Acabir" of F. de Cuevas, written to prove that that site is not the Cerne of Hanno or of Plato, nor the Oppidum Novum of the Romans. Señor Ceello does not think the thesis proved against Costa; but the work is valuable for its geographical and geological details, and for local Arabic names and personal knowledge of the topography. A list is given of all ruins signalled in the district, and of the huge tumuli on the *Luxus*, known as the "graves of

the giants." The second article, by Padre Fita, "Cortes y Usages de Barcelona en 1064, Textos ineditos," is most important for the constitutional history of Northern Spain. He brings evidence to show that the term *Magnates* includes the higher burghers as well as the nobles: that the *usages*, *usaticos* then adopted were not an abrogation of, but an addition to, or graft on, the Gothic *Fuero Juzgo*. Incidentally, we have here the fullest texts relating to the "Truce of God," and a noble Bull of Alexander II. forbidding all ill-treatment of the Jews.

THE November number of *Al-Haqaiq*, the Arabic Quarterly Review published at Hyderabad and Woking, is printed on better paper and in better style than its predecessors, although the misprints are still rather numerous. Syed Ali Shustari, to whom some high-sounding titles are given, describes in the Raml metre the palace of the Nizam of Hyderabad called Falak Numea; the poem would appear to have been written seven years ago. One of the editors, Moulvi Abdul Jabbār, collects Arabic proverbs bearing on the leading characteristics of the Arab race, and also narrates at some length the life of El-Firuzabadī, author of the *Kāmis*; Abdussamad Khan collects some stories of the science of *Kiyāfa*, or tracking, as practised by the ancient Arabs; Mirsa Kāzīm Nimāzī gives a brief description of China; and the other editor, Syed Ali Bilgrami, continues his Arabic translation of *Rasselas*. Although the matter is for the most part well-chosen and appropriate, perhaps this review would do well to imitate the Cairene *Mukhtāf* in the keen interest with which the latter journal keeps up with modern scientific discovery, and also in introducing something like European critical methods into its historical studies.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BLEY, F. Deutsche Pionierarbeit in Ostafrika. Berlin: Parey. 3 M.
MARQUOY, Gustave. La République. 1re Partie. Discours préliminaire. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 45 fr.
TROUAR, A. Explorations dans l'Amérique du Sud. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.
TINSEAU, Léon de. Du Havre à Marseille. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
VERSCHUUR, G. Aux Antipodes. Paris: Hachette. 4 fr.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BETRACHTUNGEN ü. die Operationen der französischen Ost-West- u. Nordarmee im Monate Jänner 1871. Wien: Seidel. 6 M.
BLIARD, P. Les Mémoires de Saint-Simon et le Père Le Tellier, professeur de Louis XIV. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
BÖTTGER, H. Sonneneult der Indogermanen (Indoeuropäer), insbesondere der Indoteutonen, aus 125 hebr., griech., latein. u. altnord. Orig.- u. 278 ston. Quellen geschöpft u. erwiesen. Breslau: Freund. 3 M. 50 Pf.
BRUNNHOFER, H. Culturwandel u. Völkerverkehr. Leipzig: Friedrich. 6 M.
MERZ, W. Die Ritter v. Rinech im Argon. Nach Urkunden dargestellt. Aarau: Sauerländer. 2 M. 90 Pf.
MONUMENTA Castellana. Urkundenbuch zur Geschichte d. fränkischen Dynastengeschlechtes der Grafen u. Herren zu Castell, 1057—1546. München. 60 M.
ROBERT, U. Histoire du Pape Calixte II. 7 fr. Bullaire du Pape Calixte II. 25 fr. Paris: Picard.
WICKENHAUSER, F. A. Molda, od. Beiträge zur Geschichte der Moldau u. Bukowina. 2. Bdchn. Czernowitz: Pardini. 2 M. 75 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- KAYSER, E. Lehrbuch der geologischen Formationskunde. Stuttgart: Enke. 14 M.
RICARDOT, A. De l'Idéal: étude philosophique. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- HERVERDEN, H. van. Studia critica in epigrammata Graeca. Leiden: Brill. 3 M.
JANNARIS, A. N. Wie spricht man in Athen? Echo der neugriech. Umgangssprache. Leipzig: Giegler. 3 M. 60 Pf.
JEREMIAS, A. Izdubar-Nimrod. Eine altbabylon. Helden-sage. Nach den Keilschriftfragmenten dargestellt. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 80 Pf.
SÜTTERLIN, L. Zur Geschichte der Verba denominativa im Altgriechischen. 1. Th. Die Verba denominativa auf -daw, -ēw, -ōw. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH AND HIS CRITICS.

Southport: Jan. 26, 1891.

I have just read in the ACADEMY a review of Mr. Le Gallienne's work on George Meredith, and have been much struck by a sentence in which the reviewer, Mr. Arthur Symonds, laments that Mr. Le Gallienne is not aggressive enough in his attitude towards those who cannot, or will not, worship at the Meredithian altar. The book, says Mr. Symonds, ought to have been "aimed full at the British Philistine."

Now, I should like to ask, what has the British Philistine done, that he should have a book shied at his head in the way Mr. Symonds thinks desirable? As regards Mr. Meredith, it seems to me that the British Philistine has been most exemplary in what he would doubtless call the discharge of his duty. He has tried his very best to read Mr. Meredith, and has failed; or he has read Mr. Meredith, but has failed in the attempt to enjoy him. In either case he deserves our sympathy. To punish him for missing a pleasure which another has grasped seems to me curiously unjust. Besides, admirers of Mr. Meredith would, I imagine, be themselves the first to admit that the works of their master were emphatically not written for the British Philistine; so why get angry because those works do not please the very persons whom they were confessedly not meant to please?

I fancy, however, that when Mr. Meredith's devotees speak of the British Philistine, they really mean the vast majority of the public; and it seems to me a little absurd that, because there is an author whose writings the public are comparatively indifferent to, it should be constantly assumed that the only person not in the least responsible for such indifference is the author. Other writers have achieved unpopularity before Mr. Meredith. Although the public, I am told, now read Browning, this was not always the case; yet I never heard of any attempt being made to have people hasten to admiring Browning, nor am I sure that such an attempt would have succeeded. Perhaps the best proof of the futility of trying to convert people into an attitude of admiration by "aiming" a book at them is afforded by Mr. Meredith's novels themselves. They are, in Mr. Symonds's sense of the word, "aimed" at the British Philistine, if ever novels were. The British Philistine has been hit hard by them—though, I must say, he does not seem to know it. He has been pelted through I do not know how many volumes—but have the missiles converted him?

WILLIAM WATSON.

"POTIPHARA," AND SIMILAR NAMES.

Weston-super-Mare: Jan. 19, 1891.

In the *Deutsche Rundschau* for May, 1890, appeared an interesting article on "Joseph in Egypt," by Heinrich Brugsch-Pacha, who has given so much attention to the same subject in previous publications.

He has here, however, brought forward reasons for assigning the entire Egyptian narrative in the book of Genesis to a late period of composition.

The most striking of these reasons lies in the names Potiphar and Potiphara. He says of the latter:

"the name is absolutely Egyptian. In the speech of the old dwellers in the Nile Valley Pu-ti-phra meant 'the gift of the sun' (*Ra, Re*, or with the article *Phra, Phre*). . . . only its formal composition shows a late epoch of Egyptian history. Proper names of Egyptian persons with the former element *Pu-te, Pe-te*, 'the gift,' and a god's name following it, appear first from the time of the ninth century, and are altogether un-

known in the earlier periods of Egyptian history" (*Rundschau*, May, 1890, p. 245).

On reading this statement I was much surprised, and turned to the index of Dr. Wiedemann's valuable history. There, among the names of the same construction, I found (*Aeg. Gesch.*, 329) the name of an officer of the XVIIIth Dynasty not only similar but identical—viz., Pe-tu-Ra, who was superintendent of oxen to Thothmes I.

New Brugsch himself gives the date of Thothmes I. as 1633-1600, B.C., and the expulsion of the Hyksôs as 1700, thus bringing the lifetime of our Pe-tu-Ra within a century of the last Hyksôs king. We might well believe that this master of the oxen was not the first man to bear a name of the construction in question; and, indeed, we have the name Petesuchos recorded as belonging to the time of Amenemhat III. (Wiedemann, *Gesch.*, 259; Parthey, *Aeg. Personnamen*, 82). And Wilcken makes this name Petesuchos to be in the original Pe - tu - Sebek, which is almost self-evident, and agrees with the worship of Sebek in the Arsinoite nome, to which the record refers (*Zeitschr. f. Aeg. Spr.*, 1883, 164; Wiedemann, *Supp.*, 28.) This would take us far back before the time of Joseph. But let us be content with the highly interesting name Peteseph, which is attributed by Chaeremon to Joseph himself (Josephus, *cont. Ap.* I., 32), and the very similar name adduced by Brugsch from a genealogy of six generations back from the second king of the restored Egyptian monarchy after the Hyksôs (Amenhotep I.)—namely, Pe-tu-Ba'al—and assigned by him to the early period of Hyksôs rule, for this man was the first in order of the six.

Of course, we thus find this type and formation of personal names, according to Brugsch himself, long before the lifetime of Joseph. (*Egypt under the Pharaohs*, I., 255. See the stela in question described by De Rougé, *Musée du Louvre*, 98. See also the names in Lieblein, *Recherches sur la Chronologie Égyptienne*, 129.)

In view of these things, I am "at a stand" to know how the learned Egyptologist can deny the existence of names of this form in Egypt before the ninth century B.C.; and, as a careful student of the Biblical narrative of Joseph's life, I shall be very thankful to any scholar who will help me out of my difficulty.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

THE GODS OF THE SLAVS AND SCYTHIANS.

London: Jan. 28, 1891.

Popular tales and the refrains of a few old songs excepted, the only authentic information we have of the gods of the Russian Slavs, before their conversion to Christianity, is contained in a few passages of the Monk Nestor's Chronicle, finished about the year 1093 A.D. Even Nestor dismisses the old deities with scant notice, and leaves us little beyond a list of names. The passages in which Nestor, in his quaint Slavonic tongue, mentions the Slavano-Russian gods, are as follows:

In the treaty of Egor with the Greeks, it is said*:

"As many as are christened, do not receive help from God, nor from *Perun*."

And again:

"Let him be cursed by God and by *Perun* who breaks his oath."

In the agreement between Svyatoslav and the Greeks, it is said:

"Let us swear by the god in whom we believe, in *Perun* and in *Volos*, the god of herds."

*Quoted by Sâharov.

In the confirmation of Egor's oath with the Greek envoys, he says:

"On the next day, Egor called the envoys and went to the holm, where was *Perun*. There he laid down his weapons and shield and gold."

In his account of Vladimir's reign, Nestor says:

"Then began Vladimir to reign alone in Kiev; and he set up images on a holm, outside the palace yard: the image of *Perun* of wood, his head of silver, his moustaches of gold; and of *Khors*, and *Daj-Bog*, and *Stri-Bog*, and *Simargl* and *Mokosh*. He served them whom he called gods, brought his sons and daughters, served the devils, and defiled the land with rites, polluting the Russian land and the holm with blood. . . .

"Vladimir set Dobrinia in Novgorod, and coming to Novgorod, Dobrinia put an image above the river Volhov, and the people of Novgorod served it as god. . . .

"Vladimir went to war against the Yatvyags, and conquered them, and coming back to Kiev served the images, together with his people. Then said the old men, and the Bayars, Let us cast lots for a youth and a maiden; on whom the lot falls, them shall we kill for the gods. There was a certain Varyag (Norman), a Christian who had come from Greece, and he had a son, fair in face and in soul. And the lot fell upon him. And the people who were sent told him: The lot has fallen on your son; give him to the gods, that the rite be accomplished. . . .

"He ordered to destroy the images; to cut some to pieces; to burn others with fire. He ordered to tie *Perun* to a horse's tail, to drag him down the mount Goricher, to the river, and sent twelve men to push with poles. Not because it was a soulless log of wood, but because the devil under its shape tempted the people, so let him take his chastisement, and be laughed at and scorned. And while it was dragged to the Dnieper, the people cried out, because they knew not the grace of christening. And when it was dragged to the bank, it was thrown into the river. And Vladimir said: If he stops at the bank, thrust him on till he passes the rocks; then renounce him. And as he said so they did. And when he passed the rocks, the wind blew where he was thrown, and the place was called the Fall of *Perun* unto this day."

There is a tradition in Kiev that when *Perun* fell in the water, the people in despair called on him to come out; and on the spot was founded the "Came-not-out" monastery (Nevy-dubeteki Monastery).

A dozen Russian mythographers have discussed these passages in Nestor without much positive result. They hardly carry us beyond the seven names—*Perun*, *Volos*, *Khors*, *Daj-Bog*, *Stri-bog*, *Simargl*, and *Mokosh*—of the old Russian gods. In the Slavano-Russian pantheon were also included the great rivers—the Dnieper, the Don, and the Bug, in deified forms.

I do not know that the comparison between the Slavano-Russian and the Scythian gods, which I am about to make, has been anticipated. At any rate, it is interesting enough to bear re-mention. The connexion between the old Slavs and the Scythians of the Danube is tolerably certain, though little positive evidence can be adduced in its support. Herodotus ("Melpomene") tells us that the Skolotoi, whom the Greeks called the Scythians, believed they were sprung from Zeus and a daughter of the Borysthenes (Dnieper). This is in harmony with the Slavonic deification of the Dnieper and the other great rivers by the Slavs. He further gives us an account of their rites and customs, their human sacrifices, and the offering of the sword, which agrees well enough with what Nestor tells us. Compare Herodotus's story, "On the summit of a pile (artificial mound) each Scythian tribe places a scimitar, which is considered as the shrine of Ares," with Nestor's account of Egor, "ascending the holm where was *Perun*, and laying down there his sword and shield." Grant-

ing the relation between the old Slavano-Russians and the Scythians, it is reasonable enough to suppose a connexion between *Perun* and the god Herodotus calls Ares.

Herodotus says the Scythian gods are—first, Hestia (Tabiti), then Zeus (Papaïos), and Gê (Apia), whom they believe to be the wife of Zeus. Next to these are Apollo (Oitosuros), the celestial Aphrodite (Artimpasa), Herakles, and Ares; and, amongst the royal Scythians, Poseidon (Thamimasadas).

A Slavano-Russian myth makes Mother Damp Earth the wife of the great god *Perun*, as Herodotus makes Apia, the Scythian Mother Earth, the wife of the great god Papaïos; and it may well be, granting the relationship of the Scythians (Skolotoi) with the Slavonians, that there is a real identity between Papaïos and *Perun*, with Mother Earth as the wife of each. Perhaps *Volos*, the god of herds, is the same as Herakles of the Scythians. Absence of data prevents our drawing any conclusion about the other gods, and it is merely by way of conjecture (probable though not provable) that I place the Scythian and Slavonian gods in parallel columns.

SCYTHIAN (HERODOTUS), 410 B.C.	SLAVONIAN (NESTOR), 1093 A.D.
Papaïos.	<i>Perun</i> .
Tabiti.	<i>Daj-Bog</i> .
Apia.	(Earth.)
Oitosuros.	<i>Stri-Bog</i> .
Artimpasa.	<i>Mokosh</i> .
Thamimasadas.	<i>Simargl</i> .
(Herakles.)	<i>Volos</i> .
(Ares.)	<i>Khors</i> .

The gods in these two lists may be identical—I myself think they are—still, I should be as glad to see evidence against their identity as in its favour, though I hardly know what evidence could be brought on either side.

CHARLES JOHNSTON.

"LIVES OF SAINTS FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE."

Youghal: Jan. 13, 1891.

In looking through the translation, one cannot fail to notice the absence of systematic effort to reproduce the structure, turn of phrase, and conciseness of the original. No excuse can be pleaded here. The *raison d'être* of the book is linguistic. Here is a glaring illustration:

Bai adaiy ann iar n-iarmeirghi oc ernaighi co tarfas di cealla Eirenn uili, ocus tor teined dá ceach cill dibh docum nime. In tene thurgaibh a hInis Cathaig as i ba mó dibh, ocus ba hedrochta, ocus ba dirgha docum nime. "Is cain in reeles ut," ar si (p. 72).

Lives, &c., p. 219.

LITERAL TRANSLATION.

There one night, after nocturns, she was praying, when all the churches of Ireland appeared to her. And it seemed that a tower of fire rose up to heaven from each of the churches; but the greatest of the towers, and the straightest towards heaven, was that which rose from Inis Cathaig. "Fair is yon great church," she saith. She was one night there after nocturns praying, when appeared to her the churches of all Ireland and a tower of fire from each church of them unto heaven. The fire that rose from Inis Cathaig was that which was greatest of them and was brightest and was straightest unto heaven. "Fair is yon great church," saith she.

Evidence of carelessness is supplied by some thirty places in which single words, phrases, or whole sentences have been respectively omitted. Take the following (p. 31):

Galar trom tainic dia thimtirid-seom .i. Diarmait a ainm, co n-erbuilt, co nderna-som ernaighthi leis cu rothodhuise a bas. Ocus ní nama acht rochuinigh soegul . uil . mbladue do dara eis budhesin

Lives, &c., p. 179.

FULL TRANSLATION.

A sore disease befell his servant, and Colomb made prayer for him, and not that alone, but he asked for a life of seven years for him afterwards.

Grievous sickness befell his attendant—Diarmait (was) his name—so that he died. So he (Colomba) made prayer for him, until he waked him from death. And not (that) alone, but he besought a life of seven years for him after himself.

The textual recension is not always adhered to in the translation. One example will suffice (p. 27): *doroine recies ann. A u Dermhuigh dano, etc.* "(Colomba) built a great church there in Durrow. Moreover," &c. (p. 175). Read: (Colomba) built a great church (?) there. In Durrow, moreover, &c. This is the only rendering possible, for *dano* cannot begin a sentence.

The light derived from the variants can be estimated from a few specimens: "'Wouldst thou be loath," saith Ciaran, 'to rise from the

place in which thou art?' Findian rose up. 'The place from which thou hast risen,' saith Findian" (p. 227). The second F. (though it has escaped the editor) is a copyist's mistake. C., from another MS., will be found hidden away elsewhere (p. 344), without note or comment. More frequently, however, the *textus receptus* is discarded, the student being thus afforded an opportunity of trying his hand at a parallel English version; e.g., "One cannot go near her" (p. 227). This is from "B." The L. lection signifies "We cannot go near her." *Aingel de nim*, an angel of heaven (p. 81). The editor gives "an angel of the God of heaven," and a note: "Read with B., *nime*" (p. 229).

With regard to the translation of the reliable portions of the text, a long procession of corrigenda files on at the end of the book. Additions have been made in the ACADEMY. Here follows a fresh contingent from a muster one hundred strong. (Numerals refer to lines of text.)

TEXT.

MR. STOKES.

CORRECT TRANSLATION.

560, *Dobreth immorro*
674, *in mhaith*
700, *tann ann*

but that he would give
the good counsel
when

He gave, however.
the good (adj. used as sb.).
one time (correlative to *feacht aili*,
another time, 713).

743, *d'foillsigud*
1268-9, *tar eis a mthar*
1300, *dia tuedais*

of the setting forth
after her mother
if (the hampers) had been given

to set forth.
in place of her mother.
if they had given (what hampers,
&c.).

1351, *n-oichtmadh uathaid*
Cedain
1413, *a coimeuidhe*
a trocaireach
1452, *la hespoc mBron*

on the eighth (of the month)
Thursday
thou art a keeper
thou art merciful
by bishop Bron

on an eighth lunar day.
Wednesday.
O keeper.
O merciful (one).
belonged to (lit. with) bishop
Bron.

1465, *a comharba*
1525, *dhit*
1567, *iardain*
1669-70, *Adubairt mac-elérech do*
muintir espuic Eirc
1920, *connacatar ba slán don teinid*

his (Patrick's) successor
for thee
when she was dying
Said a young cleric to bishop
Eirc's household
they perceived that he was safe
from the fire

her (Brigit's) successor.
from thee.
afterwards.
Said a young cleric of bishop
Eirc's household.
they saw that it (the house) was
safe, &c.

2590, *do deoin in espuic*
2607-8, *Is tiachtain doibhsin iarsin as*

at the bishop's desire
When afterwards he was going
away from them

with consent of the bishop.
When they were going afterwards
therefrom.

2674, *ferann bec fil ocam, is he*
étairthech

the little land which I have is
barren

I have a little land and it (is)
barren.

2825, *teit dimhain*
3754, *Is follus assin connairele in*
Coimhdhed

went abundantly
It is manifestly from the mercy
of the Lord

went for nothing (lit. idly).
Manifest from that is the mercy
of the Lord.

4170, *tart gradh dhú*
3177, *a bec do arbbur isin crich*
3214, *do mac righ no riganmna*

he found favour in her eyes
the little corn that it has
of the sons of kings or crown-
princes

she gave love to him.
a little of corn in the territory.
of the son of a king or crown-
prince.

3269, *nach cuirfeadh cath*

that he would not cause a battle

that he would not give (fight) a
battle.

3384, *oc sirghaire*
3428-9, *Finan eam*

calling continually
Finan the bent

continually laughing.
Finan the squinting (*In oculis eius*
just ista obliquitas, L.L. 358e.)

3436, *teacmhuidh namhait batur*
aigi dhú

it happened then that enemies
were near him

enemies that he had meet him.

3500, *timthreacht na n-aingel . . di*

the train of angels (rising) from
it

angels ministering to it (lit.
ministering of the angels to
it; cf. *timthreacht di*, L.U.
28b, L. 22).

Others, of which the following are typical, would require to be set forth in detail: *Is firt bithbeo beous sin, ar cech teidhm acht co tiagur tairis ní lean secha sin* (880). "It is an ever-living miracle; for every pestilence, even if it go over it, follows no further." But *acht* is not "even if" and *tiagur* is impersonal. The meaning of *ar*, &c., is: for every pestilence, provided one goes across it (the river), follows not (the patient) beyond that.

In *Dubthach-sin, o rogenair nab-Brigit rocen-naig-sein chumail Broicsech a hainm* (1154): "That D., when holy B. was born, bought a bondmaid named Br." Here is a new miracle. Brigit, daughter of D. and Br., was born before ever her parents met each other! O rogenair signifies "by whom was begotten."

In *sochraite ndermhair oc cáine ocus oc toirrei .i. enmac tuisigh na tuaithe robo marb acu ocus*

se ica breith dia adhmacul (2014): "A great multitude wailing and sorrowing; for the only son of the chief of the territory had died and the chief was carrying him to his grave." This is not given as an instance of a corpse being "carried by a man" (p. cii.). The causal clauses mean: the only son of the chief of the territory was dead amongst (lit. with) them, and he (was) being carried to his burial.

"Dobérthar cucaibh [ciccin]," ar Senán, "*nech dia tairgha bar n-incoimét na bidh a shuim foruible*" (2483): "'Verily,' saith S., 'this shall be granted to you. Be in no distress as to one from whom your protection shall come.'" This makes a new sentence at *nech*, without warrant in the original. The construction is quite obvious: "'There shall be brought to you, indeed,' quoth S., 'one from whom will come your protection; let not anxiety there-
anent be upon you,'"

Nir'ghabh oa fer gan techt a Mumain do cos-nunh righi dia macuibh (3066): "And nought she accepted from her husband save the invading of Munster to win the kingship for her sons." The expression *nir'gabhan* is idiomatic: she betook not (herself) without (obtaining). It means accordingly: she ceased not to importune her husband until he promised to go into M. to contest the kingship for her sons.

Is tualang he tonna in mara dh'fastúdh in cuirp inntibh conemchumhscaighi (3769): "He was able to constrain the waves of the sea, to keep the body in them immovably." Here we have two infinitives in the English for one in the Irish. Moreover, if *tonna* depends on *dh'fastúdh*, what is *cuirp* governed by? The same usus of *tuallang* is shown elsewhere in the present text. Translate: Able is he (to cause this, i.e., that) the waves of the sea shall keep the corpse in them immovably (lit. the waves of the sea to keep the body).

St. Moehua caused a lake-island to be submerged. The king, whose residence it was, went in a boat to M. *Ocus tuc he fein ocus a mac ocus a na a n-deri dhó ocus inn inis do shoerad ocus ro soerad iarsin* (4796): "And he surrendered himself and his son and his grandson in bondage to him and the island to be free (from tribute); and it was freed afterwards." But, *de non existentibus et de non apparentibus cadem est ratio*. If the island was to continue under water, it is not easy to see the use of freeing it from tribute. The copula has here a conditional force: he gave himself and his son and his grandson in servitude to him (M.), provided the island were saved (lit., and to save the island [from the water]). And it was saved after that.

In conclusion, it is right to add that the worst specimens have not been brought forward. Enough, it is submitted, has been adduced to demonstrate anew that in Celtic philology finality is unattainable irrespective of the living language. B. MACCARTHY.

P.S.—In my letter in the ACADEMY for January 24, p. 90, col. 2, l. 40, for "22" read "24"; l. 61, for "by e" read "by o"; p. 91, col. 1, l. 2, for "30a" read "31a"; in note, l. 2, replace the colon by full-stop.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Feb. 1, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "The Influence of Paganism on Christianity," by Mr. C. F. Keary.

5 p.m. Sunday Lecture Society: "The Life and Death of Worlds," by Mrs. S. D. Proctor.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Evolution and Morality," by Prof. Henry Jones.

MONDAY, Feb. 2, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

5 p.m. London Institution: "Pompeii: the City of the Dead," illustrated, by Mr. Whitworth Wallis.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Byzantine Architecture," III., by Mr. G. Aitken.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Construction and Capabilities of Musical Instruments," II., by Mr. A. J. Hopkins.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Recent Results of Babylonian Archaeology," by Mr. W. St. Chad Boscawen.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Guyau's Philosophy of Ideas," by Mr. G. F. Stout.

8 p.m. Richmond Athenaeum: Selborne Lecture, "Early Man in the Thames Valley, and the Animals he saw and hunted," illustrated, by Dr. H. Woodward.

TUESDAY, Feb. 3, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," III., by Prof. Victor Horsley.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Electric Mining Machinery," by Messrs. Llewelyn B. and Claude W. Atkinson.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "The Prophet Mohammad and the Spider," by Mr. Le Page Renouf; "The Canephors in Early Chaldean Art," by Mr. B. T. Evetts.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Saurognathism of the Fici, and other Osteological Notes upon that Group," by Dr. R. W. Shufeldt; "Two New Species of Parrots of the Genus *Platygyrus*," by Count T. Salvadori; "A Collection of Birds from Tarapacá, Northern Chili," by Mr. P. L. Slater.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 4, 8 p.m. Geological: "The Geology of Barbados and the West Indies, I., the Coral-Rocks," by Mr. A. J. Jukes-Browne and Prof. J. B. Harrison; "The Shap Granite and the Associated Igneous and Metamorphic Rocks," by Messrs. Alfred Harker and J. E. Marr.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Poetry of Samuel Daniel," by Mr. A. H. Bullen.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Decimal Coinage, Weights, and Measures," by Mr. J. Emerson Dowson.

THURSDAY, Feb. 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Little Manx Nation," III., by Mr. Hall Caine.
 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Arsenals and Collections of Armour and Arms in South Germany and Austria," by the Baron de Cosson; "Rubbing of Marks on Eastbourne Old Church," by Mr. G. M. Atkinson.
 6 p.m. London Institution: "Plant Tendencies toward Animal Modes of Life," by Mr. George Masser.
 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Byzantine Architecture," IV., by Mr. G. Aitchison.
 8 p.m. Linnean: "The Tree Ferns of Sikkim," by Mr. J. Gamble, jun.; "Life-history of Two Species of Puccinia," by Mr. A. Barclay.
 8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, Feb. 6, 7.30 p.m. Geologists' Association: Annual Meeting, Address by the President, Mr. T. V. Holmes, "Further Notes on the Geological Record."
 8 p.m. Philological: "A Dictionary Evening," by Mr. H. Bradley.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Some Applications of Photography," by Lord Rayleigh.
 SATURDAY, Feb. 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Pre-Greek Schools of Art," III., by Mr. W. M. Conway.
 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.
 4.15 p.m. London Geological Field Class: "The Gravel Beds of the Thames and its Tributaries in relation to Ancient and Modern Civilisation," I., by Prof. H. G. Seeley.

SCIENCE.

The Impregnable Rock of Holy Scripture. By W. E. Gladstone. (Isbister.)

This is a most regrettable publication. It will delight Mr. Gladstone's enemies and dismay his friends. The prestige of the venerable statesman's name, the interest of his subject—let me add, even in this instance, the penetrating charm of his personality—will only serve to disseminate more widely the evidence of his incompetence to meddle with a controversy into which he has flung himself with reckless haste. In a field where criticism, not to be worthless, should be absolutely accurate, he has made himself responsible for misstatements, so wide in their aberration, so censurable in their levity, so mischievous in their incalculable consequences, that the whole of this review may fitly be devoted to their exposure and correction.

Among other topics dealt with in this little work, Mr. Gladstone is particularly anxious to uphold the early origin of a great part of the Psalms, and the Mosaic origin of the Levitical legislation, as regards very much, if not the whole, of its contents. As might be expected from his training and intellectual habits, he sets great store on authority in matters of theological opinion. But the authority of tradition cannot here be invoked, for it is the very question in dispute; nor can the judgment of even very eminent scholars on the orthodox side be appealed to with much advantage, since names at least as eminent may be set against them on the opposite side. Accordingly, Mr. Gladstone adopts the course of quoting in favour of his views the critic who is thought to go farthest in denying them; and when this is no longer possible, he tries to discredit him by the charge of haste and fickleness in forming conclusions on questions of Biblical criticism. The leader singled out for such treatment is Wellhausen.

In 1878 that famous scholar brought out a new edition of Bleek's *Einleitung in das Alte Testament*, containing some additions of his own. On the strength of this we are told that

"in editing and revising the work of Bleek, Wellhausen accepts in a great degree the genuineness of those Davidic Psalms which are contained in the First Book of the Psalter. But I have been told that this position has been

abandoned, and that, standing as he appears to do, at the head of the negative critics, he now brings down the general body of the Psalms to a date very greatly below that of the Babylonian exile. It is certainly unreasonable to hold a critic to his conclusions without exception. But, on the other hand, it may be asked whether, in order to warrant confidence, they ought not to exhibit some element of stability?"

In a note it is added that

"so recently as in the fifth edition (Berlin, 1886) the Bleek-Wellhausen work assigns much weight to the Davidic titles; gives to David nearly fifty Psalms; and holds that there is no Psalm later than Nehemiah, few so late" (pp. 13, 16).

It is a great pity that Mr. Gladstone was not more inquisitive or his informant more communicative. For in a work dated 1884—two years before the appearance of the fifth edition of the *Einleitung*—Wellhausen had already stated that *all* the Psalms originated in the post-exilic period (*Skizzen und Vorarbeiten*, i., p. 89). What is the explanation of this seeming inconsistency? It is very simple. I have before me the first edition of the *Einleitung* above referred to, dated 1878. On turning to the preface, I find that Wellhausen has carefully defined the extent of his responsibility for opinions expressed in the joint work, limiting it to certain specified sections and bracketed passages. Among the latter I find a note on p. 506 concluding with the significant words, "the question is not whether the Psalter contains any post-exilic, but whether it contains any pre-exilic Psalms."

Again, we hear that Wellhausen:

"in giving Bleek's 'Introduction' to the world, stated it as his opinion [*sic*] that there is a strong Mosaic element in the Pentateuch" (p. 41). "Bleek himself, sustained by Wellhausen as late as 1886, held that Moses had a hand (*einen Antheil*) in the Legislative Books. Many of the laws, they [*sic*] say, at that date, are without sense or purpose except in regard to circumstances which disappeared with the Mosaic period. . . . In dealing with the Pentateuch, we stand, at least as to the three middle Books, upon historical ground" (p. 173).

The unfortunate reader, at least, is not standing on historical ground when he hears such statements as this; and one shudders at the depth of ignorance exhibited by foisting such views on Wellhausen as held by him four years ago—perhaps I should rather say, at the perversity of a theologian who shuts both eyes close to keep out the light. For he goes on to mention what he calls "a later work of Wellhausen's (*Die Composition des Hexateuchs u. d. historischen Bücher*, 1889)," on which he makes sundry disparaging remarks (p. 174), in the evident consciousness that its views are adverse to those previously cited, while passing over in absolute silence some significant facts which he either knows or ought to have known. The work in question, so far as it relates to the Hexateuch, is a second edition of one issued in 1885, which, again, was a reprint of certain articles contributed to a theological review in 1876-77. Wellhausen has explained that he reprinted these articles without alteration because they are frequently referred to in the subsequent controversial literature of the subject, and such references could only be

verified by a comparison with his exact words as they originally stood. His theory of Hebrew history is duly developed and reasoned out in the well-known *Prolegomena to the History of Israel*, first published (under a slightly different title) in 1878, an English translation of which, as Mr. Gladstone himself mentions, appeared in 1885; and the most cursory examination of its contents should have set him on inquiring how far its author must be held responsible for the views embodied in Bleek's *Einleitung*. On referring back to that work he would have found that Wellhausen, while allowing the expression of his predecessor's opinions to stand, has implicitly contravened them by inserting a succinct statement of his own opinions, written, I may add, in a remarkably clear and interesting style. Thus, the attempt to discredit and damage hostile criticism by charges of instability proves to rest in evidence that the slightest examination would have shown to be illusory; and with it the attempt to turn a battering ram into a buttress utterly breaks down.

It may be said that this is a manoeuvre to draw off attention from the central issue of the controversy by fastening on points of comparatively trifling importance. But this would be to take a very superficial view of the question. For, by his attack on Wellhausen, Mr. Gladstone has unconsciously given us the measure of his competence to come forward as a historical critic. How can a man who loses his head directly, where the materials for forming a judgment are so simple and so readily accessible, be expected to grasp the elements of a problem so vast and so intricate as the composition of the Hexateuch and the chronological sequence of its different portions? It was easier to distinguish between the contributors to Bleek's *Einleitung* than between the Deuteronomist and the Priestly Legislator. It was easier to date Wellhausen's first essays correctly than to date the narratives of the Creation and the Flood. It was easier to ascertain that the traditional view of Moses was never at any time within the last fourteen years supported by the author of the *Prolegomena* than that it was unsupported during three centuries by the prophets of Israel.

Mr. Gladstone is entirely right when he urges that the decision of specialists with regard to the date and authenticity of the Hebrew Scriptures should not be imposed on the public as authoritative, nor accepted without examination. Various points of the highest importance have been mooted in this controversy on which a fairly well-educated reader is quite entitled to decide for himself—much better entitled, indeed, than he is to sit in judgment on many political and legal questions. It is also quite legitimate and even necessary that some who are not specialists should offer provisional guidance and instruction to others who know less and have less leisure than themselves. Prof. Mivart, who is no more a Hebrew scholar than Mr. Gladstone, has recently given an excellent summary of the results reached by modern criticism of the Old Testament. But to discharge this office some qualifications other than parliamentary dexterity are needed. There must be a certain patience to follow

out long trains of reasoning, however difficult the methods or distasteful the results; a certain ability to restate them faithfully in one's own language; a certain openness to new ideas; a certain temporary suppression of one's own crotchets; a certain aptitude for placing oneself at another person's standpoint—in short, what may be called a certain intellectual altruism.

I am quite ready to believe that Mr. Gladstone has exhibited such qualities at other times or in other controversies; but here and now he holds them in strict abeyance. One or two instances, chosen from among many, will illustrate what is meant. As an argument for the Mosaic origin of the Levitical legislation, Mr. Gladstone urges that, had it been a late fabrication of the priesthood, the prophets would not have failed to reproach them with the fraud:

"We have to remember that the schools of the prophets established a caste which was in professional rivalry with the priesthood, and which presented every likelihood of being its effective censor. We have the written and, I believe, unquestioned productions of this school of prophets reaching back into the ninth century (in the Book of Amos) above two hundred years before the Exile. . . . The supposition pressed upon us is that, during the period when the Books of the Prophets were being produced, the priests foisted upon the nation adulterated, nay, rather, forged works, which they audaciously ascribed to Moses, and which they shaped in the interests of the sacerdotal order. Is it not quite plain that if this had been true, nay, if it had been so much as an approach to the truth, the prophets would, in the interests of righteousness even more than in their own, have made use of the advantages of their position, and would have held up such a flagrant iniquity of the rival class to infamy or rebuke? Yet they do nothing of the sort" (pp. 188-9).

The reference to Amos is rather unfortunate. He did not write in the ninth century but in the eighth. He tells us that he was "no prophet nor a prophet's son," meaning that he did not belong to the prophetic caste or order. His mission was to Israel, not to the priesthood of Judah. And, finally, he bears witness against a Mosaic law of sacrifice by his famous question, "Did ye bring unto me (I alive) sacrifices and offerings in the wilderness forty years, O house of Israel?"

This, however, is only by the way. What I wish to point out is Mr. Gladstone's utter ignoring of the position taken up by Wellhausen and his school. They hold that the Deuteronomic code was made up in the reign of Josiah, when prophecy was in its decline; and that the only great prophet then living, Jeremiah, who was himself a priest, had a hand in its composition; while the Levitical code was composed and promulgated after the Exile, when the prophets had become an insignificant body, devoted to the interests of the priesthood, the way for it having been prepared by Ezekiel, a priest holding what we should call very High Church principles. Elsewhere, alluding to Prof. Huxley's condemnation of a loss alleged to have been inflicted on the Gadarene pig-owners by sending devils into their swine, as a "wanton destruction of other people's property," Mr. Gladstone takes the professor to task very solemnly for implicitly condemning Christ as "a law-

breaker and an evil-doer" (p. 269). Has it never occurred to him that Prof. Huxley disbelieves the whole story, and is trying to make others disbelieve it also?*

Nothing that I have said is to be understood as implying want of respect for Mr. Gladstone's advanced age and great public services. But as these extrinsic considerations ensure for his work a wider circulation than it would otherwise attain, so also they condemn it to a more merciless dissection than serious criticism could waste on the sophistry of any less conspicuous assailant.

ALFRED W. BENN.

OBITUARY.

DR. EDWARD JOHN WARING, C.I.E.

A LARGE circle of friends, in India as well as in England, will hear with regret of the death of Dr. E. J. Waring, a retired surgeon-major on the Madras establishment. He died on Thursday last, January 22, at his residence in Clifton Gardens, in the seventy-second year of his age, a victim to the inclemency of this cruel winter.

Dr. Waring was born at Tiverton in 1819, being the sixth son of Captain H. Waring, of the Royal Navy. An elder brother was well known as a devoted student of history to a former generation of Oxford men. Another member of the family furnished the title, if not something more, to Browning's famous poem; for we have it on the authority of the poet himself that he had met this Waring during his early visit to Russia, and had been impressed by his personality. Dr. Waring's wife (who pre-deceased him) was a sister of the late Dr. Francis Day, the Indian ichthyologist. His early days were spent at Lyme Regis. His first professional appointment was that of medical officer of health in Jamaica (1842), which led to his being employed by the Emigration Commissioners in different parts of the globe. In 1849, he entered the Madras medical service, and was stationed at Mergui in Tenasserim during the whole of the first Burmese War, for which he received the medal. The next twenty years of his life (1853 to 1863) were passed at Travancore, in Southern India, as residency surgeon and also physician to the Raja—an enlightened prince, with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship. On his return to England, he devoted himself to garnering in professional publications the results of his long residence in the tropics, but still found leisure to take part in many charitable works, and also to indulge his taste for collecting rare things.

Dr. Waring's first important publication was his *Manual of Practical Therapeutics* (1854), which has passed through four editions, besides an American reprint, copies of which were placed by the United States Government at the headquarters of every regiment. This was followed by *Bazaar Medicines* (1860), which has become a household friend throughout India, for Europeans and natives alike. In 1868, he edited, for the Secretary of State, the official *Pharmacopoeia of India*; and finally he printed with the New Sydenham Society the *Bibliotheca Therapeutica*, with an appendix containing the bibliography of British mineral waters (2 vols., 1878-79). This work, in which he brought together and arranged the titles of upwards of 10,000 publications, was intended to be preparatory to an *Encyclopædia Therapeutica*. Failing eyesight, with other causes, prevented him from completing this grand scheme; but his collections for it were freely put at the dis-

posal of other medical writers, and in 1887 his valuable library was presented to the Army Medical School, at Netley. On that occasion his life-long friend, Sir Joseph Fayrer, truly said of him: "Dr. Waring is a great author and physician, and a man who has conferred infinite benefits on his profession." In 1864, he was elected fellow of the Royal College of Surgeons, and in 1871 to the same rank in the College of Physicians. More tardily, in 1881, he received the decoration of C.I.E.

As is not infrequently the case with a man whom the world knows only as a learned specialist, Dr. Waring possessed a catholic and cultivated taste in all branches of literature. He knew and loved a rare book. He had brought home with him from India a small but choice cabinet of the curious currency of the South, so different from that of the North; and he would enjoy explaining to a sympathetic visitor how his salary in Travancore was paid to him in *chuckrams*, by means of a board with holes for the tiny coins. Above all, he solaced his declining years with a fine collection of autographs, many of which are illustrative of Indian history. He lived to a good old age, and he had finished his life's work; but the news of his death has come as a painful shock to many who had learned to regard him as a pattern of scholarly industry and genial benevolence.

J. S. C.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Chemical Society, which was founded in February, 1841, proposes to celebrate its fiftieth anniversary: (1) by a meeting in the afternoon of February 24 in the rooms of the Society of Arts (where the original meeting was held), when addresses will be delivered and delegates from other societies will be received; (2) by a reception given by the president and council on the evening of the same day in the hall of the Goldsmiths' Company; and (3) by a dinner of the fellows and their friends on February 25 at the Hôtel Métropole.

MR. J. G. BAKER, principal assistant in the Royal Gardens, Kew, has been appointed to the keepership of the herbarium and library, vacant by the retirement of Prof. Oliver, who will now devote himself to editing Hooker's *Icones Plantarum* for the Bentham trustees.

PROF. HELMHOLTZ will reach his seventieth birthday on August 31. Some of his very numerous friends and admirers will take advantage of the occasion to present him with a mark of their esteem. The details are to be settled by a committee, which includes Profs. Hofmann, Du Bois-Reymond, and Virchow.

THE instructive series of British plants exhibited in the botanical gallery of the British Museum (Natural History), Cromwell-road, has now been extended to the mosses. Each species is represented by a specimen, and (in the case of mosses) each genus by a coloured drawing showing an enlarged view of its structure, while a printed description is appended in every case. It is intended to carry on the series through lichens, algae, and fungi—an undertaking of no small magnitude, since fungi alone are nearly double the flowering plants in number of species.

THE annual general meeting of the Geologists' Association will be held at University College, Gower-street, on Friday next, February 6, when the president, Mr. T. V. Holmes, will deliver an address entitled "Further Notes on the Geological Record."

IN connexion with the London Geological Field Class, a course of four lectures will be delivered by Prof. H. G. Seeley on February 7 and the three following Saturdays, at 4.15 p.m.,

* The above was written before Prof. Huxley had explained himself in this sense with his usual vigour of expression.

at the Gresham College, on "The Gravel Beds of the Thames, and its Tributaries in relation to Ancient and Modern Civilisation."

The Flora of Warwickshire. By J. E. Bagnall. (Gurney & Jackson.) Mr. Bagnall's "Flora" is marked by great care and great completeness. He has followed the modern thorough-going plan for "Floras," giving us, in addition to his botanical information, a map of the county, with its ten districts based on the river-drainage, a survey of the elevation, meteorology, and so forth, an excellent account of the geology by Mr. A. B. Badger, and a history of the progress of botany in Warwickshire. Apart from this kind of fulness, Mr. Bagnall's book is the first complete "Flora" of his county. In 1820 Perry published his *Plantae Warwickenses Selectae*, recording only 402 plants, whereas we now find 2457 plants registered as growing in Warwickshire. This large number is, of course, made out by including ferns, Characeae, mosses, Hepaticae, and, among the fungi, Hymenomycetes and Gastromycetes. As to the last, Mr. Bagnall has had the help of Mr. W. B. Grove; but the body of the work is the product of nearly twenty-five years' labour of Mr. Bagnall himself. The book is printed much more carefully than is common with this class of literature, though one record for the finding of *Nitella flexilis* may, as it stands, cause some surprise: "Olten Pool, 1881, in company with Mr. James Groves." Mr. Bagnall asks for new records. We can only give him Warwick Castle, 1881, for *Reseda Luteola*, and the fields between Lapworth and Henley-in-Arden, 186-, for *Colchicum autumnale*. But we lent a guilty hand to digging up some of the latter. It is noted that *Elodea Canadensis* flowers abundantly at all its stations in Warwickshire, but Mr. Bagnall does not mention whether the flower is found of both the sexes. He has also some notes bearing on the great variability of the number or arrangements of stamens or stamens in the *Caryophyllaceae*. For instance, he records the occurrence in 1874 of *Lychnis alba* in a bisexual form. But the whole subject of the irregularity of this group requires further investigation.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE next meeting of the Philological Society, on Friday, February 6, will again be a dictionary evening. Mr. Henry Bradley, who happens to be the president of the society for the current work, will report on his progress with the letter E for the New English Dictionary.

THE American Oriental Society has elected Prof. Ernst Windisch, of Leipzig, as an honorary member.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*, commencing a fifth volume, will contain the following articles:—"The Chaldean Persens," by M. Jules Oppert; "The Lydian Legend on four Coins of Alyattes," by M. J. Imbert; "The Yovanoff Bull," by M. V. Scheil; "The Tan Shu," by Prof. C. de Harlez; "Tablet of Mentusa (XIIth Dynasty)," by M. H. Mengedoh; "The Silk Goddess of China," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; "A Syriac Word," by Prof. J. Van den Gheyn.

PROF. MAURICE BLONFIELD, of Johns Hopkins, has reprinted from the *American Journal of Philology* a second series of "Contributions to the Interpretation of the Veda." As before, his object is to explain obscure passages in the hymns by means of the ritual practices which accompanied their recital. For example, he explains both the *jāyānya* charm and the *apacit* hymns in the Atharva Veda as having reference, not to poisonous insects, but to different kinds of diseases. The so-called

fire ordeal hymn of the Atharva Veda he interprets as an imprecation against an enemy. He further discusses the Vedic group of charms for extinguishing fire by means of waterplants and a frog, and the mention of women as mourners in the Atharva Veda.

AT the last meeting of the American Oriental Society, Prof. Morris Jastrow, of Philadelphia, read a paper upon "The Founding of Carthage." He started from the tradition reported by Philistus (Euseb. ed. Schoene, ii. 50) that Carthage was founded by 'Aḡāpos and Kapxḡḡav. From the variant reading ḡāpos, it is clear that the former word is the eponym of Tyre. The latter, he argued, is similarly the eponym of a Phoenician colony in Cyprus which joined in the foundation of African Carthage. This Phoenician colony in Cyprus he identifies with Kartihadašti of the cuneiform inscriptions, which Schrader has shown to be identical with the Greek Kition.

DR. GLASER'S last discovery is a very interesting one, and confirms the antiquity which he assigns to certain of the inscriptions found in the South of Arabia. One of these, which was copied by M. Halévy, states that it was inscribed by order of two Minaean governors of Tsar and Ashur, and expresses the thanks of the authors to the gods for their rescue from the war between the kings of the North and of the South, as well as for their deliverance in Egypt at the time of the war between Egypt and Madhi. Tsar and Ashur have already been identified by Prof. Hommel with Tsar, the chief fortress on the Asiatic frontier of Egypt, and the Ashurim of Southern Palestine. Dr. Glaser at first supposed that Madhi was the Edomite tribe Mizzah; but he now points out that the name must be identified with that of the Mazai of the Egyptian texts, who first appear in the time of the XVIIIth Dynasty as nomad huntsmen, and subsequently formed a corps of the Egyptian army, while in the kings of the North and South we must see the Hyksos prince who held his court at Tanis, and the native princes of the XVIIIth Dynasty who ruled at Thebes. The inscription, therefore, will go back to the period when the war broke out between Apophis and Ta'a, which eventually led to the expulsion of the Hyksos kings.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Jan. 19.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. F. C. Conybeare read a paper upon "The late Prof. Clifford's Philosophy." The paper commenced with an analysis of the essay upon the nature of things in themselves, in which Clifford starts from the distinction between the object as equivalent to a personal feeling, real or possible, which is a subjective appearance only, and the eject or feeling, real or possible, as inferred to exist out of myself and in another. The bearing of the distinction upon language and ethics was pointed out, and followed by a criticism of Clifford's reduction of ultimate reality to an absolute feeling, to a feeling such as it may be conceived to be prior to the genesis of a personal self. The lecturer contended that the doctrine, like Hume's, led straight to philosophic Nihilism, and that Clifford's deduction from the absolute feeling of the world and of the developed ego was only achieved by tacitly assuming in the unrelated feeling characteristics which it only bears in the medium of the developed self and memory.—A discussion followed, in which the president, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, and others took part.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.—(Monday, Jan. 26.)

E. L. BRANDRETH, Esq., in the chair.—Prof. Peterson read a paper on "Pāṇini, the Poet and Grammarian; with some Remarks on the Age of Indian Classical Poetry." Prof. Peterson cited verses ascribed in the anthologies to the poet Pāṇini, and gave reasons for believing that he and

the great grammarian of the name were one and the same person. The verses belonged to a style of writing which had lately been represented as belonging to the "Renaissance period of Sanskrit literature," as Prof. Max Müller called it. This Renaissance theory was based largely upon Ferguson's speculation with regard to the Vikramāditya era, which, according to him, begun in A.D. 544, whereas it purported to extend from 56 B.C. Prof. Peterson argued that this theory was no longer tenable, and went on to show that poetry of the kind exemplified in the books of Kalidāsa was already an old art in India in the first century of our era. It reached back at least to the poem on the life of Buddha by Asvaghosha, a Brahmin converted to Buddhism, who wrote in the time of Kanishka (A.D. 78). Prof. Peterson thought that the great triad of grammarians—Pāṇini, Katyāyana, and Patāñjali—were all poets as well, and held that it was no longer desirable to regard with distrust the tradition which assigned Vikramāditya and his court to 56 B.C., and represented him as surrounded by famous poets.—The reading of the paper was followed by a discussion, in the course of which Mr. Rusden drew attention to a remarkable similarity of thought between one of the verses quoted by Prof. Peterson and a passage in Horace.

FINE ART.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

IT would be impossible to point to a finer portrait by Hogarth than the little-known "Mrs. Desaguliers" (W. C. Cartwright, Esq.). This represents, with extraordinary directness and force, a young lady of much sprightliness and a beauty not exactly of the higher order, attired in a gala costume which appears at least fifty years earlier than the date of the portrait. Solidly and, in its way, brilliantly painted, though with the hardness inseparable from the master's peculiar method, its intense vitality puts into the shade even the fine and very living performances by Reynolds and Gainsborough, which are its immediate neighbours.

Something of the Hogarthian humour, though not the dramatic genius or the power of realisation of that great tragi-comedian, descended to Johann Zoffany, who, with all his drawbacks of hardness and opacity as a painter, suggested with rare intuition the true individuality of his sitters; and portrayed them, too, with a sly seeming-unconsciousness such as adds much to the zest of the beholder, who deems that he discovers for himself what the unseen prompter has unobtrusively hinted to him. Among some of those delightful family portraits on a small scale, in which he is seen at his best, we may select for especial mention Lady Sarah Spencer's "Portrait Group," showing, in stiff attitudes amusingly suggestive of photography in its earlier stages, a family of country gentlefolk, whom we may surmise to be of a somewhat rustic order. This includes an elder lady, who is a very Mrs. Hardcastle in fussiness and *endimanché* splendour, and a younger one playing the mandolin, upon whose devoted head the senior has evidently clapped one of her most portentous turbans. By the side of them an elderly gentleman poses with much *naïveté* and complacency. Real skill is shown in the careful modelling of the heads and in the rendering of the elaborate costumes. Sir Joshua Reynolds has rarely, even at Burlington House, been seen to greater advantage than on the present occasion. He can be judged not only—as at many previous exhibitions—by the still beautiful ghosts of once glowing works, but by more than one performance in which are still displayed, relatively unimpaired, the charms of a colour seeking to unite the magic of the Venetian tints with the sombre glow of a Rembrandt. The "Master Bunbury" (Sir E. Bunbury, Bart.),

painted in 1780, shows with perfect simplicity, as well as with all that love for childhood in the expression of which the master stands unrivalled, a bright-eyed urchin, clad in a ruby velvet coat and dark yellow breeches, gazing out of the picture with the fixed and unconscious gaze of a bright-eyed squirrel. In perfection of preservation, as in true charm of delineation, this more than rivals that still brilliant piece of colour, the famous "Young Fortune-tellers" (Sir Chas. Tennant, Bart.), in which are given in fancy dress the portraits of two beautiful children, Lord Henry and Lady Charlotte Spencer. The fascination of the picture cannot be denied or altogether withstood; but it is none the less a marked example of that false and exaggerated *naïveté* into which Reynolds was not infrequently betrayed in his excessive straining after archness and a seductive *mutinerie*. The "Viscountess Crosbie" is the almost equally well-known portrait in full length of a beautiful and vivacious lady, who is seen fronting the spectator, moving onward with a swift, graceful motion. Whatever may be thought of the doubtful proportions of the figure, few will be found to gainsay the assertion that the head is, in the irresistible animation of its bright youthfulness, one of the most remarkable painted by the master. The whole is a striking example of that "momentary" quality which has been praised in the works of Sir Joshua. In this exceptional case the momentariness, expressing as it does the main, over-mastering quality of the lively creature portrayed, is entirely successful. Had the art of portraiture, however, been confined or even mainly directed to the representation of ephemeral phases of expression, its scope would have been singularly contracted, and its chief glory—the suggestion of mental as well as physical individuality—obscured. Faded as are the flesh-tints in the beautiful "Portrait of Miss Kennedy" (Sir E. Bunbury, Bart.), one is still, in contemplating it, inclined not to disagree with the dictum of Sir Joshua himself:—"It has more grace and dignity than anything I have done, and it is the best coloured." It is difficult, however, to connect the sobriquet of "Polly Kennedy" with this haughty and just a shade fretful beauty, whose face and attitude are the perfection of high-bred grace. Exquisite combinations of peacock-blue, dark green, crimson, and gold are obtained in the sumptuous pseudo-oriental costume and accessories, all of which must be from the artist's own brush.

To see Gainsborough in perfection this year it is necessary to go to the New Gallery, for here are only two first-rate performances from his hand. One is the easy and delightful "Portrait of James Christie, Esq." (James Christie, Esq.), which places before us in a three-quarter length, with his arm leaning on a picture—evidently a Gainsborough landscape—the founder of the well-known firm of auctioneers. This was painted in 1778, and presented by the painter to the sitter. To an early period of the master's career must belong the often-exhibited "Miss Hipplesey" (Sir C. Tennant, Bart.)—a lady of great physical attractions, but not altogether reassuring expression, who almost fronts the spectator in a low white dress with a mantle of cold bright blue. The modelling is much more solid and careful, if less broad, than that of the painter's most characteristic manner; and the true individuality of the model is more strongly emphasised, because artificial grace has been less sought for. The quality which is unmistakably Gainsborough's is that hardly controlled animal vivacity of spirits which he had the secret of exhibiting in features outwardly in perfect repose.

A Romney of exceptional tenderness and dignity is the "Portrait of Mrs. Carwardine and

Child" (Lord Hillingdon). It is a trifle dull in colour even for a Romney—and as a colourist he always suffers much from a comparison with his great rivals—but the design has an unforced harmony and nobility, the conception a simple human pathos, such as has hardly been attained either by Gainsborough or Reynolds. The mother and child are here absolutely one in mysterious sympathy and love, and the modesty of nature is not overstepped, even by a hair's breadth. An example of Romney in his least interesting phase—that of the only mildly interested limner of fashionable beauties—is the over-cleaned and tiresome "Portrait of Mrs. Powys" (Lord Hillingdon). Much better in every respect is the "Lady Edward Cavendish Bentinck"—a young lady quaintly and becomingly attired in a diaphanous white cloak, with a large white muslin hat tied under her chin with blue ribbons. A superficial modish elegance is shown in the very happily-designed "Portrait of Lady Milnes" (Lord Houghton)—a beauty very conscious of her undeniable charms; but this lacks, like many pictures of its class from the same brush, true life and characterisation. The earlier and better phase of Hoppner's practice is unusually well displayed in the "Portrait of Mrs. Gwyn" (Sir C. Tennant)—the Miss Horneck who, from some verses of Goldsmith, obtained the name of the "Jessamy Bride"; this is a very happy, but also a quite un concealed, adaptation of Sir Joshua's style, much lacking in strength, but not in charm. Stronger and more characteristic, but, at the same time, much coarser in technique, is the "Mrs. Hoppner" (James Christie, Esq.).

Turner may be studied here in almost every phase of his progress and transformation. Very difficult to appreciate in its present darkened and obscured condition is the "Kilgarran Castle" (M. H. Colnaghi, Esq.), which illustrates the first manner. To the second belong the fine pair of landscapes, both called "Scene in the Park at Lowther Castle" (the Earl of Lonsdale), and both painted in 1810. The more beautiful of the pair is the No. 131, in which the castle appears rather too definitely in the middle distance, under an evening sky still saturated with the rays of the dying sun, while cattle enliven the foreground on the skirts of a wood, which casts on the meadows the long shadows of approaching evening. The influence of Cuyp, in the treatment both of the vibrating golden atmosphere and of the wooded foreground, makes itself unmistakably felt. The pathetic, but not sad, quality of this simple English scene is such as could not be infused into a "composition," however noble, however well pondered. Of the class of so-called classical compositions, in which Turner openly came forward as the emulator and imitator of Claude le Lorrain, it would be difficult to point to a finer or more important example than Sir John Pender's "Classical Landscape: Mercury and Hersé," painted in 1811, and worthy to take rank with the "Crossing the Brook" at the National Gallery, if not quite with Lord Yarborough's "Vintage at Maçon," which, with all its classicism, is more sincere and more solidly based on nature. Nothing fresh need be said about Lord Wantage's "Sheerness," which has very recently been seen at the Grosvenor Gallery. The "Wreckers" (Sir John Pender) is a poetic and unusually well-preserved study of the warring elements let loose, serving as an admirable pretext for the indulgence in that tragic, unrestful mood which is the main characteristic of the master's late time. The sandy shore, the still angry encroaching waves, the black tempestuous sky, are presented with a magic power and a mity of effect which it would be difficult to parallel.

Even by the side of this great piece a most luminous and beautiful Bonington, "Low Tide on the French Coast" (Sir C. Tennant), succeeds in maintaining itself. Though it is open to much doubt whether certain problems of linear perspective connected with the figures and shipping in the middle distance have been accurately solved, and the awkward figures of children in the extreme foreground may be blamed, it is impossible to resist the fascination of one of the most beautiful evening skies to be seen here—one which any Dutchman of them all might be proud to have painted.

After several Constable years, we have now a Crome year; and if we do not find in the latter master the masterly breadth of execution, the originality of standpoint, the purely English quality to which the former owes his commanding position in the English school, we may enjoy in his work a far greater variety, a more intimate pathos, and a subtler penetration of Nature's secrets than Constable can show. The unusual and unusually exquisite "On the River Yare" (H. G. Barwell, Esq.) shows the river all pale-green and grey under the last livid gleam of sunlight which fights its way through menacing thunder-clouds. Here Crome has evidently been inspired by Van Goyen, whose method he applies with the happiest results to an English scene. In the noble study of trees, "The Willow-Tree" (G. Holmes, Esq.), the facile brush of Gainsborough has furnished an example for the treatment of foliage; but the drawing of tree trunks and branches is finer and more accurate than his. The much-admired "Poringland Oak" (Rev. C. J. Steward) shows everywhere, and especially in the peculiar accentuation of the branches, the influence of Crome's chief idol, Hobbema. The luminous sky, the middle distance, and the foreground, with its jewel-like emerald tones, are alike admirable; but noble as is the rendering of the great oak which gives its name to the picture, it unpleasantly suggests a tree stuck upright in the ground, rather than one whose roots still have a firm hold in the soil.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE LATE DR. SCHLIEMANN.

THE following letter has been addressed to Mme. Schliemann, on the occasion of her husband's death, by the heads of the foreign archaeological schools in Athens:

"The undersigned representatives of foreign archaeological institutions at Athens hereby desire to give public expression to their sense of the serious loss to archaeological science caused by the death of Dr. Henry Schliemann.

"They wish to take this opportunity of making due acknowledgment of his distinguished services in exploration and excavation of ancient Greek sites and monuments, which have undoubtedly advanced to an exceptional degree the study of ancient life and art, and have opened out new fields of enquiry yielding results important in the present and of great promise for the future.

"More than any man of our time he has awakened wide-spread interest in the great Hellenic past, and has converted what was previously a study confined to the few into a living influence which has enriched the intellectual resources of all civilised communities.

"They also desire to express their deep sympathy with the family of their distinguished colleague.

"Signed,

"W. DÖRPFELD, 1st Secretary	{ German Imp. Archaeological Institute at Athens
"P. WOLTERS, 2nd Secretary	
"C. WALDSTEIN, Director	{ American School of Classical Studies
"R. B. RICHARDSON, Annual Director	
"E. A. GARDNER, Director, British Archaeological School."	

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIAN MONUMENTS.

LUXOR: Jan. 13, 1891.

The announcement in the *ACADEMY* of December 27, that a numerous signed memorial has been presented to Lord Salisbury praying for the appointment of an official inspector of the Egyptian monuments, has given great satisfaction to those of us here who are interested in the subject. It cannot be too strongly impressed on archaeologists and lovers of art that if the monuments still remaining are to be preserved, the initiative must be taken by the Foreign Secretary. Whatever he orders will be carried out. But unless he gives precise and definite instructions nothing practical will be accomplished. It might have been thought that the agitation of last autumn would have stirred the Cairo officials to action. It served no other end than to promote a certain amount of aimless discussion. The suggestions of members of the Antiquities Committee like Gen. Grenfell and Col. Ross, who to a knowledge of the subject unite also an earnest desire to save the monuments, were invariably vetoed by the obstructive majority. Hard-working officials, having the management of important departments, cannot be expected to waste hours in attempting to reason with colleagues whose evident intention is simply to thwart action; and if Gen. Grenfell resigns his membership of the committee, as he has stated he will, he would certainly be fully justified in doing so. It is, perhaps, difficult for those unacquainted with Egyptian politics to realise the motives influencing the opposition. Unfortunately for the interest of art, this antiquities question is one of the few in which the native Pashas can indulge their passion for intrigue without fear of consequences. Opposition on what are considered more serious matters may be accompanied by loss of place. In this instance it is somewhat ostentatiously displayed, as a kind of investment which may yield good interest in the future. That the calculation is entirely fallacious is, of course, evident to those aware of the settled policy of England in the East, but then the native Pashas' notions on that subject are somewhat hazy.

Sometimes, however, even on this question, the opposition finds itself rather sharply pulled up, as happened two or three weeks ago in the case of Mr. Flinders Petrie's excavations. He came out to Egypt last November on the understanding that he was to work at the Pyramid of Médun under the same conditions that he excavated last year at Hawara. After he left Cairo new rules were made by the committee, of such a nature that Mr. Petrie, on learning them, decided to abandon his work, and discharged his men. This was what the majority of the committee desired. The fact of his being an Englishman, and a very successful excavator, greatly esteemed at home and with a European reputation, offered a rare opportunity for displaying their animus, and placing something to the account of the "investment." One member of the committee went so far as to say that "Mr. Petrie must be made to understand that there is no room for him in Egypt." Fortunately, the matter came to the ears of Sir Evelyn Baring, who summoned Mr. Petrie to Cairo, ordered the committee to abolish their late regulations, and in consultation with Mr. Petrie framed new ones, which will be decidedly more favourable to him than those under which he has hitherto conducted his operations.

This incident will explain to those interested in the preservation of ancient monuments how matters really stand here. They are sufficiently influential to demand of Lord Salisbury that the Egyptian temples be placed under efficient inspection. This can

only be done by the department of public works. And when Sir Evelyn Baring informs Sir Colin Monierieff and Col. Ross that the responsibility of preservation rests with them, unhampered with any conditions, we may entertain a reasonable hope that what yet remains of the monuments will not be lost.

As to their present condition, I notice a marked deterioration since last I visited Upper Egypt, three years ago. The natural decay has gone on to an alarming extent. Fine passages of sculpture, where the stone is saturated with nitre, can be obliterated by the pressure of the finger; and this might have been prevented if the stone had been properly washed when it was first uncovered. It is true that some tombs are shut in with doors; but the temples are unenclosed, and the natives have free access to them, which means that the decoration is at their mercy, the same as previously. In places where decayed stone ought to have been cut away and supplied with new, there is simply a plastering of Nile mud mixed with chopped straw. In short, the evidences of decay and wreckage in all directions is simply heart-breaking.

It cannot be otherwise under the present system. In the temperate climate of Western Europe it would be physically impossible for one man to direct a museum and overlook monuments extending over nearly a thousand miles. Consequently, for all purposes of practical study the museum is next to valueless, and the monuments are passing away before our eyes. Whether the museum of Ghizeh shall fulfil the function it might for this generation, and whether the monuments are to be preserved for future generations, is in the hands of the educated public of England.

HENRY WALLIS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE object of The Royal Society of Painter-Etchers being not merely the restoration of original etching, but the re-infusion into all forms of the engraver's art of the painter-like qualities which it has lost, it has been determined by the council to include in this year's exhibition (in March) those plates of the *Liber Studiorum* which were executed by Turner himself.

GENERAL SIR FRANCIS GRENFELL, whose important discoveries at Assuan in 1885 have earned for him the gratitude of Egyptologists, has had a battalion working for the last month at Abû Simbel. An inscribed tablet, of which there appears to be no previous record, and two broken statues have been found on the west side of the Great Temple. The vast accumulation of sand at Abû Simbel renders the work of excavation one of unusual difficulty, as well as of promise.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS'S forthcoming volume will be entitled *Pharaohs, Fellahs, and Explorers*.

THE fourth ordinary general meeting of the members of the Egypt Exploration Fund will be held on Saturday, February 20, in the hall of the Zoological Society, Hanover-square. The President, Sir John Fowler, will take the chair at 4 p.m.

THE *Art Journal* for February will contain the conclusion of the illustrated article on "Lord Tennyson's Childhood."

It is proposed to place a memorial to the late Archbishop Thomson in York Minster, in the form of a recumbent effigy, similar to that of his predecessor, Vernon-Harcourt.

THE late General Sir Edmund Whitmore has bequeathed to the National Portrait Gallery a picture of Sir George Brown, whose aide-de-camp he was in the Crimea.

DURING the three first days of next week Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the large collection of coins formed by the late Dr. Churchill Bahington, some time Disney professor of archaeology at Cambridge. The collection is particularly rich in Greek pieces, many of which came from historic cabinets. There is also a series of early British coins and Roman coins relating to Britain.

THE French minister of public instruction has commissioned M. Puvis de Chavannes to execute two cartoons for Gobelin tapestries representing the girlhood of Joan of Arc.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE Globe Theatre, which has had so much bad luck, has now been re-opened by Mr. Norman Forbes, an intelligent young actor who has been able, it seems, to assume managerial responsibilities. We thank him for abolishing the little fussiness of fees for play-bills, and it is doubtless to the comfort of his audience that he has introduced the electric light. These be brave things. But what about his pieces? We question whether, in the choice of these, he has shown as much judgment; and, after all, it is by pieces and performances—not by free play-bills and unlimited electric light—that a theatre must stand or fall. Mr. Norman Forbes has been ill-advised in selecting a version of the now well-known "Gringoire" of De Banville as one of his two opening plays. All that we can say for the choice is that it shows a disposition to get away from the commonplace; but why get away from it in this particular direction? The adaptation of De Banville's drama by Mr. Besant and Mr. Walter Pollock is good enough for the plain man; and though a great expert of the theatre did say, years ago, that Mr. Wills (whose adaptation Mr. Norman Forbes produces) has written some of the best blank verse done since Otway, there will scarcely, we think, be found a place for the new adaptation of "Gringoire." And again, though it may be interesting, is it quite modest of a very young actor-manager to offer himself to the public in a rôle in which Mr. Beerbohm Tree is seen so often and with such singular success? We trow not. We consider it a mistake; but for this mistake Mr. Norman Forbes, to some extent, makes amends by the selection of a less important character in the second piece he plays. You see he is not a low comedian, and he has the sense to know it. This second piece—by far the longer of the two—is called "All the Comforts of Home." It is a farcical comedy, or rather, a very long farce, adapted from the German. As given upon the London stage, it is ill constructed. But two or three pretty young ladies, and one or two clever ones, perform in it. Miss Mary Ansell—perhaps a beginner—has a measure of charm, and works hard. Miss Lily Linfield makes a hit by a dance. But the best played part is that of one Theodore Bender, which is played by Mr. Harry Paulton. Of course this long established comic actor knows his business perfectly. We doubt, however, whether his performance, or the best efforts of the other ladies and gentlemen, will suffice to secure popularity to the present Globe play-bill. It has been asked already—and we echo the inquiry—hasn't the new young manager some stronger card up his sleeve?

FOR two or three nights last week Mr. Beerbohm Tree—owing, we are sorry to say, to a sharp bronchial attack—was out of the Haymarket bill. The public suddenly found that the young actor, Mr. Frederick Harrison—now Mr. Tree's acting manager—was ready and thoroughly able to step into Mr. Tree's

shoes as the Duke of Guisebury in "The Dancing Girl." Mr. Harrison performed an exacting part with remarkable vigour and effect. It was indeed a *tour de force* of a rare kind, and it demands this word of chronicle.

MISS MARIE FRASER produced Ibsen's "Doll's House" for a single performance last Tuesday at Terry's. We did not go. The lady's performance—as word is brought to us—was good, but the piece is said to have been received coldly. Did the enthusiastic Ibsenite forget to be present to see to it that a measure of applause—unwarranted by the art—was at least bestowed upon the topsy-turvy morality of the production?

MUSIC.

"IVANHOE."

THE Royal English Opera House opens to-night with Sir Arthur Sullivan's "Ivanhoe." Scott's novel of that name has already formed the subject of more than one opera, of which perhaps the best known—by name at any rate—is Marschner's "Templer und Jüdin." In that work we have the scene in the friar's cell, the taking of the castle of Torquilstone; and at the end Ivanhoe appears as Rebecca's champion at Templestowe. But though almost the same characters, and to some extent the same events, are to be found in Sir A. Sullivan's new opera, there is no resemblance in the music.

The moment has not yet come to discuss the work; but from a perusal of the vocal score we may venture on a brief description of the plot, as given by the librettist, Mr. Julian Sturgis.

The first act opens in the Hall of Cedric the Saxon. Brian de Bois Guilbert and Maurice de Bracy arrive, and are welcomed by Cedric. The supper scene, as related by Scott, is closely followed by the librettist. The drinking song for baritone solo (Cedric) and chorus is the chief musical feature of this opening scene. Towards the close De Bracy proposes to the Templar to seize Rowena when returning from the lists at Ashby. In the next scene Rowena is found alone, singing to "the moon clad in silver mail." Ivanhoe, disguised as the Palmer, is brought to her, and she anxiously inquires after the Crusaders, and especially after Ivanhoe. The act closes with the "tournament" music, the defeat of the Templar, and the recognition of the "disinherited" knight as Ivanhoe.

The second act opens in Friar Tuck's cell, and there are two songs, one for the disguised King Richard, the other for the "thievish" friar. The song for the latter is in good old English style, and it ends with a "Ho jolly Jenkin" refrain, in which both join. Given a good rendering, the success of this number is assured. The two are about to fight, when Locksley arrives, demanding "succour for Cedric, Thane of Rothwood, and for his ward Rowena," who have been carried off to Torquilstone; Ivanhoe, wounded, lies in the same accursed walls. The next scene takes place within the castle of Torquilstone. De Bracy offers liberty to Rowena and her father if she will marry him. Then the Templar appears and sings of his passion for Rebecca. In scene 3 Ulrica declaims her wild legend, founded on the one given in the novel. After this Rebecca comes to her asking if there be no way of safety. The maiden's prayer, "Lord of our chosen race," is said to contain part of a genuine Hebrew melody. The act closes with a long duet between the Templar and the Jewess. This is evidently one of the most ambitious numbers in the work.

The third act opens still in the castle of Torquilstone. Rebecca is watching over the wounded knight. She sings a lullaby soft and sweet, Ivanhoe, too, has his song. The storming and

burning of the castle bring the scene to a close. As in the novel, the Jewess is saved by the Templar, and Ivanhoe by King Richard. The next scene, with its opening chorus, "Light foot upon the dancing green," must come as a welcome contrast after the exciting Torquilstone music. The outlaws are assembled in the forest. Richard enters with Ivanhoe. We have the pardon of De Bracy; Cedric becomes reconciled to his son, and consents to his union with Rowena. In this scene there is a short quartet and a short love duet. The finale gives the arrival of Ivanhoe at Templestowe, as Rebecca's champion, and the death of the Templar.

Mr. Sturgis has cleverly condensed Scott's novel, so full of incident, and there is much poetry and force in his lines. The weak part of the book seems to us to be the divided interest caused by the two maidens, Rowena and Rebecca; but for this fault, if it be such, the novelist is responsible. Of Sir A. Sullivan's music, we will only venture to say that it is clever, full of melody, and for the most part thoroughly characteristic of the composer. It may be mentioned that he makes judicious use of representative themes.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

HERR STAVENHAGEN gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Thursday, January 22. He commenced with Beethoven's Concerto in C minor (Op. 37). The playing was sound, but the work presents little or no difficulty to a pianist who has mastered Liszt. Herr Stavenhagen's rendering of some transcriptions by this composer were immensely appreciated, and he added one of the Rhapsodies. The novelty of the evening was a scene from G. Kastrapp's drama, "Suleika," set to music and conducted by the concert-giver, and sung by his wife. Mme. Stavenhagen, connected with the Weimar Court Theatre, is an accomplished dramatic vocalist. The music, like so much that is produced by young German composers, is inspired by Wagner and Liszt: a double portion of their spirit seems indeed to have fallen upon Herr Stavenhagen. The lady was much more successful in the grand scene from "Der Freischütz." The programme concluded with Liszt's Concerto in A. The playing was all that could be desired, but the work is hideously ugly. Mr. Arthur Friedheim was the conductor.

Herr Stavenhagen was pianist at the Popular Concert on Saturday afternoon, and played Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110). His reading of the first movement was, as usual, somewhat affected. He took the Scherzo at *presto* pace, and the Trio was far from neat; the rest of the work was more satisfactory. The pianist was not at his best, but still he was encored, and gave Schubert's Minuet in B minor. Beethoven's Septet was splendidly performed by Mme. Neruda, and Messrs. Straus, Egerton, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti. This popular work drew a large audience. Mr. Brereton, the vocalist, sang with success Mozart's "Qui sdegno" and Purcell's fine song, "Arise, ye subterranean winds." On the following Monday evening another popular work was given—viz., Schubert's Octet in F (Op. 166) for strings and wind. In spite of its length it was performed without the usual break. Mme. Neruda led; and her associates were Messrs. Ries, Straus, Egerton, Paersch, Wotton, Reynolds, and Piatti. The Beethoven Septet and the Schubert Octet are two magnets which never fail to draw the public, and never will fail so long as pure melody has power to charm. Mr. B. Schönberger played for the first time at these concerts Brahms's Sonata in C major. It is

marked as Op. 1, although Schumann, in a letter to Joachim, speaks of it as Op. 5. Anyhow, it is one of the master's earliest productions, one of those which attracted Schumann's notice and caused him to prophesy a great future for the young artist—a prophecy which time has proved true. The opening Allegro is remarkable for its energy. The charming and clever variations on an old *Volkslied* are supposed to have been written when Brahms was only fourteen years of age. A lively Scherzo and a fiery Finale complete the work. Mr. Schönberger played splendidly, and added Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor by way of encore. Mr. Braxton Smith sang songs by Handel and Sterndale Bennett. He has a pleasing voice and good method.

Miss Fanny Davies gave a Pianoforte Recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. She opened with Bach's C minor Fantasia and two Scarlatti pieces, all well rendered. In Beethoven's Sonata in E (Op. 109), the pianist was not altogether satisfactory. The first movement and the *presto* went fairly well; but the variations were cold. It is so rare to hear them played with warmth as well as skill: the moment the technical element becomes too prominent, the poetry of the music vanishes. Miss Davies gave a remarkably fine performance of Schumann's Fantasia (Op. 17); the middle movement was played with great power, and the perilous passage at the close was bravely and successfully attacked. The programme further included Brahms's Scherzo (Op. 4), and a number of short pieces by modern composers.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

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LITERATURE.

Letters from Rome. By the Rev. T. Mozley. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

"Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona."

THE *Times* had correspondents before those who make, or try to make, history discovered that it might be worth while to see that M. Blowitz and his peers had early and authentic information of what looked like important secrets of state. Its conductors have never been wanting to themselves. When the Vatican Council was to meet they sent the one of their staff who knew most about the business (though he could not speak either French or Italian) to sift and judge the information which their correspondent on the spot would gather; and they gave him an introduction to Mr. Odo Russell (as he was then), in the hope that he would tell him what he properly could. In fact, Mr. Odo Russell had little information to give, and kept what he had to exchange with Lord Acton and Dr. Döllinger. Obviously, Mr. Mozley was in no position to compete with the well-informed and bitter clique whose mouthpiece was Quirinus. It was reported at the time, as we learn from Mr. Mozley, that the reason the Germans were able to publish confidential documents was because they went to the source, or rather the issue, of things; for as every document was issued to members of the Council in duplicate, one served for waste paper, of which the consumption was large. Possibly the report was propagated on system.

One of the points which comes out most clearly in Mr. Mozley's *Letters* is the anxiety of the Papal party to screen and spare the minority so long as there was any hope of converting them. This supplements what we learn from Quirinus—that it was a very up-hill business to bring even the minority of inopportunists to the point of provisional disbelief in a doctrine which their language had often implied and their acts were soon to enforce. Both writers leave us quite uncertain as to the reasons which moved most of the most important bishops of continental Europe to try at the eleventh hour to stem a current which for twenty years they had done their best to swell. Probably lay opinion took an Ecumenical Council a little more seriously than other scarcely less numerous episcopal gatherings; and so it became possible to work upon the selfish and unselfish alarms of prelates who feared conflicts with the civil power and the final apostacy of educated half-believers, and were very possibly influenced by something like chronic jealousy of the Roman Congregations.

For one reason or other, amateurs of historical irony were regaled by the spectacle of the representatives of German science combining to extol the learning of the last apologist of the apocryphal Areopagite, and of Bishop Dupanloup transformed from a doughty champion of the Temporal Power and the Syllabus into a captious critic of the less creditable predecessors of Pius IX.

Both writers in different ways throw some light upon the question what the Council was originally meant to effect; whether Pius IX. and his most influential admirers were principally desirous of putting the theology of the Counter-Revolution into dogmatic shape at the Council of the Vatican as the theology of the Counter-Reformation had been at the Council of Trent, or had made up their minds from the first that a declaration of the personal infallibility of the Pope was to be the chief fruit of the Council. It appears from Quirinus that preparation had been made for both. Mr. Mozley was repeatedly informed, and dutifully reported, that Infallibility would not be brought forward, or, if brought forward, would be rejected. His own impression was that the Council was merely an opportunity of feeling the pulse of the episcopate, and ascertaining how strong a formula could be carried with some approach to unanimity—which was also the opinion of Archbishop Spalding, who had a formula of his own. A good deal was done to create an impression that the Council was summoned to put the Church in better working order, and to get rid of picturesque and inconvenient survivals of mediæval orders and rites. This can never have been the intention of the Pope and his confidants; but it may very well have been the desire of an influential section of the sacred College.

Certainly, until the question of Infallibility was brought forward, nearly everything that went on at the Council upon both sides was an admirable example of how not to do it. The Pope reserved practically the whole power of initiative to his own commission, and to a strong committee which represented the majority well and hardly ever met. The commission, if they wished to expedite business, proved quite incompetent. The fathers of the Council on both sides wearied one another by reading rambling Latin pamphlets in a hall where almost every voice was inaudible. In the intervals of this exercise they tried to get pamphlets printed abroad, or sent home denunciations of some priest or journalist, and went about Rome explaining as the case might be that no one knew any theology but the Italians, or that the Italians were grossly ignorant of history. Mr. Mozley found himself often reduced to writing about the Carnival and the Corso. He repeated gossip about a *flaneur* or a spy who managed to attend several sittings disguised as an oriental bishop, and speculations about the Marquis of Bute, who was expected to be liberal after his power (aye, and beyond his power) both in studios and churches. Once at least he got hold of a really important piece of news: on the tenth of February he was passing through St. Peter's and heard a great noise in the Council Hall, which he

thought was only the echo of the speaker's voice. Afterwards he found that the minority had been mobbing Ghilardi, the infallibilist Bishop of Mondovì, as the majority once and again mobbed Strossmayer, whose ideas of conciliation and reform were certainly provokingly impractical, while his criticism of the Curia was weakened by personalities. He accused the Cardinals of avarice, though his own official income was larger than theirs, as Cardinal Di Pietro told him. The only person who seems really to have distinguished himself was Cardinal Antonelli. He knew exactly what would happen, and took it exactly for what it was worth: he told everybody that the Church would be more peremptory than ever in theory, and as conciliatory as ever in practice. When he had made sure that France and Austria would keep quiet, it was time for the Council to try to begin to work.

Mr. Mozley was one of the privileged spectators of the promulgation of the decree *De Fide*; but as he could not hear the proclamation, he preferred to write about what he could hear, which happened to be a pretty "vert" chattering cleverly to another young lady about her change of views. This was almost the last Mr. Mozley saw or heard of the Council. At the end of April he was threatened with Roman fever, and so the whole party had to leave. On their way home Mr. Mozley was asked to relieve his Paris colleague, who was ill, and so had to report on the Plebiscite when it came off, though, as he is careful to remind us, the *Times*, was informed as late as March 31 that the idea would probably be abandoned. He had the option of taking up the situation permanently, and trying to make history himself by giving M. Olivier good advice through an interpreter; and the prospect rather tempted him. If he had yielded to the temptation he would have been shut up in Paris, and vacated Plymtree. But destiny, or rather a "guardian angel"—without wings—decided that he was to go home at once. He seems to have written a leading article on the hypothesis that the long-expected definition was to be proclaimed on St. Peter's Day; for he does not disclaim ignorance of the authorship as he does of another, which he reprints on the programme of the *Civiltà*, full of alarms as unreal as that programme itself. After another article he returned to Rome in time to witness the gloomy and ominous pageant of July 18, and imagined that a fat monk who shouted was really cheering an incipient schism. Mr. Mozley believed that the hundred or so illustrious prelates who fled protesting from the Council intended to organise resistance. Quirinus knew better.

"It only remains to follow up the anathematised enemy, the bishops of the minority, into their lurking places, and compel each man of them to bend under the Caudine yoke amid the scornful laughter of his colleagues of the majority."

"Man walketh in a vain shadow and disquieteth himself in vain." It is twenty years and more since the Council from which so much was hoped; and what has come of it? The most learned ecclesiastic of the century found himself condemned by his historical conscience to pass the last and

not the least brilliant years of a long life in spiritual isolation, witnessing to something or other—posterity will wonder what—with a patience and dignity almost sufficient to dignify a quaint little schism which, though he never exactly joined it, has not yet ceased to attract the respectful interest of a few English prelates and divines. Within the Roman pale a Pope, conscious not only of infallibility but of inspiration, had still seven years to reign. He has been followed by perhaps the most accomplished of all the successors of Benedict XIV. Has either lightened the many perplexities of the faithful by any new definition or by making any old definition clearer? All that outsiders can hear of is a recommendation to study St. Thomas Aquinas, and a sanction to the war which, for some reason, it is thought necessary to carry on against the memory of Rosmini. Infallibility seems to have been interpreted so as to secure the maximum of restraint with the minimum of guidance. The Pope does not undertake to think for the faithful, but they risk more than ever if they think for themselves in a way that may displease the Pope.

Probably Mr. Mozley is not alone in wishing that it were possible to modify the utterances of twenty years ago, to “sophronise” them “as we used to say in our golden Oriel days.” One of the most interesting things in the Preface is the epitaph of the Oxford Movement.

“Begun with lofty aims, disinterested motives, genius, learning, singular gifts of personal character, and an undoubted cause, it deeply affected those who could sympathise with the prime movers and understand the appeal. It became the heartfelt and life-long loyalty of some five or six thousand gentlemen and ladies, representing the best blood, the best traditions, and the best qualities of the nation. But the mass of the British people, deaf from the first, and unable to see what was the matter, only saw it to recoil.”

Yet that was not the end, the whole face of Anglicanism has changed. It would be false and profane to think of the daw in peacock’s feathers. Might one think of a gnarled and sturdy tree, where at its barest a Hooker or a Mant could find a staff, or a Bentley or a Warburton or a Grimthorpe choose a cudgel, while a Herbert, a Ken, a Heber, and a Keble managed to sing in its shade? It looked bright in spring and picturesque in autumn, only when Newman came near to pluck and eat, something set his teeth on edge. He looked, he almost hoped, for storms to shiver all the wilding shoots and leave the stump free for apostolical grafts. Now the branches spread more luxuriantly than ever; the tempest has not broken yet. Meanwhile, some of the choicest fruits of primitive and mediæval gardens may be seen ripening here and there among the boughs. If not quite unchanged they are recognisable still, and not less sweet. Many are pleased and few surprised; few care to wonder what will be the end.

Mr. Mozley has outlived such questions. He took his share of work and fighting once. He, if any, has won the right to say:

“To myself all this controversy upon questions better settled in the upper room of the Christian community, and in the innermost chambers of

the soul, had long been most painful and embarrassing, and I had kept clear of it as far as possible. In my heart, I don’t think there is much to choose between the infallibility of private judgment and that of the See of Rome. Theologians, whether public or private, whether professional or amateur, whether male or female, whether old or young, of whatever nation, language, or form of government, are a presumptuous and tyrannical race, ever trying to impose their words—words only, or sounds without sense—upon others more disposed, like Her, whom we may call the first Christian, to ponder over these things in their hearts.”

After all, it is hard to speak of peace peaceably. Even now the thought of “the Public Elementary Education Act, under which, as under hoofs, harrows, and steam-rollers, the Church of England has since been groaning to this day,” has power to trouble the well-earned repose of the old war-horse—

ὅς καὶ θνητὸς ἐν ἐπέθ’ ἱπποῖς ἀθανάτοισιν.

G. A. SIMCOX.

Poems. By Christina Rossetti. (Macmillan.)

ONE by one the *dii majores* of modern song are passing into the classic one volume, a form which the foolish assumption thereof by one or two who are emphatically not of the *majores* can hardly rob of its significance. Till a fame attains to that it is more or less nebulous. So long as one has to specify volumes—till “Endymion, a Poetic Romance” and “Lamia, Isabella, &c.” have become simply “Keats”; till “In Memoriam” and “Maud,” and how much else of the fairest art, have merged their identity in “Tennyson”—the poet has not yet undergone disembodiment, but still walks, so to say, in the dress of the period. With the one volume the poet enters into mythology. This, of course, with exceptions. Mr. Swinburne, for instance, ought really to be in one volume by this time, and Mr. William Morris, if one could only pack them close enough—an “if,” however, which the closely printed new edition of *The Earthly Paradise* makes rather forlorn.

But our present concern is to thank Messrs. Macmillan for a volume which we need not name “Goblin Market” or “A Pageant,” but our “Christina Rossetti.” Here, in four hundred and fifty clearly printed pages, we have the exquisite product of a life which cannot yet have left off singing, poems of as fair an art, lyrics of as fresh a note, dreams of as strange a phantasy, as ever made blessed the English tongue.

To say that Miss Rossetti is the greatest English poet among women is to pay regard to a distinction which, in questions of art, is purely arbitrary—a distinction which has given us the foolish word “poetess,” a standing witness in our language to the national obtuseness. How little must the artistic constitution—the third sex—be understood among a people with such a word in their dictionary. How inorganic such distinctions are, of course, needs no illustration, though, if such were necessary, Miss Christina Rossetti’s genius would form an admirable text; for, to my mind, she is, in right of its rarest quality, our one imagi-

native descendant of the magician of “Kubla Khan.” No English poet till the appearance of “Goblin Market” ever again found the hidden door to Xanadhu save she. Keats and Tennyson, and he who saw “the curled moon”

“like a little feather
Fluttering far down the gulf,”

have had rare glimpses of that land “East of the Sun and West of the Moon.” William Allingham wrote one or two fairy poems haunted with its strange light—poems which also bear an odd physiognomical resemblance to “Goblin Market”; but only Coleridge and Christina Rossetti have walked in it as their native clime.

In that power of dream, that gift of the child’s imagination, is the most absolute distinction of these poems. All things are seen in that light, the whole world is still a child’s vision of wonder, every hill is a presence, every flower a gnome, and that “mysterious face of common things” which every poet intermittently realises is for her their constant aspect. That is the individual charm of her many exquisite natural pictures; the light of the miracle is about them all; their fresh morning scent and bloom come breathing a sense of the mystery of their existence, not “the burden,” but the glamour—that sense of strangeness which an old-fashioned garden flower inspires, or

“the curious sudden stool
That perfects in a night.”

But this, though so much, is only one aspect of a genius which is singularly many-sided. A gift of simple singing, an artless perfection of art, a pulse of unpremeditated passion, an ideal spiritual exaltation—all these powers go to the making of these poems, with a spontaneity in their exercise rare indeed in our self-conscious age. In no other modern poet is “the fine careless rapture” so surely heard. It is characteristic of the artlessness of these poems that they are given to us without any attempt at arrangement, thrown down in a clustering tangle, moonflower and daisy, nightshade and hawthorn, oak-leaves—with acorns of pre-Raphaelite perfection—and wandering bramble; without any classification except the arbitrary division into first and second series, which, however, is well retained, as it serves to remind us of the two original volumes now merged into one.

The first series consists of the “Goblin Market” volume, reprinted without change or addition; but the second includes about a dozen hitherto uncollected poems, among which one turns to “Birchington Churchyard” and “One Sea-side Grave” with sad interest. I quote the latter:—

“Unmindful of the roses,
Unmindful of the thorn,
A reaper tired reposes
Among his gathered corn:
So might I, till the morn!

“Cold as the cold Decembers,
Past as the days that set,
While only one remembers
And all the rest forget—
But one remembers yet.”

Another beautiful “Vale” added to the many already given to us by the same singer; for the note of loss and the peculiar sad

cadence of the music, even though the song be of happy things, is another distinctive characteristic of Miss Rossetti's singing. It wells through all, like the sadness of the spring. Her songs of love are nearly always of love's loss; of its joy she sings with passionate throat, but it is joy seen through the mirror of a wild regret. Yet she is not as those who sorrow without hope—she can still say from the heart: "Or in this world, or in the world to come."

And though, of course, many of her poems are directly "devotional" as her brother Dante Gabriel's are not, it is interesting to trace the same strain of mystic materialism running through them as gave us "The Blessed Damozel": as in that poem, the dream is of a heaven where

"We shall meet as once we met,
And love with old familiar love."

And, to turn once more to purely artistic considerations, here and there also in her poems the verse has occasionally that "decorative" quality, as of cloth of gold stiff with sumptuous needle-work design, which is a constant effect in the painter's poetry—that rich material symbolism such as finds its most perfect illustration in a poem like the Song of Solomon. One lyric I am particularly thinking of is especially wonderful, in that, rich as is the garment, the song does not merely wear it, but animates it all through with throbbing life, so that the great rich images seem to come but as the native utterance of the happy heart.

"My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.

"Raise me a dais of silk and down;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver flours-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me."

It is late in the day to be quoting "A Birthday"—(to make use of a phrase which has latterly been applied entirely to writers of a fortnight old)—but I do so because probably of all Miss Rossetti's poems it most nearly embodies all the various qualities of her poetry. It is full of that strange light of imagination, it is a little spring of bubbling song, its passion is spontaneous, its art is flawless.

But these resemblances between the work of sister and brother, though organic, are only of occasional occurrence on the surface; and the vital impulse in each case is very distinct. The law of one is but the exception of the other. Dante Gabriel's was not spontaneity, Miss Rossetti's is. His phrase is sumptuous with Latin, hers is ever simple with Saxon, her most haunting rhyme—effects are in words of one syllable. Her song, though here and there coloured with her Italian blood, is as distinctly English as English maids and meadows.

Of what I have called its artless art one of its defects seems to me a proof—the occa-

sional lapses into prose, even into commonplace. Sometimes in her best poems we come across a word insensitive or out of colour. This, obviously, cannot be from lack of the power of art, it can only be because her exercise of the power is mainly unconscious. We find the same flaws in the early work of Keats; but he, on the other hand, soon learnt to train his song by a mature study of style. I should say, however, that Miss Rossetti has never done this; and so great is her instinctive power of art that she has really been able to afford the neglect, her poetry retaining thereby a charming *naïveté* which by a self-conscious culture might have been lost to us.

I have so far spoken of the essential qualities of Miss Rossetti's poetry without reference to her wide range of theme, which is none the less a significant consideration, significant usually of a power of large handling. Dream-allegories such as "Goblin Market," or that of the Prince who "loitered on the road too long" and lost his lady; ballads of the sweet old-world model, like "Maude Clare"; idylls of to-day such as "Maggie a Lady"; exquisite country-pictures—these are what we have long since found side by side with spiritual allegories such as "Up-Hill," poems of religious ecstasy such as "The Convent Threshold," and all the pages "ypoudred" with lyrics as that old meadow was "with daysé." Lyrics, lyrics, singing everywhere like brooks, jubilant with the joy of earth, tremulous with love's tears, buoyant with prayer and faith.

Miss Rossetti has written a sequence of love-sonnets—the "Monna Innominata"—which certainly should have place by those "from the Portuguese"; but no one else in our day has given us her

"... chants as of a lonely thrush's throat
At latest eve,
That does in each calm note
Both joy and grieve;
Notes few and strong and fine,
Gilt with sweet day's decline,
And sad with promise of a different sun."

There could be found no fitter words to express the spirit and cadence of Miss Rossetti's lyrics than these lovely lines from "The Unknown Eros."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"HEROES OF THE NATIONS."—*Gustavus Adolphus and the Struggle of Protestantism for Existence.* By C. R. L. Fletcher. (Putnam's Sons.)

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS may be called the ideal Protestant. Not quite a saint perhaps, though Mr. Fletcher somewhat rashly exalts him even above St. Louis, he nevertheless died a martyr's death, and the world has ever since placed him in the foremost rank of her noblest heroes. In Mr. Fletcher the great Swede has found an appreciative and sympathetic biographer, able and willing to do him complete justice. It is true, as he is careful to explain in his singularly modest preface, that his knowledge of Swedish is elementary. But, fortunately, the Gustavian literature is polyglot; and from the copious German, French, and English sources of this very wide subject, Mr. Fletcher has drawn both liberally and judiciously. After a vigorous and pregnant introductory

chapter (which testifies to a careful study of early Scandinavian history), and an irritatingly brief account of Gustavus's early years, Mr. Fletcher crowns his hero and plunges with him at once in *medias res*. The Polish wars, in which Gustavus may be said to have served his military apprenticeship, are rapidly yet adequately described; and then Mr. Fletcher settles down in earnest to what is, after all, the main business of his book—Gustavus's participation in the Thirty Years' War.

What was the king's real motive of interference in that great religious contest? That is a question which has often been asked and never satisfactorily answered. No doubt personal ambition had something to do with it; and we must allow something else for that strange, almost feverish, restlessness which characterised all the Vasas. But we certainly think that Mr. Fletcher is right in assuming that his hero's motives were pure in the main; and it is doing Gustavus no more than justice to say that his sympathy with his suffering co-religionists weighed more with him than any other consideration. The military history of the book is perhaps the best part of it, although great praise is also due to the author for the skill and patience with which he has unravelled the tangled skein of those dreary diplomatic intrigues with which the timorous and tergiversating Protestant princes wore out the forbearance and benumbed the energies of their chivalrous deliverer. The character of Gustavus's generalship is very happily summarised:

"Gustavus was not perhaps a greater master of strategy than Wallenstein; he was certainly a greater master of tactics. He was not a greater cavalry captain than Pappenheim; but the latter had not the *coup d'oeil* which enables a man to grasp a whole battle at once. He had not more endurance than Tilly; but he kept his soldiers better in hand in victory, as well as in defeat. Moreover, his position as a king, who was his own commander-in-chief and disposed of the resources of a kingdom, limited though they might be, and who was also independent of orders from any superior, gave him . . . an inestimable advantage over his rivals."

On the other hand, Mr. Fletcher is often overhasty in imputing blunders to Gustavus, as, e.g., with reference to the unfortunate Magdeburg affair. He underestimates the military genius of Wallenstein, who undoubtedly outgeneralled Gustavus at the commencement of the fatal Lützen campaign; and his verdict in favour of the noble Tarstensson, as the "best of all Gustavus's generals," is altogether against the evidence. That distinction belongs indisputably to Banér, whose victories and retreats, as the late Lord Beaconsfield once remarked, were little short of miracles. Nor can anything justify his covert sneer at the great Chancellor Oxenstiern, that moral and intellectual giant, Gustavus's indispensable fellow-worker and the sole supporter, after his death, of the tottering Swedish Empire.

The great battles are described throughout by Mr. Fletcher with spirit and intelligence; and here he very skilfully utilises the *Swedish Intelligence*, and the quaint and raucy memoirs of that jovial free-lance, Colonel Robert Monro, who eulogises Söest

as "a good Calvinist town which brews liquor best for the body and clearest from all filth or barme, as their religion is best for the soul and clearest from the dregs of superstition." In one place, however, Mr. Fletcher's defective acquaintance with Swedish is regrettable. An eye-witness of the battle of Leipsic quoted by Veibull, contrasts the Swedish tatterdemalions with the spick and span new Imperial troops whom he describes as *romarenäsige och snorrhättiska tillyaner* ("roman-nosed and whirling-hatted Tillians"). This Mr. Fletcher lamely renders by "the handsome troops of Tilly," thus entirely missing the pun, which is the point of the whole description.

These are only trifles; but we have a more serious quarrel with Mr. Fletcher. One misses in his book those personal minutiae, those private anecdotes and details, without which one can form no very definite idea of his hero. How can we hope to know what a man really is like if we are told next to nothing about his personal appearance, favourite pastimes, private life; nothing about what his intimate friends thought of him, or what he was to his family? It would have been something if Mr. Fletcher had even told us that the eyes of the great warrior king were large and blue; that his wonderful golden hair won for him in Italy the name of *Il re d'oro*; that he loved music and singing, and that his favourite instrument was the lute. Such things one looks for first of all in a popular biography, but in this case we look for them in vain. We have, indeed, "an interesting glimpse" of the king's personal appearance as described by some Dutch ambassadors in 1611; but it is the veriest glimpse, and even the romantic episode of Ebba Brahe (afterwards immortalised by Gustavus III. in his great drama, "*Gustaf Adolf och Ebba Brahe*") is cut down to half a page. In short, the book is rather a political monograph than a genuine biography, though it is due to Mr. Fletcher to say that he acknowledges as much himself.

The illustrations (mostly borrowed from Veibull's *Gustaf II. Adolf's Historia*) and the maps are excellent, the whole get up of the book is most attractive, and it has been edited with exemplary care. There are, however, one or two slight slips which should be rectified in subsequent editions. "*Dalecarlia*" for "*Dalarne*," though perversely adopted by many English writers, is about as absurd as "*Highlandmania*" would be for "*The Highlands*"; to call Gabriel Bethlen Prince of Transylvania Bethlen Gábor (let alone Bethlen) is to put the cart before the horse; and what need is there to take the German form (*Schonen*) of the Swedish Skåne when an English equivalent (Scania) is already in use? *On* for "*ou*," on p. 3, and *Slots* for "*Slott*," on p. 18, are, obviously, misprints.

R. NISBET BAIN.

With the Beduins: a Narrative of Journeys and Adventures in Unfrequented Parts of Syria. By Gray Hill. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. GRAY HILL is almost too anxious to assure scholars that he does not write for them. The times are long since past when

scholars thought it enough to study the bare letter of the Bible, and neglected the priceless help which, even when shorn of its glory, the "pleasant land" can give. It is quite true that Mr. Hill is somewhat deficient in archaeological and scientific tastes. The publications of Conder, Tristram, Lortet, Oliphant, Doughty, and the Palestine Exploration Fund, are for critical purposes far and away more valuable than this plain record of adventures; and I am not sure that some of these writers do not beat Mr. Hill even in purely descriptive passages. Certainly, Mr. F. J. Bliss has given a more interesting account of his visit to Palmyra in *Scribner's Magazine* for April 1890, and of his stay at Ma'lûla, with its caves, inscriptions, and dialect of Syriac, in the *Quarterly Statement* of the Palestine Fund for April 1890. The descriptions of Sir A. H. Layard, too, if I remember right, give a far more vivid idea of the ruins of Jerash. All this is true; but Mr. Hill's keen sense of enjoyment as he travels communicates itself to us as we read. He makes us feel ourselves his companions; at least, we seem to be reading letters fresh from his Syrian encampments. One may hope that this is not the last time that we shall thus be favoured. His captivity in Kerak, and his summer settlement on the Mount of Olives, have given one at any rate of his readers a personal interest in him and in his brave wife.

Three distinct journeys are chronicled in this book. In 1888 Mr. and Mrs. Hill paid their first visit to the east of the Jordan, not without a slight experience of Beduin lawlessness. At Umm A'ois, the ancient Gadara, a well-planned night attack was made upon their tent. In 1889 Philistia and Palmyra, and in 1890 the country south and east of the Dead Sea, were their "happy hunting-fields." Certainly, in the latter year, they had chosen their ground well. They started, hoping to reach Petra from the northward, contrary to the urgent advice of the consul, though even he did not know how specially dangerous the journey was last year. I will not spoil the reader's pleasure by describing how the travellers were compelled to give up Petra in exchange for Kerak, and how dearly they paid for their most uncomfortable sight of that wondrous town (certainly not the קרחה of the Moabite Stone, as Mr. Hill has been wrongly informed, for reasons which will be found in Dr. Ginsburg's note on l. 21 of the inscription). No more exciting traveller's record has perhaps been written than (part iii.) chap. iv., "The Keraki—Trap No. 1"; chap. v., "The English Missionaries"; chap. vi., "The Keraki—Trap No. 2"; chap. vii., "We await the return of the 'holy man'"; and chap. viii., "We get free from the Keraki and cross Môjed" (Arnon). The sketch of Mr. Lethaby, the heroically obstinate missionary to these modern Ishmaelites of Kerak, is most effective, just because it is simply true. One of Mr. Lethaby's letters, printed by his supporters as a tract, had reached me some time before Mr. Hill's volume, so that I was prepared to study this lifelike portrait with interest. Who can criticise this faithful servant of conscience, or fail to love the

kind little boys, so unlike their sires, whom their instructress, Mrs. Lethaby, had prepared to befriended the forlorn travellers at a critical moment?

Mr. and Mrs. Hill are lovers of Syrian nature and interested students of Syrian humanity. There is, therefore, in the present volume a different flavour from that to which most writers on Palestine have accustomed us. The Keraki are splendid ruffians, and will not soon be forgotten. Dog-nature, too, falls within the range of their observation. Very touching is the story of "Werdie," as Mr. Hill reproduces the Beduin's pronunciation of *ward*, "rose"—the name which this poor wandering dog received from the camp-servants. On other points I must not linger. It will be noticed with regret that the view from Mount Nebo seemed disappointing; Socin's account in Baedeker's *Palestine* is somewhat different. The reverence of the good old Moslem cook for the prophet Mûsa is delightful, if not edifying. The Appendix contains a selection of quaint stories and fables told the author by one Abû Suleimân. Nor must I wholly pass over the sixty-eight helpful illustrations.

T. K. CHEYNE.

Letters to Living Authors. By John A. Steuart. (Samson Low.)

THE epistolary form of the papers in this volume is to be commended, for it has evidently been chosen, not whimsically, but deliberately, and with that judgment which has regard to the fitness of things. Mr. Steuart is an able man, who writes with unflinching facility and frequent pointedness, and therefore what he has to say is worth listening to; but had he given to the thoughts here uttered the form and name of "essays" or "studies," the critics would certainly have done their best to deprive him of readers. They would have described the matter of his book as ludicrously inadequate and its manner as almost impudently discursive; and severe as the verdict would have been, Mr. Steuart would have had no right to complain of it as unjust. What value, it would have been asked—and asked with perfect fairness—can possibly belong to an "essay" on Mr. Froude which gives one page to the entire mass of his historical work and five to his single romance, *The Two Chiefs of Dunboy*; or to a "study" of Mr. Swinburne, more than half of which is devoted to an indignant and scornful denunciation of that poet's critical inconsistencies? To such questioning no effective answer could have been returned; and Mr. Steuart's only possible course would have been to plead guilty, to promise amendment, and to throw himself on the mercy of the court. Now, however, he is free from even the risk of such humiliation, for a letter is the one form of expression in which a man can say what he likes, and withhold what he likes, without bringing himself within the jurisdiction of any administrator of critical law. The reader may agree with Mr. Steuart or he may disagree with him; but he has not a figment of right to complain because a certain theme is or is not treated in a certain place. The author

simply puts the name of a writer at the head of his page, and proceeds to write, not a complete critical estimate, but an easy letter about those features of the writer's work in which he is most interested, or those topics which they happen to suggest to him.

The writers addressed are seventeen in number; and, as might have been expected the letters are unequal in intellectual weight, in critical discrimination, and even in literary skill. Of the letter to Mr. Ruskin, for example, it can only be said that it is well enough as a light, chatty contribution to the columns of the popular journal from which the whole work is reprinted, while that addressed to Mr. Mark Twain is one of those specimens of forced, machine-made humour that are utterly worthless in any place and at any time. On the other hand, the letters to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and Mr. William Black are models of criticism which is at once clear-sighted, sympathetic, and discriminating. They are inevitably too brief to be exhaustive, but within their range they could not well be more satisfactory than they are. So far as the intellectual needs of ordinarily sensible people are concerned, there was perhaps no necessity to expose the absurdity of Mr. Sala's characterisation of Dr. Holmes as "a funny fellow, a very funny fellow"; but the task of showing the vein of fine serious thought beneath the surface-soil of easy gaiety in the breakfast-table colloquies is so pleasantly performed that no one will disparage it because it is a work of supererogation. There is certainly nothing supererogatory about the interesting and appreciative passage in the letter to Mr. William Black which is devoted to establish the claims of *Macleod of Dare* to a place of honour, if not of supremacy, among its writer's works. There are, indeed, a great many people who agree with Dr. Downward in *Armada* that a novel should "occasionally make us laugh and always make us comfortable;" and, until the trading instinct is expelled from the mind of every artist, novels will be produced with a view to comfort rather than to artistic perfection. But Mr. Steuart is undoubtedly right in thinking that the conclusion of *Macleod of Dare* is one of the best pieces of work that Mr. Black has ever done, because he has dared to be uncomfortable in order that he may be imaginatively consistent and veracious.

Another admirable letter is the one addressed to Mr. J. R. Lowell, with its shrewd and, probably, just suggestion that the inspiration of the *Biglow Papers* is to be looked for in the dialect poems of Burns rather than in the satirical poems of Jean Paul Richter, where Mr. Thomas Hughes thinks he finds it. Indeed, Mr. Steuart's remarks on Mr. Lowell as a humorous satirist in prose and verse are so excellent, and so entirely to the point, that one is surprised to come upon such an almost fatuous sentence as that in which he says of the serious poems, "They are not all of equal merit, and, perhaps, none is quite Miltonic." There is no poet who has ever written to whom the first clause would not apply, and, therefore, the oracular *dictum* can have no special relevance to the work of any poet in particular; while the second

clause is surely the best instance provided by recent literature of the proverbial odiousness of comparisons. The odiousness of the present comparison lies in its utter ineptitude, for with Milton Mr. Lowell has absolutely nothing in common. The living poet never even reminds us of the dead classic, so that to say he is not "quite Miltonic" is as truly beside the mark as it would be to say that he is not quite Homeric or quite Shaksperian. On the same page is to be found one of those irritating little inconsistencies which are sure to crop up when articles hastily written for a periodical are reprinted without careful revision. Mr. Steuart calls Mr. Lowell a "useful" poet; whereas in the letter to Mr. Swinburne appears a long and rather crudely sarcastic passage in which Mr. Augustine Birrell, who applied this very epithet to the poetry of Matthew Arnold, is giped and flouted for using a term which the writer seems to consider has, in the criticism of verse, no intelligible meaning.

These things are, however, trifles, and no practical object is to be attained by dwelling upon them. The important defects of the book are a certain looseness in the use of words like "realistic" and "romantic," which are simply confusing unless the sense in which they are used is rigidly defined, and a lack of the judicial spirit in speaking of authors who are yet on their trial in the court of criticism. If one honestly feels strong admiration for the work of a contemporary, a studied reticence in the expression of one's emotion is open to the charge of cowardice or affectation; but to compare our favourites to accepted classics is to do them injury rather than service, for while faint praise has damned its tens, overcharged eulogy has discredited its hundreds. On the other hand, Mr. Steuart shows himself possessed of a large fund of really intelligent enthusiasm; and the verdict of an enthusiast, though it may be rash in expression, has often more of substantial truth than that of a cold "disinterested" critic. One thing, at any rate, is certain—that these *Letters to Living Authors* will be found eminently readable.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

"GREAT WRITERS."—*Life of Arthur Schopenhauer*. By William Wallace, Whyte's Professor of Moral Philosophy, Oxford. (Walter Scott.)

The work before us might serve as a model for writers of little books on large subjects. No doubt material was embarrassingly plentiful, and the ground had often been covered before. Prof. Wallace, we think, has done the work more satisfactorily than his predecessors. The biographical detail—necessarily by far the largest part of the book—is better marshalled and digested, we think, than it was by Miss Zimmern, and much more amply given than by M. Ribot. If the part devoted to Schopenhauer's philosophy is very small, and we rise from its perusal with our knowledge not much enlarged, this, we suppose, is due to the necessary limits of the work. A public that is to buy such a handsome little book for a shilling will probably care principally

about Schopenhauer's scuffles with his landlady's female friends and his squabbles with his mother, the pretty picture of the country house by the Frische Hafl where he spent his early childhood, the pet lambs whose bells rang an octave as they gambolled together, the vivid sketch of the politics of Dantzig early in this century, and the study of the family history of his parents, which indicates that tendencies inherited from them go far to excuse the faults of their famous descendant.

All this Prof. Wallace has set forth admirably in the work before us. He has done more. Himself the eloquent exponent of Hegel, he has written a not less eloquent and not at all unsympathetic exposition of the doctrines of Hegel's bitterest and most contemptuous critic. Himself a professor and imbued with the professorial philosophy, the Katheder-Philosophie of Germany and Scotland, he has dealt in a friendly spirit with the work of one whom an enemy might call an amateur in philosophy, and who, in fact—despite all his efforts—spoke to a public that could hardly deserve even that designation. Unfortunately, this exposition takes up less than a fourth of the book. But there was clearly no space for more.

Though we thus learn little about Schopenhauer's system, we have a curious and repulsive study of character, eminently readable by a public which delights in studies of psychical pathology. We have the "two Schopenhauers" of whom Prof. Wallace speaks (p. 111): the outward man—irritable, petulant, vain, sordid, strongly sensual, and absorbed in self; and the philosopher, who "draws close to the great heart of life and

"holds the best life to be that of one who has pierced, through the illusions dividing one conscious individuality from another, into that heart of eternal rest where we are each member one of another, essentially united in the great ocean of Being, in which, and by which, we alone live."

Unfortunately, "in some of Schopenhauer's books," as Prof. Wallace says (and, we may add, in all his biographies), "the unpleasant self is rampant." But the very pettiness of his life drove him to retreat from it into the world behind the veil of sense, and seek peace in quietism and absorption. The particular form this retirement took, the mode in which he received his message of peace, was, of course, suggested partly by Kant, partly by his studies in science. It is this that makes his philosophy of such transcendent importance for scientific thought to-day. Hegelianism has died out, or run off into Socialism, or (as with Ueberweg) passed into virtual Materialism. The course of the empire of Fichte and Schelling has taken its way westward of the Mississippi. We have gone "back to Kant" and yet are not satisfied. To the spectator of science, and to many scientific workers, the developments of molecular physics and microscopic biology seem destined not only to unfold the secrets of the phenomenal world, but also to prolong and intensify the life of the individual percipient. Even in Sociology, the good old doctrine that great men are only the creatures of their age—that the individual agent is

nothing and the world everything—seems likely to be displaced by its contrary, which assuredly is much further from the truth. Students of science need constantly to be reminded of the truths so often insisted on—for instance, by Prof. Huxley, Prof. Tait, and Prof. Dubois-Reymond in the *Sieben Welträthsel*—that, after all, scientific propositions are merely a set of symbols, and that our knowledge is only phenomenal of the unknown. The world, too, and especially England, needs some kind of theory of art, and may find it in Schopenhauer. And especially in an age whose last deliverance in ethics seemingly is that the whole duty of man is to do just what his neighbours approve, souls that, like Schopenhauer's, have been spoilt in the breaking in, that reject the canons of society, and receive no comfort from the ministrations of the Churches, if they cannot hope for the restitution of all things, can at least find peace in the annihilation of self. To them Schopenhauer's ethic may appeal—to the normal mind, healthy and not too realistic, it does not. And to minds of this latter type—perhaps fortunately—the lower Schopenhauer permanently eclipses the higher.

JAMES SAUMAREZ MANN.

NEW NOVELS.

A Sensitive Plant. By E. and D. Gerard. In 3 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Two Penniless Princesses. By Charlotte M. Yonge. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

On Trust. By Thomas Cobb. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

George. By the Author of "Our Own Pompeii." In 3 vols. (David Stott.)

The Crimson Chair. By Richard Dowling. (Ward & Downey.)

It is true of books, as of persons, that a fascination produced on first acquaintance often wears off, while a colder feeling as often gives place to a close attachment. Readers of *A Sensitive Plant* who find the first volume dull should still go on to the second and the third. The first is unquestionably dull. The writers can tell a story well, but they keep their thrilling incidents to the last. If it is a little wearisome, this method has its advantages, and it is much truer than any other. Events in actual life do not generally happen until their causes have ripened to a culminating point, nor does character form itself otherwise than by gradual development. But there is a certain insufficiency about the tale which is almost as noticeable in the third volume as in the first. Janet Sinclair's shyness has too much of the quality of feebleness. She is the heroine of the story, the "sensitive plant" whose virtues are to remain unperceived while showy people attract notice—it is she who is to carry off the hero and the honours—but we see nothing behind her shyness to account for her ultimate promotion from the last place to the first. She has no remarkable beauty, and her intelligence is extremely limited. Why Cairnbro Chichester finally preferred her to all the other girls in the book is only

less a mystery than her suddenly conceived fondness for him. This is, perhaps, the least explained and least explainable thing in the story. When she first saw him she was gathering snowdrops, and he startled her by abruptly introducing himself and inquiring for her father. If he had been a handsome prince in a fairy tale, and she the pretty predestined maiden he had come to seek, her instant infatuation for him might be understood; but neither was he handsome nor was she expecting a fairy prince, or, indeed, any other newcomer into her little world. From that moment, however, he was all the world to her. Her knowledge and experience were so small that she scarcely realised that she loved him, and she was so little apt in the ways of women that on several occasions when she might have drawn him to her she let him go adrift. That they came together at last was due to one of those accidents which a good Providence brings about for lovers who do not know their own minds. As for Cairnbro Chichester, if Janet was worth the winning—and one has no doubt she was, though the fact has to be surmised—he certainly did not deserve to win her. He was a young gentleman who had been much courted, and he seemed to think that Janet ought to have courted him too. Several times over he was on the point of making love to her, but he gave her a chance of making love to him instead; and when the poor shy little girl shrank into herself, his pride was wounded and he said nothing. The skill of the writers is most shown in the drawing of the other characters, of whom there are four or five who possess a strong individuality. Janet's father, Sir Alec Sinclair, is a Scotch baronet with a turn for statistics and a temper that brooked no contradiction. His idiosyncracies, in spite of their grimness, have a highly comic flavour; and he is a man to be remembered. Mr. d'Obson, whom Sir Alec persists in calling Dobson, plays a small and rather absurd part in the story, but is a distinct personage nevertheless. Cookery with Mr. d'Obson is a fine art for which a man may even surrender the freedom of bachelorhood. He despairs of getting a wife who can cook a lobster *soufflé* as it ought to be cooked; but if he can persuade somebody to marry him he knows a model old-woman *chef* who will then consent to grace his kitchen. Of the women, the first place—not in interest, but in skill of portraiture—must be given to the designing Frenchwoman, Olympe's mother, who is too clever to make her plans succeed. Olympe herself, with all her beauty and her witcheries, is the true daughter of such a mother; and she gets her deserts. Aunt Penny must certainly not be overlooked. Her "sweet brother" snubbed her, but she is a type of sisterly devotion and old-maidish goodness too rare to be forgotten.

Miss Yonge has constructed a very pretty romance, in *Two Penniless Princesses*, out of the supposed wanderings of two daughters of James I. of Scotland. James was the minstrel king who took to wife the proud Joanna Beaufort, of the blood-royal of England; and of their two daughters who are the subject of the story, Jean—the

Lady Joanna—had her mother's beauty and spirit, while Eleanor—Elleen—had the love of minstrelsy and the gentleness which had distinguished her father. Their elder sister was married to the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XI.; and when the girls were wasting their youth in durance at Dunbar, they conceived the idea of going out to their sister, and perhaps of wedding courtly husbands in the flowery land of France. "Jamie," the young king, was readily persuaded to let them go, and time and circumstances were opportune for the journey. Their cavalcade had Sir Patrick Drummond at its head; and a brilliant progress was made, with some adventures by the way, as far as London. Here something is seen of Henry VI. and his Court, of a sumptuous nunnery where the princesses were housed, and of the Duke of York, the Earl of Warwick, and other notables. But it is after Calais has been reached and passed that the romance begins. René, King of the Two Sicilies and Jerusalem, belongs rather to romance than to history; and it was in his Provençal court that the princesses saw all that they were destined to see of those delights they had dreamed about. There were knights and fair ladies, and tilts and tournaments; and, alas! there was also a forcible abduction—for the times were rough—to a border castle where an ogre of a baron held sway. In Sir Patrick Drummond's train, however—an interloper there—was the heir of the Douglasses, who had followed the Lady Jean from Scotland. How he planned a rescue; how Duke Sigismund, who was enamoured of the Lady Elleen, aided in the daring task; how the princesses were freed and the baron slain, and what happy bridals followed—the reader must read. Miss Yonge is not an ambitious writer. Her materials in this story are such as Scott would have made a good deal of, but in her hands they become a pretty romance and nothing more. Still, that is something in days when the "novel" is paramount, and knights and chivalry are out of date.

It is "gold, gold, nothing but gold," that gives its chief interest to Mr. Cobb's well-written story, *On Trust*. It is gold, or the lack of gold, that determines the fate of most of his characters. The story starts, indeed, with a forgery, the motive of which was money. The forger escapes and goes abroad, where he remains for twenty years. He had promised his wife to come back when he had accumulated wealth enough to put himself straight in the world, and his return was always expected. To tell the story would be to spoil the reading of it; but it is necessary to say that after a long period a stranger arrives, who asks for the wife of the runaway. With the stranger is a daughter, a charming girl, who becomes the heroine of the story. What happens to the stranger must not be stated. The interest shifts from him to his daughter, who at one time is supposed to be an heiress, and at another to be penniless. In these varying aspects she has attractions for Ashley Barnard, the vicar, and Joliffe, the squire. The two men make a direct contrast. Barnard loves the girl; but her supposed fortune has been confided to him

"on trust," and he imagines that the trust is a bar to his marrying her. Joliffe does not love her, but he would gladly possess himself of her money. These are only parts of a very complex plot, which is not wholly unravelled until the end of the third volume. Mysteries, which have remained mysteries throughout the tale, are then explained, and it is seen how many dangers have been safely passed. The central character in the story is Ivy, whose fortune is one of the problems of the book, and whose fate is at last happily settled. Her peculiar history, her lonely position, and her beauty all contribute to the charm with which Mr. Cobb has invested her. The other characters are so many lesser lights, with orbits of their own, but all revolve around her. The descriptions of scenery and of country life are exceptionally good; but it is in the skilful management of his plot and in the drawing of character that Mr. Cobb excels.

Why *George* should be called "a story in drab and scarlet," and not in blue and yellow, or pink and white, does not at first seem at all clear. But the sub-title is not a freak of the binder's; it really indicates the lines of the story, which has to do with Quakerism and soldiering. *George's* personal history scarcely required to be told in three volumes. It might well have been compressed into two, and perhaps into one. A good deal that belonged to his early days, and much of the flabby talk, and the "teas" at which it was spoken, might have been omitted with advantage. But the picture of domestic Quaker life which the story contains is worth possessing, especially as it seems a true picture, and is certainly a pleasant one. The somewhat narrow limitations which the Friends impose upon themselves, and the shrewdness and tact with which they manage their worldly affairs, are fairly brought out; but we are enabled to see how much real calmness, thoughtfulness, and repose of spirit Quakerism implies. It is rather for this, than for anything that concerns *George's* separate history, that the book which bears his name is worth reading.

Mr. Dowling's *Crimson Chair* is a bright little story, whose only defect is its shortness. "Dr. Oubliettes, mind-mender," would have a good many patients if he were really to be found in the neighbourhood. Mr. Dowling indicates, though it would be desirable that "*Nepenthe*" should be capable of modified application, producing less extreme results than occurred in the case described. The other stories in the volume are all written in the same pleasant and easy vein.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

SOME BOOKS ON SOCIAL SUBJECTS.

"SOCIAL SCIENCE SERIES." (Sonnenschein.) In the prevailing chaos of opinion on social matters, a Social Science Series, if thoroughly well done, would be invaluable, and, even if only moderately good, would be very useful. So far as it has gone, Messrs. Sonnenschein's series cannot be said to be more than moderately good. Only to a few of the works which it includes can the grave name of science be

applied with the east fitness. Many of the writers have been too busy over the regeneration of men to have had time enough to observe them. There is far too much dogmatism with respect to matters on which a wise man can have only a temporary opinion; and the Socialists are allowed a predominance out of all proportion to the importance of their views. The hand of a careful and impartial editor has evidently been absent. Nevertheless, the series contains several books of a good deal of interest and likely to be useful. The best is Mr. W. H. Dawson's *Bismarck and State Socialism*, in which is given a detailed exposition of social and economic legislation and legislative proposals in Germany since 1870. Full of information not readily obtainable elsewhere, and free from undue intrusion of the author's own opinions, it is the most serviceable account which we possess of legislative experiments which not only throw much light on the condition of Germany, but have a direct bearing on our own industrial and other troubles. The editor of the series should have given us more of such works of information. For the sake of them we should gladly have gone without the cheap sneers at British stupidity in which Mr. Belfort Bax is allowed to indulge. A later volume by Mr. Dawson, entitled *The Unearned Increment*, is much less good. He has not been so careful as he should have been to call attention to the facts which tell against his argument. Anyone, for instance, who relied solely on his statement would gather an erroneous idea as to the evidence given before the Town Holdings Committee with regard to the leasehold system. *The Promotion of General Happiness: a Utilitarian Essay*, is a title with the breath of dulness upon it, but the essay turns out to be very far indeed from being dull. In a very calm and matter-of-fact way, and with a loyal desire to keep to facts, lead where they may, Prof. M. Macmillan (of Bombay) discusses and illustrates some of the chief means commonly relied upon for the promotion of general happiness, balancing the benefits on one side and the evils on the other, and indicating the direction in which the road to increased happiness may be expected to lie. That there is a soul of evil in things good, is the moral of his treatise; and in our schemes for legislation we had better take account of the fact. Mr. Laurence Gronlund declines to take account of any fact so depressing; and accordingly he is able to write such works as *The Co-operative Commonwealth*, which is reprinted in this series, and *Our Destiny*, another volume of the series, in a style that makes Mr. Henry George look by comparison a miserable pessimist. As examples of warm enthusiasm, Mr. Gronlund's books interest us greatly, and we are glad that such books are written and read.

"For the purpose of this essay," he says in *Our Destiny*, "it is assumed that all these acquisitions—leisure, security, and plenty—are within a measurable period to become the birthright of all as the products of natural evolution."

It does one good to find a man who with perfect sincerity can start off with such an assumption. Mr. Gronlund uses some bad language about opposing theories (the struggle for life theory is, in his own italics, "a lie," "it is satanic, nothing less than atheistic"); but from the altitude of such a faith Mr. Herbert Spencer must appear a person so base that perhaps there was no use in minding matters. We congratulate Prof. Macmillan in that his essay has not yet come into Mr. Gronlund's hands; his time will come, however, unless "our destiny" is accomplished before the prophet has time for another volume. Among the other books of the series are *Work and Wages*, by the late Prof. Thorold Rogers, being part

of his invaluable *Six Centuries of Work and Wages*; Schäffle's *Quintessence of Socialism*, translated by Mr. B. Bosanquet, a short and admirable statement of the essential features and economic consequences of modern socialism; an account of the growth and influence of *Socialism in England*, by Mr. Sydney Webb, one of the few men in the Socialist ranks who have had an economic training; a reprint of the chapters on property in Godwin's *Political Justice*; *Charity Organisation*, by Mr. C. S. Loch, the secretary of the London Charity Organisation Society; *The New York State Reformatory in Elmira*, by Alexander Winter, an account of a valuable experiment in the treatment of criminals, which in some of its features will sooner or later be tried in the prisons of this country; and *Luxury*, by Emile de Laveleye, an eloquent plea on moral and economical grounds for simplicity of life.

The Industrial History of England. H. de Gibbins. (Methuen.) This is the first volume of a University Extension Series, which is to be "a series of books on historical, literary, and economic subjects, suitable for extension students and home-reading circles." If the other contributors do as well as Mr. Gibbins, the series will deserve to find much favour. In 200 pages he has given an excellent sketch of English industrial history, and no one who knows the difficulty of such a task will be inclined to minimise the praise which is due to him. His interpretation of events sometimes requires qualification. Thus in describing the effects of the Great Plague and the consequent scarcity and dearth of labour, he calls attention to the rise of the tenant-farmer class, and to the emancipation of the villeins, but he does not make clear the important fact that this emancipation meant the great increase of a landless class induced by high wages to become mere labourers. But, on the whole, Mr. Gibbins's book may be recommended to the student as giving an accurate and, within its limits, a comprehensive survey of the subject. Its least estimable feature is a certain tone of infallibility in the concluding pages. When he speaks of "the foolish 'law of diminishing returns'" he suggests a doubt whether he understands the law; though in fairness we should say that he refers to a recent article in the *Westminster Review*, which we regret not to have read, and in which it would seem that he has given reasons for considering the Ricardian theory of rent and the law of diminishing returns to be pernicious theories. These being pernicious theories, it is evident that political economy will have to be reconstructed.

The Lessor the Revolution. D. Balsillie. (Edinburgh: & C. Black.) "The case of France for the last hundred years," says Mr. Balsillie, "is a light-ship to warn us of danger." Her people have been afflicted with the curse of a belief that the State can reconstruct society; while the secret of England's greatness has been the circumscription, within due limits, of State interference. Mr. Balsillie seems to us, in this matter, greatly to exaggerate the difference between the two peoples. But the difference, real or imagined, has given him the text for a very good lay sermon, full of earnestness, on our duties as citizens and politicians. He dwells upon the folly and the danger of seeking to cure the diseases of the world by more external remedies; the need for the moralisation and strengthening of the individual, so that through him society may be moralised and made strong; the inevitable continuance of social chaos and degradation so long as the mass of men live as they do now, with no loftier ideals than money, pleasure, and power. Mr. Balsillie takes rather too gloomy a view of existing society. Nevertheless, in these days of salvation by Acts of Parlia-

ment and schemes, there are many people who might profit by listening to his words of warning.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MESSRS. WILLIAMS & NOROATE have issued the prospectus of a collection of Irish legends and tales, to be edited from the original MSS. and translated by Mr. Stindish Hayes O'Grady, who—as readers of the ACADEMY know—occupies an almost unique position as being equally conversant with the old vellums and the modern language. Materials for two volumes of about 400 pages each are now ready, which will be sent to press as soon as a sufficient number of subscriptions are received at 28s. for the entire work. The first volume will consist mainly of Lives of Saints, the Ossianic and Cuchullin cycles; the second will contain the Dialogue of the Seniors, in three recensions. The title chosen for the work is *Silva Gadelica*.

The next issue of the "Temple Library," published by Messrs. J. M. Dent & Co., will be *The Essays and Poems of Leigh Hunt*, edited by Mr. R. B. Johnson. The pieces in these volumes are printed from the earliest known editions, with a list of the places in which it first appeared prefixed to each. Volume I. will contain a biographical and critical introduction; a list of portraits of Leigh Hunt; essays miscellaneous, critical, and autobiographical, including the preface to the rare first edition of Shelley's "Masque of Anarchy," and two essays in which use has been made of corrections in the author's handwriting. Volume II. will contain poems, including a reprint of the rare first edition of "The Story of Rimini"; prefaces, never before collected, to many of the periodicals edited by Leigh Hunt; a bibliography of published and unpublished writings of Leigh Hunt, including various reprints and selections brought out since his death. The volumes will also contain a portrait from an unpublished sketch by Samuel Lawrence, in the possession of Mr. W. Leigh Hunt, and five etchings by Mr. Herbert Railton—Leigh Hunt's birthplace at Southgate, Christ's Hospital, his house at Hampstead, the chapel of Horsemonger-lane Gaol, and the house at Putney in which he died.

THOSE who remember a pleasant little volume of verse, *Love in Idleness*, which was published by three young Oxford men about eight years ago, will be glad to hear that the authors—no longer so very young, and no longer resident at Oxford—have in the press another volume, to be called *Love's Looking Glass*. It will be published by Messrs. Percival & Co. Both titles, we may add, are taken from the flowers of those names.

THE English translation of Major Casati's book, entitled *Ten Years in Equatoria and the Return with Emin Pasha*, will be published immediately by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. It will be in two demy-octavo volumes, with nearly two hundred original illustrations and several maps.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY have made arrangements to publish in serial form a new atlas, to be called *The Universal Atlas*. It is based upon Dr. Andree's Hand-Atlas, the first edition of which appeared in Germany in 1881; but several new maps have been prepared of the British empire, and special attention has been given to the results of recent exploration and recent delimitation of boundaries. There will be altogether 117 pages of maps, with an index containing more than 100,000 names of places. The mode of issue will be in twenty-eight shilling parts, each giving from four to six pages of maps; and the first part will be ready on March 28.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & CO., of London and Sydney, are about to publish *Cooce*, tales of Australian life by Australian ladies. Among the contributors are Mrs. Campbell Praed, Miss Margaret Thomas (the Australian sculptor), "Tasma," Mrs. Mannington Caffryn, of Melbourne, Mrs. Lance Rawson, Mrs. Henry Day, and Mrs. Patchett Martin, who is the editor of the volume.

The Weird of Deadly Hollow: a Romance of the Cape Colony, by Mr. Bertram Mitford, will be published immediately in one volume by Messrs. Sutton, Drowley, & Co. The same firm also announce a north-country story by the Rev. W. E. Chadwick, entitled *Thornleigh House*.

MESSRS. TRISCHLER & Co. announce the following books: *A Maiden Fair to See*, by C. J. Wills and F. C. Philips, with illustrations by G. A. Storey; *Lady Delmar*, by Thomas Terrell and L. T. White; *The Black Drop*, by Hume Nesbit; *Jardine's Wife*, by C. J. Wills, in 3 vols.; and a new edition of *Always in the Way*, by Thomas Jeans, with nine humorous and sporting illustrations by Finch Mason.

MESSRS. LONGMANS & Co. will publish next week the second part of Volume II. of Mr. Henry Dunning Macleod's *Theory of Credit*, completing the work.

A VOLUME of essays on *The Languages of the Bible and Bible Translations*, by Dr. Robert N. Cust, is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co. will publish immediately *Yorkshire Battles*, by Mr. Edward Lamplough, the author of several works on local history.

MR. EDWARD PEACOCK has written a chapter on "The Pirates in the Humber" for *Bygone Lincolnshire*, a book to be issued at an early date, under the editorship of Mr. William Andrews, of Hull.

PROF. C. HUBERT H. PARRY will on Thursday next, February 12, begin a course of three lectures, at the Royal Institution, on "The Position of Lulli, Purcell, and Scarlatti in the History of the Opera," with musical illustrations; and Lord Rayleigh will on Saturday next, February 14, begin a course of six lectures on "The Forces of Cohesion."

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS will lecture on Tuesday next, February 10, at Bowdon, Cheshire, and on February 18 at the Birkbeck Institute, on "The Art of the Novelist"; also, on March 3, at the Westbourne Park Institute, on March 5, at the Streatham Hill and Tulse Hill Institute, and on Sunday afternoon, March 8, at St. George's Hall, on "The Literature and Religion of the Ancient Egyptians."

At the next dinner of the Political Economy Circle of the National Liberal Club, Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth, secretary of the newly-formed British Economic Association, will read a paper on "Recent Theories of Interest."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. JOSEPH WRIGHT, Ph.D. of Heidelberg, has been elected to the deputy-professorship of comparative philosophy at Oxford, vacant by the resignation of Mr. Sayce. In addition to those formerly mentioned in the ACADEMY, Mr. R. Seymour Conway, of Caius College, Cambridge, was also a candidate. Dr. Wright is best known as the translator of the first volume of Brugmann's *Grundriss der vergleichenden Sprachwissenschaft*. He has been residing for some two years past at Oxford, working with Prof. Max Müller; and he has devoted special attention to English dialects, of which it is hoped that he may some day publish a dictionary.

WE understand that Prof. A. S. Wilkins, of Owens College, Manchester, and Prof. E. A. Sonnenschein, of Mason College, Birmingham, are among the candidates for the chair of Humanity at Edinburgh, vacant by the death of Prof. Sellar.

THE new Aristotelian treatise on the Constitution of Athens has naturally excited special interest at Oxford. Its editor is an Oxford man, and it is printed at the Clarendon Press. The *Oxford Magazine* of February 4 has already published a long review of it, signed R. W. M. These initials are those of the Reader in ancient history, who has announced that he will give four public lectures on the subject, and who will also open a discussion at a meeting of the Ancient History Society on Friday next.

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Russian at Oxford, is to deliver a public lecture to-day (Saturday) on "Old Slavonic Myths."

MR. J. BASS MULLINGER will deliver a course of three lectures on Fridays during February, as Birkbeck lecturer at Trinity College, Cambridge, on "The Temporal Power of the Papacy: its Origin and Results."

BRASENOSE COLLEGE, Oxford, has elected three of its members to honorary fellowships: Dr. John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury, formerly fellow and tutor; Mr. A. W. Rucker, professor of physics at the Royal College of Science, formerly fellow; and Mr. Arthur J. Evans, Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum.

THE University of Adelaide has been admitted to the privileges of that statute by which two years' residence there are treated, under certain conditions, as the equivalent of one year's residence at Oxford.

RIDLEY HALL, Cambridge, has just celebrated its tenth anniversary. On this occasion the principal, the Rev. H. C. G. Moule, stated that, of the 260 members who have passed through the Hall, more than thirty are now missionaries.

A SCHOLARSHIP of the annual value of £50 has been founded at Durham University, in memory of Bishop Lightfoot. Its object is to encourage those who have taken honours in Arts to keep three additional terms and take honours in theology.

THE Gamble gold medal for 1890, competed for by students of Girton College, has been awarded to Miss Alice Barlow, for an essay entitled "Peter Damiani: a Study of his Life and Influence." An essay on "Arnold, of Brescia," by Miss K. E. Dixon, was considered worthy of high commendation.

THE scheme of free evening lectures at University College, London, will be inaugurated on Wednesday next, February 11, with a lecture by Mr. L. Courtney, on "The Difficulties of Socialism."

THE University College School Old Boys' annual dinner will be held at the Holborn Restaurant, on Tuesday next, February 10, with Dr. Alexander Hill, the master of Downing College, Cambridge, in the chair. The hon. secretary is Mr. Alfred Paterson, Arundel Club, Adelphi-terrace, W.C.

OBITUARY.

DEAN PLUMPTRE.

WE regret to record the death of the Very Rev. E. H. Plumptre, Dean of Wells, which took place on Sunday last, February 1. The loss of his wife, about a year ago, was a great blow to him, and he had been confined to his house by the severity of the winter; but his fatal illness was very sudden at the last.

Edward Hayes Plumptre was born in London in August, 1821. After a private education, he

matriculated in May, 1840, at University College, Oxford, where his relative, Dr. F. C. Plumtre—so well known to successive generations of Oxford men—was already Master. In Easter term, 1844, he obtained a first in classics, along with Sir George Bowen, Dean Bradley, and Mr. E. Poste, the editor of *Gaius*. In the mathematical list of the same date, his name stands alone in the first class. He was immediately elected to a fellowship at Brasenose, which he forfeited three years later on his marriage to a sister-in-law of F. D. Maurice. Coming up to London, he was appointed chaplain at King's College, afterwards holding in succession the chairs of pastoral theology and of exegesis of Holy Scripture. His labours at King's College lasted altogether for thirty-four years, until he was nominated by Mr. Gladstone in 1881 to the deanery of Wells, in succession to Dr. G. H. S. Johnson—also an Oxford double first-classman. During almost as long a period he was connected with Queen's College, Harley-street, as dean and as principal. He was also at various times Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint at Oxford, Boyle Lecturer at the Chapel Royal, assistant-preacher at Lincoln's Inn, and select preacher at both universities. His Church preferments were a prebend at St. Paul's, and the livings of Pluckley and Bickley, both in Kent. The university of Glasgow conferred on him the degree of D.D. in 1875.

Dean Plumtre was a genuine scholar and a voluminous author. He was one of the largest contributors to Smith's Dictionary of the Bible. He also wrote for the Speaker's Bible, for Bishop Ellicott's Commentaries on the Old and New Testament, and for the Cambridge Bible; and he edited *The Bible Educator* (four vols., 1877-79). Among his independent theological publications may be mentioned *Biblical Studies* (1870); *Christ and Christendom*, the Boyle Lectures for 1866; and *Theology and Life*, with an appendix on the authorship of the Book of Job. As characteristic of the man, it may be added that two of his last published sermons were entitled "The Law of Development in Theology," and "Respite, Aspic, Propice."

But Dean Plumtre was more than a painstaking student and hold interpreter in theology. He aspired also to the fame of poet, translator, and historian. Three volumes of his verse—*Lazarus, Master and Scholar*, and *Things New and Old*—have each passed through several editions. In 1865, he published a translation of Sophocles, with biographical essay and appendix of rhymed choruses, which was followed three years later by a similar version of Aeschylus. The two works, however, on which his future reputation will rest, were the fruit of his learned leisure at Wells. These are an English translation of Dante, including the *Canzoniere* as well as the whole of the *Commedia*, in the metres of the original, together with an elaborate biography and several excursuses (two vols., 1887); and a handsome life of Bishop Ken, full of both historical and bibliographical research (two vols., 1888), of which a cheap edition has recently been published. His latest literary task was to collect materials for the biographies of his predecessors in the decanal chair at Wells, some prelections of which have appeared from time to time in the *Contemporary Review*. It is to be hoped that the work is so far finished that a friend may be able to see it through the press.

Any notice of Dean Plumtre would be incomplete which omitted to mention the beneficent influence exercised by his noble example of high thinking and plain living. No student that was brought into contact with him at King's College can fail to remember through life the warmth of his sympathy, the kindness of his monitions, his single-minded devotion to learning, his practical piety. At Wells, too,

the entire city has reason to keep his memory green, not only for his munificent charity, but also for his active participation in every good work.

J. S. C.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A TOMB IN WIMBORNE MINSTER.

(The Father of the Lady Margaret.)

Long time we fought, firm-faced, against the foe,
Guarding the lilies of the fair fair France
Against the shafts of adverse circumstance
That brought upon this man what all men know.
Ah, Aquitaine! where late the roses blow
The sweetest, 'e'en in warrior's mischance
Ours once again! And Norman valiance
That Cressy and that Agincourt could show!
Sweet, art thou there! Bide patient, Margaret.
Sooth, who can tell what after us shall be?
Rest we in peace whatever may befall.
Pray Mary's Grace: God's judgments are not yet.
Reach me thy hand: and mine, O Love, for thee.
Now may we sleep until His Trumpets call.

CHARLES SAYLE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for February opens with the first of a series of articles on the criticism of the Synoptic Gospels by Prof. Sanday, and also includes Prof. Marshall's second article on what he calls the Aramaic Gospel. It is needless to say that both are well worth careful reading, though Prof. Sanday's is perhaps somewhat diffuse and popular in its style. The second of the Oxford professor's articles and the third and following ones of his Manchester colleague's will doubtless be still more valuable. Our appetite is now fully whetted. Dr. Perowne continues his notes on Genesis, and Prof. Bonney, as a geologist, contributes an appendix on Genesis i. Prof. Dods, in his survey of recent English critical works, speaks especially of those of Archdeacon Watkins and the late Bishop Lightfoot. Prof. Cheyne, in a review of Mr. G. A. Smith's Exposition of Isaiah xl.-lxvi., takes occasion to complain of the persistent neglect of his critical analysis of the Deutero-Isaiah in an article in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1881), and to recognise Mr. Smith's approximation to the provisional conclusions therein expressed. In the course of criticising Mr. Smith's views, he states the points in which he has himself gone forward since 1881.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARINE, Arvède. Bernardin de Saint-Pierre. Paris: Hachette. 2 fr.
BENGESCO, G. Voltaire: bibliographie de ses œuvres. T. 4 et dernier. Paris: Didier. 15 fr.
FORCHHAMMER, P. W. Prolegomena zur Mythologie als Wissenschaft u. Lexikon der Mythensprache. Kiel: Haesler. 5 M.
HARTMANN, C. F. C. C. Frbt. v. Creuz u. seine Dichtungen. Heidelberg: Hörning. 1 M. 80 Pf.
HAYET, E. La modernité des prophètes. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 5 fr.
KUNZ, H. Chile u. die deutschen Colonien. Leipzig: Klinkhardt. 10 M.
LANGLOIS, E. De artibus rhetorice rhythmicæ. Paris: Bouillon. 4 fr.
MAINDRON, G. R. M. Les Armes. Paris: May et Motteroz. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHWARZ. Les coupes magiques et l'Hydromancie dans l'antiquité orientale. Paris: Maisonneuve. 5 fr.
WILPERT, J. Die Katakombengemälde u. ihre alten Copien. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Herder. 20 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- CHLINGSBROG-BERG, M. v. Das Gräberfeld v. Reichenhall in Oberbayern. Geöffnet, untersucht u. beschrieben. Reichenhall: Bühler. 40 M.
DINGESTELD, V. Le régime patriarchal et le droit coutumier des Kirghiz. Paris: Thorin. 3 fr.
FISHER, G. Die persönliche Stellung u. politische Lage König Ferdinands I. vor u. während der Passauer Verhandlungen d. J. 1552. Königsberg: Koch. 1 M. 20 Pf.
GUGAL, G. Mirabeau et la Provence. 2e partie: Du 5 Mai 1789 au 4 Avril 1791. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr. 50 c.
KLOEYKOR, H. De proscriptiōnis a. a. Chr. n. 43 a. triumviris factis. Königsberg: Koch. 2 M.

- LA TRÉMOILLE, Les, pendant cinq siècles. T. 1. Guy VI. et Georges (1343-1446). Paris: Champion. 45 fr.
LAVISSÉ, E. La jeunesse du grand Frédéric. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
PALLAN, G. Ambassade de Talleyrand à Londres, 1830-1831. Paris: Plon. 8 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- FESCA, M. Beiträge zur Kenntniss der japanischen Landwirtschaft. 1. Thl. Berlin: Parey. 15 M.
GRAF, J. H. Geschichte der Mathematik u. der Naturwissenschaften in bernerischen Landen. 3. Hft. 2. Abth. Die 1. Hälfte d. 18. Jahrh. Bern: Wyss. 2 M. 40 Pf.
HARADA, T. Die japanischen Inseln. Eine topographisch-geolog. Uebersicht. 1. Lfg. Berlin: Parey. 5 M.
PIERRE, L. Notes botaniques. I. Sapotacées. Paris: Klincksieck. 2 fr. 50 c.
REINKE, J. Atlas deutscher Meeresalgen. 2. Hft. 1. u. 2. Lfg. Berlin: Parey. 12 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- KASSEWITZ, J. Die französischen Wörter im Mittelhochdeutschen. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
MIDDELDORF, E. W. Die einheimischen Sprachen Perus. 4. Bd. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 15 M.
OTTO, R. Althöthringische geistliche Lieder. Erlangen: Junge. 1 M. 20 Pf.
REGNAUD, P. Etudes sur l'évolution morphologique et fonctionnelle dans les langues indoeuropéennes. Paris: Maisonneuve. 3 fr.
VOLMÖLLER, K. Spanische Funde. I.-III. Erlangen: Junge. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ZEHRM, A. Ueb. Bedeutung u. Gebrauch der Hilfsverba. I. Sola u. Nihilen bei Wolfram v. Eschenbach. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

Cambridge: Feb. 2, 1891.

On p. 16 of the edition of the above work, just published by the Trustees of the British Museum, we read of Solon's services to Athens: τὰ πράγματα νοσοῦντα μετεκρούσαστο. The editor, Mr. Kenyon, justly observes that μετεκρούσαστο is a "very doubtful reading." I venture to suggest that the right word is μετεχειρίσαστο. The verb is used elsewhere of a physician's treatment of his patients, as in Plato, *Republic*, 408 C (ἰατροὶ) ὅσοι πλείστους μὲν ὕγιεινός πλείστους δὲ νοσώδεις μετεχειρίσαντο. Similarly, of dealing with public affairs, we have, *ibid.*, 346 E., μηδὲνα ἐθέλειν ἐκόντα ἄρχεω καὶ τὰ ἀλλότρια κακὰ μεταχειρίζεσθαι ἀνορθοῦντα; and in the *Busiris* of Isocrates, §§ 16, 77, 87, we find three instances of πράξεις μεταχειρίζεσθαι.

On p. 36 the text as printed is ἐποίησαν διαφημισμὸν. But the substantive, as observed by Mr. Kenyon, "does not seem to be found elsewhere," while the corresponding verb occurs in late writers only. διαφημισμὸν is possibly a copyist's mistake for διαφημισμὸν. The latter is found in Athenaeus, p. 218 A, and is confirmed by διαφημίζονται on p. 107 of Aristotle's treatise.

On p. 116 the editor deliberately prints a word that does not occur elsewhere: ποιοῦσι δὲ καὶ δεκαρχαίρεσις στρατηγῶν. It seems safer, however, to regard δεκ as a careless repetition of the immediately preceding δὲ καὶ, which (according to the table of abbreviations) would be presumably written as δεκ'. A similar repetition of μετὰ τὰ for μετὰ has been noticed by the editor on the same page. The clause will thus run as follows: ποιοῦσι δὲ καὶ ἀρχαίρεσις στρατηγῶν.

On p. 120, among the duties of the πωληταί, we read: καὶ τὰς οὐσίας τῶν ἐξ Ἀρείου πάγου φεγγόντων καὶ τῶν . . . [ἐναντίον τῆς β]ουλῆς παλοῦσιν. Possibly the blank in the papyrus may be filled by the conjecture ἀρίμων. One of the forms of ἀρμία was followed by confiscation; and we know from Harpocration, who refers to this treatise in his article on πωληταί, that among their duties was the sale of τὰ δημεύμενα, or confiscated goods.

On p. 145, towards the close of an account of the tribunals that had cognisance of homicide, we have the following somewhat fragmentary information: εἰσάγει δ' ὁ βασιλεὺς καὶ δικά[σ]ουσιν . . . αἰ[σ]ο[ί] καὶ ὑπαίθυροι. It was already known from Antiphon, *De Cæde Herodis*, § 11, that in all cases of homicide the court was held in the open air. It would be interesting to recover, if

possible, the further fact which has almost vanished from the papyrus with the preceding adjective. I have every confidence in submitting that the lost word is *σκοταῖοι*, an adjective frequently found in Xenophon. The clause will then run thus: *δικάζουσι σκοταῖοι καὶ ὑπαῖθροι*. It is on the authority of Lucian, and of Lucian alone, that it has hitherto been vaguely surmised that the Areopagus held its sessions for the trial of such cases at night: *Hermetismus*, 64 (*οἱ Ἀρεοπαγῖται ἐν νυκτὶ καὶ σκότῳ δικάζουσιν*). The passage, as now restored, enables us to claim the authority of Aristotle for this impressive detail of Athenian procedure.

It is interesting to notice that the form *ληγουρία*, which recent editors of the Speech of Demosthenes against the Law of Leptines have adopted in place of the traditional reading *λειτουρία*, is confirmed by the papyrus now published (pp. 75, 82, 142). There was every reason for expecting such a form to be ultimately supported by the testimony of MSS., provided they were of sufficiently early date. Mr. Kenyon has duly noticed that this form is recognised by Greek grammarians; it is still more important to remember that it rests on the authority of inscriptions belonging to the age of Demosthenes and Aristotle.

J. E. SANDYS.

SOUTHERN PALESTINE IN THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY B.C.

Dahabiah *Istur*, Rhoda: Jan. 20, 1891.

I have been studying the tablets of Tel el-Amarna, which relate to the affairs of Southern Palestine, and have been published in the third and concluding part of the *Mittheilungen aus den orientalischen Sammlungen*.

The publication reflects the highest credit upon the administration of the Royal Museum at Berlin, and more particularly upon Messrs. Winckler and Abel, whose copies of the tablets are marvellously accurate. Only those who have themselves worked at these most difficult relics of the past can have an adequate idea of the difficulties the editors have succeeded in surmounting. The publication, like the readiness of the authorities in the Cairo Museum to place the tablets they possess at the disposal of scholars, suggests unfavourable comments on the conduct of the British Museum, which still withholds from Assyriologists that portion of the collection which has been purchased by the British public. Until we know what it contains, the information given us by the tablets in the possession of the Ghizeh and Berlin Museum, as well as of private individuals, must necessarily remain incomplete.

I have, in the first place, to correct a reading which I published in the ACADEMY last year. The local name of the deity worshipped on "the mountain of Jerusalem," according to Ebed-tob, the governor of the city, was not Marru, but Salim. The character must be read as one, and not divided into two. The name reveals to us the origin of the name of Jerusalem itself. A cuneiform tablet long ago made us acquainted with the fact that *uru* signifies "city," the Assyrian *uru*: Uru-Salim, or Jerusalem, therefore, must be "the city of Salim," the god of Peace. We can thus understand why Melchizedek, the royal priest, is called "king of Salem" rather than of Jerusalem; and we may see in the title, "Prince of Peace," conferred by Isaiah on the expected Saviour, a reference to the early history of the city in which he lived.

The letters sent by Ebed-tob to Egypt are long and interesting. He tells us that he had succeeded to his royal dignity, not by right of inheritance, nor by the appointment of the Egyptian king, but in virtue of an oracle of the god who is called in Genesis El Elyón. At the same time he was a tributary and "vassal"

of Egypt, and the district of which Jerusalem was the capital, and which extended on the west to Rabbah and Mount Seir (Josh. xv. 10), and on the south to Keilah and Carmel, was "the country of the king" of Egypt; who had established his name in it "for ever." Like the other vassal princes of Canaan, who had been allowed to retain their local titles and authority, Ebed-tob was compelled to admit an Egyptian garrison within the walls of his city, and from time to time to receive the visits of an Egyptian "Commissioner-Resident." One of the Commissioners mentioned by Ebed-tob was Pa-uru, whose stele has lately been discovered on the site of Mesides and printed by Mr. Wilbour. Another was Khapi, or Hapi, the son of Miya-Riya, or Meri-Ra, and the father of Amenôphis, who erected the famous colossi at Thebes. A third Commissioner mentioned by Ebed-tob is Suti, in whom we should probably recognise the Egyptian Seti. The Egyptian Commissioner at the same period in the district afterwards occupied by the tribe of Issachar was Aman-khatbi, the Amen-hotep of Egyptologists, whose name Prof. Maspero is shown to be correct in reading Amun-hotpu.

Where the native prince had been displaced, as at Lachish or Megiddo, the town was under the jurisdiction of a *Khazan*, or Egyptian "governor." In many cases the governor bears a Canaanitish name, and must therefore have belonged to the subject population. It would have been better if in all cases the local prince had been superseded by a governor, as the princes were perpetually quarrelling with one another and sending counter accusations to the Egyptian court. Ebed-tob, for instance, complains that Malehiel and Su-yardata had seized part of his territory; and Su-yardata replies that Ebed-lob had tampered with the men of Keilah. Malehiel was a governor, the seat of whose power seems to have been Gezer. Gezer had been "entered" by a certain Labai ("the lion") who writes a humble letter to "the king," his "lord," to explain why he had done so, as well as to answer the accusations brought against him by Ebed-lob.

Most of the letters appear to have been written towards the end of the reign of Amenôphis IV., when the Egyptian empire was already beginning to fall to pieces. The Hittites were threatening Northern Canaan, the "Plunderers," or Beduin, were overrunning the central part of the country as far south as Ajalon and Zorah (Zarkha), while Southern Palestine was assailed by the Khabiri, or "Confederates," under their leader, Elimelech. There were constant complaints that one or other of the vassal princes had joined the enemy. Thus, the king of Hazer in the north is said to have gone over to the Beduin, and the sons of Labai (who in one of the letters is stated to have attacked Megiddo) are accused of conspiring with the Khabiri. A suggestion has been made to identify the latter with the Hebrews, but the historical situation makes this impossible; and since the word means "Confederates" in Assyrian, it is better to see in them the confederated tribes who met in their common sanctuary at Hebron "the Confederacy." We know from the Old Testament that Hebron was inhabited by a mixed population, Amorite, Hittite, and probably, also, Canaanite; and the only explanation of the fact that the name of Hebron does not occur in the letters of Ebed-tob, although his territory extended to the south of it, must be that it was in other hands. Ebed-tob declares again and again that the country and governors of the Egyptian monarch are perishing, and that if no additional troops are sent "this year," "the country of the king" will be lost to him. There is no record that the troops arrived; on the contrary, it is probable that Amenôphis died

shortly after the despatch of the last of the letters of Ebed-tob. The Khabiri were allowed to continue their victorious career, and possibly to capture Jerusalem itself. At all events, when the Israelites entered Canaan, a century later, they found the city in the possession of the Amorite Jebusites, and Ezekiel tells us that its father was an Amorite and its mother a Hittite.

A. H. SAYCE.

"LIVES OF SAINTS FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE."

London: Feb. 2, 1891.

Nearly six columns of the last two numbers of the much-enduring ACADEMY are filled with criticisms by Dr. MacCarthy of my edition of the *Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore*. The possessors of that book, as well as some of the readers of this journal, may wish to know how far those criticisms are well founded, and how far they arise from the critic's imperfect acquaintance with the Middle-Irish language. I have, therefore, done what no one who has read the exposures in the ACADEMY for April 2 and July 30, 1887, December 1, 1888, and August 10, 1889, is likely to have done, namely, examined these criticisms with care, and made a list of the corrections suggested by that examination. Here is the list:

Text.

- L. 753 (p. 23), for *bliadain*, read [cét] *bliadan*.
 „ 1275 (p. 39), read *leassaigbius an ingen tainie ann na bu?*
 „ 2831 (p. 85), for *Imlech*, read *Imlecha*.
 „ 3253 (p. 97), for *n-æinadhb*, read *n-æininadh*.
 „ 4032 (p. 120), for *mil*, read [in] *mil*.
 „ 4459 (p. 132), for *ind*, read [is] *ind*.

Translation.

- P. 165, l. 5, for *would give*, read *gave*.
 „ 168, l. 23, for *when once*, read *at one time*.
 Note.—The Latin should be: *Et clamaverunt ad Dominum cum tribularentur, et necessitatibus eorum eripuit eos*.—Ps. 106, 6.
 „ 171, l. 8, for *year*, read *hundred years*.
 „ 173, note, for 82, 2? read 88.
 „ 174, l. 28, for *even if it*, read *provided one*.
 „ 175, l. 26, for *there in Durrow*. Moreover, read *there*. In Durrow moreover,
 „ 179, l. 9, for *servant, &c.*, read *servant, and he died, and Colomb made prayer for him, and waked him out of death, and*
 „ 183, l. 9, for *when holy Brigit was born*, read *by whom holy Brigit was begotten*.
 „ 186, l. 18, for *after*, read *in place of*. L. 25, read *Doth the girl that came there care well for the kine?*
 „ 188, l. 28, for *Thursday*, read *Wednesday*.
 „ 191, l. 31, for *his*, read *her*.
 „ 193, l. 17, for *opened for*, read *loosed from*.
 „ 197, l. 16, for *to*, read *of*.
 „ 205, l. 10, for *he*, read *it*.
 „ 207, ll. 36, 37, for *the chief was carrying him*, read *he was being carried*.
 „ 219, l. 20, after *greatest*, insert *and brightest*.
 „ 221, ll. 13-15, read "Verily," saith Senán, "there shall be granted to you one from whom your protection shall come: be in no distress about it."
 „ 224, l. 31, for *at the bishop's desire*, read *the bishop consenting*.
 „ 232, l. 9, for *abundantly*, read *idly*. Note 1 should be "The two Fermoys."
 „ 239, ll. 19, 20, for *And . . . invading of*, read *And she went not from* her husband without (his promise) to invade*.
 „ 245, l. 16, for *cause*, read *deliver*.
 „ 249, l. 16, for *calling*, read *laughing*.

* Cf. the Highland *gabh nam*, *apage*.

- „ 250, ll. 31, 32, for It . . . him, read Enemies that he had meet him.*
- „ 252, ll. 1, 2, for train . . . it, read angels manifestly ministering thereto.
- „ 257, l. 27, for It is manifestly from, read Manifest from that is.
- „ 258, l. 3, dele the comma.
- „ 287, l. 2, for tribute, read the waters. L. 7, for of that colouring, read to establish that. Cancel note 2.

Notes and Indices.

P. 303, l. 14, for 100, read 88.

P. 306, l. 23. Here I have confounded Aed Slane with his predecessor Aed mac Ainmirech. I should have said that the Irish Lives of Columba attribute to the former potentate a death-legend told of the latter.

P. 370, col. 1, l. 14, dele =.

These are all the corrections made by Dr. MacCarthy which I am able to adopt. Some of the errors which he has detected are due to what Dr. Johnson, speaking of one of his own mistakes, honestly calls "sheer ignorance"; others to my desire to give the Irish exactly as I found it in the codex, without indulging in conjectural emendation; those (namely, in lines 2831 and 3253, and in p. 175, l. 26; p. 191, l. 31; and p. 258, l. 3) may be typographical. But most are clerical, mere slips, inevitable in the process of producing an *editio princeps* of a long and difficult text in a language without a lexicon.

Dr. MacCarthy's lists are eked out by characteristic *γλίσχρολογία*, and by "corrections," of which some seem due to a want of familiarity with English idioms, while others certainly spring from his imperfect acquaintance with Irish in its older forms. He "corrects," for example, "by" (i.e., "begotten by," + *la* t) into "belonged to." He "corrects" my "he found favour in her eyes" (cf. Dent. xxiv. 1) into "she gave love to him," which is hardly English, although, no doubt, it is the literal version of *turt* (*doradh, dobreth*) *gradh do*, and appears as such in my translation, p. 232, ll. 28, 31. § He would alter "the little corn that it [i.e., the country] has" into "a little of corn in the territory," which is both bad English and an instance of the aforesaid *γλίσχρολογία*. He misrenders *ochtmadh uathaidh* (l. 1351) by "an eighth lunar day," which would be *ochtmadh uathaidh éscai*. ¶ He misrenders *cam*, "bent," "crooked" (= *σκαμβός*) by "squinting," which would be *camsháilech*, or *cléanamharcach*. Criticising my index of places, where I give the gen. of *Ferna* "Ferns," as *Fernann*, he asserts that in the text that case "is correctly given as *Ferna*, not *Fernann*." Grammar is certainly not Dr. MacCarthy's strong point. He will find that the gen. sg. of *Ferna* is *Fernann* in the Annals of Ulster, 662, 714 (Rawl. B. 489, ff. 9^a 1, 11^b 1), *Fernand* in Tigernach 693 (Rawl. B. 488, fo. 11^b 2). Of this gen., the *Fernan* of Chron. Scot. 689 and the *Ferna* of the Book of Lismore are mere corruptions.

* Dr. MacCarthy does not, apparently, perceive that this requires the *teacmhuidh* of the Lismore codex to be changed into *teacmhuid*; but the emendation is supported by the *teacmaid* of one of the Brussels MSS.

† See Dr. Murray's Dictionary, vol. i., p. 1231, col. 1.

‡ For Mid. Ir. examples of *la*, meaning *by means of*, through the agency of, see Atkinson's Glossary, p. 776.

§ Dr. MacCarthy does not mention this; but it is not worth while to notice his *suppressiones veri*.

|| See the preceding line, p. 242, l. 30.

¶ See Chronicon Seotorum, ed. Hennessy, p. 22, l. 14. Dr. MacCarthy's error comes from misunderstanding the gloss *hi coicid huathid*, gl. quinta luna, Cr. 33^b, i.e., "in quinta singulari," "am fünften der Einzahl," as Ebel and Windisch correctly explain it. See Ancient Laws, i. 82, ll. 6, 8, where *treis uathaid* corresponds with *aen.-treisi*.

Dr. MacCarthy says at the close of his second letter, "it is right to add that the worst specimens have not been brought forward." Let him substantiate this assertion, or lie under the stigma of having made a charge which he is afraid or unable to support.

WHITLEY STOKES.

Corrigenda.—In my letter in the ACADEMY for January 31, 1891, p. 114, col. 3, ll. 62-3, col. 2, for "the churches of all Ireland" read "all the churches of Ireland"; l. 67, col. 2, for "was" read "is"; p. 115, col. 1, l. 28, for "tann" read "tan"; l. 56, for "arbbur" read "arbur"; l. 57, for "riganna" read "rigdamna"; col. 3, l. 5, for "nir'gabgan" read "nir'ghabh gan."

B. MACCARTHY.

EURIPIDES OR MENANDER.

Brighton: Feb. 2, 1891.

In the ACADEMY of January 2, I observe that Mr. Leather in his article on a new translation of Longinus makes the following statement:—

"A passage" (cited from the translation in question) "of curious interest, which finds its parallel" . . . in St. Paul's quotation from Euripides, "Evil communications corrupt good manners."

Now St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. 33 has been almost universally supposed to have referred to a line of the comic poet Menander. The words *φθειρουσιν ἥθη χρηστὴ δουλιαί καὶ καὶ* will be found in the fragment of Menander's play entitled "Thais," in Meineke's edition (*Frag. Com. Græc.* 4, 132), as well as in the *Γνώμαι Μονόστιχοι* attributed to him in the same vol., p. 361. Henry Stephens remarks, "I remember to have read, in one of the old copies of the N. T., these words written in the margin" (i.e., with reference to the quotation), *Μενάνδρου τοῦ κωμικοῦ γνώμη*. Socrates, it is true, in his *Hist. Eccles.*, iii., 16, ascribes them to Euripides; but Jerome, a more accurate authority, attributes them to Menander, as do Grotius, Estius, Photius and the consensus of modern commentators. Tertullian renders them into Latin thus: "*Bonius corrumpunt mores congressus mali*." A similar sentiment occurs in Menander's *Γνώμ.* Mon. 274, *Κακοὶς δούλων καὶ τοῖς ἐκβήσῃ κακός*, which corroborates the reference above. Cf. Nicophoros Kalogeras in his edition of Euthymius Zigabenus *ad loc.* No doubt such a sentiment perfectly harmonised with the sententious observations of Euripides, and was probably on that account wrongly ascribed to him by Socrates; but the opinion of Jerome has outweighed the other with almost all critics ancient and modern.

LAUNCELOT DOWDALL.

LECTURES AND PAPERS ON THE HISTORY OF THE REFORMATION.

Oxford: Jan. 31, 1891.

While I cordially agree with the reviewer (in to-day's issue of the ACADEMY) in holding that Mr. Aubrey Moore's book on the Reformation is "with all its faults most valuable," I venture to think that he has dealt somewhat hardly with me as regards my share in its production; and I therefore ask for space to defend myself.

The reviewer has evidently no very high opinion of my qualifications for the task of seeing my dead friend's work through the press. I allow that they might be greater; but perhaps the facts that for the last twenty years the history of the Reformation in England and on the Continent has formed one of the main subjects of my studies, and that Mr. Moore not only often obtained information from me for use in his lectures, but pressed

me several times to lecture in Oxford on the Reformation in his place (a flattering offer, which many engagements prevented me from accepting) may suffice to show your readers that I am not so entirely disqualified as the reviewer would have them believe.

I am sorry that the reviewer does not agree with Mr. Moore in certain points relating to literary style; but that has nothing to do with me, for (as I have stated in my Preface) I have only corrected absolute slips in Mr. Moore's MS. and added a few connecting words where necessary. The few cases cited in support of this criticism as to Mr. Moore's style are all matters on which it is perfectly lawful to hold different opinions.

The reviewer's most serious charge against me is that I have "taken advantage of the occasion" (these are his words) to insert one of my own *Guardian* articles in Mr. Moore's book, and, further, that I have neglected to "read or mention" one of the chief authorities on the subject of that article. Both these criticisms can be easily answered. The former, indeed, has been answered by anticipation in the book itself. In three cases I found that in Mr. Moore's MS. written lectures or notes were replaced by printed articles, two by himself, one by me. In each case certain passages were underlined; and reference to the notes of his pupils placed at my disposal showed that the lectures as delivered were simply summaries of these printed articles, the underlined passages in the one corresponding precisely with the headings of the other. Hence I thought it best in each case to reprint the article *in extenso*, and I am of the same opinion still. Thus I dealt with my paper precisely as I dealt with Mr. Moore's on Henry VIII.'s Divorce and on Zwingli.

The reviewer is, however, most angry with me for not having read or mentioned Mr. Law's book on *The Jesuits and Seculars* (I copy the title given by him, though it is not the right one). As to not mentioning this work, may I quote a sentence from my Preface, where I say that "I have not tried to write them [the lectures] up or to make a complete text-book out of them"? For had I done so the book would have been mine, not Mr. Moore's; and it is only because it is Mr. Moore's that, as your reviewer rightly states, it is "most valuable." I admit, however, that I might have made an exception to this rule in the case of Mr. Law's admirable book, especially as an earlier one by him is quoted in the list (printed immediately after my article) which I long ago sent to Mr. Moore.

Further, it was impossible for me to have read this book when writing my article. My article, as stated in the heading to the reprint, appeared in the *Guardian* for December 29, 1886, and was a summary of Dr. Bellesheim's *Life of Cardinal Allen*, published in 1885. Now Mr. Law's work is dated 1889, so that with the best will in the world I cannot see how I could have read it when writing my paper in 1886, while I saw no reason for mentioning in the unrevised reprint of that paper any work which might subsequently have appeared on the same subject.

W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Feb. 8, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Saffism," by Mr. E. G. Browne.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Three Religions," by Mr. J. S. Mackenzie.

MONDAY, Feb. 9, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Brain, its Structure and Functions," by Dr. H. Power.

8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Byzantine Architecture," V., by Mr. G. Aitchison.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Construction and Capabilities of Musical Instruments," III., by Mr. A. J. Hipkins.

8 p.m. Library Association: "The Selection of Geological and Biological Books for a Free Public Library," by Mr. Ogle.

- 8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy," with Musical Illustrations, by the Rev. W. H. Bliss.
- 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Messrs. Jackson and Oge's Journey through Masai Land to Uganda," by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein.
- TUESDAY, Feb. 10, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," IV., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
- 8 p.m. Civil Engineers:
- 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Canada," by the Earl of Aberdeen.
- 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Sgraffito," by Mr. Heywood Sumner.
- 8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Sketches of Horse Ornaments," by Mr. G. M. Atkinson; "The People and Languages of New Ireland and Admiralty Islands," by Mr. Sidney H. Ray (from Letters of the Rev. R. H. Rickard); "The Presence of a Mongoloid Element in Brittany," by the Comte A. Mahé de la Bourdonnais.
- WEDNESDAY, Feb. 11, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Proposed Irish Channel Tunnel," by Sir Roper Lethbridge.
- 8.30 p.m. University College: "The Difficulties of Socialism," by Mr. L. Courtney.
- THURSDAY, Feb. 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Lull, Purrell, and Scarlatti," with Musical Illustrations, I., by Prof. C. Hubert H. Parry.
- 6 p.m. London Institution: "The Partition of Africa," by Mr. J. Scott Keltie.
- 8 p.m. Royal Academy: "Byzantine Architecture," VI., by Mr. O. Aitken.
- 8 p.m. Mathematical: "Two Notes on Isoscelians," by Mr. R. Tucker; "Quartic Equations interpreted by the Parabola," by Mr. G. Heppel; "The Oscillation of a Spheroid in a Viscous Liquid," by Mr. J. Buchanan.
- 8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: Discussion, "The Distribution of Electricity, with special reference to the Chelsea System," by Gen. C. E. Webber.
- 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries:
- FRIEDAY, Feb. 13, 5 p.m. Physical: Annual General Meeting; Discussion, "Photoelectricity," by Prof. Minchin; "The Change in the Absorption Spectrum of Cobalt Glass produced by Heat," by Sir John Conroy.
- 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "The Clearing and Deepening of Rivers and Canals by means of the Transporting Power of Water," by Mr. W. H. Wheeler.
- 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: a Paper by Miss Latham.
- 8 p.m. Ruskin: "Some Aims of Art, according to Ruskin and otherwise," by Mr. H. E. West.
- 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Eclipse Expeditions," by Prof. A. Schuster.
- SATURDAY, Feb. 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Forces of Cohesion," I., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

Plautus, Miles Gloriosus. Critical Edition by Goetz. (Toubner.)

THIS new volume of the "Ritschl" edition of Plautus is particularly interesting, because it is the first for which Studemund's collation of the Ambrosian Palimpsest has been available. So long as that important part of the evidence was wanting, one could not avoid a slight sense of insecurity about the text offered us by the editors of the series, at any rate for those plays which figured on the more illegible of the Palimpsest's pages. One knew that Prof. Studemund, after devoting the greater part of his life to an extraordinarily minute investigation of these precious though mutilated and defaced scraps of vellum, had attained a certainty of knowledge as to what they did and did not contain to which no other human being could pretend, and that, until his Apograph of the Milan fragments was published, the "last word" could not be said about their testimony to the text of Plautus. That Apograph has been recently given to the world, and in Prof. Goetz's edition of the *Miles Gloriosus* we see the first example of its influence. As we turn over the pages of the play to observe how this or that familiar difficulty has been settled, we cannot but feel how fully the labour spent on these Palimpsest fragments has been justified. Even where a complete line in them was hopelessly illegible, the knowledge of a letter or two here and there, or even of the mere number of letters which must have occupied the line or a part of it, often puts us in the way of avoiding the wrong reading and selecting the right. For the Ambrosian Codex—partly through its

great antiquity, being some 600 or 700 years older than any other MS. of Plautus, but mainly through the fact that all the others belong to one and the same family of MSS., the "Palatine" family, and that it alone can supply an indication of the right track when the "Palatine" MSS. agree in taking the wrong—commands for the slightest hint which it offers an importance which no conjectural emendation, however plausible, can claim. It is amusing to see how the publication of its readings has made havoc of previous conjectures. For example, in the passage where the braggart soldier is boasting of his slaughter of the Cappadocian army, the MSS. agreed in presenting line 54 in this form: *at peditas telu quia erant si virent*. Editors were, as usual, ready with conjectures—"at peditatus reliquiae erant si virent," "at satias belli quia erat siqui virent," and so on, until the true line was elicited from the Milan fragments, *at peditastelli quia erant sivi virent*, "they were more ragtag and bobtail soldiery, so I let them live." Similarly in line 8, where the soldier declares that his sword is longing to make mincemeat of the enemy—*quae misera gestit fratrem facere ex hostibus*—Studemund's collation, though it has not unearthed the actual word that should take the place of the corrupt "fratrem" of the Palatine MSS., has at least proved that it cannot be any of the words proposed by emendators—"fartum," "frusta," "offam," "stragem."

These two examples are enough to show how deficient an edition of a play of Plautus must be which is not based on complete information about the Ambrosian Palimpsest, and how much superior this new edition of the *Miles* is on that account to all previous attempts. We must, however, at the same time express our dissent from the idea that the text now offered to us is the best that can ever be attained. In the first place, there are a good many points about Plautine metre and Plautine diction that still remain to be solved; and their solution, one way or another, will leave its mark on the text. Thus, in line 185, and elsewhere, Goetz retains *profecto*, the MSS. reading, with a short second syllable. Whether this scansion is possible seems very doubtful. It has often occurred to us that the true form may be *profeco* or *profico*, a by-form of *profecto*, like Oscan *præfucus* beside Latin *præfectus*, and perhaps Old Latin *præficia*, a mourning-woman, literally "the leader of the mourners," beside *præfecta*. In the second place, one cannot resist the suspicion that here and there in this edition Prof. Goetz has not shown the same happy divination that was so noticeable in his text of the other plays, especially of those which he edited in conjunction with his lamented friend, Dr. Loewe. In the pun on Philocomasium's pretended name (*Glycera* according to Goetz and most editors), in line 438, the MSS. reading *a dice testu non dicat ei* squares better with Dr. Hasper's proposal, Ἀγλυκῆς *es tu non γλυκεία's*, than with Goetz's solution, *abi, piero's tu, non elucidata*; only, we should for our part prefer to make the pseudonym both in line 436 (MSS. *dicere*) and in line 808 (MSS. *diccam*) *Glycēa* (= γλυκεία), instead of *Glycera*. The corrupt *dicere* of line 436 is suggested by the preceding word *vocare*, and the line should run: *Quis igitur vocare? Glycēe nomen est. Iniuria's*. Again in line 894, where two of the Palatine MSS. give, as the first part of the line, *malamillamerest*, and the third *mala mulier est*, while all three give, as the remainder of the line, *ne pave peioribus conveniunt*, Goetz prints the passage in this way:

"PER. *mala mers es, mulier*. . . .

ACR. . . . *ne pave, peioribus conveniunt*,"

and supposes a line or two to have fallen out between the remark of Periplocemenus and the reply of Acroteleutium. Now the phrase *mala mers es*, "you're a sad baggage," is common enough in Plautus, though the *mulier* of Codex B. which Prof. Goetz adds to it can hardly be anything else than a "doctoring" of the same corrupt reading that is faithfully reproduced by the other two MSS.; but the mistake of supposing that it must have been the phrase used in this line has driven him to the hypothesis of a lacuna for the sake of getting a subject to the plural verb *conveniunt*. We cannot admit that this is doing the best for the passage. Why not make one line of it, thus:

"PER. *Mala mille meres*. ACR. *St! ne pave, peioribus conveniunt*."

"You deserve a thousand penalties.—Soft! do not alarm yourself, these are meet for women worse than me." This reading seems to us to keep more closely to the MSS. (for *malamillemeres* would easily be miswritten *malam illam eres*), and to be more likely in every way than that adopted in this edition. Nor can we approve of the substitution of *quamobrem peream* in l. 360 for the words offered both by the Ambrosian and the Palatine MSS. (*quamnam obrem*), nor yet of printing the name of the town in l. 648 as *Aminula* instead of *Animula*. And we confess to doubts as to the expediency of the spelling *sit* in l. 261, where both families of MSS. have *siet* (a monosyllable), and of *rementer* in l. 205, where both have *vehementer*. Is the latter word ever anything but a trisyllable, and has it anything to do with *echo*? We fancy not.

But in spite of one or two minor shortcomings of this kind, which it would be ungracious to dwell upon, this new edition of the *Miles* is not only vastly superior to any previous edition, but will also hold the field against all comers for many a year. It is indispensable for every student of Plautus.

W. M. LINDSAY.

SOME BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY.

Outlines of General Chemistry. By W. Ostwald. Translated by J. Walker. (Macmillan.) Two treatises, covering much of the same ground as Dr. Ostwald's "Outlines," have already appeared. One of these is Lothar Meyer's *Modern Theories of Chemistry*, translated into English by Drs. Bedson and Carleton Williams; the other is Mr. Pattison Muir's *Principles of Chemistry*, the second edition of which, published in 1889, was noticed at the time in the ACADEMY. Without entering upon a detailed comparison of these three valuable treatises, it may be stated, in general terms, that the volume now under review contains discussions of several subjects omitted from the works of Meyer and Muir, while at the

same time some other topics are argued with greater or less fulness of illustration. Perkin's researches on magnetic rotation, van 't Hoff's theory of solution, and Arrhenius's theory of electrolytic dissociation, may be cited as instances in point. Ostwald's text-book of the philosophical bases of chemical science is divided into two parts, the first treating of the laws of mass, the second of the chemical laws of energy. In the six books included in the first Part, mass, the properties of gases, the properties of liquids, solutions, the properties of solids, and chemical systematics are discussed. The five books of Part II. treat of thermochemistry, photochemistry, electrochemistry, chemical dynamics, and chemical affinity. All these subjects are handled with masterly clearness. The book, moreover, is written in an interesting manner; and we are sure that it will prove an attractive and valuable addition to the library of all students and teachers of chemistry who desire to penetrate beyond the empirical formulæ and the obvious properties of chemical compounds.

Chemical Arithmetic. Part I. By W. Dittmar. (Glasgow: Hodge.) This volume consists mainly of a collection of tables for the use of chemists: the author intends to supplement it by an exposition of the applications of arithmetic to the solution of chemical problems. The book before us is not a mere compilation, but is, as Dr. Dittmar rightly affirms in his Preface, an essentially original work. This statement is, to some extent, true even of the logarithmic tables, which show certain features that may be regarded as improvements on the ordinary methods of presentation. Every endeavour has been made by the author to ensure accuracy, and to include every kind of table which the chemist, be he commercial analyst or investigator, can require. To show how much the present volume includes, and of what varied material it consists, would probably demand a couple of pages of the ACADEMY; we must content ourselves with recommending our chemical readers to learn from the book itself how extensive is the ground it covers in the domain of chemistry and of chemical physics. We observe that Germanium and Samarium are omitted from the table of atomic weights on page 1. Dr. Dittmar does not adopt the recent corrected value for the cubic inches in a gallon—277.462 instead of 277.274. He gives the weight of a cubic inch of water as 252.458 grains, instead of 252.286. In the formula for transforming degrees Baumé into specific gravity in the case of liquids heavier than water the denominator is misprinted 145.08—it should be 145.88. On page 68 the old incorrect formula ($C_{16}H_{32}O_2$) for linoleic acid is given, instead of that now universally adopted ($C_{18}H_{32}O_2$).

"ENCYCLOPÆDIE DER NATURWISSENSCHAFTEN."—*Handwörterbuch der Chemie*. Herausgegeben von Dr. A. Ladenburg. 38 und 39 Lief. (Breslau: Trewendt.) These two last published parts of this monumental dictionary include several important subjects, such as the ethereal or essential oils, oxalic acid and its derivatives, a very heterogeneous group designated by the wide term *Pflanzenstoffe*, and Phenanthren. The article on essential oils contains a useful alphabetical table giving, in separate columns, the German names of the several oils, the botanical names of the plants which yield them, the parts of the plants from which they are derived, and the botanical orders to which they belong. This is followed by a series of brief descriptions of each oil, the arrangement following the alphabetical sequence of the orders concerned. Oxalic acid and its derivatives occupy forty pages, no fewer than 699 original memoirs, papers, or notes being included in the bibliography of this acid. In

the article on the unclassified constituents of plants the alphabetical arrangement is followed. It is difficult to say how far completeness has been attained in the descriptions given, but we miss several bodies from the list; some of these may, however, be discussed in other parts of the Dictionary. The important and widely-diffused colouring matter known under the various names of erythrophyll, coicin, and oenolin, does not, for instance, appear to be mentioned.

Principles of General Organic Chemistry. By Prof. J. Hjelt. Translated by J. Bishop Tingle. (Longmans.) This book is not a student's ordinary text-book. It is not a descriptive catalogue of organic compounds and reactions, but presents, in a concise form, some of the more important arguments connected with the composition, the physical properties, and the general behaviour of organic bodies. The work was originally written in Swedish: the present translation has been made from a revised German version.

Inorganic Chemistry. By W. Jago. (Longmans.) It is quite impossible to justify the multiplication of elementary manuals on chemistry. We cannot find in this volume any original features of value, while its scope seems to be identical with that of several similar works already before the public. Nor is it up to date. We see no definition of "mass"; and we cannot commend the author's statements about matter, weight, and force. Mr. Jago states (p. 155) that graphitic acid is prepared by heating graphite with potassium chlorate and sulphuric acid, and adds that the new compound, when heated, leaves a mass of pure graphitic carbon. Both statements are incorrect. On p. 197 the average percentage of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere is given as .04—a figure which is certainly 25 per cent. too high. The true distinction between earthenware and porcelain is wholly missed in the statement on p. 367, where the "varying fineness of the constituents and the skill expended in their manufacture" are alone named as causing the difference in question. The characteristic chemical constitution of glass is neither explained nor covered by the description given in paragraph 425.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEW JAINA INSCRIPTIONS FROM MATHURĀ.

Vienna: Jan. 25, 1891.

About eight months ago I gave in the ACADEMY (April 19, 1890, p. 270) an account of some of the results of Dr. Führer's excavations made in the Kankālī Tīla at Mathurā during the working season of 1889-90. This year Dr. Führer has begun his operations much earlier, and his kindness enables me to report progress already. He arrived at Mathurā on November 15; and on December 27 he sent me impressions of nineteen new inscriptions, varying apparently from the year 4 of the Indo-Scythic era to the year 1080 after Vikrama, some of which possess even a greater interest than those found in former years.

The most important new document is incised on the left portion of the base of a large standing statue, of which the right half is still missing. Most of its letters are very distinct, and I read it as follows:

L. 1. *Sain* 70[+]8 *rva*[va] 4 *di* 20 *etasyain purvayān Koli ye* [Kottiyē?] *game Vairāyā śākhāyā*.

L. 2. *ko Arya-Vridhahasti arahato Nan*[di]-[d] *cartasa pratimān nirvartayati*.

L. 3. *śya bhāryāye śrāvikāye* [Dināye] *dān*[a] *n* *pratimā Vād*[dh] *ē thāpe devanirmite pra*.

Each line seems to be complete. It is, therefore, evident that the pieces wanting between l. 1 and l. 2, and at the beginning and the end of l. 3, must have stood on the right half

of the base. This side, too, must have had three lines; and it is not difficult to restore some portions of them conjecturally, according to the analogy of other inscriptions. The first line of the right side certainly began with the words *Thāniye kule*, and ended with the letters *vācha*, which latter are required on account of the syllable *ko*, with which l. 2 begins. In between probably stood a note regarding the Saṁbhoga, and the name of Vridhahasti's teacher, followed by the word *śishyo*. For, without such further specifications, the line would be too short in proportion to the lines of the left side, which each contain from 24 to 27 letters. The second line of the right side, of course, gave a more detailed description of the giver, as the daughter of N. N. and the daughter-in-law of N. N., as well as her husband's name. The third line certainly began with the syllables *tishthāpitā*, or with a Prakrit equivalent thereof.

With these explanations and restorations the translation will be:

"In the year 78, in the fourth (month of the) rainy season, on the twentieth day—on that (date specified as) above, the preacher Arya-Vridhahasti (*Arya-Vridhahastin*) [the pupil of . . .] in the Kōfiya [Kottiya?] Gana, in the Vairā Śākhā (*Vairā Śākhā*) [and in the *Thāniya kule*] orders to be made a statue of the Arhat Nandivartā. The statue, the gift of the female lay-disciple Dinā (*Dattā*), the wife of . . ., has been set up at the Voddha (?) Stūpa, built by the gods."

The first point of interest which the inscription offers is the name of the Arhat. The Jainas know of no Tirthankara Nandivartā; but the symbol, called Nandivartā, is the distinguishing mark of the eighteenth prophet, Ara. This person is undoubtedly meant; for in the mixed dialect of these inscriptions *Nandivartā* may stand either for Sanskrit *Nandivartu* or *Nandivartu*, and *arahato Nandivartasa* may be translated "of the Arhat, whose (mark) is the Nandivartā." This explanation confirms the discovery, which I announced in the *Vienna Oriental Journal* (vol. iv., p. 328), that the distinguishing marks of the various Tirthankaras were perfectly settled in the first century of our era. The list of Tirthankaras, worshipped in the two ancient temples under the Kankālī Tīla (*ibido*, p. 327), receives also a new addition.

Still more important is the information conveyed in l. 3, that the statue was set up at, i.e., probably within, the precincts of "a Stūpa, built by the gods." The sculptures, discovered at Mathurā by Dr. Bhagvānlāl Indrājī and Dr. Führer, left no doubt that formerly the Jainas worshipped Stūpas. Yet, the assertion that there was a Jaina Stūpa at Mathurā teaches us something new, and hereafter will prove very important; for, as stated in my letter to the ACADEMY of April 19, 1890, Dr. Führer has found a Stūpa in the immediate vicinity of the two temples. He declared it to be Buddhist, because he discovered close to it a seal with a Buddhist inscription, and I accepted his conjecture. Now the point becomes doubtful. It can be decided only when the Stūpa has been opened and its surroundings have been completely explored. Even more valuable is the statement that the Stūpa was *devanirmita*, "built by the gods," i.e., so ancient that at the time when the inscription was incised its origin had been forgotten. On the evidence of the characters the date of the inscription may be referred with certainty to the Indo-Scythic era, and is equivalent to A.D. 156-7. The Stūpa must therefore have been built several centuries before the beginning of the Christian era; for the name of its builder would assuredly have been known if it had been erected during the period when the Jainas of Mathurā carefully kept record of their donations. This period began, as the inscriptions show, with the first century B.C., to which Dr. Bhagvān-

lāl's inscription of the pious courtesan Dandā undoubtedly belongs. Dr. Führer's new inscription thus furnishes a strong argument for the assumption that one Jaina monument at Mathurā is as old as the oldest known Buddhist Stūpas. With respect to the name of the Stūpa, which is contained in the word immediately preceding *thāpe*, I am not prepared to give any decided opinion. The first syllable is perfectly distinct, but the lower part of the second is somewhat blurred.

Another of the new inscriptions, which unfortunately is not well preserved, gives the names of *maharāja devaputra Huksha*. Huksha probably stands for Huvishka or Huviksha, as an inscription of Dr. Führer's batch of 1890 reads. It is interesting, because it proves that the form Hushka, which occurs in the Rājatarāṅginī, and survives in the name of the Kāśmīrian town Ushkar or Hushkapura, is genuine and ancient.

A third inscription is dated in the year 112, during the victorious reign of the supreme lord and superior king of great kings Kumāragupta, and furnishes the last missing Sākha-name of the *Koṭṭiya Gana*, Vidyādhari, in its Sanskrit form. The date probably corresponds to A.D. 430-1, and falls well within the known limits of Kumāragupta's reign. It is interesting to note that even so late a document shows a few Prakrit forms, mixed with otherwise very good Sanskrit; and it is significant that it is the first found at Mathurā on which the title *āchārya* occurs. The monk, at whose request a statue was dedicated, bore the name *Datilāchārya*. The discovery of an inscription with a certain Gupta date will force us to exercise great caution with respect to dates which are not accompanied by the names of kings. They can be assigned to the Indo-Scythic period only if the characters are decidedly archaic. This circumstance makes me unwilling to speak with confidence regarding the age of a very interesting fragment, dated in the year 18, fourth month of the rainy season, tenth day, which records the dedication of a statue of divine Arishtanemi, the twenty-second Tirthankara. The letters look to me somewhat more modern than those of the inscriptions which undoubtedly belong to the Indo-Scythic period. The way in which the date is given, on the other hand, agrees with the usage of those early times.

Some other fragments confirm information contained in the earlier found inscriptions, or allow us to make small corrections in their readings. Thus the name of the Hāttakiya kula of the *Vārana Gana* (the Hālija of the *Kalpasūtra*) is very distinct in one inscription. In another the word *sādhachari*, i.e. *śrāddhachari*, is perfectly plain; and it would seem that this reading has to be substituted for *sahachari*, which I believed that I recognised in No. 11 of 1890. In a third inscription we have the name of *Grakabala ātapiko*, who seems to be the same person as *ātapiko Gahabarya* in Sir A. Cunningham's No. 6 (*Arch. Surv. Rep.*, xx., pl. v.). There are also fragments of five lines of a longer metrical Prasasti, showing beautifully cut characters of the Gupta period; and, finally, a small complete Prasasti in Devanāgarī letters, which consists of one r̥yā verse and one Anushtubh, and is dated *Saivatsarai (sic)* 1080, i.e., Vikramasāhvāt 1080. This last discovery proves, like that of two images with the dates *Saivāt* 1036 and 1134 found in 1889, that these ancient temples were used by the Jains during the greater part of the eleventh century, and that their destruction certainly happened in very late times.

When I add that Dr. Führer has again found numerous and fine pieces of sculpture, it will not be too much to say that the results of his work during the season of 1890-91 are in no

way inferior to those of previous years, and that the small sum allotted to these excavations has really been spent to good purpose and in the interest of Indian history.

G. BÜHLER.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. VICTOR HORSLEY and Mr. Francis Gotch have been appointed joint Croonian Lecturers to the Royal Society for the present year. They have chosen as their subject, "The Mammalian Nervous System; its Functions and their Localisation as determined by an Electrical Method." Thursday, February 26, is the date fixed for the delivery of the lecture.

THE annual general meeting of the Geological Society will be held on Friday, February 20, at 3 p.m. In the evening of the same day the fellows and their friends will dine together at the Hôtel Métropole.

At the meeting of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, to be held at 20 Hanoversquare on Monday next, February 9, a paper on "The Selection of Geological and Biological Books for a Free Public Library" will be read by Mr. Ogle, of the Free Public Library, Bootle.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Jan. 26.)

PROF. T. McK. HUGHES, president, in the chair.—A communication from Prof. W. Ridgeway was read, in which he ingeniously identified the words of Tacitus—"locum pugnae delegere saeptum agresti aggere et aditu Augusto" (*Annales* xii. 31)—as referring to one or other of the four great dykes in the south-western part of Cambridgeshire, which cross the road from Dunstable to Thetford, and must have been intended to obstruct the march of an invader into East Anglia. He noted that the great fen on the north and north-western side formed an impenetrable defence to the lands of the gallant Icen, and that the forest lands of Essex on the south and south-western border were at that time almost equally impassable, so that Ostorius Scapula was limited in his choice of a route to an old track along the high chalk-land, which is still known as the Ikenild Way. In the case of at least three out of these four dykes (and those the most important of them), the ramparts are on the eastern side, and consequently the builders of them must have lived in East Anglia: the date of this battle, so disastrous to the natives, is about 50 A.D. Prof. E. C. Clark expressed the gratitude of the society to Prof. Ridgeway for his most happy identification, which almost commanded acceptance; he further noted the vague and fragmentary style in which battles are generally described by Roman historians (with few exceptions, such as Livy's account of the battle by Lake Trasimene), and suggested that Tacitus probably gained his ideas of British topography from his father-in-law, Agricola.—Mr. Searle commented as follows upon the origin and date of Ingulf's History of Croyland Abbey. The chief part of the *Historia Croylandensis*, published by Fulman in 1684, consists of the history of the monastery from 716 to 1095, compiled by the then abbot of that house, Ingulf, writing thus at the very end of the eleventh century. It made its appearance in the literary world early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, being first mentioned by Dr. Caius in 1568. It was not, however, printed till 1596, when it was at once welcomed as an interesting and valuable addition to our historical materials by our leading historians, Camden, Dugdale, Fuller, and others, an example followed by many important historical writers in France. In England it has been used by countless writers, and so has made its way into standard works of English history. But though thus so widely accepted as genuine, there have not been lacking more sceptical students, who have brought forward such anachronisms in

the signatures to the charters contained in it, such mis-statements in the historical parts, and examples of such use of words belonging to much later date, that historians like Bishop Stubbs and Prof. E. A. Freeman condemn it as a work of absolute worthlessness as an authority. Yet the work, though an invention, is one of mediæval times, some writers putting it in the time of Edward II., others in that of Henry V.; and besides this, the writer, whoever he may have been, though ignorant, in many points, of the real facts of the assumed date, and at times very careless, was clever enough, or lucky enough, to introduce details, which receive very often most unexpected corroboration from perfectly authentic sources. The author, who is supposed to be writing about 1095, was evidently acquainted with the chief historians of the twelfth century, Florence of Worcester, Henry of Huntingdon, William of Malmesbury and others. This is sufficient to place the composition of the Ingulf late in the twelfth century at the earliest, or in the reign of Henry II.; while, as he knew a Chronicle of Peterborough (MS. Cott. Claudius A. v) which breaks off in the year 1368, it cannot be earlier than the end of the reign of Edward III. From the Patent Rolls in the Public Record Office we know that two of the charters, that of 716 of the foundation, and that of 948 of the restoration of the monastery, were in existence in 1393; but as these are more than extremely doubtful, if their genuineness be not absolutely impossible, this only shows that the process of manufacture had begun before that date, in the reign of Richard II. The book, though apparently in existence in the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., was unknown to Bale, the diligent investigator of English literary history; and this is the more remarkable as two, if not three, copies were in existence, one, which yet remains at the British Museum of about 1490, and another, the so-called autograph of the Ingulf, which was kept at Croyland in the church chest about 1610, but has since disappeared. A writer, who has contributed much to the compilation of the Ingulf, is a monk, Ordericus Vitalis, who visited Croyland in 1115. But here the difficulty presents itself that, although Ordericus was of English birth, yet Bale does not mention him, and apparently, like Leland, Henry the Eighth's historiographer, who inspected the library of the monastery before the dissolution in 1539, had never seen a copy of the work bearing his name; and further, that while there is only one early MS. in France, there is none in England of sufficiently early date. A MS. in the British Museum, MS. Cott. Vitell. B. xi., contains a history of the abbots of Croyland, extending to the year 1427, extracted as to the Anglo-Saxon part of the Croyland History from Ordericus Vitalis only, a work which must have been written by a person interested in Croyland, while the Ingulf itself exists in another MS., MS. Cott. Otho B. xiii., written about 1490. The date of the composition of the Ingulf seems then necessarily to fall between those two periods, or somewhere about 1450. The author there seems no possibility of ever guessing at. Ingulf, according to Ordericus Vitalis, was a monk of the monastery of St. Wandregisilus or of Saint-Wandrille in Normandy, and died in December, 1108, having been abbat for twenty-four years. This brings his appointment to 1086. In Domesday, among the tenants *in capite* in Surrey, is found: "Abbas S. Wandregisili tenet Wandesorde per Ingulfum monachum," which would seem to refer to our abbat, as the monastery, the monk, and the date are all right, since Domesday was in course of being made in the spring of 1086, when Ingulf would still be monk, just before his appointment to the abbacy. It would be strange if there were another Ingulf of that monastery in England at that time. Ingulf had been secretary, before the Conquest, to Duke William; and so, living at Wandsworth, close to London, he might easily obtain his promotion. The riddle of the Ingulf is not an easy one to solve. In spite of long investigation, much yet remains to do which yet is worth doing—that future works of history, and new editions of earlier ones, may be purged from statements derived from the Ingulf, which have no real claim to be considered other than the offspring of the fertile and ingenious brain of the unknown mediæval writer of that work.—Dr.

Luard stated that even that pioneer of historical investigation, Dr. Maitland, had quoted stories from Ingulf as if they had been undoubtedly genuine, and mentioned that the twelfth century was the usual time for forgeries of this kind rather than the fourteenth. With regard to charters, he thought that genuine charters had frequently false witnesses' names attached, which had been introduced at a later time in order to give a higher value to the document, so that often charters were a better test of the witnesses than witnesses were of the charters.

ANTHROPOLOGICAL INSTITUTE.—(*Anniversary Meeting, Tuesday, Jan. 27.*)

DR. JOHN BEDDOE, president, in the chair.—The following were elected officers and council for the ensuing year:—President, Dr. E. B. Tylor; vice-presidents, E. W. Brabrook, Hyde Clarke, F. W. Rudler; secretary, C. Peck; treasurer, A. L. Lewis; council, G. M. Atkinson, H. Balfour, C. H. E. Carmichael, the Rev. Dr. R. H. Codrington, J. F. Collingwood, Dr. J. G. Garson, H. Gosselin, Sir Lepel Griffin, T. V. Holmes, H. H. Howorth, R. Biddulph Martin, the Earl of Northesk, F. G. H. Price, Charles H. Read, I. Spielman, Oldfield Thomas, Coutts Trotter, Sir W. Turner, M. J. Walhouse, and Gen. Sir C. P. Beauchamp Walker.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(*Wednesday, Jan. 28.*)

SIR PATRICK COLQUHOUN, president, in the chair.—A paper by Mr. Arthur Benson, on Dr. Samuel Parr, was read. It gave a comprehensive sketch of his life and the principal literary episodes in which he was engaged. It dwelt principally on the egotistical and whimsical element in the character of Dr. Parr, illustrated this by anecdotes of his life and showed how it affected his literary work. The reader attempted to show how, by a curious and fortuitous concurrence of qualities and circumstances, Dr. Parr achieved a reputation far higher than anything that he deserved in his lifetime, which was followed after his death by an almost disproportionate collapse, so that students of literature in their amazement and disgust at the completeness of the imposture are now disposed to deny to Dr. Parr credit for the learning and virility of mind which he undoubtedly possessed.—The president, Mr. Bone, and Mr. Highton took part in the discussion.

FINE ART.

OLD MASTERS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IV.

THE fine series of water-colours illustrating chronologically the rise and progress of the art in England merits a much longer and more detailed notice than we are on the present occasion able to accord to it. It is on account of its near approach to completeness, and of its pretension to represent the English school in its entirety, that the gaps made by the absence of such widely recognised, if also very variously estimated, painters as Copley Fielding, Cattermole, Rossetti, and Pinwell, *inter alios*, become noticeable. If the absence of examples of their work be due to accident, there is nothing more to be said; but if *parti pris* should have anything to do with their ostracism, we should deplore a regrettable and unwise attempt to revise the judgment of contemporaries with regard to artists of well-established fame and well-defined position in English art. To put them in their right place—and we are not now attempting to establish in any way what that place is—it would, on the contrary, be doubly desirable to show them side by side with their *confrères*.

We may pass over the only topographically interesting "Views of Windsor" of Paul Sandby, with whom the series begins, and also the Italian scenes of that mild precursor of Cozens, William Pars, in order to arrive at Cozens himself, who is here represented by a

very fine and comprehensive series of his Italian studies. The superficial observer may—and does—pass these over, with the criticism that they are too cold, too limited and monochromatic in colour. The painter's limitations in this respect are of course undeniable; for he was of his own time, and from its conventionalities in this branch of art he did not entirely succeed in breaking away. None the less is he one of the greatest masters of landscape among moderns, and perhaps the one among all others who has most nobly and pathetically presented the beauties of Italy, unsophisticated and unadorned with extraneous excrescence. Among many fine things we may single out a "View of Sir William Hamilton's Villa on Vesuvius" (J. E. Taylor, Esq.), and more especially a beautiful "Sunset with St. Peter's in the Distance" (C. M. Agnew, Esq.). The powerful, and in more senses than one monumental, art of Girtin is also well shown in the noble "Durham" (J. E. Taylor, Esq.), which would appear to have influenced Turner, and through him many others in their presentations of the same scene; in the masterly "Tattersall Castle," and in "Peterborough Cathedral." Another and a more pathetic phase of his landscape art is illustrated in "White House, Battersea Reach" (H. L. Micholls, Esq.); and in an evening scene, showing under a weird sunset sky the bend of a road winding by a lake. A certain hardness of execution, and the lack of a very definite artistic personality, prevent Varley from taking quite an equal rank with the very best of his contemporaries. The best thing by him here is the beautiful "Lake Scene" (C. M. Agnew, Esq.). There is much that is almost repellent in the technique of John Sell Cotman—his frequent hardness of outline, the monotony and want of gradation of that colour-scheme in which he opposes masses of indigo-blue to masses of orange-yellow; but he must always command a very high place in virtue of the singular grandeur and originality of his conceptions. Daring and tremendous in its force is the "Storm: Yarmouth Beach, 1831" (G. Holmes, Esq.); while in the well-known "Draining Mill, Lincolnshire" (James Reeve, Esq.), a familiar motive is treated with an exaggerated truth, and yet with a sombre pathos, recalling Rembrandt's famous "Mill" at Bowood. It is impossible to withhold from David Cox the admiration which he enforces in virtue of the breadth and easy mastery of his technical method, the concealed art and naturalness of his compositions, the characteristically English flavour of all he brought forth. Why, then, is the charm which he exercises but a superficial one, in comparison with the spell cast over us by some of his more deeply-moved, if not otherwise more gifted, contemporaries? Is it not that, placed in the balance with theirs, his works appear to betray a lack of real emotion in the contact with nature, and a preference for what is obvious and easily appreciable over what is subtly suggestive and less easily revealed. Here are some of the finest among the often-described Coxes in the Nettlefold collection, including "Changing Pasture," "Sherwood Forest," and "Old Mill." Of a different order of beauty, and, indeed, in a certain sense a contradiction of what we have just said about Cox, is the beautiful and quite unconventionally rendered, "Moonlight Scene: Darley Churchyard" (Rev. C. J. Sale). Turner as a water-colour painter has been the hero on so many previous occasions that we need only now point to a few prominent examples of his art. Foremost among these is the magnificent "York," one of the most solemn and beautiful pages from English nature which the master has produced, and especially remarkable for the reposeful charm that per-

vades it—the absence of which quality often robs his noblest productions belonging to the second and third periods of half their power. "Colchester Castle" (the late Miss James), is an unreal and tormented performance, showing Turner at his worst; while "Lowestoft" (Rev. C. J. Gale) and "Shipwreck off Hastings" (H. Vaughan, Esq.), are noble studies in a more earnest mood of sea-coast scenery. De Wint appears, with all the sobriety of his manner, a master, even by the side of Turner, and the noble sincerity of his art is not for a moment in question. Never has there been a better opportunity than the present one for judging William Hunt in his various aspects. To our thinking, his wonderfully stippled still-life pieces, of which there are several perfect specimens here, are in no sense important, or indeed true, manifestations of art. It is in his close and sympathetic observation, in his humorous and accomplished rendering of English rustic manners, that Hunt shows himself in truth a master. Here his genuinely optimistic, yet far from unemotional, view of his subject is in curious and instructive contrast with much of the sad, noble realism of our generation. Particularly admirable in this category are "The Young Cricketer" (C. F. H. Bolekow, Esq.), and the inimitable "A Cold Morning" (same collection), showing two urchins almost weeping with the bitterness of the cold blast, yet stopping to gossip in the midst of the snow. The melting beauties of those transparent sunset skies which canopy almost all George Barret's landscapes, classical and other, are amply exhibited in a whole series of fine examples, the most beautiful among which is the so-called "Twilight" (James Orrock, Esq.). We can only note in passing the fine, pathetic, paraphrases of nature of George Fennel Robson, who excels less in transparency of colour than in sweeping breadth and unity of design; he seems to have undergone the influence of Turner's first manner. Again, Samuel Palmer—a very divinity to a certain narrow circle of admirers—shows here in "Lycidas" and "Tityrus restored to his Patrimony" the narrow limits of his charming art, but at the same time the genuinely idyllic character which informs it. A whole group of important drawings displays at its best the manner of John Frederick Lewis, especially in its oriental manifestations. We admire the wonderfully patient and truthful elaboration of his details, his skilful treatment of indoor light under difficult conditions, and the genuine artistic quality of all that he produces; but, especially in the scenes from those Eastern lands which he unfeignedly loves, we must deplore a singular and fatal inability to render truthfully types of humanity, or to express the varieties of facial expression which individualise the human countenance. This defect is particularly noticeable in those otherwise admirable pages of oriental life within doors, "The Reception" (G. E. Holland, Esq.), and "The Harem" (Birket Foster, Esq.). What remains to be said about the exquisite art of Frederick Walker, with a well-selected group of whose water-colour drawings the series is brought to a termination? His finest handiwork in this branch, his most genial and genuinely pathetic conceptions, are to be found at the Academy; for here are the "Harbour of Refuge"—unaccountably rechristened as the "Vale of Rest"; one of his masterpieces, "The Ferry"; the quaintly-named "Coachman and Cabbage"; "The Fishmonger's Shop"; "The Wayfarers"; "Philip in Church"; and other things besides. The impression given by this beautiful group of works on their reappearance is that of a genius of the genuinely poetical English order, which resolutely casts its rays only on the nobler if still the sadder side of life, and thereby limits its scope; of a craftsman in love rather with elaborated exquisiteness of

local colour and wealth of beautiful detail, than possessed of synthetic power or masterly breadth of execution. Indeed, the conviction forces itself more and more upon us that Walker, notwithstanding the beauty and the originality of what he actually achieved, had not, when his career was so prematurely cut short, attained his full maturity, whether of brain or of hand.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

OBITUARY.

MEISSONIER.

It was the privilege of Meissonier to live to be old, and yet not to outlive the reputation which he had acquired in middle age. When he died in his flat on the Boulevard Malesherbes last Saturday morning, he was, according to some accounts, seventy-five, according to others, seventy-nine; in any case, he was a man who had been working for nearly two generations. Meissonier was born at Lyons—a member of the lower middle-class—and he came to Paris as a student about the year 1830. From this it will be evident that his young manhood was passed at the period when the battle between the now temporarily neglected “Classicists” and the momentarily over-rated “Romanticists” was being waged with fierceness. It has been truly said of him that he never entered either camp, and that the source of his almost immediate success was his apparent originality; and we have been further informed that that originality—like the originality of Mr. Burne Jones—was in truth a return to earlier methods which had to a great extent passed out of notice. Meissonier, indeed, was a follower of the seventeenth-century Dutchmen—a follower, not a mere imitator, adding to their gifts the French gift of vivacity. In minuteness of treatment his work is on the lines of Gerard Dou; but while Gerard Dou and his fellows bestowed their detailed and precise art upon the record of contemporary scenes, Meissonier went back, for the most part, though, of course, not always, from his own century to theirs and to the intervening one, painting the epochs of Louis Treize, Louis Quatorze, and Louis Quinze. In the main, he treated what may be called Dutch themes—the themes of the Dutch *genre* painters—though in his battle-pieces he was obviously deserting the ground of Ostade and Metsu and Gerard Dou for that of Phillips Wouvermann. If his reputation—made, it must be remembered, nearly half a century ago—has already lasted so long, and if the art that commended itself to the epoch of Louis Philippe was found acceptable to the epoch of Napoleon the Third and to that of the Presidencies of Thiers and Sadi Carnot, this must be laid to the credit of the surprising technique which Meissonier had always at command. He was not what is generally called imaginative, but his realism was refined. He was correct without pedantry. And, on his limited inches, he was a draughtsman of extraordinary skill. Such technique insures, at all events, a measure of permanent value to any work that the possessor of it may produce. Meissonier cannot be forgotten in the future, though, like the Romanticists with whom he had little in common, he cannot in the next generation receive that tribute of hysterical approbation which the little informed are wont to lavish upon the favourites of an hour. He happens, like Millet, to have been exalted, for a period, above his own comfortable and even honourable place.

ART NOTES FROM PARIS.

Paris: Feb. 2, 1891.

DEATH has already made sad havoc this year in the ranks of French artists. The sculptors Aimé Millet and Delaplanche were the first victims; then came the turn of Chaplin; and last, but greatest of all, Meissonnier.

Chaplin was English by birth, and was only naturalised four years ago. He was essentially *distingué* as a man and an artist. A pale imitator of Watteau and Boucher, he was, above all, a painter of fashionable beauties. The first portrait he exhibited (1851) was that of the celebrated Marie Duplessis, better known as “La dame aux camélias”; the portraits of the ill-fated Duchesse de Luynes and of the Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld are fine specimens of his style. He was also an able engraver, and the well-known engravings of Watteau’s “Embarquement pour Cythère” and of Rubens’ “Helen Fourment” were done by him. The series of paintings of roseate, semi-nude nymphs, lost in diaphanous clouds of muslin, which were his favourite subjects, justified Mousselet’s witticism that he was “le chapelain de Cythère.”

Two *Petits Salons*, held in the picture galleries of the Cercle Artistique and the Cercle Volney, have just been opened; these fashionable and private views are a sort of rehearsal of the annual art fairs held in the Champs Elysées and Champs de Mars, and generally contain a certain number of works of merit. Among the portraits, special mention is due to a splendid portrait of a member of the Cercle, by M. Carolus Duran. The Due d’Aumale, by M. Bonnat, painted in profile so as to resemble a medallion, is very clever, but unsatisfactory; the portrait of M. Cernuschi is more worthy of this great painter. A bold, life-like piece of work is M. Gervex’s “Fencing Master.” M. Courtois also exhibits four exquisitely finished small cabinet portraits. Among the landscapes and *tableaux de genre* are several fine specimens of the work of such artists as Messrs. Cain, de Clairmont, Gérôme, Gervex, Flameng, Pasini, Merson, Weeks, and other familiar names.

The thirteenth exhibition of the Société d’Aquarellistes Français opens to-morrow in Petit’s drawing-room picture gallery, which will become the fashionable rendezvous of *le tout Paris* for the next fortnight. The exhibition consists, as usual, of a number of highly-finished exhibits, as far removed as possible from true water-colour painting. Messieurs Béthune, Adrien Marie, and Zuber contribute several really fine studies of London views and life, as well as Alpine scenery. M. Harpignie’s landscapes are admirable in their natural simplicity. M. Besnard’s three *études* are, as usual, specimens of the most correct drawing and marvellous colouring—a source of merriment to the Philistine, and a joy for ever to the enlightened amateur. M. Boutet de Monvel is to be seen here at his best; and, of course, M. Vibert’s inevitable red cardinal (gathering poppies this time) is present.

C. N.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A SAD CASE.

Autun: Feb. 1, 1891.

Would you kindly lend me the publicity of the ACADEMY in favour of a widow lady who greatly needs some assistance? She is an Englishwoman, living in London, although the widow of a French artist. Her late husband, Simon Rochard, was a well-known miniature painter in his day, employed by the Duke of Wellington and other members of the English aristocracy. I have made careful inquiry into Mrs. Rochard’s case, and find that she is really in want of help, and is suffering from an incur-

able infirmity. M. Rochard lost his savings through an unfortunate investment, and his widow has, until lately, been aided by a friend who is now dead. She receives a pension of £5 a year from a public institution, an income that most of us would consider insufficient. The vicar of her parish, who supports my petition, will answer any further inquiries, and receive on Mrs. Rochard’s behalf any sums that may be subscribed for her benefit. His name and address are the Rev. James Jackson, St. Sepulchre’s Vicarage, 5, Charterhouse-square, London, E.C.

P. G. HAMERTON.

THE SILOAM INSCRIPTION.

Southampton: Feb. 3, 1891.

I have been asked by the Council of the Palestine Exploration Fund to correct the statement which appeared in the ACADEMY (and has been copied in several other papers) to the effect that the correct copy of the Siloam inscription is “believed” to have been made by Mr. Sayce.

Mr. Sayce made a copy before the inscription was cleaned, and when it was impossible for anyone to make a correct copy. That referred to was made by Capt. Mantell, R.E., and by myself, in 1881, after the text was cleaned from a squeeze now in my possession. A cast was also procured by me for the Council of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which they now possess. A copy of my squeeze was sent, by my desire, to Mr. Sayce to enable him to amend his translation. He has subsequently published my copy of the text in a small work; and it appears also in my volume *Syrian Stone Lore*, and is fully discussed in the *Memoirs of the Survey of Western Palestine* (Jerusalem volume).

The discovery of the Siloam inscription being reported to the society, they undertook the expense of lowering the level of the water in the tunnel. Dr. Güthe had begun to copy the text, uncleaned, when I reached Jerusalem. It was suggested to him to clean it with a weak acid solution, and when this was done the beauty and careful cutting of the letters first became apparent.

C. R. CONDER.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE remarkable collection of Watteau drawings possessed by the late Miss James is likely to come into the market during the present season. If this be so, it is improbable, we suppose, that the two or three Watteau pictures, now on loan at the Old Masters, will long be retained by the family. They, too, will probably be sold; and thus is an opportunity afforded to the National Gallery of possessing itself of at least one example by the artist who was the acknowledged leader of the delightful French school.

THE exhibitions to open next week include a collection of drawings by Miss Kate Greenaway and Mr. Hugh Thomson—a most happy conjunction—at the Fine Art Society’s, in New Bond-street; and the usual “spring” exhibition of water-colour drawings by members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

WE understand that, prior to the exhibition of ancient and modern bindings which the Burlington Club will open later in the season, there will be held in the gallery a smaller exhibition illustrative of French etching. This exhibition is in a very forward state of preparation. It will include important examples of the work of the group of men who are identified with the modern revival—to wit,

Millet, Meryon, Jacquemart, Bracquemond, Corot, and others.

SIR JAMES LINTON is engaged in executing a portrait of Miss Margery Fulleylove, the daughter of the distinguished painter of architectural and garden subjects.

MISS H. HOSMER has received a commission from the ladies of the Isabella Association of America, whose headquarters are at Chicago, to design for the World's Fair of 1892 a full-length statue of Queen Isabella, of Castile, the patron of Columbus, sending him forth to discover the New World. The work is to be executed in bronze at Rome.

ETCHERS and engravers are to be congratulated on having realised the idea of a dinner among themselves. This took place at the Criterion restaurant on Wednesday in last week, about sixty being present. The object of the meeting was to promote social intercourse among the exponents of the different methods of etching and engraving, and exchange of ideas on matters connected therewith. A very harmonious and interesting meeting was the result, and it is likely to develop into an important annual gathering. Mr. Seymour Haden, president of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, was in the chair, and the principal toast of the evening was "Success to all forms of the engraver's art."

IN connexion with the death of Meissonier, we may mention that the Christmas number of the *Art Journal* for 1887 was devoted to an account of his life and works by Mr. Lionel Robinson, with many illustrations and a catalogue of his paintings. This number is still in print.

WE give a cordial welcome to our youngest contemporary, *Black and White*. With Sir J. D. Linton as chairman of the board, Mr. Spielmann as art-manager, and M. O. Lacour as head of the studio of engravers, it is unnecessary to say that every endeavour will be made by the new journal to live up to its title. Judging from the first number, its speciality seems to be the introduction into a weekly newspaper of the high standard of block-printing popularised by the American monthlies. We learn, with surprise, that this can only be accomplished by means of machines made at Angsburg.

THE STAGE.

THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ON Saturday we went to the St. James's Theatre—the first night under Mr. George Alexander's management. Half London having ardently desired to get into the New Opera House, the St. James's was left, not empty indeed, but without quite the customary array of "first-nighters." Moreover, the major part of the bill presented nothing of novelty. There was a welcome familiarity in the appearance of Mr. Alexander, Mr. Natcombe Gould, Miss Marion Terry, and Miss Maude Millett in those characters in "Sunlight and Shadow" which they had been representing for several scores of nights, under the same management, at the Avenue. That which was fresh began only at half-past ten of the clock, and was but a one-act comedy—a comedietta, properly speaking—by Mr. A. C. Calmour, whose graces of fancy "The Amber Heart" had hitherto expressed the best. "A Gay Lothario"—the new thing—is not without ingenuity. It recalls Colley Cibber more than Colman; but, indeed, it is not wholly of the past. Along with sentences that are cast in the mould of Sheridan—along with phrases conveyed almost bodily from "The School for Scandal" and "The Rivals"—there are, a little too perceptibly, the colloquialisms of to-day. However, Mr. Calmour's effort on

the whole is ingenious, and its result pleasing. The piece has four characters, though two of them—the servants, Sparks and Letty—exist hardly for their own sake: they are rather the machinery which is essential for conducting the necessary business of the play. The two characters of importance are those which are performed by Mr. Alexander and Miss Millett—a pair of lovers, whose loves or flirtations have been wide-spreading in the past, but between whom there exists a very genuine attachment. You feel that if anything happened to Amanda Goldacre, Sir Harry Lovell would not long be inconsolable; and from the engaging vivacity of Amanda you surmise that if anything happened to Sir Harry her grief, though real, could hardly for ever blight her spirits. In a word, they are charming young people—satisfied with themselves, with each other, and with the great world—sensible young people who lose their hearts, in a measure, but who never lose their heads. It is true, as has been said elsewhere, that neither Mr. Alexander nor Miss Millett richly endows the part that he or she assumes with what are deemed the characteristics of eighteenth-century manner. They, like the writing of the piece, are at times modern. Yet is Mr. Alexander thoroughly acceptable, in the lightness and grace which are his own; while as regards Miss Millett, the very best of the eighteenth century could never have improved upon her. Nor do we see how it would have been well possible for anyone to write, in the performance of Amanda, that eighteenth-century style which is demanded by convention with that delicate and detailed portrayal of the ways of true girlhood, or young womanhood, which the art and the personality of Miss Millett succeed in affording. Miss Millett's performance has, at the worst, only the defects of its qualities. Whatever it may lack, it is agreeable and refreshing to the last degree.

F. W.

THE SUPPRESSION OF "THERMIDOR."

IT would require the pen of a Beaumarchais to describe the various serio-comic incidents of the controversy which has been raging in Paris for the last week with regard to the interdiction "by authority" of M. Sardou's new drama "Thermidor." To a stranger, the whole affair must appear like a storm in a tea-cup, but to those who are in a position to get an occasional glimpse behind the scenes of political and theatrical life in Paris (the two often run together) the affair has been a very serious one. In fact, it almost led to a ministerial crisis. The truth is that the French have not yet acquired the requisite mental equilibrium necessary to judge dispassionately of the Revolution; party feeling and prejudice still reign supreme. It is dangerous ground to tread on even in ordinary conversation, and to dramatise such a subject is to court trouble and uproar.

M. Sardou protests in vain of "the purity of his intentions" with regard to the memory of the great men of the Revolution, and that his only object was to stigmatise the Reign of Terror and Robespierre. Many Republicans would answer him like the rat in the fable: "Ce bloc infariné ne me dit rien qui vaille." Besides, he is an old stager, too familiar with the extreme excitability of Parisian audiences not to have known beforehand that a drama descriptive of the tyranny and religious persecution of the Jacobin period was almost certain to set the audience by the ears—not the special public of the *première* or the select "Tuesday subscribers," but the more popular element of ordinary nights. The storm burst sooner and more violently than could have been expected;

that is all. He sowed the wind, and has reaped the whirlwind.

As one of the few who were fortunate enough to assist at the second and perhaps last performance of M. Sardou's drama, I venture to maintain, *en pleine connaissance de cause*, that "Thermidor," like "Rabagas" and "Daniel Rochat," was a *pièce de combat*. The long description of Paris under the Terror, in the first act, is nothing else than M. Taine's indictment of that period ("La Conquête Jacobine") put into dialogue. The very dramatic episode of the second act, one of the finest scenes M. Sardou has written, in which Faliene, subjugated by the impassioned eloquence of Martial, is on the point of following her lover, but is suddenly reminded of the sanctity and ever-binding character of her vows on hearing her sister nuns singing on their way to the scaffold, was almost certain to excite the ill-timed mockery of the *intransigeants*. The last act, the courtyard of the Conciergerie, represented with such picturesque reality, the presence of the executioner, the procession of prisoners on their way to the tumbrils waiting outside, the jeers of the *canaille*—all these and minor incidents of the play were calculated to excite popular feeling to a dangerous degree. Certainly the picture presented by the dramatist was, in a sense, truthful; but it was too one-sided a view, and the grand perspective of the background was dwarfed and distorted. As for the adverse manifestation which took place in the theatre, this has been very much exaggerated, and could easily have been quelled. It is deeply to be regretted that the "maintenance of order" should have necessitated the adoption by Government of so severe a measure as the interdiction of the play. But to explain this would be to tread on the forbidden ground of politics. In the meanwhile, the public has been deprived of the pleasure of seeing a highly interesting drama, admirably acted, and put on the stage in the most artistic fashion, due regard being paid to the exactitude of every detail. The loss to the Comédie Française will not be short of ten to twelve thousand pounds.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

MUSIC.

"IVANHOE."

THE production of a new English opera is naturally looked upon as an event of historic importance. During the last ten or twelve years native art has made great strides, but our composers have proved more successful on the concert platform than on the stage. The new opera "Ivanhoe" has been produced under peculiarly favourable circumstances. By common consent Sir Arthur Sullivan is one of our most popular musicians, and he has been provided with a libretto based upon a novel familiar both to young and old. Further, his work has been brought out in a new theatre erected specially for English art. Is "Ivanhoe" a success? That is the question which, within small space, we shall now attempt to answer. We do not refer to the reception given to it by the public. There was plenty of applause on Saturday—though perhaps not quite so much enthusiasm as one might have expected—and the composer was recalled at the close; but a first night verdict is no real test, be it favourable or otherwise. Have not operas in the past been brilliantly received and yet soon forgotten; while others, coldly received on their first appearance, now enjoy permanent favour?

Is "Ivanhoe" a success? By that we mean, is it a work which will command the attention and admiration of serious musicians at home and abroad—a work, in fact, which will take high rank when future historians pen the

history of the present? We feel inclined to answer in the negative. The story is exciting, and, as stated in our preliminary notice last week, cleverly condensed by the librettist, Mr. Julian Sturgis; but dramatically the plot is faulty. In the first act we are made aware of a conspiracy to seize the fair Rowena as she returns from the lists at Ashby. This is carried out, and in the second act Rowena is a prisoner in Torquilstone; but from the moment Rebecca is seen in the turret chamber, it is she who claims the interest and sympathy of the audience. Rowena is well-nigh forgotten, although she takes part in a quartet in the next act. There are other details, too, in the book which prevent concentration, to say nothing of gradation, of interest. The book then, despite many excellent qualities, is sufficiently strong to attract, but not altogether to inspire a composer. And this is exactly—in our humble judgment—what we find in Sir A. Sullivan's music. It is full of clever, brilliant, and at times dramatic points—as, for instance, in the tournament scene, the duet between the Jewess and the Templar, the assault of Torquilstone Castle, and the scene at Templestowe; but there are moments when the interest flags.

But, if judging it by a very high standard, the opera is not altogether satisfactory, still from other points of view it may be deemed a success. It has lyrical charm. The song sung by Rowena in the second scene of the first act, "O moon, art thou clad in silver mail?" is attractive; King Richard's first song has a very easy pleasing swing; and Ivanhoe's song and Rebecca's lullaby at the opening of the third act are in the composer's most winning manner. Then, too, as a specimen of humour—one of Sir A. Sullivan's strong points—we have Friar Tuck's jolly song, "The wind blows cold across the moor"; here, in the gathering of the outlaws who take up the stave, "So ho, jolly Jenkin," both librettist and composer have scored a success. The clever and appropriate music, again, in the earlier part of the scene between Friar and King deserves special mention. For brilliancy and effect, we would name the drinking song and chorus and the tournament music in the first act. And for numbers in which the composer displays dramatic power of a high order, we would call to mind Rebecca's scena, and especially her duet with Brian. This, indeed, is the high-water mark of the opera.

We have already noted that some use is made of representative themes. It is quite impossible for composers to ignore a method which has been employed with such wonderful effect by Wagner, and there is only danger when they try to imitate the extraordinary metamorphoses and interweavings of themes such as we find in "Tristan" and the "Ring." Sir A. Sullivan has merely a few phrases connected with Saxon or Norman, or with certain characters; and these are only sparingly introduced. We certainly find a reference to a representative, though not chief, theme at the end of the work; and it is just by such means that Wagner gives such power and unity to his music-dramas. But the concluding *ensemble* of "Ivanhoe" is based only on the theme of a previous quartet. With regard to the orchestration, the composer has shown his usual marked ability. Let us, before concluding this brief notice of the opera, express ourselves quite clearly as to its merits. It contains some of Sir A. Sullivan's best efforts; and if there are things in it to which one may take exception, it must, nevertheless, be regarded as a work of great skill and beauty. The music may be described as thoroughly Sullivanesque, and this in spite of reminiscences here and there. But who is free from these things? The influences of Gounod and Wagner are perhaps the most marked.

A few words with regard to the performance on the first night—last Saturday. Miss Margaret Macintyre played the part of Rebecca with dramatic power and pathos; she has a trying part in the second act, and her fine voice was heard to great advantage. Mr. Eugene Oudin was admirable as the Templar, both histrionically and vocally. Mr. Ben Davies sang well as Ivanhoe. Mr. Norman Salmund is an accomplished vocalist, but on this first night made a somewhat nervous King Richard. Mr. Frangon Davies, as Cedric, was successful, and Miss Esther Palliser (Rowena) looked and sang well. Mr. Avon Saxon was most acceptable as Friar Tuck; and had not the composer set his face against encores, his song would have been repeated. Miss Marie Groebel (Ulrica) and M. C. Kenningham (De Bracy) gave satisfaction. The orchestra, under the composer's direction worked wonders, and the chorus was excellent. The performance lasted until close upon twelve o'clock. Sir Arthur Sullivan (who conducted in person), Mr. D'Oyly Carte, and Mr. Hugh Moss were summoned to the footlights at the close.

We had almost forgotten to mention the mounting of the piece. The tournament scene was well managed; the falling of the walls of Torquilstone Castle was striking; while the forest scene afterwards, and the concluding one at Templestowe were wonderfully effective. "Ivanhoe" was repeated on Monday with a different cast: Miss Thudichum and Miss Lucille Hill were the Rebecca and Rowena, while Mr. Franklin Clive took the part of King Richard.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MASTER JEAN GERARDY gave a 'cello recital at St. James's Hall on Friday, January 30. The marvellous technical and intellectual powers of this talented youth, and the taste and feeling with which he interprets music have already been commented on in these columns on the occasion of his first recital last December. He was again most successful, playing two showy movements from a *Molique* Concerto, and short pieces by Bach, Saint-Saëns, Max Bruch, &c. The programme included violin solos skilfully rendered by M. Johannes Wolff, and songs by that intelligent singer Mr. Plunket Greene.

MR. HENSCHIEL gave his fourth orchestral concert last Thursday week, at St. James's Hall. The programme was an excellent one, and the performances were all first-rate. Mendelssohn's "Fingal's Cave" overture was followed by Mozart's Symphony in G minor, which was interpreted with great spirit and expression. The novelty of the evening was a short symphonic poem by M. Percy Rideout, a pupil for some years of the organist, Mr. R. Lockner, and afterwards at the Royal College of Music. The music is inspired by Shelley's "Epipsy-chidion." At the composer's request no analysis was given in the programme-book, and this was a wise precaution. Mr. Rideout is young, and the composition shows promise, but at present his head is too full of Wagner. Mme. Albani was the vocalist, and gained much applause for "Softly sighs," from the "Freischütz." She sang "Isolden's Liebestod" with great effect.

In memory of Niels Gade, his Octet was given at the Popular Concert on Monday evening. It is a melodious and pleasing, though scarcely a strong, work: the influence of Mendelssohn is clearly perceptible in the two middle movements. The influence, indeed, of Mendelssohn on this composer was pointed out by Schumann in an article on Gade as long ago as 1844. The work was led by Mme. Neruda,

and played with great finish. Mlle. Ilona Eibenschütz repeated (by desire) Beethoven's Sonata in C minor (Op. 111); and though her tone was not altogether satisfactory in the Allegro, we must admit that she gave a very fine performance of the music. The variations were rendered with far greater calm and poetry than on the first occasion. Mlle. Eibenschütz has risen considerably in our estimation. She played a movement from a Bach Partita by way of encore, but at rather too rapid a rate.

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LITERATURE.

Nelson. By G. Lathom Browne. (Fisher Unwin.)

MR. LATHOM BROWNE has tried to do for Nelson what, in a previous work, he has done for Wellington. This is not a biography of our greatest seaman: it does not give us his living image; it does not contain an estimate of his heroic nature, or even of his illustrious career. The book is wanting in symmetry and just proportion. It is, nevertheless, a useful performance; and the general reader, if he dwells on its pages, will learn better from it what Nelson was than from studying other "Lives" in our tongue. For those, apart from Southey's remarkable sketch—now almost obsolete and marred by prejudice—are utterly unworthy of their noble subject. The work may be styled one of premises, conclusions being almost withheld. It tells us the tale of Nelson's exploits, as they may be collected from his own despatches, from those of leading sailors of his time, and from authorities of later date; and the author scarcely appears in the volume. Mr. Lathom Browne, too, has judiciously followed the admirable narrative of De la Gravière—by far the best extant account of Nelson, though written by a Frenchman, be it said to our shame—in his description of Nelson's combats and battles; and the translations are fairly done and effective. We cannot understand, however, why he has not given De la Gravière his true rank. This accomplished seaman and excellent critic has been long an admiral in his country's service, and is not a captain only, as he is called in this book; and Mr. Lathom Browne has borrowed some passages from him without making the due acknowledgment. As De la Gravière's work, too, is the foundation of this volume, the author would have done well to have made extracts from the diary and correspondence of the luckless Villeneuve contained in the French admiral's book; for these throw much fresh light on the naval campaign of 1805, and especially on the glorious day of Trafalgar.

We cannot here attempt a sketch of Nelson, and shall merely indicate the parts of his career which are brought prominently out in this book. His most distinctive excellence, perhaps, was that, far better than any other chief, he understood the decayed and effete condition of the navies of France and Spain in the Great War. Here he towered easily over admirals brought up in the traditions of the Seven Years' War, or of that of our revolted colonies; and this perception of the fact was one secret of his extraordinary daring and success.

As early as 1793, when we had an ally in Spain, Nelson wrote in this way of the Spanish navy:

"They have four first-rates in commission at Cadiz, and very fine ships, but shockingly manned. If those twenty-one sail of the line, which we are to join in the Mediterranean, are not better manned, they cannot be of much use. I am certain if our six barges' crews, who are picked men, had got on board one of these first-rates, they would have taken her. The Dons make fine ships—they cannot, however, make men."

He gives this account of the French fleet of Toulon, when in command of the *Agamemnon*: "In the morning I was certain of taking their whole fleet, latterly six sail. I will say no ships behave better than ours, none worse than the French." At St. Vincent, Nelson, as is well known, steered right into the midst of the Spanish fleet, and was engaged, for a time, with three first-rates. Yet he considered the *Captain* a match for two ships at least: "For an hour the *Culloden* and *Captain* supported this apparently, but not in reality, unequal contest, when the *Blenheim*, bearing to windward of us, eased us a little." The contrast he drew between the English and French seamen, in his despatch after the battle of the Nile, is well known, and deserves attention: "It must strike forcibly every British seaman how superior their conduct is, when in discipline and good order, to the riotous behaviour of lawless Frenchmen."

The letters of Villeneuve, and of several Spanish officers, completely confirm the views of Nelson. The Revolution half ruined the French navy: it wasted its resources and destroyed its discipline; and a corrupt despotism ruined the navy of Spain. It was shown at St. Vincent that the Spanish crews could not furl sail, or climb up the rigging. Villeneuve's diary before Trafalgar is a long complaint of "bad ships, bad sailors, bad gunners, bad guns." These facts should be carefully borne in mind. They vindicate Nelson; but they also show that in a contest on the ocean we should now have to deal with adversaries in a far better condition than our enemies of 1793—1805.

Nelson was certainly the first of modern seamen. His feats of seamanship remain unrivalled. Whether, as at the Nile, he steers his fleet where Brueys thought he would never venture; or whether, as at Copenhagen, he enters a channel where Parker would not attempt to move; or whether he maintains the blockade of Toulon with ships that seem to defy the weather; or whether he pursues Villeneuve to the West Indies, gaining on his enemy hand over hand—he is always the perfect, matchless seaman. This gift was largely due to natural genius. For example, Nelson says of himself when still in his teens: "Captain Robinson used to say he felt as easy when I was on deck as any officer in the ship." When still a boy-captain he could manoeuvre in this style: "I was chased by three French ships of the line and the *Irish* frigate. As they all beat me in sailing very much, I had no chance but running them among the shoals of St. George's Bank." The seamanship of Nelson must be as-

cribed, however, in some measure to long years of training. He served for some time as a common sailor; and the conqueror of the Nile largely owed his victory to his skill as a pilot, a craft he had learned when quite a boy in experiences on the Thames.

The nature of Nelson was heroic, and he had extraordinary power in gaining the hearts of men. These great qualities, combined with his perfect insight into the weakness of his foes, and with his skill in seamanship, made him an absolutely unequalled leader at sea. His feats of daring are well known; his ardour sometimes outran discretion; but, as a rule, his boldness was crowned by victory. The heroism of his character is attested by many examples. We cite a single one from this volume when Nelson was in his twentieth year:

"The first lieutenant was ordered to board her, which he did not do, owing to the very heavy sea. On his return the captain said, 'Have I no officer in the ship who can board the prize?' On which the master ran to the gangway to get into the boat, when I stopped him, saying, 'It is my turn; and if I come back it is yours.'"

The influence of Nelson on his officers and men was a talisman to secure success. He insisted on discipline, and could be severe; but, as a rule, he made his supremacy felt by inspiring his captains with complete confidence, by the ascendancy of commanding genius, by encouraging valour, by making large allowances for mere excess of zeal and daring, and by his intense sympathy with the common sailor. The author truly remarks:

"Great as had been the exertions of his predecessors in the glorious roll of English admirals, no one of them had, ere Nelson came, ruled rather by kindness and love than by fear. Even Jervis, respected as he was and readily obeyed, was rather feared than loved. Nelson was adored. He realised the duty of his being known by report to every man and boy in his fleet."

We have no space to dwell on Nelson's great battles. His celebrated manoeuvre at St. Vincent will be found well described in this book, in an extract from the *Edinburgh Review*. As for his victory of the Nile, the best planned and most perfect of all his triumphs, the honour of the decisive movement has been ascribed to Foley; but Berry's report appears conclusive.

"The position of the enemy presented the most formidable obstacles; but the admiral viewed them with the eye of a seaman determined on attack, and it instantly struck his eager and penetrating mind that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing there was room for one of ours to anchor. No further signal was necessary than those which had already been made. The admiral's designs were as fully known to his whole squadron as was his determination to conquer or perish in the attempt."

The following shows the importance of Nelson's order to anchor by the stern in this famous action:

"I asked the second captain of the *Aquilon* how it was that, as we approached, they did not fire at us? He said 'after we got within a certain distance they ceased, reserving their broadside until we should anchor, and when swinging they meant to rake us; instead of which,' he said, 'you anchored by the stern,

and the first broadside you gave us killed the post captain and destroyed every battery but the lower deck, where the carnage was very great."

Nelson's tactics at Trafalgar could not be justified, if the contending fleets were of nearly equal power; but in the actual situation they were a stroke of genius. Collingwood, the surviving chief of the victory, Villeneuve, a skilful seaman, but a feeble leader, and Escano, who, after the fall of Gravina, succeeded to the command of the Spanish squadron, concur in opinion on this particular. We quote a few words from Collingwood's despatch:

"The enemy's ships were fought with a gallantry highly honourable to their officers, but the attack on them was irresistible."

Here is a sketch of Nelson by the Duke of Clarence, when the illustrious seaman was a youthful captain:

"He had on a full-laced uniform; his lank unpowdered hair tied in a stiff Hessian tail of extraordinary length; the old-fashioned flaps of his waistcoat added to the general quaintness of his figure, and produced an appearance of particularity which attracted my attention. . . . There was something irresistibly pleasing in his address and conversation; and an enthusiasm when speaking of professional subjects, showing me he was no common being."

Nelson had this appearance in the circle of home:

"Lord Nelson in private life was remarkable for a demeanour quiet, sedate, and unobtrusive, anxious to give pleasure to every one about him, distinguishing each in turn by some act of kindness, and chiefly those who seemed to require it most. During his few intervals of leisure, in a little knot of relations and friends, he delighted in quiet conversation, through which occasionally ran an undercurrent of pleasantry, not unmixed with caustic wit. At his table he was the least heard among the company, and so far from being the hero of his own tale, I never heard him voluntarily refer to any of the great actions of his life."

Mr. Lathom Browne discusses at length the questions of Nelson's conduct to Carracioli, and of his relations with Lady Hamilton. As to the first, Nelson had a full share of the anti-Jacobin prejudices of the day; and he was singularly wanting in tact in politics, and in prudence in difficult affairs of state. As to the second question, we shall not touch a scandal which must be painful to many still living persons; Horatia is not long dead—"taceamus de istis ne augeamus dolorem."

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Hedda Gabler: a Drama. By Henrik Ibsen. Translated by Edmund Gosse. (Heinemann.)

THE later additions to Ibsen's gallery of "revolutionary" women might plausibly be regarded as experiments towards the solution of the problem—"How far can you provincialise, impoverish, or debase the revolutionary impulse without disqualifying it to serve as a dramatic motive." With every fresh canvas we seem to pass further from the forces and strivings of normal experience, from the primitive emotions and desires unadorned and undistorted. We have left far behind us Lona Hessel, with

her new-world unconventionalities, her infectious and triumphant soundness of heart and head; Nora, with her pathetic recklessness in defence of her wounded dignity; and even Rebekka, with her wild passion purified and ennobled by the presence of its object. We have entered a region where, of set purpose and with deliberate artistic intention, robust passion is replaced by sickly hankering, masculine will by fatuous caprice, and the pity and terror of tragedy by an ugliness which excites no fear, and from which we turn away rather because it is unsavoury than because it is sad. Even the Lady from the Sea, though her fortunes do not perhaps stir us very deeply, is yet in her way an alluring and pathetic figure; and the imperishable poetry of mermaid legend hangs about her wayward steps and consecrates her fantastic vagaries.

But Ibsen's latest heroine, Hedda Gabler, is drawn in soberer tints, and with a harder, more definite pencil than the half-mystic Ellida. She is no lighthouse child, but a fashionable city girl, for whom Nature possesses no spell and provides no sanction, and whose only excuse for her wild impulses is a bad heart and a morbid brain. She is not redeemed by emotion, for she can hardly be said to have any. Of love she is fundamentally incapable; and though she may be allowed, in justice, to hate her husband and her rival, it is with a cold malignity which never disturbs her composure. The only daughter of a general, she has been suckled in a preference of arms to arts which later on finds expression in a sinister taste for pistol-shooting in comparison with study. She has been reared in luxury, and is much courted by society. Entirely self-absorbed, she is chiefly occupied with the attempt to reconcile two dominant but contradictory instincts—a taste for the lawless deeds which society resents, and a profound dread of provoking that resentment. She longs for "life," but is afraid of scandal. She is fascinated by a brilliant adventurer, Lövborg, and listens with secret gratification to the loose tales which she permits him to pour into her maiden ear; but she is satisfied with listening, and when he one day takes advantage of her complaisance, in fear not so much of sin as of scandal she raises her pistol, and then, again in fear of scandal, lets it drop. They part, Lövborg to plunge into reckless dissipation, Hedda to find herself, after the general's death, reduced to marry the highest bidder for a maintenance. Her husband, it need hardly be said, proves, in the hands of Ibsen, a person entirely unlike herself. Dr. George Tesman is not only a scholar, but a Philistine among scholars. He has been brought up by an old aunt, who works him slippers, which he sorely misses when he goes abroad. His conversation, so far as it is not composed of vapid exclamations, gravitates under ordinary circumstances to the domestic industries of Flanders in the middle ages, upon which he is writing a book. He cares nothing for politics, in which it is not expected that he would succeed, if he did. He is, in short, the kind of scholar whom we should seek with less success in the British Museum or the Bodleian (though he may possibly exist there) than

in the imagination of the unlearned. Tesman is understood to have prospects of a professorship, on the strength of which he has married. At the outset of the play they have just returned from a prolonged wedding-tour, largely spent, on his part, in ransacking archives (we wonder, by the way, whether the consciences of all readers of the ACADEMY are quite clear in this matter), and, on hers, in a monotonous alternation of irksome solitude and intolerable *tête-à-tête*. Her return finds her more eager than ever to "live," though equally anxious to preserve appearances. The old aunt, who has mortgaged her income to furnish their home, proves insufficiently entertaining, and receives little encouragement to repeat her first visit. The prospect of "responsibilities," at which her friends drop various meaning hints, is angrily scouted by Hedda, and naively ignored by her husband. From the point of view of "life," motherhood is an irritating irrelevance; from that of the domestic industries of the middle ages, fatherhood is a blank. It is not for nothing that this Mrs. Tesman, as she already is by law when the play opens, retains her maiden name in the title. The poet knew better than the law; and he chose this way, the only one open to a dramatist of his reticence, of setting the critical brand upon his own creation. Hedda Tesman remains Hedda Gabler, and she freely makes it known. Her old "comrades," the wooers who would have been accepted if their offers had been more promising, gather around her, and find that they are to be comrades still. They listen sympathetically to her sarcasms at the expense of the domestic industries. Further than that, however, she declines to go. She has got into a *coupé* for a life-long *tête-à-tête* with Tesman; she will be bored to death, she knows; but she dare not shock society by jumping out, though she is willing to admit a companion "for entertainment." Two of these comrades play the leading part in the drama next to her own; the Lövborg before mentioned and a certain Justice Brack—both men of talent and no principle, who differ in so far as the one pursues with reckless vehemence and with flashes of generous remorse what the other achieves by crafty calculation and a scrupulous observance of social forms. Brack is a man of the world and of society, who supplies her readily with the "entertainment" which she desires; Lövborg appeals to her more deeply as the embodiment of the "courage of life," the reckless acting-out of impulse, which she aspires to but shrinks from. But Lövborg is a man of ideas as well as of acts; and in the interim he has won the heart of another young wife, Mrs. Elvsted, and under her inspiration has written a book on the forces of civilisation, which has made him instantly famous. This book is equally removed from the sphere of Hedda, who hates all books, and of her husband, who only reads the *Fachleute*; and, as it makes Lövborg a rival of Tesman for his professorship, so it constitutes Mrs. Elvsted a rival of Hedda in relation to Lövborg. The action of the drama is essentially Hedda's effort to destroy this comradeship based on ideas,

and to set in its place her comradeship based on action. She contrives to win the whole confidence of her artless rival, a frail and tremulous flower of womanhood, who cannot resist the smiles of the terrible Hedda. While they sit together in her house, the three men meet at a bachelors' symposium, and play characteristic parts. Lövborg reads aloud a new and still bolder work on the future of civilisation, and then raves in his cups of the woman who "inspired" it; Tesman listens in involuntary envy, and goes home to his aunt; and Brack watches the situation to his own advantage. Overcome by wine and excitement, Lövborg, half-reclaimed by the "ideal" comradeship, plunges back into his wild courses; on his way to a low haunt he drops the MS. of his book—the "child" of that comradeship—which is picked up by Tesman, and innocently confided to his wife. In the finest scene of the drama, Lövborg bursts in and announces his loss to her. "But, after all, it was only a book," she objects. "The pure soul of Thea was in that book." Its loss symbolises the loss of his higher self. He cannot retrieve the loss, and he will not endure it. There is nothing more for him now but to end. Hedda at once perceives a chance of gratifying her aesthetic taste for the "courage of life," and thrusts a pistol into his hand, "and—could you not do it—beautifully?" He goes; and she calmly takes the lost MS. from her desk, and burns it sheet by sheet in the stove, murmuring as she destroys the monument of the ideal companionship: "Now I am burning your child, Thea! You with the curly hair! . . . Now I am burning—am burning the child." Thus Hedda seems to have twice conquered. But the morrow brings darker issues. Lövborg is found shot dead, it is true, but neither the place nor the manner of his death is "beautiful." Brack, moreover, who conveys the news, intimates significantly that only his silence can prevent the loan of the pistol creating a scandal. Hedda, appalled at the prospect of the scandal, or its alternative, and disgusted at the vulgarity of the death, retires; and while Tesman is lamely struggling with Mrs. Elvsted to restore the lost "child" from her rough and fragmentary notes, a report is heard, and Hedda is found stretched lifeless on the sofa, shot, in accordance with her taste, through the temple, having through sheer cowardice succeeded in at least parodying the "courage of life." Thus parody is the final issue of both comradeships.

We have tried to tell this story with the dispassionateness which is due to whatever Ibsen writes; but it will be easily believed that "Hedda Gabler" is not agreeable reading. Not that it contains a single word at which, granting the subject, the most sensitive taste would take offence; from beginning to end it is written with the austere reserve. It is indeed just its monotony of gloom which makes it repellent to the normal eye. Almost every character is in some way repulsive; and the good old aunt who, to Hedda's amazement, when her sick sister dies must needs find some other invalid to care for, is too insignificant an exception to the prevailing type to count against it. To produce dramatic effect with

such characters is more difficult than with characters whose personal charm of itself makes their fortunes interesting; but Ibsen has always shown himself independent of this cheap source of interest, though he has nowhere, unless in "The Wild Duck," eliminated it with so remorseless a hand as in this sombre play. It is a study in social pathology; and pathological studies appeal, as a rule, rather to the searching brain than to the sensitive nostril. Accepting it as such, it must be allowed to be in its way a masterly work. Its fundamental motives, granting the morbid psychological conditions in which they are supposed to act, are worked out with unflinching consequence to the catastrophe; and the incredulous impatience with which most readers will be affected when they reach this point applies at most to these conditions, not to the act in which they issue.

But, fully admitting the strength of the drama, one involuntarily asks whether, as art, this piece of pathology is worth the heavy sacrifice of beauty which it has cost? It is true that it contains far more beauties than the hasty reader is likely to suspect—unobtrusive beauties of symbolism and suggestion, of grouping and sequence. But the finely-chiselled form does not redeem the essential ugliness of the matter. We are accustomed in "modern" art to forego much beauty for the sake of a more intimate discovery of reality; but we demand that this reality should have a certain preciousness, a certain significance of its own. But in "Hedda Gabler" we are plunged into a world of unrelieved ugliness, only to discover what is not only in the highest degree ugly also, but of about as much significance for normal humanity as the phases of leprosy, or—the domestic industries themselves. It is the work of a great artist, but he has not succeeded in giving his study in a provincial hospital the universality of great art. This middle-class Nero in petticoats—who is aesthetic in her cruelty, who likes her friends to die if only they will do it beautifully, and herself hands them the pistol when she holds the means of driving away their despair, but who all the same is a woman, haunted by a perpetual fear of society, and dying at last by her own hand in order to escape its censure—is a creation powerful and subtle indeed, but in which when the book is closed and the "picture turned to the wall," we only half believe. Those who best know Ibsen's work in its whole compass will read this drama with most insight and with least pain. But they will also be the first to wish that the great poet—who has so long disguised his faculty for beauty, for the harmonies of speech, for the grace and glory of humanity, and under the plea of delivering us from falsehood, left untold the better part of truth—would yet once before the end go forward, by turning back.

We have only to add that, so far as we can judge of the translation in the absence of the simultaneously published original, it appears to be adequate, though rather less felicitously colloquial than Mr. Archer's similar work. The troublesome *Men* of exclamations (Germ. *Aber*) cannot always

be rendered by "But." And like some other critics, we should be glad to know whether the "cock-of-the-walk" which Hedda utters with her dying breath represents an equally jarring vulgarism in the original. A good portrait of Ibsen is prefixed.

C. H. HERFORD.

Correspondence of Princess Lieven and Earl Grey. Edited and Translated by Guy le Strange. Vol. III., 1834 to 1841. (Bentley.)

UPON the antecedent issue of two volumes of this Correspondence, we were promised a third if sufficient encouragement were afforded. Now, in circumstances of greater freedom, with no fourth volume impending, we may express the opinion that the Correspondence—though it approaches nearer to our own times, and though, as the Princess says, "one always takes more interest in what one understands"—is less interesting in this final instalment. This is perhaps due to the failing health of the Princess, to the long separation of the two correspondents, and to their being less concerned with state affairs when Prince Lieven had ceased to represent Russia in London and Lord Grey was no longer in office or a candidate for power. Yet in the lady's opinion, though the possession of power is favourable to the most valuable gossip, it is otherwise with regard to judgment as to the effects of policy. The Princess says:—

"One must stand among the spectators to see the play fairly, the actors themselves cannot possibly judge of the effect. And this, believe me, is the fruit of my observations during the twenty-two years I passed in England watching those who in turn have been at the head of affairs. I have found no exceptions, not even in your case. The statesman in power is surrounded by flatterers. He is naturally little prone to give credence to uncomfortable facts, and those who are interested in obtaining Ministerial favours keep all disagreeable matters from his knowledge. It is the way in all countries, and your country in particular forms no exception."

Mme. de Lieven was very unhappy at Petersburg, longing always for the "mild climate" and the friends of England. "It is only the English," she writes, "in whom one finds constancy in friendship: they always take you up again just where they left you"; and of the father and mother of the late Duke of Bedford she says, "the Russells in particular are friends of the right sort." In Russia, she lost sons, lost health, lost happiness, which last seems to have revived when she was told she was never to pass another winter in Petersburg and found herself in Paris. The fact is the Princess was an inveterate gossip, with a very high repute for the best news, which she loved to maintain. Her affection for Lord Grey—and his for herself to some extent—was in no small degree based upon barter of interesting news. She never concludes a letter without entreating him for more; and he, in writing condolence on the death of her son or her husband, understands the situation too fully to omit the latest talk as to political parties and appointments. Her residence in Paris involved

difficulties with her husband; but still she had the society, with an admixture of English passengers, such as her soul loved. She was often with Talleyrand, Thiers, and Guizot. The first, she said, "loves society and politics, and when his time comes you will see that he will die with a newspaper in his hand." Summer and winter alike she was happy in Paris. On Midsummer Day, 1836, she tells Lord Grey: "I have only been in Paris twenty-four hours, and yet all the world has come to see me—M. Thiers among others." After entreaties on her side that Lord Grey should come to Paris, and on his side that she should visit him at Howick, the Princess came to London in 1837, but did not go to Howick, which possibly was a relief to Lord Grey, who knew, upon her own word, that she feared *ennui* more than sickness. From Stafford House she wrote:

"I have given up all idea of visiting in country houses. I go nowhere. It is now very evident to me that the air, the mode of life, and the sad souvenirs awakened by my visit to this country are not at all conducive to a better state of health. For fear of worse arising, I return to the place where I found myself tolerably well—namely Paris."

The personality of the Princess is interesting, but not difficult to understand. She loved powerful society; and it loved her—as she well knew—for herself, but not less for her information. She was most careful to protect the sources of her gossip. After telling Lord Grey something of the personal affairs of the Comtesse de Flahault, she added—

"I beg you to keep my remarks on this head to yourself, for with all her good qualities Mme. de Flahault is a focus of gossip and tittle-tattle such as I have seldom seen elsewhere."

Lord Grey, no doubt, enjoyed her friendship and affection very sincerely, but he had also an appetite for her news. He said, "Of foreign politics, what I hear from you is alone to be depended on." His own letters were far less interesting when he ceased to occupy the seat of authority. Through all the years of this final volume he always declared that he would never retake office; and yet the very last words of this long Correspondence throw some doubt upon his perfect contentment: "If anything," he says in a postscript to the concluding letter, "would make me wish for a return to power, it would be the hope of co-operating with him [M. Guizot] for the purpose of maintaining peace and amity between France and England."

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

The Wages of Sin. By Lucas Malet. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

THIS is Lucas Malet's fourth novel. The first, *Mrs. Lorimer*, was a delicate sketch of one woman's character, under very modern influences and very subtle emotions. It showed in outline a conflict between spiritual egoism and spiritual duty, as these two forces appear among the circumstances of the present day. The second, *Colonel Enderby's Wife*, took a wider field of action, though not more deep a sentiment. It dealt with the impulses, the wants, the capacities

of two women and of two men: a bitterly painful book, laying bare the ultimate reality of much in human nature that is cruel and of much that is helpless, to the accompaniment of a very exquisite irony and a very courageous cynicism. The book is a complicated and crowded, not always with artistic propriety; but it is a fine essay towards perfection. The third, *A Counsel of Perfection*, achieved perfection. It is a variation upon the theme of *Mrs. Lorimer*, that conflict of personal forces, as this difficult age affects them; but here, instead of a sketch, we saw a complete and rounded work. The psychology of the book is simply wonderful; its literary art is impeccable; its total charm is unforgettable. The result of a study in these three books leads us to conclude, that the greater success of Lucas Malet lies in the realisation of very personal and imperious conflicts of the emotion, apprehended through certain strongly felt and delicately touched characters: two or three central figures moving against a background of "black and white," or more often of a shadowy gray. A full stage, profuse accessories, the swing and stress of busy crowds, seem to overpower the peculiar genius of Lucas Malet: to deaden the vitality of the chief actors, and to dim their features.

The Wages of Sin is in the manner of *Colonel Enderby's Wife*: it is long, crowded, and ambitious of great things. Hitherto, Lucas Malet has excelled, and seems to recognise that excellence, in drawing a few contrasted and competing characters; here, the writer has been enamoured of expressing life at large: the great play of the world and its elements, the universal tragedy and comedy. To this end, the book is full of effort to be living and impetuous, in the spirit of Walt Whitman; indeed, that great writer has furnished Lucas Malet with mottoes and with metaphors. We read of "the splendour of living for those who dare sing the 'Song of the Open Road.'" Life is presented to us as a thing of passion and of heroism, of action, and of almost monstrous force. The especial motive of the book is selected with this intention: a motive, which supplies the writer with the most violent and tumultuary passion, to be represented, not, as heretofore, upon some exquisite and rather private stage, but, as it were, in the theatre of the world. That motive is, in the writer's repeated phrase, "woman, the secret of the Fall and of the Redemption," and, in consequence, "the mystery, the glory, the cruel riddle and tragedy of sex." It is not without regret and a certain apprehension that we leave the choice and delicate places of *A Counsel of Perfection*, to plunge into so tremendous a sea of troubles as the psychology of sex; yet it can hardly be denied that a successful novel upon that subject, a novel which should deliberately fasten upon it and pluck out the heart of its mystery, would be among the great books of our generation. *The Wages of Sin* is not a great book: it is a great book *manqué*.

The tragedy begins in Devonshire, and not the least happy part of the book is the Devonshire peasantry and dialect. Mary Crookenden, the heroine, her cousin Lancelot, a very pleasant and very English boy,

are children together, living with their relatives, whose characteristics are delightfully touched. To the little fishing village comes James Colthurst, a young and morbidly enthusiastic painter: a man of great personal power, of an ardent temper and genius, filled with a sense of his mission to invigorate art with new ideals and a true realism. He is a little uncouth; he stammers under emotion; he is inflammable; but his devotion to art is his dominant passion. Overcome by sudden impulse, he lets himself be entangled with Jenny Parris, a mad Methodist fishing preacher's daughter; and she leaves her home as his mistress. She is ignorant, tempestuous, but with a certain glory and dignity of nature under the stress of her passion. Here is one result of the "tyranny of sex." Presently Mary Crookenden, a somewhat coldly charming character, grows up; and, to put it crudely, the problem is this: whom does she love, and whom will she marry? Is it Cyprian Aldham, a correct, cultured, and selfish young clergyman; or Lancelot, an honourable, handsome, and unpretentious young athlete; or James Colthurst, the great new artist, successful after hard struggles, bizarre, impressive, and strangely powerful? For she has met the artist and felt, with all the strength of her desire for experience and reality, his profound fascination and force. Jenny, in a dismal London lodging-house, is now the coarsened and neglected mistress, unsuspected by the world. Colthurst, who is intensely modern in his virtue and vice, feels the purity and spiritual beauty of Mary Crookenden. So much of the book it is permissible to explain, and certainly it presents tragic complications. Now, the stage is crowded to excess; even the actors of the preceding novels appear once more. There is that urbane versifier, Antony Hammond, still "whirling the silver string of his eye-glass"; Adolphus Carr; Mrs. Frank Lorimer; the house of Fallowfield, and Lady Louisa Barking; and many more. There are some felicitous new personages, in particular one Sara Jacobini, Mary's friend and companion, and Mr. Barwell, a timid and reactionary drawing master. Most of the scenes are laid in London, and a very bustling, jostling, exuberant London; everything is done to create the impression of this rapid, emotional, modern life, so superficial and still so passionate.

But the book is a great book *manqué*, because the writer, anxious to create this impression, has lost something of that careful delicacy which in the earlier books, by phrases of an adorable precision and subtlety, explained character and indicated emotion; instead, we have a whirl of hurrying phrases, pages of fevered description, an elaborately fervent manner. The psychology of the book does not convince; it is full of tragedy, well told as incident, but not felt as inevitable results, fatal and certain. It ends for all practical purposes with a scene of immense pathetic horror; yet it is hard to believe that the scene is true, not to nature merely, but to the previous character of the performers. The very language and style are inferior to those of the previous books; it overflows with that odious quality, cleverness; it is even "smart." And yet the

book has great qualities; infinitely superior to the average novel, it abounds in fine conceptions, in all the marks of *mind*, which make the strength of literature. Force, power, an almost savage degree of reality, an almost painful degree of pity, these are good things in a novel; but, in the hands of Lucas Malet, they win us less than the incomparable delicacy, the never-failing grace, which crowned *A Counsel of Perfection*.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

TWO BOOKS ON THE NEW TESTAMENT BY THE
LATE W. H. SIMCOX.

"THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES."—*The Revelation of St. John the Divine*. With Notes and Introduction by the late Rev. William Henry Simcox. (Cambridge: University Press.)

The Writers of the New Testament: their Style and Characteristics. By the late Rev. William Henry Simcox. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

THESE two little works, carefully edited by his brother, Mr. G. A. Simcox, afford fresh evidence of the nice scholarship and delicate critical sense of their lately deceased author. The first will certainly take its place among the best of the excellent series to which it is a contribution; while the other, short and unpretentious as it is, may be recommended as an admirable introduction to the study of the special characteristics of the different New Testament writers.

To take the works separately. In a pretty full Introduction to the Revelation, Mr. Simcox discusses the questions proper to the subject with commendable fairness and impartiality, and while he allows himself to be satisfied by the undoubtedly strong external evidence that the book is actually the work of John the Apostle, he shows the independence of his judgment by rejecting the tradition which refers the time of its composition to the reign of Domitian, and putting it back to the period between the death of Nero and the capture of Jerusalem. Attempts have recently been made to show that there is nothing in the style or language of the Apocalypse to prevent its being by the same author as the Gospel; but this was not altogether the opinion of so sound a scholar as Mr. Simcox. His judgment is that "*prima facie* the style of the Revelation is so utterly unlike that of St. John's Gospel and Epistles as to make it all but incredible that they are the work of the same author." And yet Mr. Simcox believed that they were. In fact, this seems to have been his main reason for assigning to the Apocalypse so early a date. If the Gospel was not written till towards the close of the century, and the Apocalypse before 70 A.D., there was, he thought, a sufficiently long interval to enable John to acquire that greater command of the Greek language and better knowledge of its grammar which the other Johannine writings exhibit. But seeing that Mr. Simcox found himself obliged to adopt the earliest date for the composition of the work, it seems odd that he did not also accept the usual pretirist explanation of the enigmatical

number 666. This would perhaps have carried him rather too far on rationalistic lines. Still, he does, to a great extent, accept the Nero-hypothesis, regarding the first five of the seven kings as the first five Roman emperors beginning with Augustus, the sixth as Vespasian, the seventh, who "must continue a short space" as Titus, while the eighth, who is of the seven, is Nero *redivivus* in Domitian. It is true that the mystical number lends itself to various interpretations. But certainly, from the modern critical point of view, none is to be compared with that which finds it in the Hebrew transliteration of Nero Caesar; and it was a little weak in Mr. Simcox to suggest that the true solution will not be found till the real Antichrist appears, when "believers will be able to identify him by this token."

Vischer's ingenious hypothesis of a Jewish ground-work as the basis of the Apocalypse has not been noticed in this Introduction, because, in fact, the Introduction was written long before the hypothesis was thought of. But full justice is done to it in an Excursus, in which, however, Mr. Simcox, while admitting one or two probable interpolations or misplacements, ably defends the integrity of the book as a whole. Of the notes it may suffice to say that they seem to be quite what the student is likely to need. They are brief and to the point, and full of information. They give the author's views without omitting other interpretations deserving of notice.

The second work named above is a companion volume to that on *The Language of the New Testament* already noticed in the ACADEMY (January 18, 1890). There is just enough of it to make one wish that the author had lived long enough to treat this whole important subject exhaustively. Even as it is, however, this little book will be found most helpful. It contains, in fact, a great deal in a very small compass; and certainly the young student could not do much better than take this book in one hand and his Greek Testament in the other, and turn up all the references. He will thus learn to distinguish the special characteristics of a number of writers, using with different degrees of mastery a common instrument, with whose peculiarities he has already familiarised himself by the aid of the former essay. Mr. Simcox, it is hardly necessary to say, does not rely upon mere phraseology, but takes into account the more subtle distinctions of style; and his book abounds in acute observations showing how thoroughly he had seized the leading characteristics of the different New Testament authors. It may, of course, be possible to dissent from some of his judgments, but they are always well considered and based on wide and accurate knowledge.

ROBERT B. DRUMMOND.

Edmond Scherer. Par M. Octave Gréard. (Paris: Hachette.)

M. GRÉARD is an academicien of the French Academy—an assembly of the *plus honnêtes gens*, some of the finest wits and gentlemen of Europe, to use a phrase of the seventeenth

century. Yet he lacks reverence for the Belles Lettres, *Litterae Humaniores*: he points at St. Marc Girardin, and calls that accomplished critic "ce professeur de belles-lettres." M. Gréard speaks of the "grâces solides" of a lady mentioned in his book. It is difficult to give a better instance of what the *curiosa felicitas verborum* is not. But there are words which he can employ with effect. One of them is "appesantissement," a rare and good substantive in French. Pascal has used it with force: "C'est un appesantissement de la main de Dieu." And M. Gréard writes suggestively about the "appesantissements de la vie." M. Gréard has literary tastes. He holds an important office in the French Ministry of Public Instruction, is a chief senior inspector of elementary education, and a junior member of the French Academy. It is to be expected that in such a soothing and urbane atmosphere he will become a faithful worshipper of the Belles Lettres. And if he can infuse a little genuine literature into the democratic education of his country, he will have done for France what Matthew Arnold laboured to do for England.

Edmond Scherer is well known on this side of the Channel, and what is new about him in M. Gréard's book is possibly newer to Scherer's French admirers than to his English friends. It is worthy of note that Scherer—who went through many educations, *mores hominum multorum vidit*, in England, France, and Germany—owed his second education as a boy of sixteen to England and a quiet parsonage in Monmouthshire:

"Le 10 août 1831 [he was then sixteen] il arrivait à Monmouth, chez le Révérend Thomas Loader. Monmouth, petite ville de cinq à six mille habitants, assise au confluent de deux rivières, était un lieu de retraite à souhait, entouré de promenades charmantes, de bois ombreux, de ruines pittoresques. Ce calme et l'existence recueillie dont il trouvait dans l'hospitalité du pasteur le conseil et l'exemple, produisirent tout d'abord sur Scherer une impression d'apaisement. . . .

"Sa journée, telle qu'il la décrivait à sa mère (29 février 1832) se faisait de mois en mois plus réfléchie et plus pleine. En hiver, lever entre 7 et 8 heures; déjeuner à 8 heures et demie; à 9 heures, leçon d'anglais avec M. Loader; lectures et extraits; dîner à 2 heures et nouvelle séance d'anglais; thé à 6 heures; lectures et extraits jusqu'au souper, à 9 heures; coucher entre 11 heures et minuit. Au mois de juin, le soleil le trouve sur pied souvent dès 4 heures. Il s'isole, il s'oblige, il s'impose des plans de travail; il apprend le grec, il lit Blackstone et Burke la plume à la main. 'Tout est modifié en moi,' s'écrie-t-il, non seulement mes habitudes, mais mes goûts et mes opinions. Je ne me reconnais plus.' . . .

A ces études, encouragées plutôt que contrôlées par le Révérend Thomas Loader, se mêlaient des discussions théologiques, des explications de la Bible, des méditations pieuses. Toutes les forces de son intelligence et de son âme étaient occupées. L'espèce d'atonie dont il souffrait avait fait place à une énergie d'application soutenue. De nouveaux horizons s'étaient offerts à son regard, serains et fortifiants. Pour la première fois la vie lui apparaissait avec ses devoirs et son idéal. Le sentiment chrétien l'avait pénétré.

At eighteen he formed a plan of work, and kept to it. M. Gréard observes with

truth that "possession of himself" was one of the most characteristic notes of his mind.

His third education was German; we have seen that his second was English; the first of all was French.

"Le séjour à Monmouth avait commencé à discipliner son esprit. C'est à l'école de Strasbourg qu'il se forma. Il n'en sortit pas seulement en pleine possession de la langue allemande, de même qu'il avait quitté l'Angleterre parlant et écrivant la langue anglaise comme sa langue maternelle; il y refit ou plutôt il y fit ses études. Les leçons du collège Bourbon ne lui avaient laissé qu'un mauvais souvenir. Il s'en accensait d'abord lui-même avec loyauté; il en accusait aussi le système. Il pensait que les humanités grecques et latines ne sont faites que pour une élite, un autre enseignement secondaire devant être approprié aux besoins du plus grand nombre; que même pour cette élite, elles absorbent un trop grand nombre d'années et qu'on pouvait en diminuer la durée, sans en amoindrir la portée; que ce qui surtout y faisait défaut, c'était l'esprit d'exactitude et de rigueur, l'esprit scientifique, en un mot, que l'école protestante de Strasbourg avait emprunté aux écoles d'outre-Rhin. . . . Plus tard il devait être plus juste pour la simplicité substantielle et lumineuse du génie français et se rendre compte des progrès accomplis depuis vingt ans dans nos méthodes d'enseignement. Il devait reconnaître aussi les abus et les dangers de la critique allemande, ce qu'elle risque d'engendrer de subtilité et de sécheresse, ce qui lui manque dans les idées générales d'aisance et d'ampleur."

Scherer forgot (at this time of his life) that things of perfect beauty are beautiful for all times and for all men and women and children, and find their way to the understanding of the wise and the imagination of the simple. In an essay on France and the democracy which he wrote after the ripe experience of a lifetime, he saw and pointed out the saving influence of the classics in a democratic society:—

"Ceux qui n'admettent point que la démocratie ait rien à envier à aucun autre régime montrent combien ils sont eux-mêmes étrangers à ces conditions d'étude et d'expérience, à ces qualités de finesse et de maturité qui font de véritables hommes politiques. Où auraient-ils appris, ces improvisateurs du journalisme et de la tribune, ce que les grandes lectures et le commerce de la société donnent d'étendue aux idées et de pénétration à l'esprit? . . . L'un des vices de la démocratie, comme de toute demi-culture, est la passion des idées simples, et par suite des principes absolus."

M. Gréard notes that Edmond Scherer was fond of walking, and that he belonged to that class of *promeneurs* who choose their walk and stick to it.

"Chaque matin il faisait sa promenade accoutumée [he was then a young man] dans un village de la banlieue de Strasbourg. Dès les premiers jours, il avait découvert l'endroit favori, combiné le chemin pour s'y rendre, et en dépit des railleries, il y était resté aussi fidèle qu'un nouvelliste d'autrefois à la grande allée du Luxembourg. En quelques pas il était à la porte de la ville. Puis venaient les allées droites et les feuillages épais du Mail. Au delà, la grande route. Après l'avoir suivie quelque temps, il entra dans un sentier qui n'aboutissait à aucun rendez-vous de promeneur. . . . Une fois là il ralentissait le pas: il était chez lui. . . .

* "Par sa mère il avait du sang anglais et du sang hollandais dans les veines," M. Gréard says in the beginning of his book.

Parfois il emportait avec lui le souvenir d'une lecture, qu'il méditait. Ce mot de Pascal l'avait arrêté: 'quand il serait difficile de démontrer l'existence de Dieu par les lumières naturelles, le plus sûr est de le croire.' En rentrant, il écrivait: 'Je ne puis me faire à ce raisonnement. Le plus sûr est naïf! Comme si la foi pouvait reconnaître d'autre motif de croire que la vérité.'"

Yes, *le plus sûr* is *naïf* (*certius est credere* is not *naïf* in Latin); but this very *naïveté* is the strength of genius in Pascal and in the French language spoken by Pascal. The want of *naïveté* was the weak point in Scherer. Had he possessed the gift of *naïveté*, he would not twenty years later have written in a "note intime," reproduced by M. Gréard—

"Pascal a les inconvénients de l'absolu. Il ne comprend point ce qui est en dehors de son point de vue théologique: la vie, l'humanité, le monde, lui sont à bien des égards un livre fermé. Il est sublime, mais étroit, singulièrement étroit. Il doit plus choquer qu'édifier l'homme qui a pratiqué le monde et qui sait voir les choses par leur côté relatif."

Are we then to believe that the world was a "sealed book" for Pascal? It is more likely that Pascal was a sealed book for M. Scherer. Another sealed book was Molière. It is remarkable that the two most original geniuses of French literature were "sealed books" for M. Scherer.

WILLIAM MARKHEIM.

SOME BOOKS ON FOREIGN COUNTRIES.

National Life and Thought. A Series of Addresses. By Prof. J. E. Thorold Rogers and Others. (Fisher Unwin.) The lectures contained in this volume were delivered on Sunday afternoons at South-place Institute, during 1889 and 1890, and were

"designed to give information, in a popular form, with regard to the national development and modes of political action among the different nations throughout the world, by means of sympathetic and trustworthy accounts of their history, national aspiration, and modes of government."

The result of this excellent design has been, not merely the delivery of these addresses to audiences mainly composed of the working classes, but the publication of the present volume. For all who desire trustworthy information about the nations of Europe, but who cannot afford to purchase the latest Encyclopædia, this volume can be highly recommended. It is a book not only to read, but to keep. Within the compass of some 400 pages we have an account of almost every nation of Europe, and the value of the addresses has been enhanced by an excellent though not infallible Index. The lecture we first turn to is one entitled, "Lessons from the Dutch Republic," by the late Prof. Thorold Rogers. All the other lectures, Mr. Bent's "Modern Life and Thought amongst the Greeks," and Mr. Singer's "Jews in their Relation to other Races" only excepted, are simply entitled "Italy," "Russia," "Servia," or whatever nationality the subject may be. The reason for the professor's lecture not being entitled "Holland" is plain enough. Except for a reference to the House of Orange, there is nothing in the lecture about modern Holland; but there is much about "dominion being founded on grace," and other matters which many will think far more entertaining than Holland, whether ancient or modern. "Lessons from the Dutch Republic" is, like anything

written by the late Oxford Professor of Political Economy, well worth perusal. Its very flaws attract; for if you abstract its egotism, where would its wit be? But though Thorold Rogers is more witty than most of his brother lecturers, it cannot be said that he has much less to tell us of the working classes. We look in vain for any account of their wages, their diet, their trade associations, of strikes, and of sweating. The way in which the poor (the bulk of the people in any country) live is passed over in silence by them all, except by Mr. Minchin, in his lecture on "Servia," in which he deals with the social economy of the Serbs. The local government of that country is also described to us clearly and succinctly. Mr. Braekstad's description of local government in Norway is not so satisfactory. He merely tells us that it is a "perfect system." These lectures were delivered orally, and therefore aim at being popular, and in this—with one or two exceptions—they succeed. The most interesting of them is perhaps Mr. Adam Gielgud's "Poland"; the most entertaining is certainly that on the "Gypsies," by Mr. F. H. Groome. Speaking of the pitiless legislation against the people "called, known, held, and reputed Egyptians," Mr. Groome is reminded of the cruel old Norfolk gardener:

"He was hoeing one day, and a frog hopped out before him. 'I'll larn you to be a frog,' said crabbed Roger, and hoed it forthwith in pieces. So 'I'll larn you to be Gypsies,' said British law-givers, and the gallows was their means of education."

The account too of the death of Lancelot, by Offa's Dike, with Pyramus playing old Welsh melodies upon his fiddle, is poetical and pathetic.

"First the 'March of the Men of Harlech,' and then from its stirring tones he slid imperceptibly into the tender 'Shepherd of Snowdon.' And as he played he wept, the big strong man. 'Play that again, my Pyramus,' said Lancelot. And Pyramus did play it again, but not quite to the end; for, as the last bar opened, Lancelot died. Then there was lamentation in the tents of Egypt."

Mr. Gielgud's "Poland" is an admirable historical address. He admits that until the adoption of the constitution of 1791 all political power was vested in the nobles; but he points out that in the eighteenth century the number of "nobles" in Poland was so great that it constituted a fifth of the whole population, "which," he adds, "is a much larger proportion than that of the people who enjoyed the franchise in England after the first Reform Bill." In other words, the franchise was wider in Poland even before 1791 than it was in Great Britain before 1868. He claims for Poland that she was the land of liberty from the beginning of her history, "and that it was because she was the land of liberty that the despotic governments which surrounded her have always been her enemies." He points out the fallacy of any comparison between Poland and Ireland:

"Poland lost her independence at the end of the eighteenth century, when she was a civilised state and one of the great powers of Europe; Ireland was conquered in the twelfth century, when all the countries of Europe were more or less barbarous, and Ireland not the least. In Russian Poland a Pole is not allowed to buy land. In Ireland the Government assists the Irish tenants to become proprietors by purchase of their holdings."

He combats the notion that Poles are revolutionists and anarchists by pointing to the Diet of Galicia, which is a model for parliaments nearer home, and to M. Dunajewski, the Minister of Finance in the Austro-Hungarian Cabinet, who has produced a budget with a surplus. As the lecturers are all nationalist

in their sympathies, their hostility to the Tzar and his government are not to be wondered at. M. Sevasly in his "Armenia" is as strongly averse to annexation by Russia as Stambouloff himself. Mr. Magnusson in his "Denmark and Ireland" is not one whit less plain-spoken. He deplores Denmark's political friendships with Russia and France.

"In her greatest need," he tells us, "his Muscovite Majesty has made a miserable dupe of Denmark. You may gauge the ruin of the country, with but one million inhabitants, being burdened with a national debt of over twenty-two millions, besides a debt of over sixteen millions sterling of unguaranteed note issue, with its fleet gone, with Norway torn away from it in 1814 by Sweden, and Heligoland by England. The note-paper debt was cleared off by the drastically simple process of state bankruptcy, which merely transferred the ruin from the treasury to the holders of the paper, a shift which had the most deplorable effect possible on the country's agriculture and commerce. This was the outcome of Denmark's infatuated policy in leaving her destinies in the hands of Russia and France."

Space forbids our indulging in further extracts, though there are many other thoughtful lectures in this volume besides those we have referred to. Mr. Whitman tells us he read in an English newspaper the following criticism on a book on Germany: "A dull book on a dull subject." Reversing this sententious judgment, we might say that these addresses are interesting addresses on interesting subjects. The thanks of the public are due not only to the lecturers, but to the South-place Ethical Society, whose public spirit and liberality originated the scheme.

Wayfaring in France. By Edward Harrison Barker. With fifty Illustrations. (Bentley.) This is a capital book of its kind. It is an excellent account of pedestrian touring in France. Without aiming at fine writing, the author brings before us a true picture of the scenery through which he travels. He wisely avoids details of how he got to the real starting-place of his walking tours, and shuns descriptions of well-worn spots. These wayfarings deal with very different parts of France, or what was lately France. The walks are through the Landes, in Dauphiné, in Languedoc, in Brittany, and in Alsace. Generally Mr. Barker seems to have walked alone; on two occasions he had a companion, and it is singular to note that the narratives of these two journeys are decidedly inferior to the rest of the book. Perhaps the counter-attractions of companionship drew Mr. Barker's attention off from the close observation of nature and of manners which is apparent in his solitary journeys. All these are good, but we prefer the tours in Languedoc and in Alsace to any of the others. Mr. Barker's specialities are field-botany and church architecture; he notices every wild flower, and visits every church near his path. In Lower Languedoc he penetrates into the desert of La Camargue; but neither there, nor at Avignon, does he mention the poems of Mistral, *Nerto* and *Mireio*, which so wonderfully describe those spots. In fact, want of acquaintance with the popular literature and language of the places which he visits is the sole drawback to Mr. Barker's complete equipment as a tourist-traveller. He wisely does not dabble with politics, or economics, yet here and there a casual remark suggests much; as when he observes, p. 181, the contrast between Sterne's description of the region between Lunel and Nîmes, "one unvaried picture of plenty," with the reality now, after the destruction of the vines by the phylloxera, and the ruin of the cultivation of madder. So, too, in Alsace the present results of the German occupation, and the fact of two churches, Roman Catholic and Protestant, being necessary in villages where

one sufficed for both worships before, are brought out with greater effect by this simple mention than by more lengthy and more studied reflections. We can cordially recommend this book as a model for pedestrian travel.

In Troubadour Land: a Ramble in Provence and Languedoc. By S. Baring-Gould. Illustrated by J. E. Rogers. (W. H. Allen.) Mr. Baring-Gould was at Rome in deadly fear of an outbreak of typhoid fever, and already meditating flight, when he received a letter from the publishers asking him to go to Provence and Languedoc and write a book thereon. Thus this volume is a piece of bookmaking; but it is bookmaking of an excellent kind, done by a practised hand. The comedy in it is supplied either by the incidents of travel or by reminiscences of Mr. Gould's earlier life, all excellently told—witness the account of bric-a-brac hunting with a German Jew in Florence. Mr. Gould inspects carefully the churches and museums in every place he visits, and gives account of them all. He also reads up his Greek and Latin authorities. Thus, antiquities and architecture, classical and mediæval, are well described throughout. The padding (which is not overdone) is taken from Plutarch, from Caesar, and from Merivale. There are well-written narratives of Marius's campaign in Provence, and of Caesar's siege of Bourges. The physical features of the Rhone delta, the almost deserted cities and towns overlooking the Camargue, and on the shores and lagoons of the Gulf of Lyons, are excellently depicted by the writer and illustrated by the engraver. But the reader can hardly refrain from asking himself—Did the history of Provence and of Languedoc come suddenly to an end in mediæval times? The book is entitled *In "Troubadour" Land*, and the land is as truly the land of song as ever it was. There is, indeed, an occasional allusion to an early troubadour—one or two of the best-known anecdotes are re-told; but, on the whole, *In Troubadour Land* is something like the play of Hamlet with Hamlet left out. There is nothing in it to make a person, unacquainted with the fact, suppose that the inhabitants use any other language than French, still less that there is any literature in it. Of the Provençal poets—or of their Catalan brethren, who are almost as popular in Provence—there is not a word. And yet, what is given is so well done that our worst wish is that Mr. Baring-Gould should first study Provençal, modern as well as mediæval, then revisit the land and give us a second volume, telling, not of classical and mediæval and ecclesiastical Provence, but of Provence as it is, with its living troubadours, its poetry, its joyous sensuousness, the abundant enthusiasms, the exuberance of life of these children of the land of sun, of the vine, and the olive.

Teneriffe; Personal Experiences of the Island as a Health Resort. By George W. Strettell. (Fisher Unwin.) This sensible little book is written to correct the exaggerations which treat the climate of the Canaries, and especially of Teneriffe, as a specific in all cases of consumption. The writer dwells on the evident fact that the island contains many different climates; differing not only by reason of altitude or of proximity to the sea, but also because of the shadow of the giant mountain. All who have lived among mountains know how the temperature, wind, and rainfall vary under the eastern, western, or northern exposure. Other disadvantages are the doubtful quality of the meat, and in some cases even of the water; but these evils may in time be remedied. Still, Teneriffe is asserted to be superior to any other health-resort for consumptive patients, if only the spot most suit-

able to the special case be selected; but this is a large "if"—a mistake may be dangerous, or even fatal. The cruelty of sending patients in the last stage to die abroad, away from friends and home comforts, is insisted on, and it is right to give this warning. But we have known some return to die, with full deliberation preferring to enjoy to the last gratefully God's common bounties of earth, and sun, and air, instead of being imprisoned in close rooms in England, even with all the alleviation that loving care and skill of art can give. This side of the case may be considered by those whose ties at home are few. That greater benefit is sometimes gained in summer than in winter we can well believe; we have known the same in Madeira. On p. 36, by a slip, this island is said to be south, instead of north, of Teneriffe. All invalids going to Teneriffe should read this book; it is not addressed to the general tourist.

The Diary of a Working-Man in Central Africa. Edited by J. Cooke Yarborough. (S.P.C.K.) Early in the spring of 1882 Charles Janson, a devoted mission priest, died on the shore of Lake Nyassa. Exposure and toil had brought on a choleraic attack, but he had done his work. The graves of some men have an attractive force greater even than their unselfish lives. "I thank God," wrote Mr. William Johnson, "for the privilege of being with him in his Christian fortitude." Mr. Johnson then set about pushing forward the good work which Charles Janson had begun. The problem to solve was: "How is the Gospel to be brought to the people of Nyassa?" His solution was:

"(1) Give us a steamer by which native teachers, trained at Zanzibar, and English missionaries could be carried from town to town along the shores; (2) a central station, if possible, or an island in the lake, to which missionaries might be transferred in case of war and sickness; (3) a training ship anchored in some sheltered bay, which might form a floating college for native teachers."

The outcome of his appeal was the building of the *Charles Janson*; and among the volunteers to serve on board her was the writer of this diary, William Bellingham, an engineer and lay reader. The journal begins with their arrival at Quillimane on December 7, 1884. Christmas Day was spent in making their first trip up the Zambesi. By May, 1885, they had got as far as Matope, on the Upper Shire, above the Murchison Falls. They had then reached a point at which the steamer would have to be constructed, but it was first necessary to make a dock in which her pieces could be put together. It was not until September, 1885, that Bellingham, with six other men, started in an open boat for the Lake, and eleven days after sailed past Charles Janson's grave at Maendaenda. They could not land owing to the heavy breakers on the shore. Christmas Day, 1885, William Bellingham spent alone, as the steamer still remained at Matope. The last entry in the diary is for October 12, 1886. Bellingham is then at Quillimane again homeward bound. The book has a good sketch map, and is well illustrated. The only complaint we have to make of the editor is that he leaves us to infer (see pp. 52-55) that there were "considerable dissensions among the little party," without telling us plainly the upshot of these disputes. Possibly, however, Mr. Yarborough may have thought that these "dissensions" did not concern him as editor of this diary. If that was so, it is unfortunate that he referred to them. There is an instructive footnote to page 78, which throws fresh light on what is done, or rather what is left undone, by our Foreign Office. In conclusion, we can recommend this unassuming little book to all who take an interest in Central Africa.

Forty Days in the Holy Land. By Elizabeth Harcourt Mitchell. (Kegan Paul & Co.) The first two chapters and the last two chapters in this book might well have been omitted. The remaining nine, which describe the writer's wanderings from Jaffa to Beyrout, form very pleasant reading. Mrs. Mitchell is a zealous High Churchwoman, but her enthusiasm makes her neither narrow nor bitter. The following is a fair sample of the style and spirit in which she writes:

"A visit to a harem was said to be a desirable conclusion to our sojourn in the East, but I, for one, declined to enter such a place of degradation. Were it possible by such a visit to help our poor sisters out of their slavery, I should only have been too thankful to make it; but to go and see them penned up in their detestable prison was a great deal more than any Christian woman ought to bear."

While Mrs. Mitchell's party was in Damascus they fell in with Milan, ex-king of Servia. This potentate was travelling at an expense of £20 a day, besides extras!

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. JOHN MORLEY and Mr. A. J. Balfour have both been elected presidents of the newly-founded British Economic Association, of which Mr. Goschen is president and Prof. Edgeworth secretary. Besides the *Journal*—of which it is hoped that the first number will be ready by the end of March—members will also receive, for their annual subscription of one guinea, translations of foreign works and reprints of rare economic classics. It has been decided that the first of these shall be a translation of Roscher's *History of Economical Literature in England*.

MR. H. G. KEENE, author of *The Fall of the Moghul Empire*, has written a life of Madhoji Sindia, the contemporary of Warren Hastings, and the greatest statesman and warrior of his line, for the series of "Rulers of India," edited by Sir W. W. Hunter. He has been fortunate enough to find a portrait of him, painted in oils by a wandering Italian (name unknown), which is now in the possession of Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff, the son of the historian of the *Mahrattas*. This will be reproduced as a frontispiece to the volume.

THE second volume of Mr. Charles Booth's *Labour and Life of the People* will be published next month. It will contain London street by street, Central London, South and outlying London, London children, &c. Five large maps and several tables of comparative poverty will also be given in a separate volume.

MR. BERNARD BOSANQUET has sent to press with Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein & Co. for immediate publication a criticism of General Booth's scheme, from the ethical point of view.

THE last volume of Mr. Bailey Saunders's series of Schopenhauer Selections will be published by Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. very shortly. It will be entitled *The Art of Literature*, and contain the essays on "Authorship," "Style," "The Study of Latin," "Men of Learning," "Thinking for Oneself," "Some Forms of Literature," "Criticism," "Reputation," and "Genius."

MESSRS. METHUEN announce a new series, to be called "Social Questions of the Day," under the editorship of Mr. H. de B. Gibbins, whose *Industrial History of England* was reviewed in the *ACADEMY* of last week. The common aim of the writers will be to treat their subjects from the point of view of the historical school of economics. The first volume, to appear immediately, will be *Trades Unionism—Old and New*, by Mr. George Howell. This will be

followed by *Poverty and Pauperism*, by the Rev. L. R. Phelps. Among other volumes arranged for are—*The Co-operative Movement of To-day*, by Mr. G. J. Holyoake; *Mutual Thrift*, by the Rev. J. Frome Wilkinson; *English Socialism of To-day*, by Mr. Hubert Bland; *The Commerce of Nations*, by Prof. C. F. Bastable; *English Land and English Men*, by the Rev. C. W. Stubbs; and *Christian Socialism in England*, by the Rev. J. Carter.

MESSRS. JAMES NISBET & Co. have in the press a new series of books on practical Christianity, entitled "The Christian under Review," edited by the Rev. Charles Neil, Incumbent of St. Matthias, Poplar. In twelve popularly-written small volumes the Christian will be viewed in regard to his start, aims, beliefs, mental and moral training, recreations, influence, privileges, duties and responsibilities, progress, worship, and inheritance. The list of the writers includes the bishop of Sodor and Man, the dean of Gloucester, the dean of Norwich, Archdeacon Sinclair, and Archdeacon Wynne, of Aghadoc.

A NEW novel, by Mrs. Needell, entitled *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co.

A SHILLING edition of the English translation of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm," by Mr. Charles Archer, will be issued immediately by Mr. Walter Scott. At the performance of "Rosmersholm," to be given on February 23 at the Vaudeville, the text of his edition will be used.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will issue next week the second edition of *Mademoiselle Ixe*—a book which has lately received the encomium of Mr. Gladstone, though it is not true, as has been reported, that the authoress is a relative of the ex-premier.

THE first number of the *London Middlesex Note Book*, a new illustrated quarterly magazine of local history and antiquities, edited by Mr. B. P. W. Phillimore, will be published during next month by Mr. Elliot Stock.

AN "interview" with Dr. Herman Adler, acting chief Rabbi, will appear in No. 386 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, to be published on February 18. It is accompanied by an illustration, showing Dr. Adler in his office in Finsbury-square.

MAX O'RELL has accepted an engagement to pay a third visit to America next season. He is engaged to give a hundred *causeries* in the United States and Canada. On his return to Europe, Max O'Rell intends retiring from the lecture field.

AT the meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society, on Wednesday next, February 18, Mr. Alfred Nutt, author of *Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail*, will read a paper upon "The Latest Views about Arthur."

THE Chief Rabbi will lecture at the Lambeth Polytechnic, Ferndale-road, Clapham, on Sunday next, February 15, at 3.30 p.m., upon "The Wit and Wisdom of the Talmud."

THE library of the late Archbishop Thomson, consisting of upwards of 6000 volumes, is to be sold in the De Grey Rooms, at York, by Messrs. Hepper & Sons, on Tuesday, February 24, and the four following days. Besides a large collection of theological and philosophical works, it comprises the publications of many learned societies.

ON Monday next, February 16, Messrs. Sotheby will begin to sell the library of the late Cornelius Paine, of Brighton. The collection is of a miscellaneous nature, including examples of early English printers, from Wynkyn de Worde; some rare Bibles, sold with all faults; the second Prayer-Book of Edward

VI. (1552); an extensive series of the works of Defoe; a number of old plays; local publications relating to Sussex, Brighton, and London; and some modern books printed on vellum. The sale will last altogether for eight days.

THE annual meeting of the members of the Harleian Society was held on Wednesday last, February 4. G. E. Cokayne, Esq., Norroy King of Arms, in the chair. The accounts of the society showed a marked increase in the interest taken in genealogical pursuits. The publications issued during the past year were the "Marriage Licenses issued by the Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, 1679—1694," in two volumes, and the "Registers of St. George's Chapel, Mayfair, 1740—1754." "The Visitations of Norfolk," and "The Register of the Parish Church of Kensington" are now in the press. Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower was elected a vice-president, and Mr. J. W. Clay a member of the council.

Correction.—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter on "Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore" in the *ACADEMY* of last week, p. 139, col. 1, line 26, for "those (namely)," read "five (those, namely)."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

LORD SELBORNE, who was formerly deputy steward as well as counsel to the university of Oxford, has been appointed high steward in the room of the late Earl of Carnarvon, who had held that office since 1859.

TRINITY COLLEGE, Dublin, has conferred the degree of honorary LL.D. upon Mr. A. J. Balfour.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved Mr. E. A. T. Wallis Budge, of the department of oriental antiquities in the British Museum, for the degree of Doctor in Letters.

MR. SIDNEY J. HICKSON, author of *A Naturalist in North Celebes*, and some time deputy professor of anatomy at Oxford, has been appointed to the vacant lectureship at Cambridge in the advanced morphology of invertebrates; and Messrs. G. F. C. Searle and S. Skinner have been appointed demonstrators in experimental physics.

MR. PERCY GARDNER, Lincoln and Merton professor of classical archaeology at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture on Friday next, February 20, upon "The Life and Work of Henry Schliemann."

ON Monday next, February 16, Mr. E. Gardner, director of the British School at Athens, will deliver a public lecture, under the auspices of the Cambridge Hellenic Society, on "The Theatre of Megalopolis." At the same time a collection of water-colour drawings of Byzantine architecture, by Messrs. Schutz and Barnsley, will be exhibited.

AT the meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society, held on February 12, "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens" was to be discussed by Dr. Jackson, Mr. Hicks, and Mr. Wyse.

Two portraits have been presented to the university of Cambridge by subscription: one of Dr. Westcott, now Bishop of Durham, painted by Mr. W. B. Richmond, which was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year; and the other of Prof. Alfred Newton, by Mr. C. W. Furse.

THE first scholarship founded at Oxford in memory of the late Aubrey Moore, for the encouragement of theological study, has been awarded to Mr. Ragg, of Christ Church, who has already taken a first in classics and in theology.

THE Union at Oxford has resolved to open negotiations with the general assembly of Paris students, with a view to placing them on the same footing, as regards honorary membership, with Cambridge, Dublin and Durham men.

THE *Oxford Magazine* has published a census of undergraduates resident this term. The total is 2420, as compared with 2394 two years ago. The chief features are the increase in non-collegiate students (who now outnumber any college) and at Lincoln, Brasenose, and Trinity; and the decrease at Worcester, Oriel, Queen's, Christ Church, and Merton.

PROF. EWING'S inaugural lecture at Cambridge, on "The University Training of Engineers," has been published as a pamphlet by the Pitt Press.

PROF. SETH, of St. Andrews, has been appointed to deliver the A. J. Balfour philosophical lectures at Edinburgh. He will give four lectures upon "Realism," on the four first Mondays of March.

THE free evening lecture at University College, London, on Wednesday next, February 18, will be delivered by Mr. Augustine Birrell, upon "Samuel Richardson."

MR. SATYANIDHAR, acting professor of logic in the Madras Presidency College, states that out of 207 Indian students now in England, Cambridge has 30 and Oxford 9. The rest prefer London or Edinburgh.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

A BIARRITZ SKETCH.

THE raincloud rests upon the Rhune,
A silvery light is on the sea,
The grey shale cliffs shine wet, and we
With pallid skies are more in tune
Than when the purple mountains glow
Along the clear horizon line,
And sparkling waves like foaming wine
Leap up and o'er the rocks below.
We seek the fresh salt-laden air,
The odour of the sea-wrack thrown
Upon a fearful coast, storm-blown,
That bids the mariner beware.
We cannot always feast or tread
Lightfooted, for the heart has fears,
And watchful eyes have hidden tears—
Bitterest tears are oft unshed.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE Rev. Scott Robertson contributes to the *Antiquary* for February a useful memoir of Richard Yngworth, first bishop of Dover. He was a Dominican friar, but his early history has not yet been made out. He was appointed to the new see in 1537, and died in 1544. Mr. Robertson gives an abstract of the prelate's will; we wish it had been printed in full. Mr. Roach de Schonix reviews the new edition of "Petit's Architectural Studies in France," and is happily enabled to reproduce some of the engravings. One of these is "A Font at Leches," which, if it were in an English church, we should call Norman; but that would not be a proper term for any architectural object in Touraine. It is a circular bowl, with two rows of square panels, and a running pattern at the top. We wish some wandering antiquary who can draw accurately would reproduce it in full, so that the designs in all the squares might be known to us. Mr. Robert Blair contributes a note on "Sand-desks," that is, desks with a rim round them which were filled with sand, in which the earliest lessons in writing were acquired. They were, it seems, in use in the Bishopric of Durham as late as 1810. We thought that, like

the horn-book, they had been discarded in the last century. Mr. John B. Shipley communicates a very interesting article on recent discoveries of an archaeological character in the neighbourhood of Boston, U.S.A. We must await further information ere we accept the conclusions which would seem naturally to flow from them. Mr. Hope still continues his valuable series of papers on Holy Wells. We trust when he has come to an end that they may be collected into a volume.

A NEW THEORY OF THE OSSIANIC SAGA.*

PREVIOUS investigators of the Ossianic Saga have started from the indications of the Irish Annals which make Finn a prominent figure of third century history. Some have accepted the Annals as substantially true, and have based their interpretation of the Saga upon them; others, like Mr. Skene, have refused them all credence; others, again, like myself, have accepted a third-century historical Finn, while maintaining that his life and deeds had substantially no influence upon the Saga, which was in reality an arrangement of mythic and heroic tales, made chiefly in the eleventh and twelfth centuries. Prof. Zimmer now comes forward with a theory which, if true, is of such far-reaching consequence that no apology is needed for laying before the English reader the following hasty summary, made from an advance copy, which the writer owes to Prof. Zimmer's courtesy.

The historical conditions which form the basis of Prof. Zimmer's argument are, briefly, as follows: In 795 Norwegian Vikings appear for the first time upon the coasts of Ireland, which they assail and harry for more than half a century. At first they only plunder and sail away; but soon they fix themselves in the land, seize upon strategic points, ally themselves with the native kings (who eagerly seek their aid in the interminable conflicts which every Irish chieftain waged with all his neighbours), marry native women (who greatly appreciated their stature and comeliness), and become half-Irish. In the early years of the ninth century a Norwegian leader, Thorgils, seeks to found a Norse kingdom, but fails and is slain. The political organisation of Ireland is not seriously affected by the Norsemen. It is otherwise with the next batch of invaders—the Danish Vikings—who appear in the middle of the ninth century, seize and hold Dublin against both Irish and Norwegians, whom they defeat with terrible slaughter, and found a Danish kingdom, which has imitators in the South and West, plays its part in the ceaseless warfare that rages between the head-kings of Ireland and the under-kings, and which is at times the most powerful political factor in the island. The Danes remain heathens until the middle of the tenth century, when Anlaf, son of Sitric, invades England, is conquered by Eadmund, and submits to baptism in the year 943. Christianity furthered the assimilation of Celt and Scandinavian, as did likewise the political events of the late tenth and early eleventh centuries, when the Munster chief, Brian, wrested for a time the head-kingship of Ireland from the North Irish chiefs, with the aid of the Danish Vikings, and then, turning against the latter, inflicted upon them the defeat of Clontarf, which, however slight in its immediate effects, yet marks the termination of the period of invasions. The later raid of Magnus Bare-legs

* *Zeitschrift für deutsches Alterthum*. Vol. 53. H. Zimmer, Keltische Beiträge, III., weitere nordgermanische einflüsse in der ältesten überlieferung der irischen heldensage; ursprung und entwicklung der Finn-(Ossian-)sage; die vikinger Irlands in sage; geschichte und recht der Iren.

(A.D. 1103) was an isolated event, standing in no real connexion with the invasions of the ninth and tenth centuries.

Such is the historical background to the Fenian Saga. Prof. Zimmer first examines the fifteenth century account of Finn, which represents him as the head of a standing militia engaged chiefly in protecting the coasts of Ireland. He has little difficulty in showing that at the period assigned to him (second and third century, A.D.) Ireland was exposed to no invasions, and that texts of the tenth and eleventh centuries which deal fully with the history of that period know nothing of any standing militia. Moreover the texts of the older Ultonian heroic cycle, redacted in the thirteenth century, revised and interpolated down to the tenth century, although they contain numerous traces of the influence exercised upon them, by both the classical and Christian culture which blossomed forth so richly in Ireland in the seventh and eighth centuries, and by the Norse mythic and heroic tales of a later period, yet show no sign of any such institution as that pictured in the later Fenian texts. Nor is any mention made in the Book of Rights, a compilation of the later tenth century, of the elaborate code of rights and privileges of the Fenians as we know them from the fully developed Fenian Saga.

Irish texts of the eighth-twelfth centuries repeatedly present the word *fiann*, plural *fianna* (also *fénid*), in the sense of "warrior," "warrior band." Later texts specialise the meaning, referring it to the warrior bands of Finn and Goll, the Fenian militia. The word *fiann* is a loan-word from the Norse; it is the Norse *fiandi*, plural *fiandr*—"enemy." The Norse Viking was the enemy *par excellence*, he was also *par excellence* the brave enemy, the warrior whose valour roused the admiration of the puny (*schmüchlig*) Irishmen. From thence to "mercenary," "chieftain's suite," "fighting force of the clan," the transition is easy. Examples of all these various meanings are given, and it is shown that the word occurs in passages where Norsemen are either mentioned or where their presence may be suspected. But the signification of the word was still further extended; in the form *Féne* it became equivalent to "men," "race," "tribe." This took place when the original connexion between the words *fianna* and *féne* and the Scandinavian population had died out of the popular mind. Thus a verse in Fiace's hymn to Patrick, which runs thus, "he [Patrick] preached thrice thirty years to the heathen bands of the Féne" was taken in the sense that *Féne* was an old generic name for the population of Ireland. But how comes a name originally applied to Norse Vikings to appear in an early hymn to Patrick? The apostle of Ireland certainly never preached to the Norwegians. No, but the tenth-century Irishmen thought he did. Prof. Zimmer quotes several texts, of which I shall mention the most important presently, in support of this statement. But why did they believe this? The answer to the question involves the consideration of the Patrician documents in the Book of Armagh. Ever since the beginning of the eighth century Armagh had striven to push her claims to primacy; she had valiantly stood on the side of Rome in the struggle against the particularist usages of the Celtic Church (reckoning of Easter and special form of tonsure), and had not hesitated to forge a series of documents in furtherance of the Roman claims. Prof. Zimmer hints that the primacy was the price Rome paid to Armagh for this support. But the pretensions of Armagh were not finally accepted by the Irish Church until the middle of the ninth century, and we can follow the stages of the conflict in the Annals. In the

tenth century a new danger arises: the Danish king is baptised in England, the Danish Christian community looks to Canterbury rather than to Armagh. The old device is resorted to, and a series of pious fabrications of the last quarter of the tenth century represent Patrick as having converted the ancestors of the Danes. The device met with the success that attended any more than usually outrageous perversion of the truth in the Middle Ages generally, and in Ireland specially. Armagh triumphed; but her very triumph led to oblivion of the facts. In the eleventh century, when the mythology and heroic history of Ireland were thrown into chronological form, the Irish antiquaries were puzzled by the statement that Patrick had converted the *Féne*; they had forgotten all about the Danes, to them the *Féne* were one of the early races of Ireland, and they romanced about them to the top of their bent. But by this time, as we shall see presently, Finn and his men had been transferred back into the third century. The connexion of *Féne* with Finn was by this time well established. But the Irish antiquaries of the eleventh century knew that Patrick was later than the third century; they got over the difficulty by feigning that some of the *Féne* had lived long enough to be converted by the apostle of Ireland. Thus arose the fable of the supernaturally prolonged life of Ossian and Caillte.

Let us now turn to a tenth century text which brings together Patrick and the *Féne*. "Loegaire's Conversion" states that Patrick codified the customs of Ireland with the help of eight other commissioners, two with himself to represent the Church (Benen, Cairnech); three representatives of the kingly power (Loegaire the head-king, and the under-kings of Ulster and Munster); and three others, Dubthach head bard of Ireland, Fergus the poet, and Rus mac Tricim *sui berla féni*, "a knower of speech of the *féni*." This Rus mac Tricim is a Rus Tryggvasonar, and the *berla féni* is Norse. This fable corresponds to a fact. The *Senchus Mor* is no purely Irish text of the fifth-sixth centuries, but a late tenth century codification of Irish, Norse, and Norse-Irish custom, which came into existence when the Scandinavian invaders had welded themselves into the political and social life of Ireland.

So far has the word "fiann" carried us. Now for the earliest accounts of Finn himself. These date from the tenth century, and figure him as the chief of a Viking band, strong in the possession of the strategic position of Almu, allying himself now with this now with that native chief, making love early and often, playing such rough practical jokes upon his followers as to tie up one naked to a tree all night because he had deemed it too cold to go out when told (an interesting testimony to the antiquity of the special Teutonic form of honour), son probably of a Norse father and an Irish mother, and endowed with the seer's gift. As early as the second half of the tenth century he figures as a personage of the second and third centuries. How did this happen? The circumstances of the times in which the historical Finn (the Viking chief) lived must have been like those of the third century, so like as to induce confusion in the minds of the tenth century Irishmen who had no correct idea of the past. At the end of the second century Ireland is equally divided between Mug Nuadat and Conn Cethathach. In the middle of the ninth century Fedlimid mac Crimthain is the recognised king of Southern Ireland (*leth Moga*, Mog's half). The record of his struggles with the Northern kings, Niall and Maelsechlainn, recalls that of the second-third century head-kings, Art and Cormac mac Airt, against Southern Ireland. Indeed it may be assumed that the tenth-eleventh

century accounts of the second-third century wars were influenced by the real history of the ninth century. In one instance this can be proved. A late tenth century North Irish poet decks out the legendary North Irish third-century king, Cormac mac Airt, with traits derived from the historical South Irish bishop-king of Cashel, Cormac, slain in 903. In one of the oldest tales about Finn, his father, Cumall, carries off his mother Murni, daughter of Tadg mac Nuadat. Now Ailill Aulom, a celebrated legendary king of the early third century is a son of Mug Nuadat (mac Moga Nuadat); whilst Tadg mac Cúin is a prominent figure in the Leinster legendary history of the late third century. Tadg mac Nuadat reminded the Irish story-tellers of both these earlier personages, who were separated by nearly two generations—hence the uncertainty that prevails in the earliest Fenian texts about Finn's alleged date, and the fact that he is made to live over some 150 years. Finn is thus brought down to the early eighth century; and we find at this date a Caittil Find, who was slain in Munster in 856 by Imar and Olaf, kings of the Dublin Danes. These had appeared in Ireland a few years previously, and their hand had been laid as heavily upon their Norwegian predecessors as upon the native Irish. The Norsemen—now after two generations half-Irish—made common cause with the natives against them. Caittil Find was their chief leader; his defeat and death in 856 marks the triumph of the Danish invaders, who were to rule in Dublin for three centuries. About Caittil Find himself—half-Norse, half-Irish—gathered every floating story, every characteristic trait that the Irish knew of in connexion with the Norsemen. His fight against the Danish overlord, when transferred back into the third century, becomes the fight of the Fenian militia against the head-king of Ireland. But, it may be objected, Find is no Norse name. No; it is the Irish translation of *hviti*, "white." Caittil was a "Mr. White," as were so many of the Vikings of the first invasion, who came mostly from the Hardangerfjord. Indeed, the predominance of the name "white" struck the fancy of the Irish, and they called the over-sea visitors *findgenti*, "white strangers." Later, when the Danes appeared, and straightway came to blows with the Norsemen, they were distinguished as *dubhgenti*, "black strangers."

The after development of the Fenian Saga is conditioned partly by its semi-Norse origin, partly by the fact that the later bards borrowed scenes, incidents, and traits from the older Cuchulain cycle, and wove them into the new heroic epos. One instance may suffice. In the Cuchulain cycle Ulster defies the remainder of Ireland; Cuchulain, single-handed, holds at bay all the forces of the South and West. In the Fenian Saga Ireland takes the place of Ulster, and successfully withstands the onslaught of the King of the World and his motley tribe of allies. Through all, too, pierces the original heathen character of the eponymous hero of the Saga. But South Ireland was already Christian in the third-fourth centuries, so that positive heathen practices could no more have occurred there in the ninth century than in the Germany of the twelfth or thirteenth century.* Another testimony to this is the imported nature of the Fenian legends. The most distinctive trait of heathenism associated with Finn himself, and the one which seems to have impressed the Irish the most vividly, is his divinatory power and the magic practices with which it was accompanied. From one of the oldest Finn

* This shows how far removed is Prof. Zimmer's standpoint from that of the modern folklorist.

stories, dating back to the tenth century, we learn the names of these practices, *imbas forosnai* and *teinum laegda*. This latter cannot be explained in Irish; it is the Old-Norse *teinar laigðir*—"the thrown staves," and this method of divining the future may be compared with the casting of "surculi" described by Tacitus in chap. x. of the *Germania*.

This brief summary does scant justice to an investigation every point of which is buttressed by a wonderful array of facts, and by reasoning of the most subtle and acute kind. One other point, however, I must cite. Lochlann has hitherto been referred to Norway, and explained as "lake-land." But, according to Prof. Zimmer, the oldest form is *Lothlind*, gen. *Loithlinde*; and it is an Irish rendering of *Laland*, the island whence came the first Danish Vikings. At first it designated the Danes' country alone, and received the extended meaning of Scandinavia generally at a comparatively late period.

Let me first sum up the novel—nay, revolutionary—features of the hypothesis. If true, it supplies, as its author claims, an Ariadne's clue through the maze of early Irish history and literature. (1) Wherever we meet the words "fian" or "féni" we can postulate the presence or the influence of Norsemen. (2) Early Irish ecclesiastical history is dominated by a series of pious frauds *ad majorem gloriam Ard-machiae*. (3) The Brehon law is shifted several centuries down, and no longer represents an independent autochthonous legal growth, but a compromise between two rival systems. (4) The Fenian Saga, in so far as it is not a mere literary elaboration of historical and pseudo-historical facts, is to be referred to Teutonic rather than to Celtic mythopoeic fancy.

In presence of researches so weighted with matter, so clogged with ultra-ingenuity of analysis, written, moreover, and printed with all those refinements of obfuscation wherewith the modern German loves to supplement the natural want of perspicuity of his language, I can only present a few observations of the most general character.

It is hardly too much to say that the hypothesis turns upon the word "fiann." But is the suggested derivation a likely one? Granted the Celt could find no better generic name for the Viking than "the enemy," would he have gone to the Viking's tongue for the word itself? He must have learned it from the Viking; did the latter describe himself as a "fiandi" enemy? Moreover, although Prof. Zimmer shows that where "fiann" is used there is generally something Norse *sous roche*, yet he admits that *fiandr* was never officially used of the Norsemen as a whole. He quotes as analogous the word "slave"; the Germans captured numbers of Slaves, hence the word became synonymous with *servus*. But it hardly needs pointing out that the analogy is a false one. The further instances of Find = Hviti, and findgenti = Norsemen many of whom have the surname *hviti*, can hardly be said to support the main thesis. Indeed, I fear that presented thus baldly these conjectures may move to mirth. But Prof. Zimmer means them seriously, and has much to urge on their behalf. Nevertheless, philological considerations apart, I cannot but feel the immense initial difficulty of the theory.

Then, I find no satisfactory explanation of the most striking characteristic of the late Fenian texts: Finn's standing quarrel with the Lochlanners. If, as the hypothesis demands, all connected with the Scandinavians had become so vague even by the end of the tenth century as to allow the fable of a third century Finn, is it likely that the men of the twelfth and following centuries would have felt the stress of the invasion period sufficiently to make the Lochlann raider the standing figure which

he is in the Saga? The original enmity of Caittil and the Danes can hardly be adduced, because, *ex hypothesi*, this enmity had entirely lost its true character and been transformed into enmity between a third century Finn and a third century Irish head-king as early as the beginning of the eleventh century. Finally, are the facts mentioned by Prof. Zimmer at all strong enough to account for the transformation of a ninth century Norse-Irishman with a third century Irishman?

On the other hand, the *teinn laegda* incident has so profoundly impressed me. The fact that Irishmen of the tenth, twelfth, and fourteenth centuries should ascribe a distinctively Norse practice to Finn must mean something, even if it does not mean all that Prof. Zimmer thinks.

It is to be hoped that Celtic experts will not be deterred by Prof. Zimmer's peculiar modes of controversy, of which there are some characteristically unpleasant examples in this paper, from subjecting his theory to the most searching criticism. Whatever may be its fate, it is a marvel of hard work, of acute investigation, of subtle reasoning. In every sense of the word it is epoch-making.

ALFRED NUTT.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BIR, O. Kampfgruppe u. Kämpfertypen in der Antike. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M. 60 Pf.
BONGHI, R. Feste Romane, illustrate da G. A. Sartorio e O. Fleres. Milan: Hoepli. 7 fr. 50 c.
CARON, E. De Saint-Louis au port de Tombouctou. Paris: Challamel. 10 fr.
FOURAU, P. Une Mission au Tademayt (territoire d' In-Salah) en 1890. Paris: Challamel. 7 fr.
HERZUZY, L. Les origines orientales de l'art. 1re partie. Antiquités chaldéo-assyriennes. Livr. 1 et 2. Paris: Leroux. 8 fr.
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- BORDONE, Général. Garibaldi: 1807—1882. Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50 c.
COHN, L. Wilhelm Studemund. Ein Lebensabriss. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 20 Pf.
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GALLOIS, L. De Orontio Fimaco, gallico geographo. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
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- BIELSCHOWSKY, A. Geschichte der deutschen Dorfpoesie im 13. Jahrh. I. Leben u. Dichten Neidharts v. Reuenthal. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 9 M. 50 Pf.
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HOUOAR, C. Chrestomathie Maghrébine: recueil de textes arabes inédits. Paris: Leroux. 6 fr.
PAVOT, T. Etymologies dites inconnues: solutions de problèmes. Paris: Leroux. 7 fr. 50 c.
RANISCH, W. Die Volsungasaga. Nach Bugges Text m. Einleitg. u. Glossar hrsg. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M. 60 Pf.
RISOR, A. Studien zur Geschichte der französischen Konjugation auf -ir. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

London: Feb. 9, 1891.

Those interested in the newly-discovered *Ἀθηναίων πολιτεία* will do well in cases of doubt or difficulty to suspend judgment for a while until the book appears in a more satisfactory form, as it assuredly will do, when the promised facsimiles are once in the hands of Aristotelian scholars. Meanwhile the following corrections, which are mostly of an obvious kind, may be of use provisionally, if only to show the need of a new and revised edition of the text.

P. 16. ἐν τοῖς ποιήμασιν αὐτὸς πολλοῦ μὲνυκε. The last word, which is a *vox nihili*, is clearly a blunder for μένυται, the word used by the writer of the *Πολιτεία* in the very similar passage in p. 28.

P. 19. εἶδε δὲ τελεῖν πεντακοσιμέδιμον μὲν δὲ ἂν ἐκ τῆς αἰκίας ποιῇ πεντακόσια μέτρα. For τῆς αἰκίας we must surely read γῆς αἰκίας.

P. 29. καὶ πάλιν διαγινώθι [sic] τοῦ λέγει περὶ τῶν διανείμασθαι τὴν γῆν βουλομένων. I cannot find any sense in this as it stands; but, by the change of a letter or two, we may get something very different—καὶ πάλιν δὲ ἄλλοθι πού λέγει.*

P. 64. διὰ τὴν Ξέρξου στρατιάν. The writer means not the army of Xerxes, but his expedition—στρατεῖαν. A similar correction has to be made in p. 75, where στρατείας is printed στρατιᾶς.

P. 66. ἐπὶ Τιμοσθένου ἄρχοντος. Read Τιμοσθέους.

P. 100. Ρῖνον τε ὁ Παιανίους καὶ Φάλλος ὁ Ἀχέρδους υἱός. The last two words arise from a misreading of Ἀχέρδουσιος; Phayllus was of the deme called Ἀχέρδους, as Rhinon was of that of Παιανία.

P. 100. ἐπ' Εὐκλείδους ἄρχοντος. Read Εὐκλείδου.

P. 103. δοκοῦσιν κάλλιστα δὴ καὶ πολιτικέτατα ἀπάντων καρδίᾳ καὶ κοινῇ χρῆσασθαι ταῖς προγεγενημέναις συμφωραῖς. There is no sense in καρδίᾳ which is a mere error for καὶ ἰδίᾳ.

P. 125. κωλύουσι . . . ὑπερὺς μετεώρας εἰς τὴν ὁδὸν ἔκρουν ἔχον[τας] ποιεῖν. The double solecism in this passage may be removed by restoring μετεώρους and ἔχον[τας].

P. 143. Διογυσίων τῶν ἐπὶ Ἀθηναίων. Read Ἀθηναῖοι.

P. 162. ἐμνηγνύτης is an impossible word; the true reading must be ἐμπήκτης.

I. BYWATER.

Wadham College, Oxford: Feb. 12, 1891.

P. 14, l. 8. ἦν δ' ὁ Σόλων τῇ μὲν ῥήσει καὶ τῇ δόξῃ τῶν πρώτων, τῇ δ' οὐσίᾳ καὶ τοῖς πράγμασι τῶν μέσων. ῥήσει here being impossible, I thought of φύσει; and it seems confirmed by p. 48, l. 10, οὐ καὶ [τῇ] φύσει τῶν ἐπιφανῶν ἦσαν. This use of φύσει is perhaps against Aristotelian authorship. So is the use of τὰ πράγματα, unless *Vol. i.* 11. 12 be parallel.

P. 16, l. 11. For [ἄμα] τ' ἐξόν, where the brackets show that ἄμα is put in by Mr. Kenyon to represent something illegible, read ὥστ' ἐξόν. ἄμα τε is quite ungrammatical.

P. 25, l. 7. ὅς ἂν στασιαζούσης τῆς πόλεως μὴ [αἰρ]ηται (sic) τὰ ὅπλα μηδὲ μεθ' ἑτέρων. Read μὴ τεθῇται τὰ ὅπλα, the regular phrase.

P. 28, l. 7. Solon ἀποδημίαν ἐλογίσατο. But this is not Greek. ἀποδημίαν ἐποίησατο occurred to me; and it seems confirmed by p. 32, l. 18, τὴν μὲν οὖν ἀποδημίαν ἐποίησατο.

P. 43, l. 3. τῶν δὲ καινῶν [αὐτῷ νῦν] μελήσεσθαι πάντων. In this construction μελήσειν would be required. The writer probably said αὐτὸς ἐπιμελήσεσθαι. Cf. l. 17. Something is left out in the clause preceding.

P. 47, l. 9. ἦν δὲ [πατα]ρῶντες ἐν ἀκροπόλει τοῖς Παρθηναῖσι Ἰππίαν (ἐτυχαγεν γὰρ αὐτοὺς μετερχόμενος, δ' ὁ Ἰππορχος ἀποστέλλων τὴν πομπήν) μετερχόμενος seems unmeaning, and the present participle of ἔρχομαι is always suspicious. Read κατὰρχόμενος.

P. 48, last line. ἦα ἀσεβήθειαν ἄμα καὶ γέρας τοῦ ἀγενεῖς ἀνελόντες τοὺς ἀναίτιους καὶ φίλους αὐτῶν. Ought we not to read ἐναγείς for ἀγενεῖς?

* Dr. Sandys has sent, as another conjectural emendation, ἐτέρωθι πού.

P. 92, l. 4. οὐ χωρησάμενοι δὲ καλῶς τότε τοῖς πράγμα[σι]. χωρησάμενοι is perhaps only an oversight for χρησάμενοι.

The following suggestions I make with less confidence:

P. 14, l. 5. καὶ γὰρ ἐπῆλθεν καὶ πρὸς ἐκατέρους ὑπὲρ ἐκατέρων μάχεται καὶ διαφισθητῇ. The editor says "the reading is very doubtful, with the exception of the first καί." ἐπῆλθεν appears to give no sense at all. I conjecture with much doubt ἐπαλλάττει, a favourite word with Aristotle, which seems suitable to describe the attitude of a man who sees and takes both sides of a question at once, who is at home in both camps.

P. 16, l. 17. τὰ τε πράγματα νοποῦντα μετεκρούσατο. The editor tells us that μετεκρούσατο "is a very doubtful reading." In the *ACADEMY* for February 7 Dr. Sandys proposes μετεχειρίσατο, but this hardly gives the sense required. Solon must have spoken not of treatment only, but of cure. I have thought of κατεπαύσατο; and I see afterwards (1) that ἐπαύσατο occurs twice in the verses of Solon subsequently quoted, and (2) that the editor gives us [π]αρανεί [κατα]παύειν τὴν ἐνεστώσαν φιλονικίαν on p. 14, l. 7, the κατα being his representation of something illegible. Of course the middle voice (if right) would be due to Solon himself.

P. 43, l. 12. δι[μπε]ρόεις. This is hardly a word for Attic prose, and perhaps it is just permissible to conjecture διὰ παντός.

P. 44, l. 20. μέγιστον δὲ πάντων ἦν τῶν [ἀρεσκο]-μένων. ἀρεσκομένων thus used is no more Attic Greek than μελήσεσθαι mentioned above or ἔχον[τας] on p. 125, l. 5. Many words may probably be thought of. κεχαρισμένων would be possible.

P. 52, l. 8. ὁ δὲ Ἰσαγόρας ἐπιλειπόμενος τῇ δυνάμει. Ought we not to read ἀπολειπόμενος here and elsewhere (p. 76, l. 6, and p. 93, l. 5)?

P. 103, l. 13. ἄμα should probably be ἀλλὰ, and on p. 139, l. 13, δοκιμασθέν is presumably an oversight for δοκιμασθέντες.

P. 145, l. 6. εἰσάγει δ' ὁ βασιλεὺς καὶ δικά[ζ]ουσιν] . . . αἰ[α] καὶ οὐπαῖθριοι. Dr. Sandys suggests σκοταῖοι. I had thought of the more obvious θυραῖοι, but perhaps his suggestion is the better.

There are many smaller things which it is not worth while to point out here.

The passage of Polybius referred to by Mr. Kenyon (*Introd.*, p. xvii.) as citing a direct mention by Timaeus of the *Πολιτεία* of Aristotle does not appear to contain any such direct mention. It tells us that Aristotle wrote about the Locrian state, and was criticised by Timaeus: it does not tell us in what work he did so. As no other early authority for Aristotle's *Πολιτεία* is quoted, it is important that this piece of evidence should be accurately stated.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

Edinburgh University: Feb. 10, 1891.

Grateful as one may be for the prompt appearance of this work after the first announcement of its discovery, it is impossible not to regret the effects that haste has left upon the editing. Misprints are far too numerous—*e.g.*, διετρεῖ (13. 3.), Διφίλου (20. 3.), δια (35. 7.), ἡγλάτει (52. 13.), κηρυξιν (86. 1.), Ἀνυτος (93. 7.), την (106. 1.), θεῖς (112. 14.), τους (124. 2.), ταῦτατος (146. 12.). A more serious defect is in unsystematic or misleading punctuation—*e.g.*, the superfluous commas in 3. 11., the inconsistency of the period in 19. 11., compared with 6. 3., and 7. 2., the round brackets in 24. 3., &c. These may seem slight defects, but nothing is so persistent in a text as bad punctuation. Similar effects of hurry are visible in the notes. What is the value of such notes as that on ἀειφυγίαν (p. 2. from Liddell and Scott s. v.), or that on παράγμοσι (p. 14), or the many reflections on parallels from English history scattered up and down in the notes? Can the editor be really so unaware of what "Theognis" is as would appear from his comment on p. 29?

But the worst is that it is impossible to discover any principle whatever in the method of editing. It might, perhaps, be urged fairly enough that the publication of a facsimile reproduction of the MS. absolved the editor from

the duty of reproducing its readings in type; but would it not in the meantime have been better to add these, misspellings and all, at the foot of his text along with the *Testimonia* to the various passages? That this has not been done is clear from 86. n.; and the corrections of non-Attic forms and usages are very arbitrary—e.g., *Πισίστρατος* and *Πεισίστρατος* both occur on p. 45. Yet *ἐπιμέλονται* is altered to *ἐπιμελοῦνται* on p. 125, "because the form *ἐπιμελέσμαι* (i.e., *ἐπιμελοῦμαι*) is used elsewhere in the MS." *Πειρασί* is changed on p. 124, and *Λακεδῆμονας* kept on p. 49. About the retention of *ληιτουρίας* the editor hesitates, but ends by quoting Hesychius for the form and retains it. His Attic sense is offended by *ἄσαι ἡμέραι* (p. 111), but not by *ἀ ἐν* (84. 8., 87. 5., 140. 6., 157. 12.). Truly, "one is taken, and another left." Again, what is to be said of the forms *ἐγεωργούντο* (43. 12.), *διδας* (44. 3.), *χωρησάμενοι* (92. 4., *vid. infra*)? Is there any justification for the form *ἐπατηρίς* (137. 1.)? In the last place, several of the editor's interpretations are wrong. The note on *ἐλληνοτομίαι* (p. 84) supposes a contradiction in the text which does not exist; in l. 8 there is a limitation of some kind or other mentioned on their membership of the council, but no complete disability. In the note on p. 111 "are not suitable" should be "are not competent." More serious is the misapprehension on p. 20 (6. 7.), which has led the editor to asterisk his own reconstruction. The text as it stands is fair enough Greek for "bearing out their view that the position of a Hippeus means that—i.e., the keeping of a horse," which is the sense required by the context.

A few notes follow containing suggestions for emendations or reconstructions of the text: 2. 6. read *ἴστε*. 25. 1. *καλῶς* must be wrong—a middle (dep.) is required. (The punctuation in 24. 8. is very doubtful—perhaps *ἐς τὰ δὲ ἄλλα καὶ*, &c.) 42. 11. scarcely possible Greek for the editor's supposed meaning. 43. 12. *ἐγεώργουν*, 49. 7. (v. note) retain (at least temporarily) MS. forms. 82. 12. *<τα>* is unnecessary. 92. 4. *χωρησάμενοι*. 101. 15. scarcely right—it is difficult to see how the proposed reading is consistent with the usage of tenses and moods throughout the document. 125. 2. the proposed emendation is almost impossible to construe and fails to account for the corruption.

In 29. 12. *διαγνώθῃ* is certainly wrong. Read perhaps *δὲ ἁλλοθὶ πού*. In 145. 6. [*σκορ*]αῖοι would reduce the reputation of Lucian for accuracy. Twice over (*Hermot.* 64.: *De Dom.* 18.) he expressly states of the Areopagus that it met "by night." It is incredible he should have invented this statement, and in all probability he derived it from the present passage.

The references are by pages and lines.

J. A. SMITH.

[We have also received a large number of conjectural emendations from Mr. W. Wyse, of Trinity College, Cambridge, which we are unable to print this week.—ED. ACADEMY.]

London: Feb. 11, 1891.

As publisher for the Clarendon Press, where this work is printed for the British Museum, will you allow me to contradict the statement that the first edition was withdrawn.

The edition was sold out within a few days after publication, and a second edition is being printed, and will be ready next week.

HENRY FROWDE.

CHAUCER'S REFERENCES TO ALMANSOR, HERMES, AND PTOLEMY.

Christ's College, Cambridge: Feb. 5, 1891.

In the side-notes to Group D in the Ellesmere MS. of the "Canterbury Tales," there are numerous Latin quotations. I have found out where nearly all of them come from. Some of them are a little mysterious.

Thus, at l. 611, we are referred to "Mansor, Amphorison" 19." The only way to get at this was to make a bold guess. My guess was that "Mansor" is an Arabic name, and ought, perhaps, to have "Al" before it. So I tried "Almansor"; and, behold, it is right! The somewhat long Latin quotation which follows the name in the MS. occurs, word for word, in "Astrologia Aphoristica Ptolomaei, Hermetis, . . . Almansoris" &c. (Ulmae, 1641). It is section 14 (not 19) of Almansoris Propositiones. The mysterious "Amphorison" is an error for "Aphorismorum," and is due to the fact that Almansor's treatise begins with the words—"Aphorismorum compendiolum, mi Rex, petisti," &c.

Here, then, we have another source for Chaucer's poems; and it explains some other passages, all of which can now be easily followed. Thus, at l. 705 of Group D we have a long quotation from section 2 of the same treatise. But the same volume contains "Hermetis centum Aphorismorum liber"; and Chaucer quotes this also, at l. 622 in Furnivall's text. Chaucer's reference is to section 24, which is pretty near; for, in the printed text, it is section 25.

In reading these treatises by Almansor and Hermes I have come across several interesting references. There is yet a third treatise of the same character, in the same volume, viz., "Cl. Ptolomaei centum Dicta"; and there is at least one good thing to be found in it. So Chaucer had read this also.

Every reader of the Knight's Tale takes an interest in the temple of Mars and all its belongings. There, among others, is the famous line—

"Ther saugh I brent the shippes hoppesteres."

I am delighted to find that it was a special function of the planet Mars to burn ships! For what says Ptolemy in his fifty-fifth saying?

"Martis adversus naues noxia vis imminuitur, cum neque in coeli medio, neque in undecimo loco est. In his enim locus naum corruptit, praedonibus per vim occupantibus. Incenditur autem navis, si ascendens ab aliqua Stella fixa quae ex Martis mixtura sit, affligetur."

So now we know why Mars burnt the ships; it was because the ascendent was being worried by some fixed star that co-operated with his evil influence. Moreover, he was certainly either in mid heaven or in the eleventh mansion, and altogether in the worst of tempers.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

TUNIP AND THE LAND OF NAHARINA.

Weston-super-Mare: Jan. 31, 1891.

In the ACADEMY of Jan. 17 (p. 65) Mr. Howorth has started some questions about Tunip and Naharina. These require a careful reply, and I hope to give some help.

As Mr. Howorth thinks, Tunip was not the Daphne by Antioch, nor anywhere near Damascus. I quote from my paper, "On the Geography from the Nile to the Euphrates, as known to the Ancient Egyptians," read at the Bath meeting of the British Association, sect. E, in 1888, and published in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record*:

"When the place called by the Egyptians Nii was by mistake identified with Nineveh, we were led to suppose that they were lords of Assyria in earnest; and the Naharina of hieroglyphic record was taken in a large sense for Mesopotamia. In later years we have placed it between Euphrates and Orontes. But now the cuneiform correspondence of Tel el-Amarna certifies us that it is identical with Mitāni between Euphrates and the Belikh river on the east, says Dr. Schrader. But this must not limit Naharina as simply coterminous with Mitāni; and indeed we know that it stretched far to the

west, for the celebrated strategic point Tunip, now Tennib, south of Ezzaz, was in Naharina (Brugsch, *Geog. Inschr.* ii. 46), so that Lenormant was right in extending Naharina in his map (*Hist.* 9 ed., 234) right across from the Orontes to the Khabūr."

"It is highly interesting to find that when Thothmes III. took Tunip it was in the hands of the Ruten-folk, and its lords bore the Aramaic title of Maran, in Egyptian Marina; but in the treaty of Rameses II. it figures as a town of the Khêta with a Sutekh. Among the newly-discovered clay tablets is one from Tunip (Dunip), praying for help against the Kheta king some half-century later than when Thothmes took it. This agrees with the statement that Tunip was in Naharina, and shows us the date when the Hittites were overrunning this country in force, after the Egyptians had broken up the Rutennu."

It was Nöldeke who, fifteen years ago, identified Tunip with Tennib (*Zeitschr. f. Aeg. Spr.* 1876, 10, 11), and I believe this has been generally accepted. Tennib (given by Maspero as Tinnab) is not marked by Dr. Sachau in his map, and did not lie on his route; but it is marked in Rey's two important maps of North Syria (*Carte de la Montagne des Ansariés, et du Pachalik d'Alep, and Carte du Nord de la Syrie*). It lies rather less than twenty English miles northward (a little west) from Aleppo; and doubtless was "in the land of Khilibu" [Aleppo], to the king of which it was subject—the miserable king who was just afterwards drowned at Kadesh, and held up by the heels in the unscientific fashion shown in the picture.

Tennib is not many miles from Tel Erfad (ancient Arpad), and only some six or seven miles (apparently) south of Ezzaz, the Khazazu of the Assyrian Annals. All this region strongly appeals to men of means and spirit to explore it in a scientific way. In my paper before cited, I have concisely put together the Egyptian information. In another paper in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* entitled "Notes on the Geography of Northern Syria and some Neighbouring Lands, viewed from the Assyrian side," I have collected the principal data of the records of conquest from the east; and by the kind assistance of Mr. Pinches, I have given the names of seventy principal places in cuneiform which I have endeavoured to identify, with the hieroglyphic names from Egyptian inscriptions, and the modern names, as well as transliterations of the ancient names.

To those who are seriously studying this subject I shall be happy, so far as I can, to supply separate reprints of these papers, and any other information within my knowledge. The highly important "Karnak List of Northern Syria," I edited and contributed in June, 1885, to the Society of Biblical Archaeology. It has been in print some years, and is still awaiting publication in the next (and last) volume of *Transactions*, which for the future will be superseded by the less tardy method of the *Proceedings*.

With regard to Hamath, whose name Mr. Howorth has not found in the inscriptions describing the campaigns of the XVIIIth and XIXth Dynasties, I have long ago proposed to see its name in the Amātu of the Karnak list of Thothmes III., a name identical with that by which the Assyrian Annals have designated it. And in view of the cuneiform despatches of Tel el-Amarna I feel that this opinion is strongly confirmed; "for the name," as I have remarked, "may have been written in cuneiform by a Mesopotamian scribe, and transliterated exactly into hieroglyphic in Egypt."

As to Patina, Mr. Howorth will see that it is not Paddan Aram, and has no connexion with "Batanaea or Bashan." Once more to quote my last-mentioned paper:

"The country of Patina had for its capital Kunu-

luain Unqi, between the Afrin and the Orontes, or Kinalia. See Delitzsch, *Wo lag das Paradies*, 274."

I think this is the present Tel Kounana (Rey's Map), *n* being often convertible with *l*; and Hazarra, another place in Unki (the Umk plain near Antioch, Amku of the Karnak List, 308), must be Hazrè (Sachau, 459) near Dana.

Paddan Aram must of course have been on the east of the Euphrates; and I think the name Paddan is preserved in Tel Feddân, with ruins, west of Kharran (Sachau, 222). This may be "the city Pitânû" of Esarhaddon's campaign (Budge's *Esarhaddon*, p. 41).

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

WHY WAS THE HORSE DRIVEN BEFORE IT WAS RIDDEN?

Luxor, Upper Egypt: Jan. 30, 1891.

THE ACADEMY of January 3, containing Prof. Ridgeway's interesting note, has only just reached me. His views as to the small size of the horses of ancient Egypt are curiously supported by certain sculptures, recently unearthed, on the exterior walls of the temple of Amenhotep III. at Luxor. In one scene the king, seated in his chariot, is holding colloquy with some foreign potentate, and the horses are consequently at rest. An attendant stands at the further side of the horses, and his arm-pit is just seen over the horse's withers. Measuring the height of some pure-blooded Egyptian fellahin, I find that this would give 53 in., or 13½ hands as the height of the horses driven by the kings of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

In another scene a groom is riding a spare horse behind the king's chariot. He is not sitting astride, but side-saddle fashion, with both legs on the off-side of the horse. His feet hang down about a foot below the horse's belly, which would only be the case with a small horse. The extreme length of this horse from chest to buttock is not greater than the height of the groom, which would give under 14 hands for the height of the horse. If the Egyptians had been accustomed to ride, the man would certainly have been represented as sitting astride. There is no saddle.

The only perfect Egyptian chariot is, I believe, that in the Museum at Florence; and in this case, if I remember aright, the smallness of the wheels, the lowness of the axle and the pole, show that this chariot was only adapted for very small horses. Perhaps some of your readers at Florence could supply exact measurements.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Feb. 15, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Biblicism," by Mr. E. G. Browne.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Practical Counsels of Economic Science," by Prof. V. H. Stanton.

MONDAY, Feb. 16, 7 p.m. London Institution: "English Folk-Songs," with Musical Illustrations, by Dr. W. A. Barrett.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Electric Transmission of Power," I., by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Agnosticism and its Tributaries," by Prof. Orchard.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Philosophy of Roger Bacon," by Mr. R. J. Ryle.

8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Faraday," by the Rev. H. Pelham Stokes.

TUESDAY, Feb. 17, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," VI., by Prof. Victor Horsley.

4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "Chartered Companies in Africa," by Commander V. Lovett Cameron.

7.30 p.m. Statistical: "The Vital Statistics of Peabody Buildings and other Artisans' and Labourers' Block Dwellings," by Dr. Arthur Newsholme.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Electric Mining Machinery," by Messrs. Llewelyn B., and Claude W. Atkinson.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Some Points in the Anatomy of the Crocodilian Skull," by Prof. Hovès; "The Variation and Development of the Leporine Sternum," by Mr. R. H. Burne; "The Genus *Chasiempis*, with Description of a New Species," and "Description of a new Species of the Genus *Himatione*," by Mr. Scott B. Wilson.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 18, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Methods and Processes of the Ordnance Survey," by Sir Charles Wilson.

8 p.m. Geological.

8 p.m. Microscopical: "Eminia equatorialis, a new Earthworm from Equatorial Africa," by Dr. W. B. Benham; "Cystocerius of *Taenia coronula* Daj," by Mr. T. B. Rosseter.

8 p.m. Cymrodorion: "The Latest Views about Arthur," by Mr. Alfred Nutt.

8.30 p.m. University College: "Samuel Richardson," by Mr. Augustine Birrell.

THURSDAY, Feb. 19, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Lull, Purcell, and Searlatti," with Musical Illustrations, II., by Prof. C. Hubert H. Parry.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Asoka, the First Emperor of India," by Prof. T. W. Rhys Davids.

8 p.m. Chemical: Ballot for Election of Fellows.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.

8 p.m. Linnean: "The Dillenian Herbarium," by Mr. G. C. Druce; "A Self-fertilising Hermaphrodite Trout," by Prof. Chas. Stewart; "Some Points in the Life-History and Rate of Growth in the Yew Tree," by Dr. John Lowe.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 20, 4 p.m. Egypt Exploration Fund: Annual General Meeting.

4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Science of Colour," I., by Capt. Abney.

8 p.m. Philological: "The Celts and other Aryans of the 'P' Group," by Prof. Rhys.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Infectious Diseases, their Nature, Causes, and Mode of Spread," by Dr. E. E. Klein.

SATURDAY, Feb. 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Forces of Cohesion," II., by Lord Rayleigh.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens. Edited by F. G. Kenyon. (Printed for the Trustees of the British Museum.)

THE announcement that a new writing of Aristotle's had been discovered was received in an Oxford lecture-room with perhaps not unnatural groans; but the feelings roused in everyone who has not before him the fear of a fresh subject for examination have been two-fold—interest and hope. We are now, it seems, to read what scholars have deplored as lost; and we may hope for still more treasures from Egypt, which has just given us the *Constitution of Athens*, after giving us many other valuable fragments. Yet we need not all of us, like Germanicus, go to Egypt itself *cognoscendae antiquitatis*. The trustees of the British Museum bring the new treatise to our doors, and who is to know that Bloomsbury is not preparing some other surprise for us? The secret of this one at least was well kept.

"Aristotle" has had another narrow escape, and the story of the cellar at Skepsis has been repeating itself. The fate of the *Ἀθηναίων πολιτεία* depended upon one damaged papyrus copy. The book seems to have disappeared from libraries "between the sixth and ninth century," and later references to it are probably made at second-hand. We possessed none of it except the meagre Berlin fragments, and quotations in Pollux or Harpokraton, of whose exact value we could not be sure. Nor have we got it quite all now. The beginning is lost, and the end is seriously mutilated. But we have the best part of it: the printing-press has made that much safe for ever: and scholars have got a new puzzle—*κυνιδίους δοσάριον ἐρρίμμενον*.

The papyrus manuscript, from which the book is printed, is ascribed with great probability by Mr. Kenyon to "the end of the first century of our era, or, at latest, the beginning of the second." The text itself cannot be directly dated; but on the same sheet there are some accounts of receipts and expenditure, apparently kept by an agent

or bailiff, and dated in the eleventh year of Vespasian, *i.e.*, A.D. 78-9.

"We cannot tell how soon afterwards the *verso* was used for receiving the text of Aristotle. But on the one hand, it is not likely to have been so used while the accounts on the *recto* were still valuable; and, on the other, the papyrus is not likely to have continued unused and undestroyed for very many years after the accounts had ceased to be of interest. Moreover, some of the most remarkable forms of letters and abbreviations which occur in the Aristotle are also found in the accounts."

In addition to whatever guarantees of genuineness the mode of acquisition of the papyrus gives, its character is confirmed by two things. First, e. 25 contains in full a story about Themistokles previously unknown to us, though the argument to the *Areopagiticus* of Isokrates is now found to have made obscure allusion to it. Secondly, of the previously known ninety-one fragments, "seventy-eight are found in the MS. in its present condition, and all the rest, with two possible exceptions, are satisfactorily accounted for." One of the exceptions is serious (No. 407 of the Fragments), for it "differs distinctly from a passage on the same subject occurring in the text;" and the above two points, if they stood alone, would not do more than show the cleverness of a possible forger.

We may, however, assume that *prima facie* this work seems to be the lost *Ἀθηναίων πολιτεία* attributed by every ancient writer to Aristotle. Is it really his? Mr. Kenyon accepts it without hesitation; but we cannot feel so confident, and his three arguments (pp. xvi-xvii) are not conclusive. The internal evidence of the book itself gives it a date of composition (or revision) earlier than B.C. 307.

"The author, in describing the constitution of Athens in his own day, speaks always of ten tribes, which number was increased to twelve in the year just mentioned. On the other hand, the date 329 is incidentally referred to in e. 54; and in speaking of the two sacred tithes in e. 61, the name Ammonias is used in place of the Salaminia. This change of name must have been made during the time of Alexander, who claimed to be the son of Ammon. . . . This work was therefore written, or at least revised, at the earliest in the last seven years of Aristotle's life, and at the latest in the fifteen years after his death."

But this does not exclude Valentine Rose's hypothesis that the *Πολιτεία*, of which collection this essay would be one section, were, like some other books ascribed to Aristotle, written by another member or members of the Peripatetic school. Certainly the essay clashes more than once with the *Politics*, though again there are some curious coincidences of language between the two books. No one could possibly yet form a final opinion upon such a matter, but at present the style of the book seems to us hardly Aristotelian. It is not only that the whole thing reads flatter than Aristotle, and that (except in the anacoluthon of e. 15) we miss his glorious irregularities and his standing formulae. There is a peculiar bald smoothness about it, less like the crabbed compression which we know so well than what Goldsmith calls "the diffusio productions of fruitful mediocrity." Even the

editor misses "any discussion of the spirit and principles of the Athenian constitution." The story told, the summaries given, are handled quite simply; there is an almost entire absence of reflection and generalisation.* It is, no doubt, as Mr. Kenyon says, dangerous to use any argument from style, not only because we do not know how the admitted works of Aristotle were composed, but also because the judgments passed on points of style are so curiously different with different critics. Nor should we deny his assertion that Aristotle's "impartiality, his dispassionateness, his matter-of-fact statement of his materials, are as evident here as in any other of his works"; and we must remember that the treatise before us, if really Aristotle's, was drawn up with an object different from that which inspired any other of his extant writings. It was not to be an essay, but only part of a collection of data on which essays and their theories might safely be based. It was one of 158 summaries of political constitutions, and speculation on them was probably reserved for the *Politics*. Like Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Descriptive Sociology*, it was raw material, not finished work.

The notes of the present edition represent, as their author modestly says, "a first attempt to estimate the bearing of the new material on the received versions of Athenian history." It will be long indeed before the last word is spoken, especially on the tangled subject of dates;† and, like Mr. Kenyon, we must avoid premature decisions. We can merely indicate some of the new matter placed before us for consideration, and even there we must be content with only a *prima vendemiatio*. The hungry Jonathan could but touch the honey with the end of a rod.

To begin with, it must be said that the statements of the treatise are either to be taken or left. We cannot go behind them and test their foundations, for the writer tells us nothing about his sources of information.

"Fortunately it is not of so much importance to identify his actual sources as in the case of such an author as Plutarch. Aristotle took care to sift his evidence for himself, instead of leaving it to be done by posterity; and when he clearly and positively states a fact, his statement is not lightly to be put aside."

The book is a constitutional history of the Athenians, which falls into two natural divisions. In the first, the successive phases of the development of the Athenian constitution are described. The author (c. 41) reckons eleven of these, from (and including) the arrangements of Theseus down to the restored democracy of 403. The beginning of the treatise, which is lost, has carried away with it the account of the state of affairs which preceded Theseus and the account of Theseus himself. The other ten phases we have complete. The second division surveyed with more or less com-

pleteness the actual functions in the fourth century of the Boule, the Prytaneis, the Dikasts, the Archons, the Apodektai, the Astunomoi, the Agoranomoi, the Eleven, and some smaller officials. This survey, however, reaches us incomplete, passing at the end into mere fragments; and much of the analysis of procedure in the law-courts is thus lost.

Even a cursory perusal of these two sections will show that there is in them a great deal which is new. Of this, some seems sure enough and a clear gain. Some merely disposes of flourishing modern theories. Other parts are in collision with facts (not theories) of which we previously thought ourselves certain; and to effect a reconciliation of authorities, or to obtain a verdict between them, will be a long business.

Among the smaller gains we must reckon a few new lines of Solon (the one authority whom the writer cites freely), some fresh instances of rare usages, and, if the transcription of the text can be trusted, some new words for the lexicon. In addition to *διαφημιωμός* and *δεκαρχαυρεσία* (both most ingeniously emended by Dr. Sandys in the ACADEMY of last week), which had already caught my eye, I may also mention *ἐπεισκαλῖν* and *ἐπίσκλητος* (c. 30). *Ἡσυχάζειν* occurs in c. 5, apparently active—a construction of which L. and S. give only one instance. And there are stranger things still.

In the field of history we have before us a richer crop, but one which needs weeding. The long list of Grecian worthies is increased by two—Kedon, who tried even before the Alkmaionidai to expel the tyrants, and Rhinon, who did good service in 403 in restoring peace and good feeling. We had their names before, but did not know their merits. The new facts, which there is little cause for doubting, are many. We get one new move for Theramenes (c. 32), one new trick for Themistokles (c. 25). As to the latter, it already stood on record (in the Argument to Isokr. *Arcop.*) that he did something to limit the power of the Areopagus, but one did not look on him as influential in the crippling of that body. Now, however, we read that Ephialtes *ἐπραττε ταῦτα συναιτίῳ γενομένῳ Θεμιστοκλέους*; and we find with surprise that Themistokles was still in Athens as late as 462–1, whereas he has generally been supposed to have fled to Persia about 466. It hardly seems possible that Plutarch can have known this story. We cannot well see the point of the trick by which Themistokles drove Ephialtes into action, for Ephialtes was apparently ready to act before.

The writer gives us clearer light on another matter in c. 19. We find that Hippias, after the death of Hipparchos, *ἐπεὶ κακὸς εἶχεν τὰ ἐν τῷ ἄστει*, tried to fortify Munychia. This is plain enough, for such a position would keep retreat open for him by sea, and make the introduction of mercenaries easy. But he was apparently turned out by the Spartans before he could change his residence. Not only were the Spartans prompted to this by the Pythia, as Herodotus tells us, but we now learn that they were jealous of the growing friendship between Argos and the Peisistratidai. Thus their action becomes much

clearer, and takes its place in the long series of moves and countermoves that aimed at winning or keeping the supremacy in Peloponnese.

But constitutional facts are most in the writer's way, though we have only space to notice a few of them. The revival of the Areopagus after 480 is more strongly asserted here than we are accustomed to find it, even as a theory; and the materials for a history of the archonship are full and interesting. But they need sifting. Chaps. 22, 61, seem to us conclusive upon the long debated question of how the *στρατηγοί* were elected. It is clear that Plutarch was right after all in saying that in Kimon's time they were elected one from each tribe, and that Pollux's assertion that they were elected *ἐξ πάντων* is only true of a later date. The office itself, it appears, is very old, having even overlapped the kingship; nor do those changes in the number and importance of the *στρατηγοί*, which Grote ascribed to Kleisthenes, really seem to belong to him.

But "Aristotle" perhaps raises as many difficulties as he solves. Troubles beset us about the *πρόεδροι*; and it is not easy, with the nicest care, to settle upon short notice whether "Aristotle" is to be preferred as an authority to Thucydides or Xenophon upon events which happened in the lifetime of Thucydides or Xenophon. Thucydides, 8, 92, gives us to understand that in 411 B.C. the famous Five Thousand were never called into existence. Chap. 30 of our new authority speaks of the body as real. Which are we to follow? Neither remark stands alone. "Aristotle" not only implies that they existed, but tells us what they did. Thucydides not only decides against their existence, but explains why they were never called into existence. But c. 32 here asserts that they *λόγῳ μόνον ἡρέθησαν*; and unless (with Mr. Kenyon) we invent a non-natural meaning for the term "five thousand," and say that it meant *from the first* all who could furnish arms, we must provisionally accept Thucydides *plus* our present authority against our present authority alone. Considering the stress which Thucydides laid on his episode of the Peisistratidai, again, we are strongly inclined to follow him rather than the new writer, who gives some different particulars about the movement of Harmodios and Aristogeiton (c. 18). It is very noticeable that Perikles fills no such place on this writer's horizon as he does on the horizon of Thucydides.

But with Xenophon, too, we find our "Aristotle" at variance, and even more often than Mr. Kenyon has noticed. We must think twice, or even thrice, before believing that the Attic silver mines were discovered (*ἐφάνη*, c. 22) in B.C. 483, in the teeth of the distinct statement of the *De Vectigalibus* that no one knows when they were first worked. On the career of the Thirty, we find many points of discrepancy. If, for instance, we follow our new light, we shall have to give up the familiar picture of Kritias striking the name of Theramenes off the roll; for that name will already have been removed before the meeting of the Council by a law excluding

* There is a little bit of the latter on the *δημος* in c. 22; and we recognise the observer of human nature in the remark in c. 40 that people postpone putting their names down for anything till the last moment.

† The chronology of Peisistratos is in no way cleared up by cc. 14, 17, which cannot be reconciled with *Pol.* 5, 12, 5. The dates in c. 22 "absolutely refuse to harmonise."

all who had shown hostility to the Four Hundred. There are two statements additional to what Xenophon tells us, which, if they can stand further examination, will be valuable: that two boards of ten were successively appointed after the Thirty, of which the second (with Rhinon on it) eventually put an end to the civil war; and that the faction at Eleusis did not disappear till the third year. There must have been a good deal of separate vitality in Eleusis, the one place in Attica which was allowed to strike special bronze money. But we cannot give ready credence to many of the writer's other stories, from his improbable sketch of Drakon's constitution downward. Even if Aristotle had anything to do with this treatise, we must allow for a certain percentage of errors in his facts, such as we find in the masses of facts got together for purposes of generalisation by another great social philosopher, Mr. Buckle.

A few words in the last place about the editing of the text. So far as historical matters go, Mr. Kenyon seems to have done his work with care and with fitting reserve. But about the state of the text itself we are far from content. Writing without the facsimile of the original, we cannot tell how far little points which offend us are due to that original, how far to inexact transcription or to mere misprinting. There is, of course, a small misprint on p. 146. On page 64 *σπαρτιάς* is wrongly used for *σπαρτιάριον*. We cannot tell the cause of this error; but it throws doubt on the accuracy of the spelling of various names, as *Ἀλκμεονιδῶν*, p. 52, and *Πισιστράτου* (pp. 38-41; *Πεισιστράτος* p. 37). There are, too, several places where the present reading cannot stand, and one would like to know whether it really has MS. authority. At the end of c. 15 some verb seems missing after *ἰδίων*. In c. 22 τοῖς *πεντακοσίοις* looks like a gloss on *τῇ βουλῇ*. In c. 27 can *πρώτον* be right, or should we read *πρώτος*? In c. 34 is *χωρησάμενοι* only a misprint for *χρησάμενοι*? In c. 60 the expression *συλλέγεται τὸ δ' ἔλαιον* is at least unusual in form. *Προσεκεκόσμητο* is probably not the right word in c. 18, though we cannot suggest a better. But at the end of c. 6 *μένυκε* (? *μένυται*) cannot be right, and should have been corrected, even if it stood in the MS. On p. 125 *ὄχετους μετέωρας εἰς τὴν ὁδὸν ἔκρουν ἐχόμενας* is a perfect nest of solecisms. Some of the accents here and there are very strange.

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A COMMITTEE has been formed to collect subscriptions in England, limited to two guineas, towards the testimonial to be presented to Prof. Virchow on his seventieth birthday. The chairman of the committee is Sir James Paget; and the hon. treasurer (to whom subscriptions should be sent) is Dr. Lauder Brunton, 10, Stratford-place, W. The testimonial will take the form of a large gold portrait-medal for Prof. Virchow himself, with bronze replicas for members of his family, and certain scientific institutions. The surplus of the fund will be devoted to the furtherance of scientific work, at the professor's discretion.

THE Friday evening discourse at the Royal Institution next week will be given by Dr. E.

E. Klein, who has taken for his subject "Infectious Diseases, their Nature, Cause, and Mode of Spread."

THE last number of *Nature* prints a translation of the opening lecture recently delivered by M. Giard, professor of evolution at the Sorbonne. It is an interesting defence of Lamarck against the somatogenio theory of Weismann.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Jan. 24.)

MISS FLORENCE HERAPATH, president, in the chair.—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper entitled "In the Mouth of Two Witnesses," drew attention to "Antony and Cleopatra" in comparison with "Samson Agonistes," each of which sets forth the tale of a hero's undoing by a too complete surrender to the enchantments of a beautiful sorceress. When the two poems are placed side by side, the difference in the two methods of workmanship is startling enough. "Samson Agonistes" is a careful etching in black and white; "Antony and Cleopatra" a massive study of gorgeous colouring. In the "Samson" there is the hush that pervades the scene of a great tragedy: now a blind hero speaks, then a mourning father; now a sympathising friend, then a seared wife and a terror-stricken messenger; but all through there is a solemn undertone of repressed strength of feeling. In "Antony and Cleopatra," on the contrary, life and motion are predominant. Among so many high-pitched points of interest, we can only marvel how the mind of the reader never for a moment ceases to watch for the gleaming convolutions of the golden thread of the love-story interlacing all the incidents of the drama. The burden of the story in each is identical—a strong man brought into ignominious captivity, not by love, as anchorites would have us believe, but by the character of the woman he loves. We have all been told, in these days of metaphysical chatter, that love *per se* ennobles the man or woman of whom it takes possession; but the truth is that love takes the hue of what it rests on and thus poisons or glorifies the heart of the lover and, with his heart, his life also. In Samson's character were all the elements that should have resulted in a successful life at an epoch of the world's history when all the conditions of life were comparatively simple. Imbued from his childhood with religious and patriotic fervour and certainty of a high destiny in store for him, sanguine of temperament, strong of will, possessed of matchless advantages of physique brought to perfection by austere simple training—what was there that he might not have been, and done? It is hard to conceive of Dalila as anything better than a mercenary traitress, who plumed herself on the conquest of such a distinguished man. Mark Antony, of whom history and poetry both give us a full-length portrait, is perhaps the most picturesque of Shakspeare's heroes. In scarcely any other has he put in the shading with more accuracy of detail and delicacy of touch, lingering, one might also say, lovingly over the dainty lines which were to throw up the high lights of his hero's generosity, bravery, eloquence, and irresistible good-fellowship. He, like Samson, was endowed by nature with a strong will, but, like Samson's, it fell prone before the spell of a woman's loveliness. Cleopatra's beauty has inspired poets, painters, sculptors, novelists, and actresses to unsparring and oft-repeated efforts to reproduce a presentment of those long-dead charms, in virtue of which she disputes with Helen of Troy the proud pre-eminence among those women who have turned the world upside down. The queens of the stage may, more or less, realise their own ideal of imperial grace; sculptors may mould form after form of exquisite perfection; painters may lose themselves in the endeavour to depict her fathomless eyes; but, after all, the half is not told us of the magic that enslaved man and woman alike—that made her bondsman turn his back on honour, home, and country; that changed the valiant soldier of Philippi into the flying dotard of Actium, and in the end inspired him with courage to deal himself his own death-blow, thus dying for a lie as he had lived for an illusion.

Shakspeare, in painting her, uses his most glowing colours. Pity it is that, being so often exposed to the light, they have lost, to the ordinary apprehension, their due vividness. We cannot imagine, however, that in Cleopatra's beauty and grace lay the supreme secret of her power. The weapons of Dalila's warfare must have been simple and limited in number, though potent enough in action. Unwearied perseverance, tears, entreaties, kisses, reproaches—and the spell takes effect. But Cleopatra's was of a much more ingenious and intricate composition. All these were there, but much besides, or Octavia would not have had to keep solitary state in Rome. In the words of the old chronicle, we may catch glimpses of her method of working, which consisted in varying her attractions—in being always with Antony, and in exhibiting an inconstancy of nature which gave him no rest out of her presence. Antony died unable to face life without her; she died to save herself from a fate she dreaded more. Her sister-wife, Dalila, makes her exit from the stage in less royal fashion. Defeated at all points in her remorseful endeavours to re-establish friendly relations with her husband, she departs snake-like, leaving a slimy trail behind her. And the man whom she has betrayed to his death counts the cost, and finding that his high destiny is to be fulfilled, not by living, but by dying, lays down his life on his country's altar, atoning, so far as in him lies, for the disgrace of his life by the heroism of his death.—Mr. S. L. Gwynn read "A Comparison of 'Antony and Cleopatra' with Dryden's 'All for Love.'" Although Dryden in style avowedly professed to imitate Shakspeare, and here and there borrowed his thoughts, yet the spirit of the work unmistakably is alien to that of his model, recalling Corneille rather than the Elizabethans. Shakspeare's play begins before Antony's marriage to Octavia. Dryden's begins after Actium, passes apparently within twenty-four hours, and strictly observes the unity of place. In fact, he has made his play out of Shakspeare's last two acts. Dryden's Antony is the moral Roman of the eighteenth century, prating Ciceronian platitudes. His Cleopatra is a virtuous lady, who gave Antony her first and only love. All this is poor when contrasted with Shakspeare's magnificent conception. With Matthew Arnold it may be said that Dryden, clear and vigorous as he is, pre-eminently lacks what Shakspeare so pre-eminently possesses—the accent of poetic utterance. This is conspicuous in the famous passage which is common to both—the description of Cleopatra in her barge—and far more clearly so in isolated phrases. But it is in his presentment of the two lovers that Dryden falls immeasurably behind. Yet it must be said frankly that Dryden's play is incomparably better constructed for representation. Clearly Shakspeare did not write his play to please the groundlings of the Elizabethan audiences. He wrote it to condense into an artistic unity the great crisis in the world's history, which ended with the deaths of Antony and Cleopatra.—Miss F. Herapath read a paper on "The Two Cleopatras." Shakspeare shows us the historic Cleopatra in her dignity, her rage, her gaiety, her tenderness, her frivolity, her friendships, her loves, her pathos, her cowardice, her courage, her guilt. Except in her innocence, all phases of this woman-heart pass rapidly before our eyes in almost dazzling succession. We gaze, we admire, we pity, we shudder, we recoil. But not till all is over can we stop to wonder at the superhuman skill which dares to exhibit in all its frailty the innermost recesses of a soul like hers. The secret of such marvellous comprehension is that similar outlines were burnt in upon Shakspeare's very being. He too had met a Cleopatra. He had known the witchery of "the dark lady," who, as we know from the Sonnets, bore a physical likeness to the rare Egyptian. Imperfections in both these women became beauties (II. ii. 236 and Sonnet cxlix.). II. ii. 243-5 and Sonnet el. show that in each evil seems good and vice appears virtue. The devotion of Antony and Shakspeare is similar (III. xi. 56-61 and Sonnet eli.). Infatuated as both these men were, they yet knew the falsity of their worthless loves. (III. xiii. and Sonnet cxxxvii.) Both can revile the women that fascinated them (IV. xii. 28-9, and Sonnet cxliv), and both are led away with their eyes open (III. xiii., 111-5, and Sonnet cxlviii.).

—Mr. John Taylor read some "Notes on 'Antony and Cleopatra,'" saying that, however prosaic and contemptible small vices may appear, it seems unfortunate for morality that supreme wickedness is poetic or, at least, is susceptible of conversion into the form of great poetry. Whether unbounded ambition, as in Milton's Satan, or limitless sensuality, as in Shakspeare's Cleopatra, be the feeling studied, there is a world of poetry in the work of creative genius. Antony was an unprincipled voluptuary, and Cleopatra an utterly worthless and abandoned woman, yet such is the interest in their story that they have furnished the subject of two Latin, sixteen French, six English, and at least four Italian tragedies. Lord Tennyson also, in his "Dream of Fair Women," has over fifty lines in commemoration of the Egyptian sorceress, who seems not to have had a single moral quality worthy of honour. But her figure still charms the world, and her very name breathes poetry. Like Helen of Troy, her career was one of continuous infamy. In the construction of the plot, Shakspeare had no political or ethical purpose, and the whole development of the play is subordinated to one fierce, unbridled passion, not of love, at least on the woman's part, but of a coarse, shameless feeling without a name.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "Enobarbus," the dominant feature in whose character was his mental sagacity. In representing him as a deserter from Antony, Shakspeare shows his knowledge of human nature, for such a man as Enobarbus would not have continued his devotion to Antony after the hardy soldier had become a mere amorous trifler. But, when the soldier of Antony has become the follower of Caesar, the honest, manly heart is sorely wounded by contrition, the black treason of his conduct galls him to the quick, and death alone can wipe out that great debt of shame and apostasy, and death only makes atonement for the renegade.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Feb. 2.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—The hon. secretary read a paper by Mr. S. Alexander on "The Idea of Value." The writer confined himself to moral value, and endeavoured to establish two main propositions: (1) Ideals which form the standard of value are nothing but the formulations of desires. Consequently the current distinction of what has value from what has only existence, or of "ought" and "is" is not an ultimate one. "Ought" only implies a certain selection, among various sentiments, of those which conduce to social welfare. (2) The value of actions does not depend primarily on their producing pleasure. Accordingly, value was described as the efficiency of an action or person for maintaining the whole complex of actions which constitute social equilibrium. Value in morals was connected with value in economics, as depending on an exchange of services in society.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

MISS KATE GREENAWAY AND
MR. HUGH THOMSON.

THERE are some few persons who say they are tired of Miss Kate Greenaway. They have our pity, though they scarcely deserve it. One might as well be tired of spring or daisies or fresh air. Hers is but a little world, but it is a case of little and good. Her charm is an open secret, consisting in the toddling graces of babyhood, its frank, sweet faces, and in the right use of mopecaps and sashes, and high waists and flat-soled shoes. Out of these, with a rare sense of decorative arrangement and a sweet, nosegay-like taste for colour, she has made a little world of her own, which all may enjoy. Thousands, not only in England, but abroad, have laughed and played in it, and many have plucked her flowers and sown the seeds therefrom; but, though the seeds are fertile in other soils and produce pleasant varieties in many countries, the plants will be

nothing to compare with those delightful blossoms which now brighten the walls of the Fine Art Society. But that we like Mr. Hugh Thomson's drawings vastly (the adverb comes from the walls of the room) we should wish their places filled by more Kate Greenaways, so that we might be completely ringed by a circle of her sweet colour and gentle humour.

But we are at least surrounded by old friends. We come to Mr. Thomson's drawings fresh from the sight of their facsimiles in the pretty edition of *The Vicar of Wakefield* lately reviewed in these pages, and to Miss Greenaway's drawings fresh also from recollections not perhaps so recent, but still as vivid. Indeed, the exhibition is somewhat of a holiday for the critic, who has no harder task to do than to review himself, so to speak; and no duty more disagreeable (though this may not be altogether pleasant at times) than to correct his previous utterances. Even these drawbacks may be mitigated in the present case by putting the engravers and other reproducers in the pillory instead of himself. I am not conscious of ever having written a line that was unkind to either of these artists; but, if I have, I feel sure that it was because I judged him or her by a reproduction instead of by the original. Such flattering unctious is scarcely of much virtue, however, in the case of Miss Greenaway; for, though there are delicacies of colour in her work which may not be printed, yet, on the whole, there is not sufficient difference between the charming models and almost as charming copies, to excuse a change from praise to blame, or *vice versa*. With Mr. Hugh Thomson the case is different. Good as the process is by which his drawings have been reproduced in the volume, the loss in every case is clearly to be perceived. Not only are the subtler beauties of his drawing missed altogether, but the shadows are often blackened, the expressions much obliterated, while, as in the drawing of the horses' hoofs in "On fine days rode a hunting," an emphasis is occasionally placed on a defect. Indeed, in many cases the change is so great that we scarcely recognise our old friends. They seem, as it were, to have risen in the world since we saw them last. Such is the case, for instance, with that excellent scene of "Fitting out Moses for the fair," and that still more admirable invention in which Mr. Thomson shows us Mr. Burchell about to engage the ruffian in fine clothes. Mr. Thomson has chosen the moment before the encounter, but no one can doubt the issue of it. The ruffian may draw his sword with as many "oaths and menaces" as he pleases, but we can see that he is no match for Mr. Burchell and his cudgel. In another moment the sword will be shivered to pieces, and the sweet Sophia will be out of the coach.

Among our old friends on the other side of the room are, indeed, a few new faces, pictures in which Miss Kate Greenaway has left her safe and pretty world and essayed to draw figures of a larger size, and to paint instead of tint. They are not as successful as one would wish. Her knowledge of the figure suffices for babydom, especially for much-clothed babydom on a small scale; and if her feet do not always come out exactly at the right place, or her legs at the right angle, it does not much matter. Sometimes, perhaps, a little incorrectness in this respect adds not unpleasantly to that unstable equilibrium which is one of the charms of childish movement; but when we grow up it is different.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

LETTER FROM EGYPT.

THE PROGRESS OF EGYPT IN THE DESTRUCTION OF ITS ANCIENT MONUMENTS.

Assiout: Jan. 24, 1891.

A SOMEWHAT slow voyage up the Nile in a dahabiah this winter enables me to give a fuller report on the progress made during the past year in the destruction of the ancient monuments of Egypt than is possible for those who travel by steamer. Mr. Wilbour's dahabiah has accompanied mine, and we have stopped at a good many places between Cairo and Siût, at most of them, indeed, perforce through want of a wind. I find that the interesting tomb at Kom el-Ahmar, near Minieh, the only one left out of the many described by Lepsius and other earlier Egyptologists, has shared the fate of the tombs of Beni-Hassan and El-Bersheh. Portions of the inscriptions on the walls, and even the ceiling, have been cut out or hacked off, and the rest of the tomb has been wantonly and elaborately defaced; hours must have been spent in hacking the inscriptions and paintings with some metal instrument in order to render them illegible.

The tombs and ancient quarries towards the southern end of Gebel Abu Feda, which, when I last visited the spot eight years ago, were only partially destroyed, have now been almost completely blasted away. The work of destruction is still going on merrily among the old tombs of El-Kharayyib. A little to the south of the latter are the cartouches of Seti II. discovered by Miss Edwards. A year or two ago they were saved by Col. Ross from the quarrymen who were about to blast them away; but his interference has produced but a momentary effect, as I find that considerable portions of the monument have been destroyed since I saw it last March.

One of the tombs at Tel el-Amarna, and one only, has been placed under lock and key, now that, along with its neighbours, it has been irretrievably ruined. The two "guardians" appointed to look after the tombs live at Haggi Qandil, two miles off. They are natives of the place, and their efficiency may be judged of from the fact that pieces of inscribed stone, freshly cut out of the walls of the tombs, were offered to us for sale under their eyes. Anyone, indeed, who is practically acquainted with Upper Egypt well knows that the principal use of a native "guardian" is to draw a small salary from the government, supplemented by "bakshish" from visitors. For the protection of the monuments he does little, unless under the constant supervision of a European inspector. Europeans, however, even though they may be enthusiastic Egyptologists, cannot be expected to spend summer after summer in Upper Egypt unless they are paid well.

A. H. SAYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANCIENT INSCRIBED STONE ON WINSFORD HILL, EXMOOR.

Williton, Somerset: Feb. 9, 1891.

In the ACADEMY of September 10, 1890, Prof. Rhys gave an account of this stone, with its inscription

CARACI
EPVS.

He conjectured that the initial letter of the second word, which had been broken away, was N, and accordingly interpreted the legend Carataci nepus (*i.e.*, kinsman of Caratacus).

I have just been informed that the missing fragment was found and preserved by the Rev. J. J. Coleman, of Dulverton, and that it bears the character N, evidently a misshapen N. Prof. Rhys is therefore right in his interpretation; and the theory of those who wished to

make "episcopus" out of *epus* falls to the ground, as I always expected would be the case.

JOHN LL. WARDEN PAGE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

WE feel it imperatively necessary to call attention to the dangerous condition in which one of the most important works in the National Gallery has been for some time past. This is the "Virgin and Child with St. Anne enthroned, surrounded by Saints," of Francesco Francia. All over it is showing the most disquieting signs of scaling away from the panels on which it is painted; so much so, indeed, that, should it in its present state receive a rough shock, the damage might be irreparable. It is astonishing that the picture should so long have been allowed to remain as it is, and steps should certainly be taken without further loss of time to remedy the process of disintegration which appears to be going on.

At a meeting of the council of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers held at 5A, Pall Mall East on January 30, M. Felix Bracquemond was elected an honorary fellow, and Messrs. Robert Bryden, Arthur Evershed, Oliver Hall, Charles H. Shannon, A. Tallberg, and F. Inigo Thomas, were elected associates of the society.

A REPRODUCTION—photogravure, in all probability, as no name of an engraver is announced—will be issued shortly by Messrs. Graves of Sir Arthur Clay's large and interesting picture of the "Court of Criminal Appeal," which figured at the final summer exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery. Such a picture, both from its theme and the treatment of it, is well fitted for reproduction.

THE exhibition at the Old Bond-street Galleries—Messrs. Agnews'—has as its most noteworthy feature an increase in the number of the older water-colours shown. Turner, who, when represented fairly, must, of course, be unapproachable, is seen at the Messrs. Agnews' in the various stages and periods of his art. Here are early blue-grey drawings; here are elaborately finished works of his Yorkshire time; and here, too, is at least one of the more suggestive visions which were vouchsafed to the master in his later days.

Two full-sized working cartoons are about to be sent to Italy for execution in mosaic for two more of the spandrels to the arcade of the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral. The designs are by Mr. W. E. F. Britten. Four of the eight spandrels are already completed and in their places, from designs by the late Alfred Stevens—namely, the four Greater Prophets. Two designs by Mr. G. F. Watts, representing St. Matthew and St. John, will be placed over the archway to the nave; and the remaining spandrels over the entrance to the choir will be filled by Mr. Britten's compositions. Meanwhile, Messrs. G. F. Bodley and T. Garner are busy at work decorating the apse of the choir.

The *Art Journal* for February contains a noticeable article on Sir James Linton by Mr. Frederick Wedmore, in which he contrives to combine justice and sympathy in a very happy manner. Mr. Claude Phillips's paper on the Staedel Art Institute at Frankfurt is a welcome and thoroughly competent survey of a comparatively little-known gallery. In the same number Mr. Anderson Graham concludes his interesting study on Lord Tennyson's childhood, and Mrs. Henry Ady (Julia Cartwright) commences a pleasant travel along the Pilgrims' Way from Winchester to Canterbury.

WE quote the following from the Cairo correspondent of the *Times*:—

"A grand discovery has been made of a vast

tomb of the high priests of Ammon, monarch of the gods and local divinity of Thebes, on the exact spot in the limestone cliffs of the Libyan Mountain, west of Thebes, near Dehr El Bahri, where Brugsch Bey made his famous find of royal mummies in 1881. The tomb is 25 metres below the surface, and it has two stories, the upper one not yet opened. In the lower, 240 sarcophagi have been already discovered, the oldest dating back to the Xth Dynasty (2,500 B.C.). There were also in the tomb 100 papyri and some large statues of the Theban Triad, Osiris, Isis, Nepthis, with vast quantities of statuettes and votive offerings. Everything was uninjured. The upper storey is to be opened immediately, under the personal superintendence of M. Grébaut, director of the antiquities department, who himself made the discovery through native information."

THE STAGE.

"WOODBARROW FARM."

IN mortal dread of a little provincial newspaper which takes me to task when I delay to form opinions about the third-rate rubbish at the second-rate theatres, I repaired—this time with undue tardiness, be it confessed—to "Woodbarrow Farm."

The Vaudeville has a piece of considerable inequality, which yet, upon the whole, one may see with entertainment and interest. Its motive is not absolutely new, but it is entirely healthy. Its study of rustic life, or the lives of the yeomanry, does not go very deep, though it does to some extent repeat the now historic endeavour to "bring the scent of the hay across the footlights"—it does this best by means of its interpretation, the vigour and the freshness of Miss Emily Thorne, of Mr. Bernard Gould, and of Miss Bannister. The life of "the great world" it makes practically no effort to represent. The great world is represented only by one of its hirelings, Allen Rollitt's "own man," acted so excellently by Mr. Thomas Thorne. For Colonel Dexter, who drinks, intrigues, circumvents, fails—and, as Mr. Frederick Thorne plays him, does all these things so that his stage existence becomes a very real one—Colonel Dexter, I say, has little reason to speak in the name of society. His comic vices, or our appreciation of them, cannot save him from being among the more or less disgraced. It is not so much society as two or three of its parasites that appear before us upon the Vaudeville boards. But these people—the mean soldier and the all-important servant—are amusing enough types indeed. And again there is an adventure to whom Mr. Jerome K. Jerome has mercifully permitted just the shadow of a conscience, just the ghost of womanliness, so that when she parts with the man whom she has fascinated, and whom she has used, she is a little sorry for the mark she has made upon his life. Such a person is, I may assume, truer than the quite conventional adventuress who adds heartlessness to ill-conduct; and did but Miss Vane throw into the expression of regret and repentance as much of reality as she does throw into the expression of stoniness and vulgarity, this character of Clara Dexter would, as a whole, be profoundly effective. As it is, it is played unequally—with a certain natural force, no doubt, but not, in all respects, from the inside.

Let me say a few more words upon the acting, and then have done with that. To

Mr. Frederick Thorne's reality tribute has already been paid. This well-versed and experienced actor, confident and full of resource, holds the stage thoroughly in such a character-part as that which is now assigned to him; and as the servant—who acts as a guide unto the youthful and lately rustic master, who teaches him what he must eat for breakfast, what he must smoke after it, what is the fashionable walk, and the accepted way of holding one's umbrella—as this competent yet deferential monitor, Mr. Thomas Thorne is as discreet and quietly funny as it is possible to be. Mr. Frank Gillmore is, I am bound to say, simply buried in a part at once unsympathetic and insignificant. For the nonce, the talent of a very good *jeune premier* is wrapped up in the napkin of a walking gentleman. With Miss Bannister one is completely satisfied in the scenes of gaiety, and less perfectly contented in those scenes in which the young heroine's absorbing interest in Allen Rollitt has somehow to be indicated. Graceful and agreeable, Miss Bannister has yet to be profound. As heroine's aunt and hero's mother—a country-woman, portly of presence, genial of smile, and hearty and outspoken—Miss Emily Thorne is, at all points, unquestionably excellent.

As for the story itself, let us note its progress as it marches from act to act. The first act, if a little tame, is fortunately short. The second—in which the hero is in contact with a time-serving attendant, and with those who would make him their dupe—is long and varied: in it is nearly all of the comedy and much of the serious interest of the play. The third act is divided into two scenes, of which the first passes in Allen Rollitt's London rooms, and the second in Mrs. Rollitt's Devonshire farm-house. The latter scene does but serve the purpose of suggesting delicately, and not of actually placing before us, the happy consummation which—this time—the student of the stage may unite with the most *bourgeois* playgoer in desiring. But the scene just before it is one in which Mr. Jerome's faculty of forcible and direct expression is heightened or made more effective by a piece of dramatic construction that shows extreme skill. I speak of course of what may be called the incident of the wine-glass. Therein the play-wright who knows his business comes visibly to the front, and so effectively that to a true lover of the theatre it would be possible to forgive the disappearance of the literary man. Yet in Mr. Jerome's plays—albeit they are not written with completeness of finish—the literary man is ever with us, sharpening the wits of the dull, and bringing forth sound sense, and a measure of imagination besides, from the lips of the ordinary. The piece is not a perfect one, but it is interesting and enjoyable.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM POEL has written the libretto of a musical piece which he will call "Equality Jack." The musical author is Mr. William Vinning. The piece, like Mr. William Howell's story, *The Lady of the Aroostook*, enjoys the curious distinction of having only one female

character. The humours of the far will be its principal source of interest; and for his presentation of these Mr. Poel confesses himself indebted to the late Captain Marryatt. Has any tale of Marryatt's ever been dramatised before? At all events, none has been dramatised and set to music.

THE first performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" is now fixed for February 23 at the Vaudeville. Mr. F. R. Benson will play Rosmer, Miss Florence Fan Rebecca West, and Mr. Athol Forde the Kroll. The cast will also include Mr. Charles Hudson, Mr. Wheatman, and Miss Protheroe.

THE Independent Theatre (Théâtre Libre), which was projected six months ago by Mr. J. T. Grein, will start its career on March 6, when a private performance of Mr. Arber's translation of Ibsen's "Ghosts" will be given at the Athenaeum, Tottenham-court-road. The cast of the play will include Miss Edith Kenward, Mrs. Wright, Mr. Leonard Outram, Mr. Frank Lindo, and Mr. Basil Monk.

"LIGHTS O' LONDON" was revived at the New Olympic on Monday, with deserved success, Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. George Barrett, and Miss Winifred Emery playing the three chief parts. A good comediotta by Mrs. Willard was produced for the first time the same evening. It is called "Tommy." That very bright young actress, Miss Lillie Belmore, plays a principal part.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

A SONATA in C minor for pianoforte and 'cello by M. Em. Moor was played for the first time last Saturday at the Popular Concert. The composer, who is Hungarian by birth, was a pupil of Robert Volkmann's. He has written compositions for pianoforte and orchestra, also chamber-music, most of which has been published. The Sonata shows talent and training, but it lacks originality. It is not easy to understand why such a work should have been selected, and placed at the head of a Popular programme. Of the three movements the Adagio, with its flowing theme and florid accompaniment, is the most attractive. The performance by Mr. B. Schönberger and Signor Piatti was all that could be desired. The pianist played besides a Chopin Nocturne and a brilliant Hungarian Dance of his own. The Nocturne was the one in G major (Op. 37 No. 2); the analysis, however, of No. 1 in G minor was given in the programme-book. With respect to this No. 1 it is stated that the title "les Soupirs" was given by the publishers, Wessel and Stapleton, but that Chopin was entirely ignorant of it. He certainly knew, however, of the titles given by Wessel to some of his other pieces, for in the year 1841 he wrote to Fontana from Nohant as follows:—

"If he [Wessel] sustained losses by my compositions, it is most likely owing to the foolish titles he gave them, in spite of my directions. Were I to listen to the voice of my soul, I should not send him anything more after these titles. Say as many sharp things to him as you can."

The programme further included Schubert's Octet, led by Mme. Neruda for the second time this season.

Herr Joachim appeared on Monday night and received the usual warm greeting. The programme commenced with Brahms's Trio in E flat (Op. 40) for pianoforte, violin, and French horn. The dreamy opening movement (Andante) is full of melancholy charm. The lively Scherzo which follows forms a striking contrast. The Adagio Mesto is one of Brahms's most plaintive utterances, and is—in our opinion—the finest movement of the Trio.

The Finale again is full of life. The performance, by Miss Fanny Davies and Messrs. Joachim and Paersch, was exceedingly fine. Miss Davies afterwards played Schumann's Romance in F sharp, and Clara Schumann's pleasing Scherzo in D minor. Mme. Schumann always seems to us to take her husband's Romance at too rapid a rate; Miss Davies's quieter tempo is more suitable. She was much applauded, and gave an unusually crisp and brilliant rendering of Mendelssohn's Characteristic Piece (Op. 7 No. 7). Herr Joachim's solo was the Romance from his Hungarian Concerto, and his encore was one of the Hungarian Dances. The programme also included Beethoven's Septet. Some look down upon this, as did indeed the composer, as an early work. He certainly did produce greater things; but fresh generations are continually springing up, and to them the Septet appears new, fresh, and beautiful. Miss Bertha Moore sang Schumann's "Mondnacht," not a very suitable piece for a concert-room, and Henschel's graceful "Spinning-Wheel Song."

The Bach Society gave their second concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening, when the whole of the programme was devoted to Bach. First came the Cantata, "Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss." This was written during the composer's Weimar period, and is one of his ripest and richest works. Bach inscribed over it "Per ogni tempo," and these words may be taken in a wider sense than he intended. The first chorus, after the expressive Sinfonia, with its ingenious polyphony, has a theme which recalls the opening of Handel's "Ais and Galatea." The Aria for soprano with oboe obbligato is full of character, while the second Aria in F minor in no way yields to it in interest. In the chorus, "Wherefore grievest thou, O my spirit?" Bach gives us music which satisfies the intellect and stirs the emotions. The Cantata ends with a grand fugal chorus. This last number, like some of Handel's choruses, would bear any number of voices. Another work performed was "O ewiges Fener, o Ursprung der Liebe," a Wedding Cantata. The opening chorus is a fine piece of writing, full of life and ardour. The rest of the work did not, however, make a great impression; but the fact is that the programme was not only long, but also unequal in merit. The Partita in E, magnificently interpreted by Dr. Joachim, is a masterpiece of the first rank. But one can scarcely say the same of the Concerto for violin, two flutes, and strings played by Dr. Joachim and Messrs. Barrett and Toothill—one of the set known as the Brandenburg Concertos; it has no distinctive character, and is merely clever Capellmeister music of the eighteenth century. The programme included, besides the unaccompanied Motet, "Singet dem Herrn." The choir sang, as usual, neither very well nor very ill. The solo vocalists, Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Hirwen Jones and Plunket Green, all deserve praise. Dr. Stanford conducted with his customary care; and he deserves the thanks of musicians for making Bach's noble Church Cantatas such prominent features in his scheme.

Gounod's "Redemption" was given at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening; and, judging by the very large audience, this Oratorio has lost none of its popularity. Mme. Nordica sang extremely well, and the solo "From thy love as a Father" was encored. For a long time Mr. Barnby seemed to hesitate as to whether he should yield to the loudly expressed wish of the audience. Mme. Belle Cole was in good voice. Messrs. Iyer McKay, Watkin Mills, and Henry Pope acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner. The chorus sang splendidly, and the "Unfold, ye portals everlasting" produced, as usual, a great impression. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

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LITERATURE.

Studies in Ruskin. Some Aspects of the Work and Teaching of John Ruskin. By Edward T. Cook. (George Allen.)

THE advice given some years ago by Mr. Brander Matthews on the subject of prefaces has not been taken to heart by Mr. Cook. "In the preface the author must put his best foot foremost," said Mr. Matthews; and he warned authors not to make their prefaces weak in tone, or nerveless, or apologetic, for then "the critic takes the author at his word and has a poor opinion of him." Mr. Cook's preface is not nerveless, but it is in some degree apologetic. The author fails to put his best foot foremost. He leads the reader to expect little more than a reprint, with additions, of two articles which appeared in the *Pall Mall Gazette*. No doubt, the finest piece of prose literature in the world might take the form of a newspaper article; but as a rule it does not, and work of high permanent value is hardly looked for in the daily press. If Mr. Brander Matthews's counsels had been heeded, the impression from the preface would not be of a volume consisting mainly of reprinted newspaper articles, but of one of widely different description, a portion of whose contents did, in the first instance, appear in a newspaper. And this impression would be correct, as the reader who proceeds with the book is, by-and-by, agreeably surprised to discover. But why discourage either critic or general reader at the outset, and incur the risk that he may not think it worth his while to proceed?

At the same time, excellent as the work is, its various sections are not so perfectly welded together as they should be. There is not that absolute unity of structure which properly belongs to a book. Nor is the "study" exhaustive. Mr. Cook has written a guide-book to the National Gallery. His present volume is a guide-book to Ruskin. It is a first-rate guide-book, well designed to help the inquiring student through the devious ways of Ruskin life and writings, to reveal beauties, furnish information, and stimulate interest. Regarded in this way, the rather disjointed character of the contents, and even the introduction of contributions from other pens, are not unbecoming. Undoubtedly, anyone interested in Mr. Ruskin will find himself much aided in the effort to understand him by a perusal of Mr. Cook's work.

Mr. Cook is cordial, but critical. He understands and sympathises with the subject of his study, but does not allow his own independent judgment to be biassed. His is not the spirit of the Ruskin cult

which holds that Mr. Ruskin can do no wrong, that whatever he says and does is excellent just because it comes from him. Thus his book is valuable in a way which few books treating of the same subject are valuable. For, usually, such studies are written in a strain of indiscriminating eulogy; while a few err on the other side. "Nothing is easier for a captious critic," says Mr. Cook, "than to convict Mr. Ruskin of inconsistencies, and for a superficial reader, than to fall into bewilderment." Most of the enthusiasts are superficial and their bewilderment is great, while a captious critic seldom enlightens anyone, and in the case of Mr. Ruskin is especially likely to darken instead. Mr. Cook is a reader, but not superficial, and a critic, but not captious. Hence the exceptional merit of his book.

There are few eminent teachers toward whom an attitude of critical discernment is more necessary than toward Mr. Ruskin. He has declared himself to be "an impetuous, inconsiderate, and weakly communicative person." We must not hold him too severely to his words; he did not mean them, or meant them only at the moment of writing, when he happened to be in an impetuous, inconsiderate, and weakly communicative mood. Self-condemnatory statements are common enough. Most respectable persons in this country make a public statement, once a week at least, that they are "miserable sinners." All the while they are perfectly well satisfied to be and to remain so. Mr. Ruskin, also, when declaring himself to be impetuous, inconsiderate, and weakly communicative, feels no manner of shame in the fact, and shows no desire to amend himself. There is this difference between the prayer-book declaration and the declaration of Mr. Ruskin, that the one is a recognised part of a formal act of worship and neither excites nor is intended to excite attention, while the other is a declaration made consciously and for a purpose. Mr. Ruskin never forgets himself and never can endure to be in the background. Not in any of his writings is he "the man behind the book;" he is always the man in the book, and about whom the book is, in greater part, written. A man of magnificent generosity, "ever avaricious of giving," no one supposes for a moment that he ever gave anything in order that the gift might be talked about. It is not the less true that there does not abide in him that self-abnegation which after he had done good would make him blush to find it fame. He would not be happy if he were not talked about. With this consuming desire to be noticed, Mr. Ruskin's salvation lies in the nobleness of his sentiment, which leads him to desire to be noticed for noble things. But, rather than fail to make a sensation, he would denounce himself as an "impetuous, inconsiderate, and weakly communicative person."

We must not, then, hold Mr. Ruskin too strictly to his declaration. In the face of all that is known of his character and career, it is impossible to suppose for a moment that it is true. Yet it contains an element of truth. The long record of his unfinished works proves him to be impetuous; incon-

siderate he is—else the captious critic would not find it easy, as Mr. Cook says it is, to convict him of inconsistency; and weakly communicative he also is—else he would not talk so much, in season and out of season, about, not his great self only, but his trivial self. He is precisely the man to be the subject of a cult. Delighting to be noticed and delighting to play the guide philosopher and friend, he must needs encourage his would-be worshippers. There are Browning societies as well as Ruskin societies; but the former, questionable as their value is, do not flourish with the rank luxuriance of the latter, simply because Robert Browning was too great a man, too self-centred, to do more than, at the most, tolerate his worshippers. When a man is godlike he does not wish to be worshipped as a god.

As a teacher, then, Mr. Ruskin is to be accepted with reservations. Persons who regard him as an oracle are likely to derive more harm than benefit, not only by reason of the surrender they make of their own self-reliance and judgment, but because, under guidance so erratic, they are pretty sure to "fall into bewilderment." Critical discernment is, as I have said, peculiarly necessary in this case. When it is exercised, good may, or rather must, come. Mr. Ruskin as a master is a mistake. Mr. Ruskin as a man of noble instinct, of deep wisdom and deeper insight, whose words have the force, not of laws, but of valuable suggestions, becomes a good "friend and aider of those who would live in the spirit." His very weaknesses—his fussiness, fickleness, and vanity—when they take their right relation, give a certain grace to the service he renders. No longer an autocratic leader, often stumbling and misleading, but a friend and brother, greater than ourselves, his words, taken for what they are worth, are often found to be worth very much. We need not admire his random talk about "eggs of vermin, embryos of apes, and other idols of genesis enthroned in Mr. Darwin's or Mr. Huxley's shrines," or fall into raptures over his disquisitions on goose-pie, or deny that he is insolent when he speaks of John Stuart Mill and Herbert Spencer as "geese." The wheat is easily winnowed from the chaff. The teacher entitled to homage is he who affirms and reiterates sentiments such as these:—

"The consequences of justice will be ultimately the best possible, both for others and ourselves, though we can neither say what is best nor how it is likely to come to pass."

"The man who does not know when to die, does not know how to live."

"The modern religious fact-hunter, despising design, wants to destroy everything that does not agree with his own notions of truth, and becomes the most dangerous and despicable of iconoclasts, excited by egotism instead of religion."

"If you will make a man of the working creature, you cannot make a tool. Let him but begin to imagine, to think, to try to do anything worth doing, and the engine-turned precision is lost at once. Out come all his roughness, all his dulness, all his incapacity, shame upon shame, failure upon failure, pause after pause: but out comes the whole majesty of him also; and we know the height of it only

when we see the clouds settling upon him. And whether the clouds be bright or dark, there will be transfiguration behind and within them."

Of the practical undertakings with which, at one time or another, Mr. Ruskin associated himself, the most important, albeit one of the most unsuccessful, was the Guild or Company of St. George. It was founded in 1871, to "get moneys and lands together"—"field joined to field and landmarks set which no man shall dare hereafter to remove"; and over those fields "the winds of heaven shall be pure, and upon them the work of man shall be done in honour and truth." Writing twelve years later, Mr. Ruskin declared that the St. George's Guild

"is not a merely sentimental association of persons who want sympathy in the general endeavour to do good. It is a body constituted for a special purpose: that of buying land, holding it inviolably, cultivating it properly, and bringing upon it as many honest people as it will feed." [*Fors.* Letter 93].

Of the means to this end it is not necessary to say more here than that Mr. Ruskin has an infinite faith in government by "beneficent autocrats," and really seems to believe that such beings are discoverable. Had he himself been a second Robert Owen, with business talents and perseverance as great as his philanthropy, something might have been achieved. As it is, the Company is still in existence, owns a farm near Sheffield, some cottages at Barmouth, and a few acres of land elsewhere. But, as Mr. Cook says, "the St. George's farms have produced very little except a plentiful crop of disappointments." The Museum, upon which Mr. Ruskin has lavished both money and thought, has, no doubt, borne better fruit than the Guild. It is now leased to the Sheffield Corporation for twenty years. But none of Mr. Ruskin's "practical" undertakings has fulfilled, or come within measurable distance of fulfilling, the purpose and expectations of their founder. Excepting as illustrations of Mr. Ruskin's teaching, they are little more than failures. But they do serve as illustrations. These few spinning-wheels and weaving-ooms which have been set going will not revolutionise our manufacturing system or discredit the use of steam-power. It would be a pity if they did. Incidentally, they may increase the means of support and the happiness of a few poor families; but their importance to the world is as symbols, in an age too careless of genuine work. They call us back, not to the period of clumsy contrivances which, in their own time, were tolerated only because inventive genius was deficient, but to the honesty which, now-a-days, is supposed to have been the characteristic of that period. But steam-power is not necessarily fatal to honest work. The discernible fruit of Mr. Ruskin's efforts is scanty as yet. It may be traced in such undertakings as those of Mr. Rydings at Laxey and Messrs. George Thomson & Co. These disciples have proved themselves to be not mere hearers of the word, but doers also; and it is a pity Mr. Cook has told us so little about them, for in such directions, if anywhere, Mr. Ruskin's permanent influence will be chiefly manifested.

As to Mr. Ruskin's peculiar notions about steam-power, usury, and publishing—though

he proclaimed them somewhat loudly and they attracted more attention than they deserved, they never really entered deeply into his life. They may have been mere conscious eccentricities, serving to advertise him, some of those "fads and fancies" of his, of which Mr. Cook says they have "often been laughed at, but by no one more heartily than himself." There is a tone of insincerity about them which seems unnatural in so resolute a preacher of sincerity. While condemning steam-power, Mr. Ruskin used it for convenience in travelling and for printing his books; and his denunciation of "usurers" as thieves did not prevent him from living on the rent of houses and the interest of his capital. It reminds one of Dr. Cummings securing a long lease for his house when he professed to believe the end of the world was at hand. After a time, the theories themselves gave way to a great extent. His books are now sold in cheap editions in much the same way that other books are sold, and even his publisher has migrated from "the middle of a country field" to London itself. These failures and inconsistencies prove that the theories had not a vital relation to Mr. Ruskin's real work.

The notes on Mr. Ruskin's Oxford lectures which Mr. Cook appends to his book are of interest and value, for they contain much that never appeared in the printed versions. The personal descriptions of Mr. Ruskin as a lecturer are also good, bringing us, as they do, nearer to the man himself. The book, as a whole, gives a truer and therefore better impression of Mr. Ruskin personally and of his teaching and work than any other that has appeared for some time.

WALTER LEWIN.

THE CARTHUSIAN MARTYRS UNDER HENRY VIII.

Origines du Schisme d'Angleterre. Henri VIII. et les Martyrs de la Chartreuse de Londres (avec Cartes, Plans, Héliogravures, Facsimile, &c.). Par Dom Victor-Marie Doreau, Prieur de la Chartreuse de Saint-Hugues, Parkminster, Sussex. (Paris: Retaux-Bray; London: Burns & Oates.)

THE community of the new Charterhouse in Sussex seem determined to spare no pains in making known the sufferings of their predecessors, the Carthusian Martyrs in England in the reign of Henry VIII. And they may be assured, in these days, of all possible sympathy, even from those who care little for monasticism and can yield no obedience to the authority of the Church of Rome. For whatever may be said of the beneficial effects of the English Reformation, there is no possibility of disputing the violence and brutality with which it was originally enforced; and the patient victims of despotism deserve all the honour due to men who have laid down their lives for conscience sake. We need not wonder therefore at the appearance of this sumptuous volume, illustrated with numerous engravings, partly from old prints and pictures, partly from sketches of the Charterhouse and the Tower of London as they exist at present. These

alone would suffice to give the work very considerable value.

It is true that the ancient engravings, valuable as they are, require to be used with some discrimination if looked at in the light of historical documents. For not one of them is strictly contemporary with the acts which it illustrates, and it would be a great mistake to treat any of them as if it were a photograph of the actual scene. A few, from pictures in various foreign Charterhouses, seem to be no more than ideal representations of the trials and martyrdoms of the English Carthusians. But there are two or three to which a higher value may reasonably be attached, especially the copy (opposite p. 352) of an engraving made in 1584 from a picture which has since disappeared belonging to the English College at Rome. It represents five Carthusians hanging from two pair of gallows, the executioner being apparently on the point of cutting them down half-dead to undergo the further brutalities—which we also see depicted in the foreground—of a barbarous law. This engraving, we are informed, has been used as an important piece of testimony in the recent "beatification"; and it was certainly right thus to bring it in facsimile before the eyes of many who could have no opportunity of inspecting the print of 1584 itself.

The care bestowed upon these graphic illustrations seems to justify one word more before proceeding to the letterpress; for local antiquaries will be no less thankful for the views of old London Bridge and the entrance to old Newgate, and for the two views of the old parts of the existing Charter House building, than for anything else in the book. Indeed, the question almost presents itself whether the engravings were meant to illustrate the text or the text the engravings. For the literary part of the book is really very much composed of pictures also. Like the work of Dom Lawrence Hendriks, *The London Charterhouse*, reviewed by me in the ACADEMY of June 15, 1889, it consists merely of a series of sketches of the history of English Carthusianism, both before and after the Reformation; and though some attempt is necessarily made in the central epoch to set forth the main facts connected with Henry VIII's first marriage and divorce, the view taken of the political history is not marked by much originality. It is, indeed, what we might very well expect from a good Carthusian in his cell. Henry himself is the evil genius of the age, who threw off the authority of the Church and led his whole people into schism. It is needless to look beyond him, or about him, for other and concurrent causes of this serious evil. And though Father Doreau takes note both of Henry's early zeal for the papacy, and of the testimony of Giustinian to his early delight in hearing masses, he finds nothing better to explain these inconsistencies than innate hypocrisy of character.

So completely is Henry VIII. an object of horror and detestation that Father Doreau seems to feel himself half-bound to apologise for exploding a strange story of his coronation, into which some French writers have been led by a curious blunder of Sir Henry

Ellis; for he protests that he does this only in the interest of historical truth and not with any view to mitigate the reader's judgment on Henry's character. As the tale itself will be new to most Englishmen, it is worth while relating it here before explaining its origin. At his coronation it is stated that Henry was solemnly asked by the Archbishop of Canterbury whether he would maintain the ancient privileges and liberties of the Church, and swore that he would do so. But scarcely was the ceremony over when he asked for the written form of the oath that he had taken, and withdrawing into a secret chamber, altered it with his pen, interpolating words to make it appear that he had sworn to defend those ancient liberties only so far as they were not prejudicial to his royal dignity. He then shut the book, says M. Audin in his *History of Henry VIII.*, without showing anyone what he had done.

The fine historic imagination which conceived this episode had documentary evidence to go upon. Sir Henry Ellis actually printed and even engraved in facsimile a coronation oath corrected in this manner by Henry's own hand, and drew from it the remarkable conclusion that Henry aimed at supremacy over the English Church even at the commencement of his reign. Unfortunately for this wonderful theory the text of the oath is in the handwriting of Wriothesley, who was not heard of in the early years of Henry VIII.'s reign; and, as I pointed out briefly in my *Calendar* some years ago, the document was undoubtedly drawn up and corrected by the royal hand about the twenty-sixth year of the reign when the Act of Supremacy was passed by Parliament. It was a coronation oath for future kings that Henry was preparing—one in which royal supremacy over the Church should be carefully safeguarded in time to come. At the commencement of his reign, and for many a long year afterwards, his mind was altogether different; and when he wrote his book against Luther, strange to say, even Sir Thomas More suggested to him that he had perhaps gone too far in defence of papal authority. But I know not where Father Doreau discovered that he said, in answer to the remonstrance, "Non, non, je ne puis être trop explicite. N'est-ce pas du Saint-Siège que je tiens ma couronne?" Such an acknowledgment, surely, could hardly have passed his lips.

It would be wrong, however, to judge a book like this by the light it throws upon political history. For the title is clearly intended to suggest, not that Henry VIII., but that the Carthusian martyrs under Henry, are the main subject of the work. We are introduced to the cloister that we may see how the sanctuary was violated; we are not taken abroad into the world, into courts or camps or council-chambers to learn how the great political and ecclesiastical revolution came about, of which Prior Houghton and his fellow-martyrs were the first victims. But to enable us to appreciate more fully the spirit of that tranquil life which was so rudely disturbed, Father Doreau first carries us back to the foundation of the monastery at the close of the

fourteenth century, and relates to us briefly the stories of former priors as they stand in the records of the Order. In some of these there is a legendary element which suggests curious questions—as, for instance, the story of William Tynbygh's early life, which we should be sorry to suppose came from himself in the form in which it is related by Maurice Chauncy. Prior Tynbygh, we are told, when a young man, was taken prisoner by the Saracens in Palestine, whither he went on pilgrimage, and was condemned to death. Expecting his fate, he prayed vehemently, and fell asleep in his dungeon, invoking St. Catherine, whose image he remembered vividly in a chapel close to his Irish home. To the astonishment, both of himself and his friends, he woke up, not in Palestine, but in Ireland; and Father Doreau, apparently, has no doubt about the fact.

For my own part, I wish it clearly understood that I have no doubt either of the veracity of Prior Tynbygh or of the honesty of Maurice Chauncy. And yet from whom could Chauncy have learned the story but from his fellow monks when he entered the monastery two years after Tynbygh's death? And must not they in like manner have had it from Tynbygh himself? So one would think if it had only been an ordinary incident and the Charter House an ordinary community. But, in the first place, the Carthusian rule prohibited conversation in the cloister, and Carthusian humility would itself have restrained the prior from speaking much of his own adventures. But after his death every incident in the life of a prior who died in the odour of sanctity must have been precious to the brethren, and any intelligence that they could procure on the subject from Ireland must have been welcome. Need it be added that a far less imaginative people than the Irish might in the course of three score years (for according to the dates given by Father Doreau himself that must have been about the time) easily have converted some perfectly intelligible facts into a supernatural incident? If, as Father Doreau informs us, the story has hitherto puzzled Protestant critics, "*ennemis-nés du surnaturel*," perhaps it was because they had not considered the conditions of Carthusian life, and the probable sources of Carthusian information.

It will thus be seen that there are passages in this interesting volume about which there may be more opinions than one; but I think no one will read—I am sure no one ought to read—the chapters about the martyrdoms without feeling deeply moved. After recording these, the book goes on to tell of the later history of English Carthusianism domiciled abroad, as we have seen it related in English by Mr. Hendriks. The work concludes with an account of the steps recently taken to do honour to the Carthusian martyrs at Rome, and a chapter on the prospect of England being re-converted to Catholicism.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

"*CAMEO SERIES.*"—*Lyrics*. Selected from the Works of A. Mary F. Robinson (Madame Darmesteter). (Fisher Unwin.)

OUR woman-poets seem comparatively little affected by that reticence of the emotional nature which, broadly speaking, distinguishes present-day poetry (as written by men) from the poetry of the more fervid first quarter of the century. The heart, which was the fashionable sleeve-ornament for the poets of Byron's time, is worn by our male contemporaries in a less ostentatiously exposed situation, and is for the most part "clothed upon" with a thick and comfortable chest-protector of reserve, and thus guarded from that frost of public indifference which is keener now than in the days when the spectacle of a poet's inconsolable woe was among the most attractive and successful of popular exhibitions. We could not imagine any of our contemporaries writing, and publishing, such verse as Byron's "Fare thee well, and if for ever," with its "Would that breast were bared before thee, Where thy head so oft hath lain," &c. To take a different and less extreme instance, we could with difficulty imagine a man of these days calmly giving "*Epipsychidion*" to the world—even with his wife's approval. "The pageant of his bleeding heart," which Byron carried across an admiring continent with such splendid spectacular effect, would not so certainly "draw" nowadays; and if a young man under thirty were to apostrophise the West-wind in such lines as

"Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:
What if my leaves are falling like its own?"

we fear the pathetic personal accent, lovely as it is, would provoke a smile from the profane. Indeed, with the full and final establishment of Wordsworth's position on the throne of English Poetry—which we suppose took place gradually during the ten years between the deaths of Byron and Coleridge—the great Confessional School in literature, with Rousseau at its head, De Quincey at its tail, and Burns and Byron among its most conspicuous intermediate figures, may be considered, so far as this country is concerned, to have come to an end.

Not quite, however; for the tradition of a more direct self-disclosure than is common among later poets has been continued without visible break by the poetesses. Not to mention that now perished generation of feminine singers who, with much tenderness and grace, and only too much facility, combined a sort of belated Byronic romanticism of style with a rather humdrum domesticity of sentiment, the result of the mixture being not so much Byron-and-water as a non-descript beverage apparently composed of Byron and weak tea—not to mention this now defunct school, in the stronger-voiced women-poets, from Mrs. Browning, through Miss Christina Rossetti, to their later-risen sisters, we still find in full force the intensely personal note, and the passionate necessity of heart-declaration, which seem to be the normal characteristics of songstresses' song.

In the beautiful anthology of Mme. Darmesteter's lyrics which forms the sixth volume of the *Cameo Series*, these charac-

teristics are exquisitely apparent. They are felt in such verse as the following :—

"When I am dead and I am quite forgot,
What care I if my spirit lives or dies?
To walk with angels in a grassy plot,
And pluck the lilies grown in Paradise?"

"Ah, no! the heaven of all my heart has been
To hear your voice and catch the sighs between.
Ah, no! the better heaven I fain would give,
But in a cranny of your soul to live."

And here again we have the same note, struck with the same pathetic power :—

"Ah, love, I cannot die, I cannot go
Down in the dark and leave you all alone!
Ah, hold me fast, safe in the warmth I know,
And never shut me underneath a stone."

"Dead in the grave! And I can never hear
If you are ill or if you miss me, dear.
Dead, oh my God! and you may need me yet;
While I shall sleep; while I—while I—forget!"

Yet one more illustration of this acutely egoistic vein shall suffice:

"Since childhood have I dragged my life along
The dusty purities and approach of Death,
Hoping the years would bring me easier breath,
And turn my painful sighing to a song;
But, ah, the years have done me cruel wrong,
For they have robbed me of that happy faith;
Still in the world of men I move a wraith,
Who to the shadow-world not yet belong."

"Too long, indeed, I linger here and take
The room of others but to droop and sigh;
Wherefore, O spinning sisters, for my sake,
No more the little tangled knots untie;
But all the skein, I do beseech you, break,
And spin a stronger thread more perfectly."

But although this deeply, and sometimes almost painfully, subjective quality is common to much of Mme. Darmesteter's work, imparting to it the emotional sincerity and spontaneity which are not among its least real excellencies, she has many other and happier moods, of which the lyrical outcome is no less rich in melody and grace. For an example of her lighter manner nothing could be more charming than the little piece called "Celia's Home-Coming," with its

"Maidens, kilt your skirts and go
Down the stormy garden-ways,
Pluck the last sweet pinks that blow,
Gather roses, gather bays,
Since our Celia comes to-day
Who has been too long away."

"Crowd her chamber with your sweets—
Not a flower but grows for her!
Make her bed with linen sheets
That have lain in lavender;
Light a fire before she come
Lest she find us chill at home."

This is altogether fragrant and winsome. So, too, in another way, and with the addition of a deeper meaning, are the stanzas entitled "Spring," in which nature's happy trick of repeating herself through the ages is sung with curious felicity of cadence:

"See, the aspen still is
Hung awry to droop and falter;
Still the leaves of lilies
Lift aloft their tall and tender sheath.
Wiser than the sages,
Spring would never dare to alter
What so many ages
Showed already right in bloom and wreath."

We venture to commend the foregoing sentiment to apostles of the eccentric and prophets of the amorphous, in poetry and other arts, though we have not Mme. Darmesteter's warrant for so doing. The following sonnet—fine in conception, and

in execution not inadequate—permits no ambiguity of interpretation:

"God sent a poet to reform His earth,
But when he came and found it cold and poor,
Harsh and unlovely, where each prosperous boor
Held poets light for all their heavenly birth,
He thought—Myself can make one better worth
The living in than this—full of old lore,
Music and light and love, where Saints adore
And Angels, all within mine own soul's girth."

But when at last he came to die, his soul
Saw earth (flying past to heaven) with new love,
And all the unused passion in him cried:
O God, your heaven I know and weary of;
Give me this world to work in and make whole.
God spoke: Therein, fool, thou hast lived and died."

We do not feel sure that it is given to the poets, even the best of them, to do much towards "making whole" the afflicted world they "work in"; but though the flowers in a sick-room cannot cure disease, they have yet their happy use and exquisite office. In like manner, such poetry as Mme. Darmesteter's cannot help us to "combat" the sterner part of "life's annoy"; but it brings to us, as through some open casement, wandering airs from a world of moonlight and music, and colour and perfume: a world where Sorrow does indeed come, but comes in raiment of graceful folds, and seems like Beauty's twin-sister.

Our thanks are due to Mme. Darmesteter for bringing together thus compendiously these delightful lyrics, and to Mr. Fisher Unwin for giving to some of this lady's most delicately-carved and gem-like work a setting which we cannot praise better than by saying that it is worthy of the intaglio.

WILLIAM WATSON.

TOURISTS AND COLONISTS IN NORTH AMERICA.

The Pacific Coast Scenic Tour. From Southern California to Alaska, the Canadian Pacific Railway, Yellowstone Park, and the Grand Cañon. By Henry T. Finck. (Sampson Low.)

The British Colonist in North America. A Guide for Intending Emigrants. (Son-nenschein.)

THE two latest books on America are perhaps the most satisfactory which have come before us this season. The one is written by an American, and the other by an Englishman; and though neither contains much information that can be pronounced actually new, both are replete with details obtained at first hand, and are accurate beyond the wont of volumes hastily compiled by tourists without experience sufficient to justify their literary ventures.

Mr. Finck is familiar with most parts of the United States and with the finest scenery of Europe. He is, moreover, an artist and an author of some note, and writes of the Pacific with the knowledge acquired during a residence of eleven years. He is, therefore, in a different position from the majority of his predecessors, for his pages supply an excellent guide-book to the more accessible parts of the picturesque region from Southern California to Alaska. The chapter on the mountain scenery of the Sierra Nevada and Cascade Ranges are those which are likely to prove most useful to visitors; but

all of the twelve are well worthy of study, not only for the hints they afford to tourists, but for the recent, and in almost every instance, correct information with which they are packed. The plates, with two exceptions (those two being taken from the U.S. Geological Survey), are prints from actual photographs. In every respect they are admirable illustrations, both as works of art, and as pictures of the most romantic spots in the Pacific Coast Scenic Tour. Mr. Finck, as a rule, writes with vigour, grace, and good taste. The only occasions in which he descends into offensiveness are where he deems fit to indulge in gibes at the expense of England. Thus, he thinks it necessary to declare that it is a specimen of British stupidity not to give a "check or receipt" for a parcel left at the express office in Victoria; the fact being that this institution is an American one, while the maligned British have long granted the desired boon. Again, he displays at once his "spread-eagleism" and his ignorance of the laws of geographical nomenclature by ranting over the iniquity of Mounts Hood and Rainier being named after "obscure lords" and not after American citizens. The simple rejoinder to which is that if American citizens are ambitious of this distinction they ought to discover their mountains for themselves, and not permit English naval captains to perform that office for them; though at the date when Vancouver bestowed these doubtfully appropriate titles on the Cascade peaks, Oregon and Washington were regarded as British territory. Nevertheless, the absurd manner in which the Rocky Mountains slopes are getting bespattered with the names of nonentities who happen to be friends of the explorers, though in no way connected with the region in question, demands some protest. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company is one of the worst offenders in this respect. Lieut. Schwatka set the example in Alaska; and the latest visitors to Mount St. Elias and the Chilcat county have followed suit in a style so ridiculous that it is sincerely to be hoped we have seen the last of this practice. Mr. Finck also advocates changing "Willamette" into "Oregon," after the fashion of a certain traveller who fancied that the Congo could be redubbed the Livingstone with the same facility that Californians alter the names of their big trees in the Mariposa Grove to flatter the latest political favourites.

However, with the few exceptions mentioned, the pretty volume in which Mr. Finck embodies his experiences is highly commendable, though we must take exception to his statement that there are mountains 9,000 feet high in Vancouver Island, that the Chinook "wood" has anything to do with the Japan current, or that the mild climate of "Southern England" is due to the Gulf Stream. It is also possible that the presence of "pirated American novels" in the Victoria book-shops might not strike most people as its most strikingly British feature; and to consider Montreal as an eminently English city will be news to the Canadians.

The Guide-book for Colonists is anonymous, a circumstance which is likely to cause its statements to be scanned with some dis-

trust. In reality, though the compiler is often a little loose in his orthography, and too ready to accept "facts" on feeble authority, a tolerably close examination of its contents has not detected any very serious blunders, or any attempts to entrap the emigrant in the interest of land corporations or railway companies with "alternate sections" for sale. On the contrary, the tendency of the volume is rather to deprecate the exaggerated accounts of "unlimited resources," and so forth, with which the agents of interested people flood Europe, and to warn our countrymen against many drawbacks which are inherent in the process of replanting Britons in American soil. But it is difficult to see why the only parts of Canada and the United States described as fit fields for new homes are British Columbia, Manitoba, Washington, Oregon, California, New Mexico, Texas, and North Carolina; or why Virginia, Dakota, Montana, Wyoming, and other states and territories are excluded. Much of the information given seems to have been obtained by personal visits to the regions described. The Pacific Coast, in an especial degree, is familiar to the author. British Columbia is one of the best chapters in the book, though the geographical data do not appear to have been so carefully noted as the more practical questions concerning the value of land and the price of provisions. There is, for example, no such sheet of water as the "Comox" Lake, and the coalfields in that part of the world are a considerable way from the settlement. On this point the present reviewer may be permitted a very positive opinion. For it was he who discovered and named the "Puntledge (Comox) Lake," and the stream on the banks of which his party found the first outcrop of the extensive coal-beds in that quarter was named in his honour. "Chemaenius" "Albert" (Alberni), and "Deems" (Deans), which we notice more than once, are misprints; but it is a trifle misleading to say that "until the last few years" little was known of the interior. A great deal, indeed nearly all that is worth knowing, was obtained nearly a quarter of a century ago, scarcely anything having been added to the sketch map which I published in Petermann's *Geographische Mittheilungen* for 1869, and which has been copied again and again by governments, by societies, and by private individuals, without permission and without acknowledgment. Assuredly, there is no more recent information to warrant the statement that in the interior are "peaks reaching an elevation of 9000 to 10,000 feet." Nor is the Chinook "a language common to the tribes of the Pacific Coast." It is, as most people are now aware, a mere jargon, composed of fragments of many tongues. The sportsman who expects to find "panthers" in Vancouver Island will be disappointed; though, as a compensation, we may promise them wapiti at many other places than "at the North End near Fort Rupert." In truth, there are comparatively few there.

The book is, with these trifling exceptions, unusually accurate, and almost unique among its class for the honesty with which the good and bad are placed before the reader; and the maps, though evidently prepared for

some railway guide, are sufficiently correct for the purposes of reference.

ROBERT BROWN.

Later Leaves. By Montagu Williams. (Macmillan.)

IN regard to Mr. Montagu Williams's second appearance as an autobiographer, the advice given in the *ACADEMY* to the judicious reader on his first appearance must be reversed. We then said, read the first half and skip the last; we now say, skip the first half and read the last. "It was," says our author, "my original intention to write a short book treating merely of the East End of London and of metropolitan crime; but many friends urged me," &c. The formula is well known. Those "friends" of the author have much to answer for. In this case they are responsible for 200 and odd pages of printed stuff, an undigested heap of extracts from old briefs and newspapers, mixed up with *mal apropos*, stale, and generally pointless anecdotes, which nothing but the three days a week "off" of a metropolitan police-magistrate can excuse an active man for depositing for public inspection. When those 200 and odd pages of the author's own rag-picking are succeeded by thirty more gleaned from his mother-in-law, the jaded appetite of the reader may well make him cry, Hold, enough!

But if he did, he would do it just at the wrong moment; for on p. 231 Mr. Montagu Williams returns to himself and his senses. The extracts he gives from his last cross-examination in a *cause célèbre*, the libel prosecution against the editor of *Punch* by the notorious Gent-Davis and wife, are decidedly amusing. The case unfortunately ended, after Mr. Burnand had been committed for trial, in the Lord Mayor who had committed him (Sir R. Hanson) earning the well-merited execration of all lovers of sensational cases by squaring it over a luncheon to all the parties concerned in the Egyptian Chamber.

Shortly afterwards, Mr. Williams became a Police Magistrate. He had not been a month at his new duties before he made a sensation by appealing for money for his poor-box and offering his "warrant-officers, &c.," as inquirers into the characters of applicants. In spite of being effectively "scored-off" by a correspondent in the *Times* (whose letter he very honestly quotes because he thinks he scored off him)—who pointed out that "if the magistrate and the officers had leisure for the work of administering to the needs of 600,000 people, the Home Secretary had better consider whether there was not an opening for a considerable reduction of the public expenditure"—the appeal was successful. In that and other matters Mr. Montagu Williams has now quite taken rank as a modern Cadi, who sits under his palm-tree to grease the palms of others with bakshesh instead of having his own greased (according to ancient precedent), and to settle the family jars and domestic concerns of an extensive pashalik. His experiences in this capacity are well told; and it is not too much to say that they are quite on the level in point of substance and

style with the *Bitter Cry*. He has shown praiseworthy energy, both as a man and a magistrate, in dealing with cases of "insanitary dwellings," as the dens of filth in which the poor have to live are somewhat euphroniously termed.

More novel and, in the same line, not less interesting, is the record Mr. Williams has published, from a shorthand writer's notes, of a single morning's work last year at the Worship-street Court. The morning was selected in August, and therefore probably represents a less awful state of things than a similar morning in January. First came thirty applications for summonses, the majority by women against brutal husbands for assault; then thirty-six charges for various crimes from house-breaking to drunkenness, twenty-one of them for the latter offence, seven being women.

The cases were not, of course, amusing as a rule. But the following application is worth quoting as a fairly favourable sample.

"Landlady in black, smiling cheerfully: 'My second-floor lodger died last night and she owed me five weeks' rent.' 'Well,' I observed, somewhat taken aback, 'the dead can pay no debts.' 'Quite so,' she replied briskly, and then, lowering her voice confidentially, she added, 'but I can have her things.' 'I don't know about that.' 'But don't you see, if I don't have them the milkman will. He came round to my place this morning and said she owed for fourteen weeks with four eggs every Sunday.' 'Well,' I said, 'you can distraint for rent, I don't see what else you can do.' 'Oh, I know all about that,' the woman retorted, 'but I thought, perhaps, if I mentioned the matter to you, you would give me authority. I now see,' she added, looking at me disdainfully, 'that I have made a mistake, and I beg to wish you a good morning,' upon which, with a haughty inclination of her head, this great personage left the court."

This good lady, and a gentleman who said he had enjoyed 1,007 fits in three weeks in a hospital, must afford some relief to the wife-beaters and the drunkards who form the painful staple of the morning's work. In three months during last winter, on two days of the week only, 379 of the latter cases were heard, or an average of more than fourteen a day at a single court; and these were more "drunks and disorderlies" or "incapables," and do not include the assaults and other crimes arising from drink. Mr. Montagu Williams, therefore, imputes a large amount of the misery of the "slums" to drink. But though he hints that it is doubtful whether in some cases the slums cause the drink or drink causes the slums, his experiences seem to have made him regard the "insanitary dwelling" owner as the *causa causans* of most of the misery, and the worst enemy of the London poor. He disbelieves, and gives good reasons for disbelief, in General Booth, as a general patent medicine for all our ills. Indeed, he makes the very striking assertion that already the mere rumour of his schemes had increased the "beggar's march" to London by 10 per cent., so augmenting the evil to be remedied. His own nostrum appears to be direct state interference to remove rookeries and replace them by dove-cots, the funds being derived from a graduated income tax—a proposal too large to be discussed at the fag-end of a review.

A. F. LEACH.

NEW NOVELS.

Stand Fast, Craig Royston! By William Black. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician. By Edwin Lester Arnold. With an Introduction by Sir Edwin Arnold. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Criss-Cross Lovers. By the Hon. Mrs. Henry Chetwynd. In 3 vols. (White.)

The Plunger. A Turf Tragedy of Five-and-Twenty Years Ago. By Hawley Smart. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Story of Eleanor Lambert. By Magdalen Brooke. (Fisher Unwin.)

ONE does not, as a rule, care to undertake the responsibility of suggesting that a supremely successful shoemaker should even temporarily lay aside his last to take up some other implement. Such suggestion may dispute with prophecy the claim to be considered the most gratuitous form of human folly; but the temptation to folly is sometimes irresistible, and it is simply impossible to refrain from telling Mr. Black that it is his bounden duty to write a book about Scotch ballads. It must not be a book of scholarship, with grave array of dates, authorities, collations, and the like; it must not be composed of that literary material commonly called criticism; it must be simply a book of talk—eloquent, sympathetic, tender—talk which transports us from “Piccadilly” to “green pastures”—talk which emancipates us from the present and leaves us “sole sitting on the shores of old romance;” such talk, in short, as that delightful monologue of old George Bethune, which is the making of *Stand Fast, Craig Royston!* There is here no hinted depreciation of the new novel as a whole. As a story-teller, pure and simple, Mr. Black’s hand has not lost his cunning. He has a hero who is quite as likeable as the young Prince Fortunatus about whom he told us some time ago, and a good deal less foolish; while Maisrie is a heroine with whom we must fall in love at once if we would not proclaim ourselves men of no account, fit only for treasons, stratagems, and spoils. Of heroes and heroines, however, Mr. Black has a good score; and, doubtless, there are plenty more to come; but there is only one George Bethune, and, therefore, he is a man to be made the most of. Some critics seem to be much exercised in their minds concerning the moral character of the elderly dreamer whose genealogical tree grew in the soil of no-man’s-land, whose ancestral seat had been mysteriously alienated, whose family motto was a recent imitation of a genuine antique, and whose own personal conduct was certainly such as to give rise to uncomfortable suspicions. As a matter of fact, George Bethune has his weaknesses; but, to paraphrase a familiar line, “list to his talk and you’ll forget them all.” It has eloquence, glamour, and ever so many nameless fascinations, not the least of which is the romantic, picturesque personality behind it. Indeed, when that suggested book comes to be written—and written it must be—its best form will be that of a

monologue, with Maisrie’s father raised from the dead to act as monologist. “*Twilight in Ballad-Land*: talked by George Bethune, and edited by William Black,” would be a capital title-page, and the sale of one copy is hereby guaranteed. As for the book already written, *Stand Fast, Craig Royston!* which has here been reviewed in such very incomplete fashion, the only thing that can now be said is that it ought to be read by every one who knows what is good and who wants to increase his store of this kind of knowledge. Somehow, the perusal of any of Mr. Black’s novels seems to make one feel, at least for a time, that life is better worth living.

In one respect the author of *She* has succeeded in doing what the author of *Zanoni* and *A Strange Story* failed to do—he has made the invention of multi-centenarians a literary fashion. The latest follower of the fashion is Mr. Edwin Lester Arnold, who, in *The Wonderful Adventures of Phra the Phoenician*, introduces us to a gentleman whose experiences were certainly remarkable, inasmuch as that, while in the strict sense of the word he had only one birth—an event which occurred in the days of Julius Caesar—he suffers death no fewer than five times, his final decease happening on English ground in the reign of that bright occidental star, Queen Elizabeth. We say final, though there is no guarantee of finality, as a constitution which could survive a hacking from the sacrificial adze of a Druid priest might reasonably be expected to recover from the effects of a dose of poison administered by an unamiable Spanish rival. There is, moreover, a certain suspicion belonging to these deaths. One of them—the one for which the Druid was responsible—is certainly genuine, and there is another which it may be hyper-sceptical to doubt; but the other two look extremely like cases of prolonged trance, in which case they are physiologically rather than psychologically remarkable. Sir Edwin Arnold’s introductory remarks about transmigration, re-incarnation, *Karma*, &c., are hardly to the point. These variations of treatment do something to mar the artistic effect of the romance, for though Sir Edwin is perfectly right in saying that “to be charming an author is not obliged to be credible,” it may not unreasonably be declared that he is bound to be inventively consistent—that is, having chosen one particular incredibility (say metempsychosis) as a narrative foundation, he must build his structure upon it, and not allow another incredibility (say hibernation) to divert him from it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Arnold’s supernatural or preternatural machinery, though indispensable to the scheme of his narrative, can hardly be said to add to its attractiveness. Each of the lives of Phra the Phoenician is interesting in itself, but no part of its interest depends upon its connexion with the other lives; and the only link which binds the stories together and gives them artistic homogeneity is the occasional appearance of the British princess Blodwen, Phra’s first wife, who presents herself at odd times with no very apparent reason for the manifestation. Indeed, we should say that the least admirable feature

of the book is the very feature by which Sir Edwin Arnold is most strongly attracted; for as a simple story of adventure—or more properly as a series of stories of adventure—*Phra the Phoenician* is an admirable piece of work.

The misunderstandings of fiction are wont to be long drawn-out affairs, and in real life it is tolerably certain that the mistake which alienated Alison Langley from Colonel Gordon would have been rectified too speedily to allow of its providing material for a three-volume novel. A novelist may, however, demand some reasonable latitude in this respect; ample scope and verge enough must be given to what Goethe called “the retarding element”; and in *Criss-Cross Lovers* Mrs. Chetwynd does not suffer her lawful liberty to degenerate into license. The obstacles which delay the inevitable explanation are so ingeniously invented and naturally introduced that the reader’s mind—if it be moderately well-regulated—is free from the irritation which this kind of thing usually sets up; and the author wisely buttresses the love-story, which might be a little too slender to stand alone, by the sub-narrative of the financial difficulties of Mr. Macleod, the laird of Craigenvoehr. Perhaps the general opinion will be that the buttress, into which some really excellent work has been put, is on the whole more attractive than the main structure. We are certainly more interested in the harassed laird, whose troubles have spoiled his fine temper and made his generous instincts a thorn in the flesh, than in the very admirable, very noble-minded, but rather dull and conventional, pair of lovers; and Mrs. Chetwynd even manages to insinuate her opinion (not by any means wholly favourable) of the practical working of the Rosebery Act without making us want to indulge in skipping—a feat demanding no common skill on the part of the performer. The two busy-bodies who both over-reach themselves and make a mess of it generally—Lady Scrumpton, because she is rather too clever, and Mrs. Morrison, because she is not quite clever enough—are a very human couple; and though there is nothing at all remarkable in *Criss-Cross Lovers*, it is a very readable novel.

Mr. Hawley Smart has heightened the flavour of his latest story of sporting life by introducing a murder, followed by the usual amateur and detective business, which, stale as it is, never seems to lose its charm for the circulating-library public. There is, perhaps, no valid object to be urged against murder as an artistic motive, if more agreeable material cannot be made equally savoury; but even Mr. Hawley Smart, though not a purist in language, might have refrained from following the bad example of the third-rate reporter and calling his murder a “tragedy.” The victim of the mis-named crime is that genial country gentleman, Tox Wrexford, who is persuaded to nominate a horse for the Cesarewitch. A couple of rascally bookmakers have laid such heavy odds against the animal that its success will be their ruin; and so on the night before the race poor Wrexford’s brains are beaten out, in order that Bobadil may be disqualified by the decease of his nominator.

Apart from its homicidal material, *The Plunger* has little to distinguish it from its numerous predecessors. We have the usual turf talk—not too technical for the intelligent outsider—the usual capital description of a race, and the usual pervading vivacity, which attracts to the author's novels even readers who are not enamoured of his unvarying theme.

The Story of Eleanor Lambert is short enough to be got through with ease even by a slow reader in the course of a single afternoon. It is also very pretty and graceful, but perhaps a little too sad to hit the taste of the majority. The central narrative idea is not unlike that of Mrs. Browning's "Bertha in the Lane," but it is worked out on entirely different lines. The two girls, Eleanor Lambert and Felicia Gray, are not sisters but bosom friends; and Will Egerton, the "Robert" of the story, who unluckily falls in love with one young lady after he has in honour committed himself to another, behaves a good deal more creditably, though perhaps not more wisely, than his predecessor in the rather harrowing poem. Whether the story as a whole is true to human nature may be doubted; that it is not true to ordinary human nature as most of us know it is certain, and therefore the book has an air of sentimentalism. But if it is, as it seems to be, a first effort, it is good enough to encourage hope of something better in the future. It must be supposed that the form of the volumes in the "Pseudonym Library," to which the book belongs, is intended to attract attention by its oddity and ugliness.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

RECENT WORKS ON OLD TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The Book of Isaiah*. Vol. II. Isa. xl.—lxvi. By George Adam Smith. (Hodder & Stoughton.) It is needless to mention the literary merits which in reviews of the first volume of this work were so abundantly recognised. This is, indeed, one of the few theological books which it is a pure pleasure to read; nor need one, in the case of the present volume, add the qualifying remark that the homiletical element is somewhat unduly large. The scholarship, too, is still as accurate as might be expected from Mr. Smith's excellent training. There are, however, some peculiar and disputable renderings, such as "on-ahead" (p. 119) for *בְּרִאשׁוֹ*; "a prediction" (p. 121) for *רִאשׁוֹן*; "by his knowledge (shall he) be satisfied" (p. 345), separating *יִשְׂרָאֵל* from *יִרְאֵהוּ*. And though in the choice of words a remarkable command of vigorous English expressions is revealed, I cannot help doubting whether so constant an endeavour to reproduce the Hebrew rhythm was advisable. It would be easy to quote passages in which the ordinary canons of taste are violated for an object which, to many lovers of English, will seem inadequate. But it would be unfair to quote them: in this, as in many another case, the context would considerably modify the judgment of the critic. Passing to the illustrative and exegetical matter, one notices directly the thoughtfulness of the arrangement. There are four "books," headed respectively, "The Exile," "The Lord's Deliverance," "The Servant of the Lord," and "The Restoration." Book I. contains a helpful essay on the great question of the date, and also an outline, as different as possible in style

from those given in the handbooks, of the history of Israel from Isaiah to the Exile. The summary of the "spiritual goods" which the exiles carried with them to Babylon is valuable. The opposition which ultra-orthodox critics sometimes make to the introduction of "results" other than those which relate to the primary subject of a work like this will, perhaps, only be avoided by the extreme care and the perfectly excusable generality of this summary. The view that Deuteronomy is a work of Isaiah's, is hinted at so delicately that few will notice the drift of the reference (p. 41); and the historical importance of Jeremiah, though fully realised by the author, may, for want of more facts, scarcely be taken in by the reader. Of course, the answer is that Jeremiah requires separate treatment, and that a large and comprehensive view of Jewish literature and history could not be expected in a volume of a vastly improved Pulpit Commentary. There is no reason whatever why one man should attempt to cover the whole field of the history and literature of the Old Testament. Various recent writers (Mr. Ball, for instance) have indeed been fascinated by the evening star of prophecy; even M. Renan, in his own provoking way, seeks to do justice to the personality of Jeremiah. But it was well that Mr. Smith should write even a few suggestive pages on this great prophet. Again and again he emphasises Jeremiah's influence on the work of the Second Isaiah, who, as he remarks, might almost be called the Second Jeremiah. I wish, however, that he could have formed a somewhat different estimate of the Babylonian and Persian religion. Was it only the spirit of "scribes and makers of libraries" which passed from the Babylonians to their Jewish captives (on p. 60)? Is it correct to say that "no Hebrew could have justly praised" the faith of Cyrus (on p. 165)? I will not pursue this interesting subject here. I do not myself think so lightly either of Nebuchadnezzar or of Cyrus, and have, in fact, withdrawn from the position respecting Cyrus's religion which, following Mr. Sayce and M. Halévy, I at one time took up. But by all means let the reader study Mr. Smith's interesting note on Isa. xli. 25 (pp. 130, 131), and compare Dillmann's note in his Commentary, which, though unreasonably dogmatic, says much in a small compass. Our author is at any rate not unwilling to admit that there are religious points of contact between Israel and other nations. Two interesting pages (247, 248) refer to the evidence of their existence continually being brought by Semitic research. He thinks, and rightly thinks, that such a common element is perfectly compatible with the presence of something specifically original in Hebraism. Israel was an elect people, but elected not to selfish pleasure, but to the service of God and man, and this idea finds its noblest expression in the passages on the "Servant of Jehovah." Mr. Smith preserves his independence even in the presence of an honoured teacher like Prof. Davidson (on p. 270). His defence of the theory which finds in Isa. lii. 13—liii. the portrait of an individual is admirably put. And his distinct and hearty admission that Isa. xl.—lxvi. are not, as the majority of critics have maintained, a unity, though an editor may have given them such a semblance of unity as was possible, but consist of "a number of pieces by different men, whom God raised up at various times before, during, and after the Exile, to comfort and exhort" (p. 21), is specially gratifying to one who has been blamed for his advocacy (in 1881) of a seemingly revolutionary view. It is true that Mr. Smith endeavours to spare the sensitiveness of conservative theology. He does this by showing that by extreme care the consequences of admitting this view can be

deprived of their far-reaching character. This seems to me needless; orthodoxy will have to get over more revolutionary views than this. Some readers will perhaps ask, Would not Mr. Smith have done better to publish his conclusions in another form? They are perhaps necessarily provisional, and the same remark may be made with regard to his statements on the dates of certain Psalms (see pp. 14, 218, 418). Still, the importance of conveying the critical spirit to the multitude of intelligent Bible-readers probably justifies the author in the course which he has taken.

An Introduction to the Old Testament. By C. H. H. Wright. (Hodder & Stoughton.) *Die Bücher Richter und Samuel, ihre Quellen und ihr Aufbau*. Von Karl Budde. (Giessen: Ricker.) The inherent fascination of the Old Testament is in nothing more visible than in the enormous energy and ingenuity bestowed upon its criticism. No reasonable man doubts that there are "ascertained results"; Dr. Wright, who represents a moderate English Evangelicalism, is on this point agreed with Prof. Budde, a representative of the free evangelical theology of Germany. The only question is, what these results are. I cannot honestly say that Dr. Wright's work is directly helpful to this end. But, indirectly, its utility is very great. In the space of 226 pages it not only gives an account up to date, so far as this is possible, of the state of the Hebrew text and the Hebrew MSS. of the Massora, the versions, &c., but information on some of the critical questions at issue, especially those of the Pentateuch, and a list of the chief books, old and new, bearing on the subject in hand. It is in this bibliography that Dr. Wright's strength is fully seen. German books must, as he clearly sees, be read by advanced students; Dutch and Danish works may, however, be pardonably left unstudied by the majority. There is no unfairness in Dr. Wright's selection, and few very important books, or even articles, have been omitted. His treatment of criticism is, no doubt, extremely slight. I wish that he could have gone as far as Prof. Strack in his brief *Einführung*, which represents, perhaps, the maximum of really defensible conservatism; but great allowance must be made for Dr. Wright's difficult ecclesiastical position. At any rate, he displays no animosity even towards radical critics, and his moderate concessions on Jonah, Daniel, and the Psalms deserve recognition. I now pass to a German fellow-worker, who writes in a country where "the battle of the standpoints," to use Principal Cave's expression, has been won. His idea of an introduction is large and scientific: such a book is to introduce the student to the present position of the literary criticism of the Old Testament, assuming a definite personal point of view. He finds, as others have found before him, that to produce such a work involves entering into a number of special investigations, and that if these are not published from time to time, their results are forestalled. He has given much attention both to the Hexateuch and to the books of Judges and Samuel, and it is to the latter that the present work is devoted. Nearly half of it, indeed, has been already published in Stade's *Zeitschrift*, but the student may be sure that the latest works have been carefully considered. In his scrupulous fairness, indeed, the author reminds us of no one more than of Kuenen, whose thorough representation of views differing from his own constitutes one of the many good points in his masterly *Onderzoek*. Frequent reference is made by Dr. Budde to the Leyden master; but we also see quoted Schrader and Colenso (see p. 72), Bruston (on p. 70), Cornill (on pp. 169, 175, 179, 202), Driver (pp. 2, 73, 83), Kamphausen (on p. 232), Klostermann, who really needs a few words of praise (on pp. 197, 220, 237),

Matthes (p. 163), Kittel, Stade, Wellhausen, and even A. Moses, the paradoxical author of *Nadab und Abihu* (see pp. 155, 170, 198, 255). Among the passages which deserve to arrest the attention are notes on the text of Judges iii. 22, v. vii., viii. 30, 1 Sam. xiv. 36, and the remark on a failing of the critical analysts on p. 77. The sections on the author's personal results should of course be carefully read; e.g., p. 210, where not merely one primary document, enlarged by numerous additions, but two are demanded for 1 Sam. xvi.—2 Sam. viii. I do not know whether the author, in his critical hypothesis, does not show too great a love of symmetry. Among the details of criticism, the analysis of Judges xix.-xxi., is specially important, not only for the study of Judges, but also for that of Hosea; while the treatment of 2 Sam. xxii. and xxiii. 1-7 is not without a bearing on the question of pre-Exilic Psalms. Prof. Budde holds that the Psalm of which we have a twofold recension in 2 Sam. xxii. and Ps. xviii. is certainly not Davidic, but written much later, "though still in a good period," in the name of David; and he takes a similar view of "David's testament," rendering in v. 1. "the darling of the songs of Israel." It should be added that he regards the Song of Hannah (2 Sam. ii. 1-10) as pre-Exilic on account of the reference to a king; but he admits, like Kuenen, that the Song is probably a "very late insertion," inasmuch as 1 Sam. i. 28 occurs in a more original form in the Septuagint at the beginning of 1 Sam. ii. 11. Is it probable that a genuine pre-Exilic psalm had had to wait for centuries before it found a permanent home? In fact, it is very difficult to discuss the date of this song or psalm except in connexion with that of similar compositions in the Psalter. To me it appears an early post-Exilic work, a view which I hope to justify elsewhere.

Beiträge zur Jesaiakritik, nebst einer Studie über prophetische Schriftstellerei. Von Friedrich Giesebrecht. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck und Ruprecht.) The author here displays a singularly minute acquaintance with the data of some very difficult critical and exegetical problems. In his view of the relations between Isa. v. and Isa. ix. 7—x. 4, he takes a step in advance of Ewald, whose view, neglected for a time, was revived by myself in 1870. I do not venture to say that his re-distribution of chaps. v. and ix. 7—x. 4 is correct; it is arbitrary, and involves the excision of v. 25 as a gloss. But he has shown difficulties in the way of accepting Ewald's arrangement as a complete restoration of the original form of this text. In his second essay, Giesebrecht seeks to show that Isa. xi. 10—xii. 6 is a later insertion. That Isa. xii. 1-6 is a post-Exilic hymn has for the last ten years been clear to me, but I have long hesitated to ascribe such a vigorous passage as Isa. xi. 10-17 to the Soferim or Scripturists. Was it impossible that Isaiah, who had sometimes the gloomiest views of Israel's future, should have foreseen a vast captivity? Of course, "and from the coasts of the sea" (Isa. xi. 11b) must be given up, but might not the rest be retained? Were there not points of contact both for language and ideas in the early prophetic literature? But I must regretfully admit the force of Giesebrecht's and Kuenen's arguments. Not only Isa. xxxix. 6, and part of Mic. iv. 10, but Isa. xi. 10-17 must be an Exilic or even post-Exilic insertion; the notion of the "monotony" of post-Exilic writing must be abandoned. The third essay proposes a new view of Isa. xxviii., the rapid transitions in which are no doubt remarkable. On Isa. x. 5, 34 Giesebrecht's result agrees with that of Guthe and Kuenen. The rest of this small book of 220 pages is devoted to (1) the pictures

of the future in Isaiah (cf. Guthe's *Zukunftsbild des Jesaja*) and the arrangement of the Book of Isaiah, (2) the meaning of "the former things" and "new things" in the second Isaiah (cf. G. A. Smith's similar view in the *Expositor's Bible*), (3) the idea of Isa. lii. 13—liii. 12 (on Giesebrecht's theory, cf. G. A. Smith, ii. 349), and the alternation of threatening and promise in the prophetic writings (the theory of interpolation is shown to be not so wilful as is commonly supposed). Altogether the book is hard reading, but stimulative.

T. K. CHEYNE.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that the Council at Oxford have agreed to recommend to Convocation the name of Mr. Henry Bradley for the honorary degree of M.A. For some years past Mr. Bradley has been assisting Dr. J. A. H. Murray in the New English Dictionary. More recently he has been entrusted as joint editor with the independent compilation of a special section of the work; and we believe that a Part containing almost the whole of E is now nearly ready for publication. This he will afterwards follow up with F and G. Mr. Bradley is also president for this year of the London Philological Society. About two months ago the Clarendon Press published his revision of Stratumann's Middle-English Dictionary; and a fifth and carefully revised edition of his book on *The Goths*, in the "Story of the Nations" series, will very shortly be issued by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN'S new poem, *The Outcast; a Rhyme for the Time*, is now definitely announced for publication by Messrs. Chatto & Windus. The text, which will be illustrated with about a dozen full-page engravings, in addition to vignettes, is divided into four portions, named respectively "The First Christmas Eve," "Madonna," "The First Haven," and "An Interlude."

ALMOST simultaneously with the publication of *The Outcast*, will appear the first number of *The Modern Review*, the monthly critical organ edited by Mr. Buchanan, which will bear as its motto the familiar quotation, "Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" The price will be one shilling.

A COLLECTION of Stories, Studies, and Sketches by Q., which have attracted so much attention during the time of their appearance in the *Speaker* and elsewhere, will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. under the title of *Noughts and Crosses*.

THE second edition of Mr. Le Gallienne's *George Meredith: Some Characteristics*, will be issued by Mr. Elkin Mathews next week. Mr. John Lane's bibliography has been much extended. A contribution of Mr. Meredith's to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, two years before the date of his first volume, has come to light, besides several other early writings which have never been reprinted.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have in the press a book entitled *The Truth about the Portuguese in Africa*, by Mr. J. P. Mansel Weale. The author has been for eighteen years resident in South Africa, and is known in scientific circles from the papers he has contributed to the *Proceedings* of the Linnean and Entomological Societies, and from the observations on orchids, &c., with which he furnished Darwin. He was secretary to the Kaffrarian Farmers' Association, and has therefore had unrivalled opportunities for the study of South African questions from the point of view of the native and the settler.

THE Saga Library, translated and edited by Mr. William Morris and Mr. Magnusson, is steadily progressing. The next volume will be chiefly taken up by the Eyrbyggja Saga, one

of the most historical of those that deal with purely Icelandic matters. The interesting and very ancient fragment of the Heath-Slayings Saga, in which several of the characters reappear, will be added in an appendix. The volume is far advanced towards completion.

MR. GEORGE CLINCH, of the Department of Printed Books, British Museum, has for several years past been collecting materials for a Bibliography of Kent, which is to include not only books relating to and printed in the county, but also lists of magazine articles and official publications.

THE title of Bishop Westcott's new book, to be published next week by Messrs. Macmillan, is *Essays on the History of Religious Thought in the West*.

THE next volume in the "Adventure Series," published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, will be *The Log of a Jack Tar: being Passages from the Adventurous Life of James Choye, Seaman*, edited from the original MS. by Commander V. Lovett Cameron, with illustrations.

M. GEORGES PILOTELLE—who dates from 62 York-terrace, Regent's-park—proposes to issue a reprint of a rare medical tractate of Marat, of which the only known copy is that in the library of the College of Surgeons. Like other early works of Marat, it is written in English; but, "comme tout le monde n'est pas obligé de savoir cette langue," M. Pilotelle has resolved to retranslate it into French. It will bear the title "De la Presbytie Accidentale"; but whether it is identical with the work described in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* as an "Enquiry into the Nature, Cause, and Cure of a Singular Disease of the Eye," we do not know. It will be published in handsome quarto form, limited to one hundred copies, at the subscription price of 25 francs.

FOUR new cantos of Mr. Rowbotham's poem, *The Human Epic*, will be issued in March by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. The period covered by the fresh instalment will be the Laurentian and Cambrian systems, the Silurian sea, the Old Red Sandstone, and the coal system. The scenery of the first three is understood to be entirely submarine, and the *dramatis personæ* are the shellfish and fishes who inhabited the ocean in those ages.

MESSRS. F. V. WHITE & Co. will publish immediately, Mr. William Day's book *Turf Celebrities I have Known*, with a portrait of the author. A new novel in three volumes by Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip), entitled *That Affair*, is also announced by the same firm.

A VOLUME of Antiquarian and Natural History Gleanings reprinted from the *Hampshire Independent*, is announced for early publication, by Mr. Elliot Stock, under the title of *The Hampshire Antiquary and Naturalist*.

MR. HALL CAINE'S last novel *The Bondman* has reached a sale of close upon 15,000 copies in less than a twelvemonth, which includes three editions in the expensive library form. It has also appeared in the Tauchnitz collection of "British Authors," and in Petherick's colonial collection of "European Authors." It is published in New York, in an authorised edition, by Mr. Lovell, besides in various pirated reprints. We now learn that a German translation is in preparation, which will be published by Mr. Schorer, of Berlin.

AT the request of the author, who is dissatisfied with its price and "dress," the second edition, now in the press, of Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's book *Told after Supper* has been withdrawn.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, & WELSH will henceforth publish the church books and similar publications formerly issued by

Mr. J. T. Hayes, of Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, who is retiring from business after forty years' connexion with this class of literature. This change will take effect from March 1 next.

THE directors of the Booksellers' Provident Association have arranged for a dinner, similar to that of last year, to be held at the Holborn Restaurant, on Saturday, March 7. The chair will be occupied by Mr. John Murray, jun., and the vice-chair by Mr. E. Marston.

M. B. H. GAUSSERON, whose bibliographical contributions to *le Livre Moderne* will be familiar to many readers of the ACADEMY, has conceived the idea of compiling a sort of French "Book-Prices Current"—a priced catalogue of recent book-sales in France. The full title of the work is—

"Bibliographie Instructive. Petit Manuel du Bibliophile et du Libraire, donnant la Valeur actuelle des Livres anciennes ou modernes recherchés et appréciés, Gravures, Manuscrits, Reliures, &c. Notes sur les Variations et la Plus-value du Prix des Livres les plus estimés en tout genre et la Mode en Bibliophilie."

The mode of issue is in fortnightly parts, at a subscription price of 16 francs for the year. Indexes of both authors and titles are promised. The publishing address is 76, Rue de Seine, Paris. Now that French books now come up for sale so frequently in London auction-rooms, M. Gausseron's Manual may be found useful by English collectors. In the three parts now before us we notice Dorat's *Les Baisers*, large paper, 1130 frs. (£45); the "Fermiers Généraux" edition of La Fontaine, 650 frs. (£26); the fifth edition of Montaigne, 385 frs. (£15). Cruikshank and Rowlandson seem to be in greater demand, even in France, than Gavarni and Cham.

WE have received the second bound volume of *The Library* (Elliot Stock), edited by Mr. J. Y. Macalister. As the organ of the Library Association of the United Kingdom, its contents are largely devoted to details of library management; and the report of the annual meeting of the association at Reading takes up the whole of two monthly numbers. But there are several papers of general interest to all lovers of books. Among these we may specially mention—the elaborate description of the "She" Bible, by Mr. Walter E. Smith, of Lowestoft; the popular series of four articles on Christopher Plantin, suggested by the tercentenary at Antwerp, by Mr. Reginald S. Faber; and a scholarly account of Frederick Egmond, an English fifteenth-century stationer, by Mr. E. Gordon Duff. Altogether, we may congratulate the editor on having attained a happy blend of the practical and the historical. One little matter we suggest for his reconsideration. The index (a very full one) is placed at the beginning of the volume, where we should naturally look for a brief table of contents, with a list of the chief contributors' names.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

AMONG the articles that will probably appear in the first or second number of the *Quarterly Economic Journal*, edited by Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth, are the following: "The Progress of the Historical School in Germany," by Prof. Hasbachs; "Some Points in French Economic History," by Mr. F. Seeborn; "The German National System of Insurance," by Dr. L. Brentano; "Mirabeau's Système Politique," by Mr. Henry Higgs; "Taxation through Monopoly," by Prof. C. Bastable; "The Valuation of Immaterial Wealth," by Prof. J. S. Nicholson; "The Reduction of Hours in Mines," by Prof. J. C. Munro; and Mr. Leonard Courtney's recent lecture at University College on "Difficulties of Socialism."

MR. WILLIAM CROOKE, author of a "Rural and Agricultural Glossary for the North-Western Provinces and Oudh," has issued a circular, dated from Mirzapur, suggesting a revival of *Punjab Notes and Queries*, of which four annual volumes were brought out by Capt. R. C. Temple, before his transfer to Burma in 1887. The latter has promised his help to the new publication, which is to be called *North Indian Notes and Queries*. It will be published monthly, at a subscription price of eight rupees per annum, including postage. The subjects treated of will comprise—religion, social customs, antiquities and local history and legends, folklore and popular superstitions, castes and modern dialects, slang and agricultural terms, proverbs, songs and riddles, biographies of early Anglo-Indians and monumental inscriptions, bibliography, the productions of local mints, minor manufacturing industries and the less-known agricultural staples. We wish all success to Mr. Crooke's enterprise.

THE March number of the *English Illustrated Magazine* will contain articles on "Hospital Nursing," by Mrs. Hunter, with illustrations by Mr. Harry Furniss; "The Etchings of Frank Short and William Strang," by Mr. Frederick Wedmore; "Impressions of Cairo," by Mr. W. Morton Fullerton; and, under the title "Traditions of the Baguen," a paper by Miss Edith Sellers on Robin Hood's Bay in the old days of smuggling.

THE *Century* for March will have for a frontispiece a portrait of William Cullen Bryant, and Mr. George R. Parkin will follow up his article on "The Working Man in Australia" by one on "The Anglo-Saxon in the Southern Hemisphere."

THE March issue of the *Theatre* will contain an article on "Duelling on the Stage—and Off," illustrated by three full-page engravings (depicting the duellists from "Ravenswood," "The Dead Heart," and "Macbeth") specially lent by Mr. Henry Irving.

MR. W. P. W. PHILLIMORE has undertaken the editorship of *Gloucestershire Notes and Queries*, in succession to the Rev. Beaver H. Blacker, by whom the magazine was started in 1878. It will be remembered that Mr. Blacker died in November, just after the completion of the fourth volume.

THE series of sketches of women of the day which Mr. Frederick Dolman contributed to the *Woman's World* is to be resumed in *Myra's Journal*, Miss Hope Temple, the composer, being the subject of the first article to appear in the March number.

THE Theosophical Society, under the auspices of Mme. Blavatsky, is evidently very angry with Prof. Max Müller. A statement appears in the January issue of the society's monthly magazine that the next numbers will consist of papers by Swami Bhaskare Nand Saraswati, F.T.S., showing over 600 important mistakes made by Prof. Max Müller in his translation of Vedic hymns and other Sanskrit works. The correct translations will be given. There may be safety in numbers.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. A. CAMPBELL FRASER, the editor of *Berkeley*, who has filled the chair of logic and metaphysics at Edinburgh for nearly thirty-five years, has announced his intention to retire as "professor emeritus" at the end of the current session. At the same time he expresses a "hope to devote some remaining strength to the service of the university by further research and literary work in the department entrusted to me, and in this way still to discharge an important part of the duties of a professor."

A fourth and revised edition of Prof. Fraser's *Selections from Berkeley* has just been published by the Clarendon Press.

BY the selection of Prof. Mandell Creighton for the bishopric of Peterborough—a selection which has been received with a chorus of approval in all quarters—the Dixie chair of ecclesiastical history at Cambridge is rendered vacant. Prof. Creighton has occupied the chair since its foundation in 1884.

PROF. MAX MÜLLER finished his third course of Gifford Lectures at Glasgow last Friday. They will be published under the title of *Anthropological Religion*.

AT a meeting held last week in the hall of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, on the invitation of the president, a proposal was unanimously adopted in favour of shortening the honours course, and encouraging post-graduate specialism; but there was less agreement about the means by which such results should be effected.

THE Council at Cambridge have accepted a proposal from Prof. Alfred Marshall to give a prize at intervals of three years, to be called the Adam Smith prize, for an essay by graduates on some unsettled question in economic science, or in some branch of nineteenth-century economic history or statistics, the subject to be selected by the candidate himself.

MR. W. B. RICHMOND has asked permission from the university of Cambridge to lend his two portraits of Charles Darwin and Bishop Westcott to the forthcoming Berlin exhibition.

THE special board for music at Cambridge recommends the renewal of the grant of £50 a year to Prof. C. V. Stanford, for the illustration of his lectures on classical orchestral works.

AT the meeting of the Cambridge Philosophical Society on Monday next, the president, Prof. G. H. Darwin, will read a paper on "Tidal Prediction—a General Account of the Theory and Methods in use and the Accuracy attained."

MR. SYDNEY J. HICKSON, the newly appointed university lecturer at Cambridge in the advanced morphology of Invertebrata, proposes to lecture this term on "The Morphology of Coelenterata."

ACCORDING to an official statement, the number of livings in the presentation of the several colleges at Cambridge is 315, having an aggregate annual value £121,624. Trinity stands first in number with 62 livings, value £19,707; but the 51 livings of St. John's show the higher value of £23,212. Then follow King's—38 livings, valued at £14,098; and Emmanuel—25 livings, valued at £12,046. The university, as distinguished from the colleges, possesses only two livings, valued at £652.

THE St. Andrew's University Dramatic and Shaksperian Society, whose representation of "Ajax" was noticed in the ACADEMY last year, are this session to act "Twelfth Night" on three days, February 26, 27, 28, the last being a *matinée*.

THE Cambridge Antiquarian Society have issued this week, as No. xxvi. of their Octavo Publications, a Calendar of the Feet of Fines for Cambridgeshire, from the seventh year of Richard I. to the end of the reign of Richard III. It is edited by that indefatigable East-Anglian antiquary, Mr. Walter Rye, who edited the Norfolk Fines ten years ago, and now has ready for the press a similar Calendar for Suffolk. The work is, of course, provided with a full index of both places and names; and in the Preface the editor calls attention to 128 unusual Christian or fore-names, only twenty-eight of which are found in a similar list of unusual names in Norfolk, and also to the nicknames.

TRANSLATION.

(From the German of Georg Herwegh.)

As the last gleams of day give place to night,
As dies the great sun's glory in the west;
O peaceful death, thus would I take my flight
Into the bosom of eternal rest!

As fades the star at first approach of day,
Still shining to the end brightly to view;
Thus painlessly I fain would pass away
Into the far-off depths of heav'n's dark blue.

I fain would die as the flow'r's fragrance dies,
Which on the wings of perfumed air is blown
From the fair calyx till it upward flies
As sweetly smelling incense to God's throne.

I fain would pass away as morning dew
Is drunk up by the sun's first thirsty beam;
Would God that thus my world-tir'd soul might
too

Be wafted upwards in the sunshine's gleam.
I fain would pass away as dies the sound
Of some sweet quiv'ring harp-string—full of
rest,

That, hardly lost to earth, its chord hath found
Within the Great Creator's loving breast.

"Thou wilt not die as dies the sun's last ray,
Nor as the star departs at early morn;
Not thine like flow'r's sweet scent to pass away,
Nor like a vapour to be upward borne.

"Yet thou shalt die, and leave no trace behind:
Yet much of life's best power's grief first shall
take.

Nature alone dies softly, poor mankind
Wears out his heart by suff'ring ere it break."

C. M. ATKMAN.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE February *Livre Moderne* contains a more than sufficient amount of current matter to justify its motto of *hodiernus non hesternus*. Among the most interesting parts of this is the account of the Champfleury sale of prints and drawings, at which it is surprising to learn that various water-colours of Constantin Guys, for whom Baudelaire ought to have made a name tempting to those who buy for the name, and whose work is both interesting and uncommon, went for a song. A Baudelaire collection itself, proofs of adornments by Bracquemond, for a projected edition of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, was carried off by an American, despite M. Uzan's patriotic efforts. The article of the number, however, is one on the "Portraits et Charges" of Lamartine, following up that devoted recently to Dumas. The portraits are numerous and handsome: the caricatures few and not specially interesting, for an obvious reason. There was nothing caricaturable in Lamartine's person, which was simply that (only better looking) of any gentleman of his time; and caricaturists were, therefore, driven to exaggerate dress and accessories.

In the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for January, Sabina de Alvear sets forth the claims of her father, Don Diego de Alvear, to the authorship of the *Diario* of the survey made in 1783-1801 of the frontiers of Brazil and the province of Misiones, which was printed at Montevideo in 1882, in a work entitled "El límite oriental del Territorio de Misiones," from a MS. of José Maria Cabrer. The daughter contends that this is merely a copy of her father's work made by one of his subordinate officers. She quotes from the MS. and other materials by her father, still in her possession, to substantiate this. Roque Chabas and F. Fernandez y Gonzalez have interesting articles on the condition of the Mozarabes under Moorish rule, especially in Valencia. Christian worship continued down to the re-conquest; the Church and quarter of the Mozarabes were without the city walls, and had gathered round the shrine of St. Vincent. Santiago de Vande-

walle gives some details of the residence of Columbus in the Canaries, where he had put in to repair his ship, *La Pinta*. Padre Pita writes on the visit of S. Luis Gonzaga to Spain in 1582, and on the companionship of Ignatius de Loyola and Alonso de Montalvo in Arevalo.

THE *Euskal-erria* of December 30, 1890, wholly, and of January 10, 1891, in part, is dedicated to the third centenary of Father Manuel Larramendi, which was celebrated on December 28. The prize biography, and compositions in prose and verse, in Basque, are given in these numbers.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BERTHELÉ, J. *Recherches pour servir à l'histoire des arts en Poitou*. Paris: Thorin. 15 fr.
BLAU DE SAINT-POI-LIAS, H. *La Côte du poivre: voyage à Sumatra*. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr.
CHAMBERLIN, A. de. *Droits et libertés aux Etats-Unis*. Paris: Thorin. 12 fr.
GERMELIC, E. *Christian Reuter, der Dichter d. Schellmuffsky*. Leipzig: Richter. 1 M. 20 Pf.
GUYON, C. *Les beaux jours du second empire*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
MILLET, le livre d'or de. Paris: Ferroud. 35 fr.
NICOLINI. *Le Case ed i monumenti di Pompei*. 104, 105. Naples: Furching. 20 fr.
STÖTZNER, P. *Beiträge zur Würdigung v. J. B. Schupps*. *Lehrreichen Schriften*. Leipzig: Richter. 1 M. 80 Pf.
SUDAN Egliziano, sette anni nel. *Memorie di R. Gessi Pascia riunite da P. Gessi, coordinate dal cap. M. Camperio*. Milan: Hoepli. 10 fr.
SWAART, V. de. *Le trésor public pendant la guerre de 1870-1871*. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr.
TITEUX, E. *Histoire de la maison militaire du roi de 1814 à 1830*. Paris: Baudry. 300 fr.
VOUË, le Vicomte Melchior de. *Spectacles contemporains*. Paris: Co in. 3 fr. 50 c.
WORMS, E. *Doctrine, histoire, pratique et réforme financière*. Paris: Giard. 7 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- CORPUS scriptorum ecclesiasticorum latinorum. Vol. xxii. et xxiii. Leipzig: Freytag. 34 M.
DAUSCH, P. *Die Schriftinspiration. Eine biblischgeschichtliche Studie*. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Herder. 3 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BÜDINGER, M. *Die römischen Spiele u. der Patriat*. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 40 Pf.
CADIER, L. *Essai sur l'administration du royaume de Sicile sous Charles Ier et Charles II. d'Anjou*. Paris: Thorin. 8 fr.
COULANGES, Fustel de. *La Gaule romaine. Ouvrage revu et complété par C. Julian*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
LUCIAR, A. *Histoire des institutions monarchiques de la France sous les premiers Capétiens (987-1180)*. 2^e édition, revue etc. Paris: Picard. 15 fr.
LUCIAR, A. *Louis VI. le gros: annales de sa vie et de son règne (1081-1137)*. Paris: Picard. 15 fr.
MONTÉOUT, E. *Heures de lecture d'un critique*. Aubrey; Pope; Collins; Maundeville. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
RADIMSKY, V., u. J. SZOMATHY. *Urgeschichtliche Forschungen in der Umgegend v. Wics in Mittel-Steiermark*. Wien: Holder. 10 M.
SCHULTE, J. P. v. *Die Summe d. Stephanus Tornacensis üb. das Decretum Gratiani*. Gießen: Roth. 10 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BAILLON, H. *Histoire des plantes*. T. 10. Paris: Hachette. 25 fr.
BLANKENHORN, M. *Grundzüge der Geologie u. physikalischen Geographie v. Nord-Syrien*. Berlin: Friedländer. 33 M.
BRITZLMAYER, M. *Hymenocysten aus Südbayern*. 10. TI. Berlin: Friedländer. 21 M.
BRUNI, Jordani, *Nolani opera latine conscripta*, edd. F. Toeco et H. Vitelli. Vol. II. pars 2; Vol. III. Florence: Loescher. 50 fr.
CLAUS, C. *Ueb. die Entwicklung d. Scyphostoma v. Cotylorhiza, Aurelia u. Chrysoara*. 8 M. Die Gattungen u. Arten der mediterranen u. atlantischen Haloecypiden. 1 M. 60 Pf. Wien: Holder.
FLEISCHMANN, A. *Embryologische Forschungen*. 2. Hft. Wiesbaden: Kreidel. 20 M.
GRABER, V. *Vergleichende Studien am Keimstreif der Insecten*. Leipzig: Freytag. 13 M.
GROBEN, C. *Die Pericardialdrüse der Gastropoden*. Wien: Holder. 3 M. 20 Pf.
HANSOIR, A. *Physiologische u. algologische Mittheilungen*. Prag: Rynac. 1 M. 20 Pf.
HARTMANN, E. v. *Die Geistertheorie d. Spiritismus u. seine Phantome*. Leipzig: Friedrich. 3 M.
JAGNAUX, R. *Histoire de la chimie*. Paris: Baudry. 32 fr.
PINTNER, Th. *Neue Beiträge zur Kenntniss d. Bandwurm-Körpers*. Wien: Holder. 4 M. 80 Pf.
PUBLICATIONEN f. die internationale Erdmessung. 2. Bd. Längenbestimmungen. Leipzig: Freytag. 16 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- HARTMANN, P. *De canone X oratorum*. Göttingen: Dieterich. 1 M.
KIRCHNER, G. *Attica et Peloponnesiaca*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

MENNING, O. *Untersuchungen üh. die Syntax der Concessivsätze im Alt- u. Mittelhochdeutschen n. besond. Rücksicht auf Wolframs Parzival*. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.
SCHUCHARDT, H. *Kretische Studien*. IX. Ueber das Malioportugiesische v. Batavia u. Tugu. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

Trinity College, Cambridge: Feb. 10, 1891.

P. 6, l. 13.—*ἡδὴ κατ' ἐνιαυτὸν αἰρ[εθόντες ἐπὶ τὰς ἀρχάς]*. Read *αἰρ[εθόντων]*.

P. 11, l. 8.—*τῇ μὲν ῥήσει*. Read *τῇ μὲν φύσει*.

P. 26, l. 2.—*τῷ βουλευμένῳ [δικάζεσθαι] ὑπὲρ τῶν ἀδικουμένων*. The supplement is not satisfactory. Read *τιμωριῶσθαι*.

P. 27, l. 1.—*ὅπως τι τῆς κρίσεως [ἐ]χρ[ε] [ὁ δῆμος κ]ύριος*. Perhaps [μετέ]χρ[ε]; μετὰ in the MS. is represented by μ'. Further, κύριος seems to demand ὦν. Has the participle fallen out at the end of the sentence? The next clause begins οὐ μὴν εἰκός.

P. 27, l. 11.—*ἡ μὲν πρότερον [μὲν ἔχου]σα παρα-πλήσιον ἐβδόμηκοντα δραχμὰς*. Read [ἐλκο]υσα; The symbol for μὲν in the MS. is μ'.

P. 28, l. 7.—*ἀποδημῶν ἐλογίσαστο*. Perhaps α. ἐποίησαστο.

P. 30, l. 1.—*ἐπεὶ δὲ λέγων [πράττειν] οὐθέν*. Read, as a friend suggests, [οὐκ ἐπεί]θεν.

P. 43, l. 2.—*ἀλλ' ἀπελθόντας ἐπὶ τῶν ἰδίων*. Perhaps εἶναι should be added after ἰδίων; the symbol in the MS. is \.

P. 51, l. 12.—*ἐπεξιόντας*. Read *ὑπεξιόντας*. Herodotus (5.65) has *ὑπεκτιθέμενοι* in describing the same occurrence.

P. 52, l. 8.—*ἐπιλειπόμενος*. Read *ἀπολειπόμενος*. The same corruption on p. 76, l. 5, and p. 93, l. 5.

P. 64, l. 10.—*ἐντὸς Γεραιστοῦ καὶ Σκυλλαίου κατοικῶν*. Read *ἐκτὸς*.

P. 86, l. 1.—*πρεσβεία*. Read *πρεσβείαις*, as on p. 113.3.

P. 87, l. 9.—*τὴν δὲ βουλὴν ἐπειδὴν καταστήσῃ ποιήσαντα ἐξέτασιν ὅπλοις*. Read *καταστῇ* and *ἐν ὅπλοις*.

P. 91, l. 8.—*ἀνείναι*. Read *ἀνείναι*.

P. 93, l. 1.—*διασώσειν ἐπειδὴν ὦντο*. The editor observes on διασώσειν; "so corrected by the reviser from διασάξιν." If the reviser wrote διασώσειν, he probably made a mistake. Did he mean διασώζαι?

P. 95, l. 1.—*ἐὰν μὴ μανίων ἢ γῆρῶν ἢ γυναικὶ πειθόμενος*. Read *γῆρως ἐνεκα* and *πειθόμενος*. "The single letter i often takes the place of the diphthong ei," p. 86 n. Cf. for the correction the law in [Dem.] 46.14.

P. 101, l. 14.—*τὰς δὲ δίκας τοῦ φόρου εἶναι κατὰ τὰ πάτρια, εἰ τίς τινα αὐτοχειρὶ ἀπέκτενον* ἐκτίσει ἱερῶς. The editor supplies ἀπέκτενον, and changes αὐτοχειρα of the MS. to αὐτοχειρῖ. I think αὐτοχειρῖ more probable (see [Dem.] 59.9. *ἐκτείνων αὐτοχειρῖ*, and Plat. *Lysis*, 872 B.), and disapprove of ἀπέκτενον. In place of ἱερῶς one naturally thinks of τρώας; but I doubt whether the simple remedy of reading αὐτοχειρῖ κτείνει ἢ τρώας is the true correction. What I desiderate is (1) a proper antithesis to αὐτόχειρ (or αὐτοχειρῖ)—i.e., the word βουλευσῶς or βουλευσις; (ii.) the addition of ἐκάν or ἐκ προνοίας.

P. 103, l. 15.—*προγεννημέναις*. Read *προσγεννημέναις*.

P. 105, l. 2.—*πρώτη μετὰ ταῦτα [ἐξ]έχουσα πολιτείας τάξις ἢ ἐπὶ Θησέως γενομένη*.

MS. *πολιτεία ταξιν*; "for which," says the editor, "some emendation is clearly necessary." Perhaps [παρ]έχουσα πολιτείας τάξιν.

P. 107, l. 9.—*ὅταν δὲ γράφονται*. Read *ἐγγράφονται*.

P. 108, l. 4.—*ἐπιψηφίσανται*. Read *ἐπιψηφίσανται*.

P. 109, l. 6.—*τὸν μὲν πρῶτον ἐνιαυτὸν οὕτως ἐξάγουσιν*. Perhaps *ἐξασκῶσιν*. I think this preferable to διαγῶσι, as being nearer the MS.

P. 110, l. 7.—*τῶν ἐπὶ τῶν θεωρικῶν C. I. A. II. 114, l. 37, has ἐπὶ τὸ θεωρικόν*, according to Koehler; and, on p. 120.1 of this treatise we find τῶν ἐπὶ τὸ θεωρικόν ἡρημένων. Aesch. 3.25 has οἱ ἐπὶ τὸ θεωρικόν κεχειροτονημένοι; but, in § 24, ἀρχων τὴν ἐπὶ τῷ θεωρικῷ ἀρχὴν, and ἐχειροτονήθη τὴν ἀρχὴν τὴν ἐπὶ τῷ θεωρικῷ. So Demosthenes 18.113, ἐπὶ τῷ θεωρικῷ ὦν. The plural, then, is wrong; whether the accusative or dative singular be right seems to depend on the reading in C. I. A. II. 114.

P. 111, l. 5.—*συνάγουσιν εἰς τὴν βουλὴν καὶ τὸν δῆμον*. Omit *εἰς*, comparing p. 113, l. 15.

P. 120, l. 21.—*κατακυροῖ δὲ* καὶ ὁ βασιλεὺς τὰς μισθώσεις, τῶν μὲν *ων* ἀναγράφας κ τ λ. Read τὰς μισθώσεις τῶν τεμεῖων ἀναγράφας.

P. 122, l. 8.—τίμημα [παρὰ] ἀβόμενος. Read [ἐπιγρ.] ἀβόμενος.

P. 122, l. 25.—δοκιμαῖε δὲ καὶ τοὺς ἀνίππου, κὰν τινα προχειροτονήσῃ πέπαιτα μισθοφορῶν αὐτοῦ. Read ἀνίππου and ἀποχειροτονήσῃ; change, also, π[ρο]-χειροτονήσῃ on l. 24.

P. 125, l. 1.—ὅπως τῶν κοπρολόγων μηδεὶς ἐν τοῖς παρὰ τοῦ τείχους καταβαλεῖ κόπρον ἐπιμελοῦνται. Perhaps ἐντὸς τοῦ Πελαργικοῦ τείχους.

The editor remarks on ἐν τοῖς παρὰ τοῦ τείχους: "The original writing runs *εντας ιδων του τειχους*; but the *s* at the end of *εντας* and the *δ* in *ιδων* appear to be cancelled by dots placed over them; and over the last three letters of *ιδων* are written the characters *ς π(αρα)*. The latter character is rather doubtful, and might be read as *τα*."

ἐντὸς τοῦ Πελαργικοῦ τείχους was suggested to me by the inscription in Gilbert, *Handbuch*, l. 241, n. 3, μηδὲ τοὺς λίθους τέμνειν ἐκ τοῦ Πελαργικοῦ μηδὲ γῆν ἐξσάγειν μηδὲ λίθους. We have in Hdt. 5.61, τῇ Πελαργικῇ τείχει; and, on p. 61 of this treatise, τὸ καλοῦμενον Πελαργικὸν τεῖχος; but τὸ Πελαργικόν seems the usual Attic name. However, I now feel that ἐντὸς τοῦ τείχους is nearer the sense of the passage.

P. 125, l. 1.—ὄχεταὺς μετεώρας εἰς τὴν ὁδὸν ἔκρουν ἐχμ[έναι]. Read ἐκροᾶς ἔχον[τας], and cp. Plat. *Lysis*, 761 B.

P. 135, l. 3.—πολιτείας. "The fourth and fifth letters in the MS. are doubtful." Read ἀτελείας.

P. 139, l. 10.—καὶ πρότερον μὲν εἰς ἐνέβαλλε τὴν [ψ]ῆφον, νῦν δ' ἀναγκὴ πάντας. ἔστι δὲ ψηφίζεσθαι περὶ αὐτῶν, κ.τ.λ. Read ἀνάγκη πάντας ἔστι διαψηφίζεσθαι, κ.τ.λ.

P. 140, l. 14.—νῦν δὲ ταῦτοις αἱ φυλαὶ φέρουσιν. Read ταῦτους. comparing, e.g., Demos. 39.7.

P. 142, l. 2.—νῶν κακώσεως. Read γονῶν.

" 1. 8.—τ[ὰ] ἐαυτοῦ κτήματα ἀ]πολλύ[ν]αι. I think πατρώα preferable to κτήματα.

P. 143, l. 14.—κὰν τις ἱερῶσιν ἐπιφισβητῇ προστιμᾷ. "The reading in the MS., which is very faint, rather resembles *προς τινα*." The latter, not the reading in the text, is right.

P. 145, l. 8.—οὐδεὶς τὴν ἀ[ρ]τίαν δ[ύ]ναται ἐ]μβαλεῖν αὐτῷ. Read οὐδ' εἰς τὴν ἀ[ρ]τίαν ἐ]μβαλεῖν αὐτῷ.

P. 145, l. 10.—ὅταν δὲ τ[ις] εἴπῃ τὸν ποιήσαντα τῷ δράσαντι λαγχάνει.

The editor remarks on ἔταν δὲ τις εἴπῃ: "The reading is doubtful, as the letters are much rubbed, and the sense of the passage remains rather obscure." Read ὅταν δὲ τ[ις] μὴ εἰδῇ (or ἀγνοῇ) τὸν ποιήσαντα, τῷ δράσαντι λαγχάνει. Compare Dem. 47.69, ἀνομασί μιν μηδὲν προαγορεύειν τοῖς δεδρῶκεσι δὲ καὶ κτείναν. Plat. *Lysis*, 874 A., ἐὰν δὲ θευνῶς μὲν αὐτὸς φανῇ, ἀλλήλος δὲ ὁ κτείναν ᾧ καὶ μὴ ἀμειλῶς ᾗτοισιν ἀνέρετος γίγνηται, τὰς μὲν προῤῥήσεις τὰς αὐτὰς γίγνεσθαι. καθάπερ τοῖς ἄλλοις, προαγορεύειν δὲ τὸν φόνον τῷ δράσαντι καὶ ἐπιδικάζαντον ἐν ἀγορᾷ κηρύττει τῷ κτείναντι τὸν καὶ τὸν καὶ ὠφληκτόν φόνον κ.τ.λ.

P. 147, l. 2.—τὰς καταχειροτονίας. Here τὰς ἐπιχειροτονίας seems more suitable.

W. WYSE.

* Queen's College, Cork: Feb. 15, 1891.

On p. 27 we get some information about Solon's reforms in weights, measures and currency, as the writer says that after the Seisachthion Solon increases the measures, weights, and currency (τὴν τε τῶν μέτρων καὶ σταθμῶν καὶ τὴν τοῦ νομίσματος ἀξίαν). For the measures were made greater than those of Pheidon (a fact of great importance for those who wrangle over the Attic foot), and the mina which heretofore contained 70 drachms was made up to 100. Then we are informed that the "ancient stamp" was a didrachm; after which he adds ἔποίησε δὲ καὶ σταθμὸν πρὸς τὸ νόμισμα τρεῖς καὶ ἐξήκοντα μνάς τὸ δάκτυλον ἀγούσας καὶ ἐπιδιενεμήθησαν αἱ μναὶ τῷ σταθμῷ καὶ τοῖς ἄλλοις σταθμοῖς. Mr. Kenyon thinks τρεῖς καὶ "corrupt," as there never was a talent with 63 minae. Now, as we are told by Plutarch that 73 (not 70) old drachms (Aeginetan drachms are, of course, meant) went to the talent, it is very

tempting to suppose that τρεῖς καὶ really belong to ἐξδραμήκοντα three lines above. But if this be done, there is no augmentation of weights effected. It is, therefore, probably safer to take the reading as it stands, and to understand that Solon augmented the talent by adding three additional old minae, the new talent, of course, only having 60 minae, as the three additional minae were spread over all. The old stater of 129 grs. was thus raised to 135 grs., and so on proportionally in the case of the drachm and obol.

p. 43. ἀλλ' ἀπελθόντας ἐπὶ τῶν ἰδίων, τῶν δὲ κοινῶν [αὐτῶν νῦν] μελήτεσθαι πάντων. Surely ἐπὶ before τῶν ἰδίων and μελήτεσθαι are both wrong. Read ἐπιμελεῖσθαι τῶν ἰδίων, τῶν δὲ κοινῶν [αὐτῶν ἐπὶ] μελήτεσθαι πάντων. The very phrase, ἐπιμελεῖσθαι τῶν κοινῶν, occurs at the bottom of the page.

P. 14, for ἐκλήλυνεν, read ἐπράυνεν.

P. 77. προστάτην ἔλαβεν ὁ δῆμος οὐκ εὐδοκιοῦντα τὰ παρὰ τοῖς ἐπικείσι. Strike out τὰ, which is a dittography from the last syllable of the preceding word.

P. 80. τὴν ἐν Σικελίᾳ γενομένην διαφορὰν. Surely the Sicilian expedition suffered a διαφορὰ, not a διαφορὰ.

WILLIAM RIDGEWAY.

[In Mr. Herbert Richards's letter in the ACADEMY of last week, in the suggested emendation to p. 25, for τεθῆται read τιθῆται.

A report of the papers read last Thursday week before the Cambridge Philological Society by Dr. Jackson, Mr. Wyse, and Mr. Hicks is printed in the *Cambridge University Reporter* for February 17.]

THE PARENTAGE OF QUEEN TEIE: ANCIENT TOWNS IN PALESTINE.

Dahabiah Ishtar, Rhoda: Jan. 20, 1891.

One of the cuneiform tablets from Tel el-Amarna, now at Berlin, and recently published in the *Mittheilungen aus den Orientalischen Sammlungen* (iii., No. 188) seems at last to solve the problem of the nationality of Queen Teie, the mother of the "Heretic King" of the XVIIIth Dynasty. The tablet begins as follows:

"To my son thus speaks the daughter of the king: To thyself, thy chariots [thy horses and thy people] may there be peace! May the gods of Burra-buryas go with thee! I go in peace."

Burra-buryas was the king of Babylonia, and it is difficult to account for the mention of his name except on the supposition that he was "the king" whose daughter the writer was. Teie, however, is hardly a Babylonian name; it is probable, therefore, that it was given to the princess on her marriage with the Egyptian monarch. That this was the case with Mut-mua, the mother of Amenophis, we now know from the tablets of Tel el-Amarna, which inform us that she was the daughter of the king of Mitanni. Why the mother of Teie should be called Tu'a on the famous seal of Amenophis III. is an unsolved mystery. Tu'a is the name of an Amorite in one of the Tel el-Amarna letters, and Toi was the king of Hamath in the time of David.

Some of the letters from Palestine are sent from places which are elsewhere mentioned only in the geographical list of Thothmes III., at Karnak. Thus, one of them (No. 153) is written by Pu-Dadi the governor of Yurza, the Yurza of Thothmes (No. 60) which Brandes and Mr. Tomkins identify with Khurbet Yezeh, eleven miles S.S.W. of Mujedda; another comes from Tubikhi (No. 171), which had been attacked by the Tyrians. Tubikhi is the Tubkhu of Thothmes (No. 6). It is not noticed in the Old Testament, like Khasabu, the Khashbu of Thothmes (No. 55), the governor of which alludes to the city of Kinza and the

country of Am in Phoenicia, which had been invaded by the Hittites. In the list of Thothmes the name of Khashbu is followed by that of Tasult, unnamed in the Old Testament, but evidently the Tusulti of the Tel el-Amarna tablets (189, 193). Tasult is associated with Annkhertu, the Anaharath of Josh. xix. 19, in what was afterwards the territory of Issachar. Quddasuna, "the sanctuary" (Tel el-Amarna, No. 170), throws light on the Qitsuna of Thothmes (No. 4); and the Maskha of Thothmes (No. 25) may be the Musikhuna of Tel el-Amarna (Nos. 130, 192), of which the Mitannian Sutarna was governor. How much assistance may be derived from a comparison of the list of Thothmes with the tablets can be judged of from a single instance. The list mentions a place near Ta'anach called Gentu-asna or Gath-Ashan (No. 44). Now one of the Tel el-Amarna letters was sent by the governor of the city of *ti-as-na. One character has been lost at the beginning of the name, and the vacant space would just be filled by the sign which has the value of *gim*. Ginti-asna would be the correct Assyrian form of Gath-ashan.

The tablets illustrate the North Syrian list of Thothmes as well as his Palestinian list. Thus the governor of Gebal, Ilu-rabi-Khur ("a great god is Horus"), states (No. 91) that the country of Am was threatened by "the king of the country of the Hittites and the king of the country of Nariba." Nariba must be the Nereb of the North Syrian list (No. 189) which Mr. Tomkins has identified with Nerab, south-east of Aleppo. It may be added that Am, also called Ammiya, is probably the Ummah of Josh. xix. 30; and that Mr. Tomkins is shown to be right in extending the Egyptian empire to the eastern side of the Jordan, since one of the Tel el-Amarna letters (No. 132) is from Artama-Samas, the governor of Ziri-Basani or "the plateau of Bashan." The latter name explains that of Zarbasana, found in an Egyptian stela of a prime minister of Merenptah, whose native Syrian name was Ben-Matsana, of the land of Zarbasana (see Mariette: *Catalogue Général des Monuments d'Abydos*, Paris, 1880, p. 421, No. 1135).

A. H. SAYCE.

"TUNIP AND THE LAND OF NAHARINA."

Bentcliffe, Eccles: Feb. 14, 1891.

I have been unwell, or should have acknowledged the criticisms of your correspondents sooner. Mr. Cheyne says my notion about Naharina is not new. I am delighted. It was new to me, and I could find no reference to it in such excellent histories of Egypt as Brugsch or Wiedemann or Hommel. I am very glad that in the main I am in such excellent company as Nöldeke and Mr. Tomkins, the latter *facile princeps* in elucidating the early geography of Northern Syria. I wish he would write a memoir and publish a map embodying his discoveries.

In regard to Tunip, my suggestion was tentative only, and rather meant to emphasise the impossibility of accepting either of the sites suggested by Brugsch or Wiedemann. Mr. Tomkins agrees with me so far; but he identifies Tunip, as Nöldeke did before him, with a place still called Tennib, and marked on Rey's map.

I do not, however, quite see how we can identify this last Tennib, situated twenty miles north of Aleppo, with Tunip, which, according to the inscription of Rameses II., was planted between Kadesh and Aleppo. How does Mr. Tomkins explain this difficulty, which seems a real one? By the way, I notice that my friend, Mr. Guy LeStrange, in his admirable work on *Palestine under the Moslems*, mentions, Tinnab, "a large village belonging to Haleh"—i.e., Aleppo, and quotes Yakut I.

876, and Safi ud Din, the author of the *Marûsid al Ittila* I. 215.

Let me refer to another difficulty. In the accounts of the campaigns of the Assyrian kings in the neighbourhood of the Orontes, I can find no mention of a place Tunip. They elsewhere no doubt mention a place of this name, but it must have been far away from here. In the great inscription of Tiglath Pileser I. it is named in line 72 among the 23 countries of the Nairi, while in the part of the Bull inscription of Shalmaneser II., relating to his fifteenth campaign it is also mentioned. Hommel argues that it must have been situated near the sources of the Euphrates (*Gesch. Bab. und Ass.* 528); while Sayce says it was situated east of the Tigris on the river of Mush (the modern Kara Su) (*Records of the Past*, New Ser. 1, note 2.) This points to their having been two Tunips, one described by Rameses II. as in the land of Naharina, and the other stated in the Assyrian inscriptions to have been in the land of Nairi or Nahri, which is assuredly the same name as Naharina. It would be interesting to have the etymology of Tunip. It is a Semitic name.

I revert however to the campaign of Rameses.

I notice that it is usual—and notably is it the fashion with my friend Mr. Sayce, whose communications are always so welcome—to speak of Kadesh as the southern capital of the Hittites. This seems to me to be somewhat misleading. Kadesh was an old Syrian town, and although in the hands of the Hittites in the time of Rameses II. it had only been recently occupied. I believe myself that the cause of the war between Rameses and the Hittites after the long peace which the Egyptians had enjoyed on this side was the occupation of Kadesh and the valley of the upper Orontes by the Hittites. This was in effect an invasion of an Egyptian outpost, since the Rutenum or Syrians were deemed vassals or dependents of the Egyptians at this time. It seems to me that Tunip, where Rameses had two of his royal effigies erected, has much better claims to be looked upon as the southern Hittite capital.

Among the commentators on the campaign of Rameses I notice that there is unanimity in identifying Arathu with the Island of Aradus, on the Phœnician coast. This is possible, but I think it quite as, if not more, probable that it ought to be identified with Arfad, described by Yakul as a large village near Azaz, in the district of Halab (*Le Strange* 396), and represented on the maps by the mounds of Tel Erfad.

In regard to the connotation of Naharina, it is curious that precisely the same uncertainty exists with the Nairi of the Assyrians, the uncertainty of which Sayce explains by arguing that it meant one district at one time and another at another. M. Delattre has discussed the names at considerable length and with acumen, and his conclusion is, I think, worth quoting:

"Nairi," he says, "was a wide stretch of country, or rather a series of countries. Tiglath Pileser I. and Ashurnaturpal speak of the countries of the Nairi. The kings of Urarthu (in Armenia) who adopted the titles of kings of Nairi, looked on their own country as a part of Nairi. Tiglath Pileser I. speaks of twenty-four kingdoms of Nairi, and gives the names of twenty-three. Shamshiraman mentions twenty-seven kingdoms of Nairi, without repeating a single one mentioned by Tiglath Pileser. The name Nairi (or Nahri) seems, in early times, to have been a generic one given to the countries ranged in a circular curve around Mesopotamia, from the gulf of Cilicia to the lake of Urmia and beyond. It was then used in a sense like Scythia among the Greeks, and India among European writers of the sixteenth century." (*Le Peuple et l'Empire des Mèdes* 61.)

Schrader also speaks of the term Nairi as having a very wide connotation like that of "Great Armenia" with the classics, and as often employed among the Assyrians with the meaning "the people of the North" (*Der Namen der Meere in den Assyrischen Inschriften* 191).

H. H. HOWORTH.

Oxford: Feb. 17, 1891.

Mr. Tomkins's letter on the above subject will be valued by many besides Mr. Howorth. I wish that he would collect or condense some of his helpful papers into a single volume.

But, strangely enough, we have all overlooked one passage in which Dunip (Tanip) appears to be mentioned. It is one of the Tel el-Amarna tablets, containing, as M. Halévy states, a letter by the governor of Dunip; and the context shows that this town lay to the south of a country called by the writer of the letter *mat nuhashshe*, which had been invaded by the king of *mat hätte* in the time of Amenophis IV. M. Halévy identifies *nuhashshe* with the Heb. נחש, "copper," and *mat nuhashshe* with the Biblical נחש ארס. He also explains נחש (A. V. "zoba") with the Assyrian *qubitu*, to both of which words he assigns the meaning "copper," comparing נחש "yellow as gold." Dunip or Tunip, therefore, he infers, may be placed in the neighbourhood of Damascus. Of course this may be a precipitate conclusion. See Halévy's article, *Revue des études juives* (avril-juin, 1890, p. 199).

T. K. CHEYNE.

"LIVES OF SAINTS FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE."

Youghal: Feb. 14, 1891.

I am not disposed to triumph over error confessed, but the pleas of textual difficulty and lack of a lexicon, put forward in the *ACADEMY* of February 7, compel me to state that most of the linguistic corrigenda are demonstrably the result of failure to perceive the idiom. With respect to the emendation on p. 39, somebody, it is now conceded, "has blundered sadly." Of the corrections, four are demurred to upon grounds which it may not be out of place to notice briefly.

1. Whether *la* (with) signifies possession or agency must be determined by the context. In the present case, the meaning is clearly defined; as, a little further on, in the narrative of the same incident, *o* (by) is used to express the agent.

2. *Uathad*=lunar day comes, it is said, "from misunderstanding the gloss *hi coicid huathid*, gl. quinta luna, Cr. 33b." Certes, it were to err in good company, even that of Mr. Stokes: "nathad s. moon, lunar month [p.] 66, hi coicid huathid (gl. in quinta luna) z. 310. Root pû? cf. Skr. pavamana" (*Three Mid.-Ir. Homilies*, p. 137). But my translation was the result of independent inquiry. *Uathad* (*singularitas*), a unit, when employed in connexion with a solar datum, means a lunar day. The usus, to mention but one source, is established by more than forty instances in the Annals of Innisfallen. One example (O'Connor, *R. H. S. ii. Ann. Innisf.* 49) will suffice here: (A.D. 1001) *Kl. Enn. for Cetain ocus aile huath[ad] fuirre*, "Kalend (1st) of Jan. upon Wednesday and the second lunar day (Epact ii.) thereon." It needs not a Scaliger or a Petavius to see that this is correct. But, according to the editor, the sense is that in 1001 Jan. 1 and Jan. 2 both fell on Wednesday. This is to introduce a new *saltus solis*; possibly to pair off with his other similar discovery of the "third Kalend."

3. In reference to *Finan Cam*, the correction proceeded from the not unreasonable belief that, after all, a twelfth-century gloss in a native martyrology was preferable to the *ipse*

dixit of a nineteenth-century translator. Herein I am fortified by distinguished authority.

MR. STOKES

(*ACADEMY*, No. 979).

He misrepresents cam, "bent," "crooked" (= *σκαμβός*) by "squinting."

MR. STOKES

(*Calendar of Oengus.*)

(April 7) Finan Cam, cam, "bent," "crooked" F. the squinting (p. lxvii). Camm, crooked (= *σκαμβός*) April 7 (p. ccxxix).

The editor's native equivalents for squinting are Irish "as she is wrote." *Cammderc*, the gloss on *strabo* of the St. Gall Priscian (folio 63a), is the Irish "as she is spoke."

4. *Fernann*, we are informed, is found as gen. of *Ferna* in the Annals of Ulster and in *Tigernach*. This I am quite prepared to believe. For it is easy enough to find corruptions even worse in the known copies of these Chronicles. But in the present case why has the editor omitted to mention, what I verified with my own eyes, that in the codex of the Ulster Annals which he professes to quote from the obit of Aed of Ferns has (folio 7b) the *Galba* and *Tiberius* form, *Ferna*? (The same is given in *Tigernach* (O'Connor, *R. H. S. ii.* pp. 188, 202); but the printed text is unreliable.) Stranger still, why has he passed over the interesting fact that the contraction of the Book of Leinster ("p. 354, col. 4") is lengthened into *Ferna* (not, observe, into *Fernann*) in the *Lives of Saints from the Book of Lismore* (p. 301)?

Finally, as to the corrections excluded by the editorial *non possumus*, it is fairly open to question whether they are completely disposed of by this facile method. For instance, two dates are quoted as at first hand from the Annals of Innisfallen. But the editor refuses to say whether they are given in the MS., or have been arrived at by independent investigation. In the latter case, it is a somewhat noteworthy coincidence that they are the same as those placed on the margin by O'Connor (*R. H. S. ii. Ann. Innisf.* 33). At all events, they are palpably erroneous, and only prove that O'Connor had not mastered the rudiments of native chronology. After this, it is perhaps superfluous to observe that, so far from acknowledging the error of the Ulster dates, the editor now produces two others similarly vitiated.

The fate portended in the concluding paragraph I have endeavoured to avert by anticipation in the February issue of the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*.

B. MACCARTHY.

P.S.—In the editor's letter (p. 328, line 42), the correction *et necessitatibus* is wrong. Read *et de necessitatibus* (Ps. cvi. 6).

MADHOJI SINDIA.

Fairport: Feb. 17, 1891.

In connexion with the paragraph in the *ACADEMY* of February 14, relating to Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's portrait of the great Mahratta statesman and warrior, it may be of interest to some of your readers to know that an interesting picture of that leader of men will be found in Robert Mabon's work, entitled *Sketches illustrative of Oriental Manners and Customs*, published by subscription at Calcutta on February 1, 1797. The portrait in question forms Plate V. of this scarce work, a collection of nineteen hand-coloured copper-plate engravings, oblong 8vo in size.

It is titled, "The late Mahadajee Scindia, the celebrated Mahratta Chief, seated in his Tent." Mabon, who worked for James Wales, the artist, associated with the Daniells in their *Oriental Scenery and Antiquities* (London: 1793-1807) thus describes the plate:

"This famous warrior and able statesman, at the time I visited him, was encamped near Poona with

a part of his army. He was seated in his tent much in the same manner I had seen the Peshwa at the Durbar of Poona—viz., sitting on the ground, cross-legged, a round pillar behind him, and square ones on each side, on one of which was placed his sword. He was surrounded by a vast number of people dependent on him. On his right sat his nephew, Dowlat Row Scindia, behind him his chourae bardar, and a man with a silver cup for his saliva: his office was, when occasion required, to hold the cup near Mahadajee Scindia's mouth, and present him with beetle nut when he desired it, instead of putting it in his hand, after wrapping the nut carefully with a little chunam in a leaf, he thrust it in the mouth of the chief. That immense riches which I saw about the Peshwa, Prince of the Mahrattas, was not to be found here. The only thing of value which he wore was a string of very large pearls appended from his neck. On paying the usual compliment, I was seated near him: he was black, rather inclined to corpulency. On my departure a shawl and beetle-nut, according to custom, was presented me."

All the plates in Mabon's book are well executed, and constitute a valuable contemporary record of historical importance. The titles of some others are: Plate II.—"Savoy Mahadowrow-Pundit Purdhun, late Peshwa of the Mahratta Empire, seated on the Musnud, at the Durbar of Poona, in which is introduced Nana Farnavese."

Plate III.—"Savoy Mahadowrow, late Peshwa of the Mahratta Empire, exercising the Long Spear, with other Bramin Chiefs, near Parbuttee at Poona."

Plate IV.—"Savoy Mahadowrow Pundit Purdhun, late Peshwa of the Mahratta Empire, mounting his elephant on his return from Parbuttee to the Durbar."

I have never been able to find out who Robert Mabon was. It may be possible to identify him with the "unknown artist," said to have been a wandering Italian, to whom is ascribed Sir M. E. Grant-Duff's portrait of Madhoji Sindia.

ALDOBRAND OLDENBUCK.

A REFERENCE WANTED TO PLOTINUS.

7, Cheyne Gardens, Chelsea: February 9, 1891.

Can any student of Plotinus give me the reference for the following passage, which Schasler (*Kritische Geschichte der Aesthetik* i. 246) gives in his own rendering, but in quotation marks?

"(Und hiebei [the last quotation was from *Ennead*. vi. 7, 32] spricht er denn . . . den Gedanken aus, dass) 'der Maler beim Portraittiren sein Hauptaugenmerk auf den Ausdruck im Blick des Auges richten müsse, da sich hierin mehr als in der gesamten Gestaltung des Körpers, die Seele offenbare.'"

Müller (*Theorie der Kunst bei den Alten* 2, 315) seems to allude to the same passage. Neither of the historians gives a reference, and I have not been able to identify the passage, which would be of considerable interest.

B. BOSANQUET.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, Feb. 22, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Theosophy," by Mrs. Annie Besant.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Ethics of Recreation," by Miss E. P. Hughes.

MONDAY, Feb. 23, 5 p.m. London Institution: "Hearing, illustrated by Types," by Prof. C. Stewart.

5 p.m. Hellenic: "The Life and Work of Dr. Schliemann," by Prof. Percy Gardner; "The Erechtheum," by Mr. H. W. Schultz.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Electric Transmission of Power," III., by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.

8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Recreation," by Miss E. P. Hughes.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "From Hai-phong in Tong-King to Canton, overland," by Mr. A. R. Agassiz.

TUESDAY, Feb. 24, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," VII., by Prof. Victor Horsley.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Electric Mining-Machinery," by Messrs. Llewelyn B., and Claude W. Atkinson.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Religion and Family among the Haidas," by the Rev. C. Harrison; "The Anthropometric Laboratory at Dublin," by Profs. D. J. Cunningham and A. C. Haddam; "The Skull and some of the Bones of the Irish Giant, Cornelius Magrath," by Prof. D. J. Cunningham.

WEDNESDAY, Feb. 25, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Colonisation and its Limitations," by Mr. E. J. Ravenstein.

8 p.m. Geological.

8.30 p.m. University College: "St. Paul's Cathedral," by Prof. Roger Smith.

THURSDAY, Feb. 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Lulli, Purcell, and Searlatti," with Musical Illustrations, III., by Prof. C. Hubert H. Parry.

4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: Indian Section, "The Economic Development of Siam," by Mr. Robert Gordon.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Mrs. E. Barrett Browning," by the Hon. Roden Noel.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, Feb. 27, 4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Science of Colour," III., by Capt. Abney.

5 p.m. Physical: "Proof of the Generality of certain Formulae published for a Special Case by Mr. T. H. Blakesley as Tests of a Transformer," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Mr. J. F. Taylor; "Further Contributions to Dynamometry," by Mr. T. H. Blakesley; "Electrostatic Wattmeters," by Mr. Swinburne; "Interference with Alternating Currents," by Prof. Ayrton and Dr. Sumner.

7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Disintegrators," by Mr. Bertram Chatterton.

8 p.m. Browning: "Compensation—Thoughts suggested by some of Browning's Poems," by Miss Helen Ormerod.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Art of Acting," by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

SATURDAY, Feb. 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Forces of Cohesion," III., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

THE WORKS OF HORACE, Vol. II.—*The Satires, Epistles, and De Arte Poetica*. With a Commentary by E. C. Wickham. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

IN 1874, Mr. Wickham published Vol. I. of "The Works of Horace: Odes and Epodes." Eleven years later an English editor of Horace's Epistles pleaded as an excuse for the appearance of his work the loss of all hope that Mr. Wickham's Vol. II. would ever see the light. But *il ne faut jurer de rien*: some day we may even have the rest of Prof. Mayor's Quintilian. Thanks to "the unstinted and unselfish help" of that excellent scholar, Mr. A. O. Prickard, Mr. Wickham's notes on the Satires, Epistles, and Ars Poetica were published just when they had to bear upon the title-page the date of 1891. His former volume has been so widely used as to make it needless to enter upon the general character of the work. Suffice it to say that this remains essentially the same in Vol. II. as it was in Vol. I. There is the same fine taste and accurate scholarship, the same abundant evidence of long familiarity with every line and word of the poet, the same happy art in tracing the links of thought and grasping the spirit of a whole poem. Mr. Wickham is right in claiming that the analysis is an integral part of the commentary: it is often also the most original and helpful part.

A critic who has discharged the most welcome part of his duty by a hearty acknowledgment of conspicuous merit may be forgiven if the less agreeable function of indicating points on which judgments may differ claims more of his space. First, as to the settlement of the text. I think it is to be regretted that in this, as in the previous volume, Mr. Wickham has given no conspectus of the important variations of reading below the text, according to the fashion now so common, which some would like made imperative. In this respect an excellent example had been set by Prof. Palmer. Not many of the important differ-

ences of reading are ignored in the notes, but some are; and in many cases even slight differences are highly instructive. Then, again, we miss any definite statement of the comparative weight of MSS. Mr. Wickham does not dissent from the general tendency among recent Horatian scholars to accept the "*V-princip*"; and he hesitates to accept Keller's grouping of the MSS. into classes, though unfortunately the book was printed too soon for him to refer to Dr. Gow's final disproof of it. But, while on other points he agrees with the Berlin school, he is far from sharing their somewhat trenchant methods. A cautious conservatism leads him to defend the traditional reading, even in places where the sense seems to call imperatively for the emender's hand. If any conjecture can be called certain it is Palmer's on *Sat. i. 6, 6*; this is mentioned, but not even discussed. A conjecture hardly less certain is *cerebrique tumultu* in *ii. 3, 208*, first printed by Horkel, proposed independently by Dr. Gow, and probably occurring also to other scholars; this again is not mentioned. Close by, in *v. 201*, it is hard to see how anyone can resist the arguments in favour of *cursum*. On *i. 1, 95*, the difficulty of the reading *quidam* is hardly touched, much less met. In *ii. 6, 70*, Palmer's *lentius* is almost irresistible; but it is likewise ignored. In *ii. 5, 90*, *ultra* has by far the best authority, and is not impossible; but Mr. Wickham silently reads *ultra*, it is to be admitted in excellent company. This is, perhaps, one of the cases where the long delay in issuing the work has proved injurious. It is somewhat surprising to find in an edition issued in 1891 that there has been but little opportunity to use a first-rate commentary like Kiessling's, published in 1885. It is to be noted, by the way, that Hirschfelder's edition of Orelli (1884) seems to be similarly ignored. In *Sat. ii. 3, 318*, *num tantum?* is clearly right; but Mr. Wickham says nothing of it, although it is Bentley's reading. Perhaps it would be worth noting, on *ii. 3, 216*, that *Posillam* is apparently only quoted from V. Madvig's famous interpretation of *magis* in *Sat. ii. 2, 29*, though undoubtedly wrong, was surely worth mentioning. In *Sat. i. 8, 15*, the retention of *quo* implies, as Mr. Wickham says, that *in* is understood; but the sense calls for *ex*, which cannot be supplied. Peerlkamp's neat correction *qui*, of which nothing is said, removes all difficulty.

It is hardly needful to remark that positive errors are few and trifling. Mr. Wickham need not have gone out of his way to sanction the common mistake that *census* means "income," which leads the schoolboy (and others) to believe that the poorest Roman senator had £8000 or £9000 a year. Exact philology will not allow us to call *divisse* or *surrece* contracted forms, nor to derive *assa* from *ardeo* (the poor *assa nutrix*!), nor to identify *lymphæ sans phrase* with *nympha*. It is unkind that when the printer has given "disyll." it should be branded as a misprint in *Sat. i. 5, 67*, though it is happily spared on *Ep. ii. 2, 120*. Mr. Wickham departs without advantage from the usual convention of using † to mark

corruptions, and uses it to denote conjectures (e.g., *Ep.* ii. 2, 89, and 114). It would have been better to reserve it for impossibilities like *Pyrria* and *diu palūs*. The note on *Sat.* ii. 2, 74, sadly needs revision.

The points raised above have been for obvious reasons drawn from the Satires rather than the Epistles; but perhaps it is not only closer familiarity with the latter which leads me to think that here Mr. Wickham's commentary is even more masterly in its clearness and sobriety. On the interesting question of the date of the *Ars Poetica*, it may be worth while placing on record that the judgment of that admirable critic, Prof. Sellar, in one of the latest communications with which he favoured me, inclined to the view which Mr. Wickham also prefers, that it stands latest in date of the works of Horace.

It would be tedious to discuss the cases in which Mr. Wickham's choice of a reading may seem open to question. He has usually strong reasons to give for the view that he prefers. But it is surely a very weak defence of *si raro scribis* (*Sat.* ii. 3, 1) to quote *perrupit Acheronta* from an Ode: *defendit* in *Sat.* i. 4, 82, would be much more to the point. Mr. Palmer banishes *tumidus* from i. 7, 7, as does Mr. Wickham in his text.

It is more difficult to feel sure in speaking about omissions in the explanatory notes. The judgment of an editor of Horace nowadays is shown as much in what he omits as in what he inserts. But has an editor no more to say on *solventur risu tabulae* than that "the general sense is plain, but the figure employed is uncertain"? It is at least possible to lay it down that *tabulae* cannot mean *tabellae*, and clear away one source of misconception; and we cannot go far wrong if we say that there must be a play upon the Twelve Tables, and some literal meaning of *tabulae*, either "planks" with Kiessling, or "bills of indictment" with Palmer. On *Sat.* i. 6, 75, Mr. Wickham's conservatism has led him to retain *oetonis*; but he should not have defended it by a vague reference to Becker's (not Bekker's) *Gallus*, without noting that in Goll's edition the basis of his argument is shattered, and that practically all good recent editors now follow the reading of the best MSS. The argument from the "assonance" is hard to follow; three verses lower down we have a line repeating *s* seven times.

In conclusion, it is only to be regretted that where so much has been done more should not have been added to secure completeness. The edition might have been a final one, so far at least as the present state of critical science goes; but this it cannot be held to be. Still less can it be said to make any contributions of marked value to the improvement of the text or the interpretation of the writer. It represents the judgment of a critic of exquisite taste and decidedly conservative tendencies on the material accessible to a diligent scholar some years back. For this we have every reason to be thankful. But there is much which the student will have to seek elsewhere, much which he cannot neglect without falling below the level of our present knowledge.

A. S. WILKINS.

SOME BOOKS ABOUT CHINA.

I-li; Cérémonial de la Chine Antique, avec des extraits des meilleurs commentaires. Traduit pour la première fois par C. de Harlez. (Paris: Maisonneuve.) This new work of the indefatigable professor of Louvain cannot fail to be received with gratitude by orientalists in general. It completes the translation of the three rituals of China; the two others being the *Tcheou-li*, translated by Ed. Biot (1851), and the *Li-ki*, by Prof. J. Legge in the "Sacred Books of the East" (1885). In contradistinction with the *Tcheou-li*, which concerns the duties of officials; and with the *Li-ki*, which is more than anything else an irregular collection of ancient fragments concerning the rites and the state compiled for the Han dynasty, the *I-li* is indeed the true ritual (throughout harmonious) of ancient China. It deals with the principal ceremonies and events of life in elaborate detail. Although re-cast in its present form at the time of the revival of literature under the Han dynasty, the enactments it contains belong by their style and circumstances to the middle period of the Tchou dynasty. The rites and rules, as well as the terms employed, do not fit any other time than the ninth and eighth centuries B.C. The *I-li* has been hitherto judged rather inaccurately by European scholars; and the present translation, which is easy and free, will cause it to be studied with interest by many. Printed by the new firm, J. B. Ista, at Louvain, the book is satisfactory in paper and neatness of type.

L'Ecole Philosophique moderne de la Chine; ou système de la Nature (Sing-li). By C. de Harlez. This work, which is reprinted from the forty-ninth volume of the *Mémoires de l'Académie de Belgique*, is intended to be an exposition of the views of Tcheou-tze, Tchang-tze, Shao-tze, Tchong-tze and Tchou-hi. The matter is clearly put forth and can be easily grasped by the reader interested in so tedious a subject. We can only congratulate the author upon his patience and devotion in making known the ideas of the philosophers of the middle ages in the Far East.

Notice sur la Chine. By Henri Cordier. (Paris: Lamirault.) The publishers of the *Grande Encyclopédie* have reprinted separately this article, which is intended to be a complete monograph of its subject. The whole matter is divided into sections, which can thus be conveniently referred to. Several of the sections, such as Demography, Ethnography, and Numismatics, are rather unsatisfactory, while Language might have been dealt with somewhat differently with advantage. Others, on the contrary, are treated with all the richness of information special to the sympathetic professor of modern history and geography of the Far East at the Ecole des Langues Orientales. Such, for instance, are the sections on Foreign Religions, Physical, Political, and Economical Geography, and Foreign Relations. The wood-cuts are too small and the map is not clear.

T. DE L.

CORRESPONDENCE.

στρατεία, στρατία, στρατιά.

Oxford: Feb. 16, 1891.

There is one very small point in the text of the new Aristotle on which it would be perhaps worth while to come to an understanding. I have little doubt myself that Mr. Kenyon is right in retaining the forms which he found in his MS., *στρατίαν* and *στρατίας*, and that he is wrong only in the accents. The accession of so high an authority as this MS. and the publication of the facsimile of Cod. Vaticanus (B) of the New Testament seem definitely to turn the scale in their favour. A full discussion of these

forms in *-ela* and *-ia* will be found in that repertory of exact scholarship, the "Notes on Orthography" at the end of Westcott and Hort's *Greek Testament* (p. 153). Dr. Hort sets down this particular form *στρατία* as doubtful, referring to Krüger on Thuc. i. 3. 4, and Stallbaum on Plat. *Phaedr.* 260 B; and in their text the Cambridge editors print *στρατία*. But I suspect that they would have decided differently if they had had the facsimile of the leading MS. before them. The word occurs twice in the New Testament. In the first place, 1 Cor. x. 3, the great mass of the uncials is in favour of *στρατία*, except B, which is quoted on the other side; but Tischendorf appears to be right in his suspicion that ε (which is written small under the right limb of τ) has been added by the (third?) corrector, who has also added the accent. In the other passage, 1 Tim. i. 18, B is not extant; but although SA have *στρατία*, the first hand of D, which on such a point is a good authority, has *στρατία*. I have not examined the readings in the Old Testament.

W. SANDAY.

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. HELMHOLTZ will celebrate his seventieth birthday on August 31. In honour of the anniversary, a marble bust of the professor will be prepared; and it is proposed that there shall be a Helmholtz medal, to be bestowed on the most eminent German and foreign physicists. An international committee has been formed for the purpose of carrying out these schemes. It will be remembered that Prof. Helmholtz's presence at the Montpellier commemoration last summer attracted much attention. He has now received from President Carnot the grand cross of the legion of honour.

THE fifty-fifth Hunterian Oration was delivered by Mr. Jonathan Hutchinson on Feb. 14, in the theatre of the Royal College of Surgeons. After paying a tribute to the memory of Matthews Duncan and John Marshall, a sketch was given of the life and work of Hunter (including a reference to his mother, who was also the grandmother of Joanna and Dr. Matthew Baillie). We may quote here the concluding words:—

"Lastly, in reference to our university schemes and curricula of education, let us remember Hunter's aphorism—that life precedes and causes organisation, not organisation life; and beware lest, by the premature imposition of a too artfully contrived organisation, we hinder the development of life."

M. G. LIPPMANN, a French physicist, claims to have discovered the means of photographing colours. He explained his discovery at the sitting of the Académie des Sciences on March 2. The method is of great simplicity. The plates are developed in exactly the same way as in ordinary photography, and the effect is permanent. M. Lippmann's description of his process is printed in the *Chronique des Arts*.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE excitement aroused by the publication of "Aristotle on the Athenian Constitution" has somewhat unjustly diverted attention from the Greek papyri found by Mr. Flinders Petrie two years ago at Kurob in the Fayoum. These, as readers of the ACADEMY know, were entrusted by him to Prof. Mahaffy and Mr. Sayce, who, amid a mass of legal and financial documents, were fortunate enough to discover not only some fragments of the *Phaedo* of Plato, but also a considerable portion of the "Antiope," a last play of Euripides. Facsimiles of both of these, with full details, will shortly appear in the *Transactions* of the Royal Irish Academy. Meanwhile, Prof. Mahaffy

has published in *Hermathena* (London: Longmans) all the longer pieces of the "Antiope," amounting to a little more than 120 lines in all. They are printed in bold inscriptional style, which fairly simulates the neat uncial characters of the original. They are, therefore, now at the disposal of scholars, for the subsequent process of emendation. The same number of *Hermathena* also contains some critical notes on passages in the Hebrew text of the Old Testament, by Prof. T. K. Abbott, which mainly consist in the removal of interpolated glosses—e.g., the whole of the passage in Ps. xl. 8, "In the roll of the book it is written of me"; some further critical notes on the Clementine Homilies, by the Rev. Dr. J. Quarry; Juvenalia, by Prof. A. Palmer; and an ingenious speculation by Mr. J. B. Bury, that the Empress Irene had made an offer of her hand to Charlemagne, with the object of uniting the Eastern and Western Empires.

THE February number of the *Classical Review* (David Nutt)—which is a double number, commencing the fifth volume—is full of interesting matter for all tastes, except that the etymologist, as usual, receives but scanty encouragement. Mr. J. G. Frazer writes from Greece, testifying that swallows there build their nests not under the eaves, but among the rafters; and the same scholar's "Golden Bough" is most sympathetically reviewed by Mr. W. W. Fowler, who has the advantage over other reviewers in having also read Mannhardt. The increasing attention paid to palaeography is shown not only by a further instalment of Dr. Schwenke's apparatus critics to the "De Natura Deorum," but also by the reviews of foreign texts bearing the names of E. C. Marchant, W. Wayte, G. McN. Rushforth, W. Peterson, and W. E. Heitland; while Mr. Robinson Ellis writes upon the only specimen yet discovered of a Roman classic written in Tironian symbols. From the review, we should judge that Peck's American edition of Suetonius is worthy of introduction into this country. In archaeology, Prof. Pelham reviews Haverfield's "Ephemeris Epigraphica"; and Messrs. C. Smith and F. Ll. Griffith, of the British Museum, describe an early Graeco-Egyptian bilingual dedication. Finally, we have, with two other translations, a rendering of "Rose Aylmer" into Greek elegiacs, by Mr. C. E. S. Headlam.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Jan. 31.)

PRINCIPAL A. W. WARD, president, in the chair.—Before a numerous audience of members and friends, Beethoven's music to Goethe's "Egmont" was successfully rendered by friends of the society, the connecting text by Bernays being read by the Rev. T. Quenzer. The president, in an introductory address, after remarking on the slow elaboration of "Egmont" by Goethe and on its adaptation in 1795, seven years after its first performance, by Schiller, dwelt on two points of view suggested by the drama: (1) Goethe's treatment of the historical groundwork, and (2) his presentment of the character of Egmont. The lecturer thought it probable that Goethe was attracted by the personality of Egmont rather than by the historical movement of the revolt of the Netherlands. Although the drama breathes throughout the deep aversion to a cruel despotism which in Goethe, as he himself remarked to Eckermann, was quite compatible with dislike of the French Revolution, there is in it no hint as to the duty of active resistance except in the seeming quibbles of the pettifogger Vansen, and in the desperate ecstasy of Clärchen. Goethe derived his material mainly from the old authorities which served Schiller shortly afterwards in his historical essay, *Der Abfall der Niederlande*, especially from

Strada, a Roman Jesuit, the conscientious writer of a History of the Insurrection, "after the manner" of Tacitus and Sallust. From Strada are taken many of Goethe's details, such as the account of the image-breakers in Flanders, Alva's jealousy of the Princess-Regent, the inimitable description of Margaret of Parma which Egmont gives to Clärchen. The figure of Alva's son, Ferdinand, and his attempt to save Egmont, though not taken from Strada, are historical. In his general treatment of his theme Goethe seized upon the essential character of the movement, conveying the true historical notion that the causes of the outbreak lay in the tyranny of Philip II.'s religious decrees and the fear of further oppression, while the subsequent chastisement of Alva's rule, in its turn, caused the prolonged struggle that followed. Not quite so easily as this historical framework does the historical Egmont accommodate himself to Goethe's hero. Strada, indeed, in his comparison of Egmont and Orange, recalls Goethe's characterisation of the two men in the famous scene of the second act. "Egmont," he says, "was a man of gay, open, and self-confident mind; the disposition of Orange was sombre, inscrutable, evasive. The former gained praise by his readiness of resource; but in the latter it was possible to put trust. Egmont was an Ajax, stronger in the field than in council; Orange a Ulysses, readier to contend indoors in debate than abroad in arms. . . . And to complete the unlikeness, Egmont was a man of extremely handsome features, strong-limbed, and full of dignity of aspect; Orange had a spare face, a bald head, and a sallow complexion. Both stood high above all others in the people's esteem, only that men loved Egmont, but Orange they worshipped." The truth is that Lamoral Count Egmont, Prince of Gavre, was, certain military gifts and courtly graces apart, a very ordinary man. He accompanied Charles V. as a lad on his African expedition, married a Bavarian princess, was made a Knight of the Golden Fleece, fought at the siege of Metz, and in 1554 headed the embassy to Queen Mary of England. In the ensuing war with France he held a high command, and gained the devotion of the army and the enthusiastic love of his people by the victories of St. Quentin and Gravelines. His pride and his grandeur, his extravagance and his joyous disposition, his pre-eminence in all manly exercises, blinded men to the fact that behind all these lay a disposition weak as wax, and a character unstable as water. Cardinal Granvella, the real author of Philip's policy in the Netherland, found out the true Egmont, and by a pregnant metaphor designated him as the friend of smoke. After joining Orange in the protestations against Granvella's policy addressed to the king, Egmont undertook an embassy to Spain, in which he allowed Philip's affability and promises of favours to blind him to his unyielding firmness of purpose in all matters of real importance. Towards the confederation of the nobles he maintained a doubtful attitude, and after the disturbances of the image-breakers, restored order in Flanders with merciless severity. But it was too late to avert his fate; he had already been doomed to destruction, with Orange, Hoerne, and other leaders of the nobility, before Alva's army began its northward march. A eulogistic letter from the king and Alva's courtesies lulled him into security; and, in spite of repeated warnings, he did not dare to fly. So he was caught easily; and hoping to the last through the dreary months of imprisonment, unresigned to his fate even on the scaffold, he died a martyr in spite of himself. This is the Egmont of history, but it is not Goethe's Egmont. Goethe's purpose is to exhibit his hero in the buoyant springtime of life; and this conception a figure like Clärchen could alone render complete. For him Egmont is a soldier crowned by victory, and a great noble whose voice carries weight in affairs of state; but first, and above all, he is the bright and genial child of nature, beloved of all—a man who leads his life with self-confidence and trust in human nature. He must be a patriot; for he is in instinctive sympathy with his people, whose sons he has led to battle, and whose cause he has espoused against the oppression of the foreigners. His statesmanship may fall as compared with that of an Orange; but if he knows not how to preserve his life for his country, he knows how to benefit her by his death.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, Feb. 13.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Miss Grace Latham read a paper on "Julia, Silvia, Hero, and Viola," comparing Shakspeare's treatment of these characters. Julia, in "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," is the first of his complex studies of women. It is written in disjointed parts and many styles, beginning with brilliant comedy of intrigue, each scene developing different qualities to the exclusion of others, so that we are given the impression of many, instead of one person. Silvia is simpler and more consistent, but wanting in the detail of his later works. She is the strong, self-sustained, as Julia is the weak woman, needing support; and they form the starting-point of two of Shakspeare's principal feminine types. Hero is an over-disciplined example of the second of these. Her training has been an external tyranny, not an educating process carried on with the active co-operation of her will. Hence her power of independent action and self-assertion is gone. She fails in the great crisis of her life, and Don John's slander triumphs for the time. Hero is also a specimen of a character chiefly displayed through hints and indications, whose dramatic capabilities lie more in the situations given to it than in any strength or brilliancy of its own. Viola has the strong passion of Julia and the nervous timidity of Hero, with a power of endurance all her own. Her faculties have been developed and harmonised by a discipline carried to the farthest possible point by her own indomitable will. Infinitely complex though this character is, no part is elaborated at the expense of the rest, the dominant qualities running right through it, no matter how much the style of writing may be changed. Miss Latham also pointed out the extreme difficulty of this character, arising from its subtlety. The reader is tempted to lay too much stress on its poetry, the actress on its comedy; and it is necessary to avoid this—to draw a line between Viola, the romantic, passionate, poetic woman, and Cesario, the fashionable spoilt page, the real and the assumed characters, which form the dramatic side of the part. Associated with these is the soul-life of the tender-hearted, thoughtful girl, not forcible enough to bear alone the weight of the piece as a heroine must do, but adding greatly to the beauty of the part, its interest and value as a study of an ideal woman.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, Feb. 13.)

THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE, in the chair.—Mr. Henry E. West read a paper on "Some Views of Art according to Ruskin, and otherwise," which subject he approached from a lay standpoint as one who, while admiring the beauty of Ruskin's teaching, saw room in the world for widely divergent theories of art. The views expressed by the great English art critic could not be too much studied in the light of truth to nature and appreciation of beauty. To make all handicraft noble by setting up an ideal of beauty, to endeavour to bring beauty into the lives of all men and women, to make art and life go hand in hand: such is Ruskin's creed and his practice. In art, however, there is room for teachers who do not use the same methods; and energy, force, passion, have their parts to play—like life, they must be viewed as parts of a whole. We shall not quarrel with realism, if it is picturesque, nor banish the classic, because it has not been a sufficiently good customer of the tailor or the draper. Just as in the poetic artist we prize that passionate love of nature, undisciplined; but firing our hearts at once, as in Swinburne, twenty times more than the declamatory morality of Cowper, so many of us must welcome creative art, free but divine, though its language be not that of the pulpit. In fine, art of all kinds is wide—wide as humanity—and should not be narrowed in the interests of any one virtue, but to the interpreter of nature, one touch of which makes the whole world kin.—A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Robjols, Viney, Peartree, Southey, and the chairman took part.

FINE ART.

Manual of Archaeology. By Talfourd Ely. (Grevel.)

A MANUAL of Archaeology is much needed. Mr. Ely's book has, however, no claim to be called by such a title. It is not a Manual of Archaeology, but an Introduction to the Study of Greek Sculpture, a subject with which Mr. Ely is manifestly familiar, and which he treats, if not with much insight, yet with sufficient and commendable erudition. Unfortunately, to justify the unjustifiable title he has chosen, he has been induced to devote nearly half his space to a superficial discussion of matters with which he has only a second-hand acquaintance, while whole regions of archaeological science are left untouched.

In his own department the merits of the book are so considerable that no greater service can be rendered to the author than to point out, in a friendly spirit, the shortcomings which should be remedied in future editions. In a book advertised as a Manual of Archaeology, we are entitled to expect that some account should be given of the results of the recent archaeological surveys of France, Palestine, and India, of Jain temples, of Buddhist caves, and of the archaeological treasures of Burma, China, Japan, Yucatan, Mexico, and Peru. Coming nearer home, the catacombs of Rome and the unique collection in the Lateran Museum of Christian Archaeology should not be left unnoticed; something should be said of Gnostic gems, of Scandinavian and Irish brooches, of Celtic crossiers, bells, and reliquaries; of the so-called Runic crosses, and the sculptured stones of Ireland, Scotland, and Northumbria; of monumental brasses, armour, painted glass, and of the contents of such collections as the Grüne Gewölbe at Dresden, the Cluny Museum at Paris, and the Arsenal at Venice.

To Roman archaeology, one of the two main departments to which Mr. Ely promises to give special attention, he should have allotted more than three pages, one of which is occupied by certain familiar lines of poetry which have nothing to do with Roman art, and by a superfluous "illustration" which fills half a page, but is not even described in the text. Only two lines are devoted to amphitheatres, baths, aqueducts, triumphal arches and columns; while such characteristic works of Roman magnificence and style as the Pantheon, the theatre of Marcellus, the baths of Diocletian, and the Antonine column are left unmentioned. Even this superficial sketch of Roman archaeology is inexact; the Tabularium, built in 78 B.C., being classed with the Servian walls as belonging to the very earliest epoch, while the substructures of the Palatine, which do belong to this period, are not mentioned.

The vast subject of Prehistoric Archaeology occupies less than six pages of text. The lake-dwellings are dismissed in eight lines, kitchen-middens in four, barrows in one, nurhags in another. Brief as is this summary, Mr. Ely has contrived to say enough to make it possible to gauge the limitations of his knowledge. Thus, all the lake-dwellings are assigned to the

Neolithic age; whereas most of them belong to the age of bronze, and several come down to that of iron. We are told that the Neolithic implements were "often of jade," whereas jade, and even jadeite, is extremely rare. Cromlechs and Dolmens are assumed to be identical, despite the convenient distinction laid down by the French archaeologists, and now generally adopted.

It would have been wiser to have omitted the chapter on Egyptian archaeology, which is superficial and inadequate, displaying no first-hand acquaintance with the subject, but mainly compiled from Maspero, with the introduction of a few inaccurate statements, which a real knowledge of the subject would have made impossible. Thus, a plan, taken from Maspero, of the most perfect of the group of temples at Karnak, is labelled "Plan of the Temple at Khonsu," as if Khonsu had been a place instead of being the name of the moon-god in the great Theban triad. And yet Mr. Ely boasts in his Preface that "accuracy of detail has been conscientiously attempted." This makes it the more necessary to give a few more instances of similar slips. Mr. Ely gives Maspero as his authority for the statement that the Hittite "language was much in vogue in the fashionable world of Egypt." Turning up the reference to Maspero, which is given in a note, it appears that Mr. Ely has misunderstood his own authority. Maspero, after speaking of the Hittites, goes on to mention "the dialects of Syria," and enumerates as a proof of Semitic influences a number of purely Semitic words which appear in the records of the XIXth Dynasty. Mr. Ely can hardly have supposed that biblical Hebrew was the language spoken by the Hittites, and he should have been able to recognise ordinary Hebrew words.

More excuse may be made for the unguarded repetition of Maspero's statement that, in the human-headed sphinxes of the Hyksos period, found at Tanis, "the nose is aquiline and depressed at the tip." If Mr. Ely had examined the three Hyksos sphinxes in the *ci-devant* Boulag museum he might have discovered that in two cases these aquiline noses are modern restorations, so modelled in conformity with the now exploded theory that the Hyksos were eagle-nosed Semitic Bedouins. The nose of the third sphinx, which has fortunately escaped mutilation, is, however, of a wholly different type, tip-turned, flat, broad, and stumpy.

Far too sweeping is the statement that "till Roman times the ancient world is for us in great part a blank." Even leaving Herodotus and the Old Testament out of account, it may be affirmed that we have more authentic knowledge of the early history of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia than of the early history of Rome. The greater monuments of Thebes, their wall-faces forming a picture gallery of the Asiatic exploits of Egyptian monarchs, are all older than the Exodus, the account of the campaign of Shishak against Rehoboam seeming quite modern in comparison with the records which surround it. It might be said that the monumental history which is re-

corded on the Theban walls ended centuries before any authentic history of Rome begins. So also the monumental history of Nineveh and the records in her libraries cease at about the date assigned to the foundation of Rome.

Mr. Ely devotes a whole chapter to the art of Judaea, about which even specialists know next to nothing, and about which he necessarily knows still less. Thus, he informs us that "the exact form of the seven-branched candlestick was hotly disputed, till it occurred to some of the disputants to notice its image on the arch of Titus." This sneer is wholly undeserved. Reland, the earliest writer on the subject, in his book *De Spoliis Templi*, which was published in 1716, engraves prominently the representation of the candlestick from the Arch of Titus, and bases his whole argument upon it. The discussion among "the disputants" to which Mr. Ely apparently refers turned merely on the point how far the descriptions given by Josephus and in the Talmud could be reconciled with the representation on the Arch.

The account of the discoveries at Jerusalem is confusing and confused. We are told that the substructures of the Haram "unearthed by English explorers" prove that "the architecture of the Temple was essentially Egyptian in character." Yet, in spite of its Egyptian character, this massive masonry is referred to "the Tyrian artists who in B.C. 1013 began the building of Solomon's Temple." Mr. Ely might have known that De Sauley's crude opinions have long been overthrown, the drafted masonry of these substructures, by comparison with the remains of the palace erected by Hyrcanus at 'Arak el Emir being proved not to be older than 176 B.C., and almost certainly of Herodian age, the influence being Greek and not Egyptian.

Among the existing remains of Solomon's work Mr. Ely includes "the eastern portico long known as Solomon's Porch." There are no existing traces of any such building. When the Crusaders reached Jerusalem they found the ruins of Justinian's Church of St. Mary, which was completed in 532 A.D., to which ruins they gave the names of Solomon's Temple and Solomon's Porch. The nave of the church was widened and enlarged by the Crusaders, and is now known as the Mosque el Aksa. Another portion of the ruins of Justinian's Church was supposed by the Crusaders to be the Solomon's Porch of the New Testament, a porch which Josephus, following the popular legend, erroneously attributed to Solomon. We are next informed that the "Egyptian monolith" near Siloam has been referred to Solomon's age. This information is given on the authority of Lenormant, who took it from De Sauley. It is another of De Sauley's dreams, the curved cornice, which suggested the idea of an Egyptian origin, being also found in the so-called Tomb of Absalom, which is Graeco-Roman in style. This "Egyptian monolith," instead of being the oldest tomb near Jerusalem, as Mr. Ely, following the dangerous guidance of Lenormant, affirms, is now believed to be somewhat later than the tomb of the Beni Hezir, which, with its Doric columns and triglyphs,

is not older than the first century B.C. If Mr. Ely had consulted the publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund, which have dissipated so many of the old illusions, instead of following the obsolete conjectures of De Sauley and Lenormant, he would have avoided these and other errors.

The account of the Moabito Stone is not so accurate as could be wished. It is not, as we are told, the oldest inscription in Phœnician characters, one of the Baal Lebanon inscriptions being considerably older. Then we are informed that "the villagers split the stone into fragments, and each pocketed one." The larger fragments in the Louvre are too massive to be "pocketed"; and the fragments were not pocketed by each villager, but were distributed among the different families of the tribe as charms to be placed in their granaries, in order to serve as blessings on the corn. In the account given of the inscription Mr. Ely confuses Mesha's own statements with the narrative contained in the Book of Kings. Mr. Ely says the inscription "tells of the deeds of Mesha against Omri, Ahab, and Ahaziah"; whereas the inscription only mentions Omri and his son, while the name of Ahaziah, introduced from the Book of Kings, should rather have been Jehoram.

The Eshmunazar Sarcophagus, we are told, "shows by its inscriptions that it was appropriated from an Egyptian owner. This is not stated or shown in either of the two well-known inscriptions; though the sarcophagus is in the Egyptian style, and was probably made in Egypt. Mariette fancied that he saw on the base traces of hieroglyphics; which no one has been able to decipher, and no one but himself to see. But the position assigned to them shows that they cannot be records of any earlier appropriation, although, if they exist, it is possible they may be the trade-mark of the maker or the exporter.

The chapter on Etruscan archaeology is meagre, and, to some extent, obsolete. Thus we are told that "the Etruscans have carved their writings on their tombs, but all efforts to interpret their meaning have as yet proved fruitless." This statement might have passed muster twenty years ago. Now, however, thanks chiefly to the labours of Deecke and Pauli, the grammatical suffixes have been detected, and the common recurrent words have been determined, so that most of the mortuary inscriptions can be read with certainty.

The statement, that on "Etruscan mirrors the letters of inscriptions are always Etruscan and not Greek," is misleading. The Etruscan was an old Greek alphabet of the Chalcidian type, and on some mirrors—for example, on the famous *Patera Caspiana*, representing the birth of Minerva, which is proved to be Etruscan by the Etruscan names of the deities, every one of the twenty letters is of the Chalcidian type.

It is pleasant to be able to praise almost unreservedly that portion of the volume which deals with Greek art. Here Mr. Ely is evidently at home; and the descriptions of statues and buildings have been compiled with considerable pains, exhibiting the merits as well as the defects of the school

in which the writer has been trained. More attention is paid to details than to principles. The cardinal principle of the evolution of type has not been fully grasped. Thus, the stages by which the later types of Aphrodite were gradually evolved from that of the Cypriote Astarte are not worked out. Though the evolution of the Greek temple from a wooden structure is fully admitted, we have the contradictory suggestion that the horizontal lintel, the Doric column, and the arrangement of the temple may have been borrowed by the Greek architects from Egyptian temples or the rock-cut tombs at Beni Hassan. A brief account is given of Lydian architecture, while that of Lycia, which throws so much light on the evolution of the Greek temple, is not described.

Mr. Ely essays to adopt the affected spelling of Greek names now in fashion, forgetful of the fact that the alphabet he uses is that of Italy and not of Greece; and like those whose example he follows, he is necessarily inconsistent. He writes Cyrus and Croesus. Why, then, Dareios; or, if he must needs be pedantic, why not Dāryavush? If Themistokles, then why Sophocles? If Hephaistos, Heraion, and Polykleitos, why Mycenae and Piræus? Dioskuri, Paconios, Dionysos, and Hymettos are mere mongrels—neither one thing nor the other.

Each chapter is headed in somewhat professorial style with a list of "books recommended." Books obsolete or untrustworthy are sometimes "recommended," while indispensable works are omitted. The publications of the Palestine Exploration Fund are not recommended. Semitic epigraphy is treated without reference to the Corpus or even to Schröder. For Rome and Etruria Martha's Manual, a very second-rate book, is recommended, and Otto Richter and Fabretti are passed over. As to prehistoric archaeology no mention is made of the indispensable works of Cartailhac, De Mortillet, Nilsson, and Anderson.

The book is advertised as containing 114 illustrations. The illustrations are there, most of them good, a few indifferent. Many are old friends, borrowed without acknowledgment; and in several cases, instead of the illustrations being engraved to illustrate the text, the text seems to have been written up to fit illustrations that were available.

Full credit should be given to the publishers for the way in which the book has been got up, type and paper leaving nothing to be desired; but they should have protested against the misleading title. A Manual of Archaeology in 258 pages of large type is an impossibility. Such a task is not within the compass of any single scholar. Like Dr. Ivan Müller's *Handbuch* or Roscher's *Lexicon*, it could only be accomplished by the associated labours of many specialists. Even compilation from popular French manuals requires an amount of independent knowledge, ranging over such a wide field, that no one man is likely to possess it. Mr. Ely, therefore, should not be blamed so much for having necessarily failed, as for having essayed a task on the face of it impossible. At the same

time, he deserves to be thanked for having given us several really valuable chapters on a department of archaeology of which he is fully competent to treat. It is unfortunate that the high level attained in these chapters throws into relief the deficiencies of the rest. If the whole book, like some parts of it, had been merely a popular and sloppy compilation, it might have been judged by an altogether different standard; but, if one-half of a book appeals to scholars, and the other half only to the "general reader," it would be a poor compliment to the author not to place him in the higher category, and to require throughout the knowledge and minute accuracy which we are entitled to demand from experts.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

AN exhibition of drawings acquired for the British Museum during the last seven years or so has been arranged in the cases recently occupied by the Japanese drawings. It will be opened early next month.

THE Earl of Carlisle has been elected an hon. member of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours; Mr. Charles Robertson a member; and Messrs. Charles E. Fripp, E. R. Hughes, and Thomas M. Rooke, associates.

THE exhibitions to open next week include a collection of prints illustrative of the French revival of etching, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club in Savile-row; and a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. Charles J. Watson, entitled "Through Normandy," at Mr. Robert Dunthorne's, in Vigo-street.

THE series of articles on "Nottinghamshire Crosses," which were contributed by Mr. A. Stapleton to the *Antiquary* during 1887-9, have been re-written. They are to be reprinted in the *Mansfield Advertiser*, after which 100 copies will be published in book-form.

The second general meeting of the Hellenic Society for the present session will be held at 22, Albemarle-street on Monday, February 23, at 5 p.m., when the following papers will be read: "The Life and Work of Dr. Schliemann," by Prof. Percy Gardner; and "The Erechtheum," by R. W. Schultz.

THE committee of the Society for the Preservation of the Monuments of Ancient Egypt, having obtained permission from the Egyptian Government to undertake the repair of the Great Temple of Karnak, has decided to appropriate £500 towards that purpose, and also to issue an appeal for subscriptions to a special fund. The work will be entrusted to the Public Works Department, of which Sir Colin Scott Moncrieff is chief; and it will be carried out under the personal supervision of Col. Ross, in consultation with Grand Bey, the architect to the department. The hon. treasurer of the special fund is Mr. F. G. Hilton Price, of Child's Bank, Temple Bar.

WE quote the following from the Cairo correspondent of the *Times*:—

"Further details about the recent discovery of antiquities at Luxor state that three galleries have been opened, situated at the bottom of a shaft 48ft. deep. One gallery was found to be empty; the others contained 152 mummies intact, of which 149 are of the XXth and two of the XIXth Dynasty. There have also been found 110 cases containing statues and votive offerings, 77 papyri, and statues of Isis, Nephtis, and Osiris, and also large quantities of other valuable treasures. The entire find has been loaded without injury into barges for transport to Cairo, after being catalogued by M. Grébaut."

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE second of Señor Albeniz's series of concerts took place at St. James's Hall last Thursday week. The reading of the Schubert Trio in B flat was somewhat sentimental, while that of Beethoven's Sonata in C sharp minor by the concert-giver was tame and unpoetical. Señor Albeniz was far more successful in a Scarlatti piece which he gave by way of encore. Señor Arbos, the new Spanish violinist, played two solos: the Adagio from Spohr's ninth Concerto and Bach's Fugue in G minor. His intonation is good and his technique sound, and, moreover, he is a highly intelligent artist. Miss Marguerite Hall and Mr. Courtice Pounds were the vocalists.

On the evening of the same day Mr. Henschel gave his fifth Symphony concert, and the date (February 12) being so close to the anniversary of Wagner's death, the programme was almost entirely devoted to the works of that master. The performance of the "Meistersinger" Overture was not altogether a happy one, but the "Parsifal" Prelude, with exception of the "Faith" phrase for brass, went remarkably well. The "Ride of the Valkyries" makes a good closing piece, but should not have come after the solemn Prelude. Herr Richter has sometimes followed with a Liszt "Rhapsody." This is quite as bad, though perhaps not so cruel as to kill Wagner with Wagner. One of the great attractions of the evening was the Monologue and Duet from the second act of the "Meistersinger." Mr. and Mrs. Henschel sang with great charm and dramatic feeling, and the orchestra for this excerpt was under the intelligent guidance of Mr. Hollander. The performance of the "Eroica" left something to desire. The opening movement, however, was interpreted with much power. The hall was crowded.

The Crystal Palace Concerts recommenced last Saturday afternoon, when Herr Stavenhagen gave a crisp rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte Concerto in B flat. Though published as No. 2, it was actually written before the one in C, known as No. 1. As in most of the composer's early works, the influence of Mozart here makes itself strongly felt; but the music is decidedly bright and pleasing, and it is strange that the work has not been heard at the Palace since it was played here by Mr. Franklin Taylor in 1870. The performance of Schumann's D minor Symphony, under Mr. Manns's direction, was superb; it is only here that full justice is done to the

orchestral works of this master. The programme included Miss Ellicott's clever Dramatic Overture, written for the Gloucester Festival of 1886, and Bizet's "Carmen" Suite. Mme. Fanny Moody and Mr. C. Manners were successful as the vocalists.

Mr. Augustus Harris gave the first of his "Lenten Oratorios" at Covent-garden Theatre on Saturday. The work chosen for this opening evening was the "Elijah." The experiment is a novel and interesting one, and seems likely to succeed. The band and chorus, six hundred in number, were excellent; but the tenors and basses were so placed that their voices did not come out well, and, besides, the conductor (Mr. A. Randegger) did not have them under perfect control. The performance was a good one. The principal vocalists were Miss Anna Williams, Miss M. Mackenzie, and Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills. The last-named sang the "Prophet" music with more vigour than at the last performance of the Oratorio at the Albert Hall. There was a very large audience.

Beethoven's Quartet in E minor (Op. 59, No. 2) was finely interpreted at the Popular Concert on Monday evening by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti. M. Max Pauer was the pianist, and in his solo, Rheinberger's Toccata (Op. 12), displayed skill and intelligence. There is more science than inspiration in this clever piece; and the pianist, perhaps, pleased the audience better in Beethoven's "Andante favori," which he gave by way of encore, and with much taste. The programme included Spohr's "Larghetto and Rondo" (Op. 67, No. 2) for two violins, played by Messrs. Joachim and Straus. Mr. Hirwen Jones was the vocalist.

Mr. Max Pauer gave a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on Wednesday afternoon. His performance of Bach's interesting Toccata and Fugue in F sharp minor was excellent. He also deserves much praise for his intelligent and expressive reading of Beethoven's poetical Sonata in E (Op. 109), although the theme of the last movement was taken at a little too slow a rate. In two of Schumann's "Paganini" Studies, in Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in F minor, and in an Etude in F by the same master, Mr. Pauer showed off his fine technique to immense advantage. But he was not so successful in Grieg's Ballade in G minor; for he has not yet caught the wayward spirit of the Scandinavian composer. The programme also included pieces by Rubinstein and Liszt, and "Walzer" by the concert-giver.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

"PRIME MINISTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA."—*Lord Melbourne.* By Henry Dunckley. (Sampson Low.)

It must be with a sharp pang of envy that the modern politician traces the political career of William Lamb. In times divided from our own by little more than two generations of men, times within the memory of persons still living, it was possible to be a member of parliament without the drudgery of caucuses or the bond-service of leagues and federations, to vote according to your caprice or even according to your conscience, indifferent to the humours of constituencies, to follow your party and be no slave, to attack your party and not be outlawed, to leap suddenly into high office without the previous immodesty of perpetual self-advertisement, to lead a party and never be its servant, to be the first minister of the crown and neither its tyrant nor its sycophant. Mere Whigs dwelt in this Arcadia *fortunati nimium*. Their family, their clique, or their purse, gave them a seat. During the long years of opposition they might please themselves as to what use they made of it. No leaders troubled them with remonstrances; there was but rarely need to coax constituents or solicit mandates. Whether they chose to support Lord Sidmouth's policy, or to deprecate Mr. Plunket's proposals, to demand resumption of cash payments, or to support a Corn Bill, their seat in the Commons and their exclusion from office were equally assured. Lapse of time, old age, death, began to disintegrate the Liverpool phalanx; even from the Tories the flowing tide ebbed at last. A fortunate crisis and a bold venture into the eddies of intrigue gave the young Whig a brief spell of office; and then came 1830 and suddenly he was a minister, a hero and the leader of a people. A few years of anxious but useful labour, abundance of great opportunities much chequered by failure, and he enters the pantheon of the Queen's prime ministers, and his life is written by Mr. Dunckley.

Something like this was the lot of Lord Melbourne. He entered parliament at twenty-six; he took office at forty-eight; he was fifty-five when he assumed the prime ministership, and sixty-two when he laid it down; and all the time it was no easy matter to say how he came to such high places, or by what virtues he so well justified his occupation of them. He never "stumped" the country; he had no "magnetism," nor any magic of eloquence; his statecraft was only common sense; his industry was industriously cloaked with indolence; and yet he was an excellent

home secretary and a good prime minister, and all with one half the labour, and, as the modern politician may think, less than half the talent that is needed now to secure a Vice-Presidency of the Council or a Governorship of Madras. Even after death his works still follow him. His fame receives solemn interment in Mr. McCullagh Torrens's book and kindly resuscitation in Mr. Dunckley's, and political students feel towards him the gratitude of tired men for his whimsicalities and the affection of cynics for his unostentatious amiability.

Except ample means, there was in Melbourne's case hardly anything which might thoroughly account for the success of his career. His family was neither very old, nor very noble, nor very distinguished. His education was exceedingly desultory. He attached himself to no particular leader and piqued himself upon no particular attainments. But, as he himself said, "The Whigs are all cousins," and those Whigs who were not his own cousins were his wife's. Through her he was connected with Gray and Spencer, Ponsonby and Althorp; and his own alliances extended even further afield. Huskisson had married a cousin of his, and through Huskisson he was in touch with Canning. Swayed by all these influences in his first political decade, he was a somewhat oscillating politician. He was introduced to Brooks by Mr. Fox himself; but after a while he drifted towards the small quasi-radical party, of which Whitbread and Althorp were leaders, and later on veered towards Canning and the new Conservatism. He was slow to throw himself into the cause of parliamentary reform, but when he had adopted the cause he showed himself much more of a Radical than many a more ardent reformer. Yet he was not intrinsically of the stuff of which fighting Radicals are made. To one kind of Radical a law is something to be repealed; to another it is something to be broken. The Whig was devoted to certain principles of politics, or perhaps of political sentiment, which he had learned in his youth and embraced with conviction; he differed from the philosophic Radical in having less reason but, perhaps, more passion—so far as a member of a buckram aristocracy can be said to be passionate—for the faith that was in him. But, by nature, Melbourne was none of these. He did not wish to break the laws; he came of a respectable family newly raised to the peerage. He was not eager to repeal them, for he had no enthusiasm for change in itself, or perhaps for anything else; and repealing laws was taking a world of trouble for a purely problematical gain. He had not any special faith in principles, for his training was chilling to all faith and relaxing to every principle. He was by nature of the stuff of which Conservatives are made. He had studied the history and theory of the constitution with care, and had no mind to destroy it for nothing. He thought a familiar injustice often more tolerable than any will-o'-the-wisp of perfect right; and he was too *blasé* in private to expect much of the future in public. But his lot was cast in with the Whigs in an

adventure in which to be thoroughgoing without faintheartedness was the only path of safety; and his clear and logical understanding carried him far beyond many of his fellow Whigs, and contributed not a little to the successes of the Whig administrations. His "Why can't you let it alone?" when his colleagues proposed to him projects of reform, was not the indication of a lazy man or of an unprincipled man; it meant that he was too deeply impressed with the complex difficulties of things as they are to be sanguine of his own powers of arriving at a new world of things as they should be. But his policy, when he was willing to move and could get his own way, was thoroughgoing and beneficent. There is so much of feebleness and discredit about the later ministerial days of Melbourne and his colleagues that one is apt to forget how much of honest intention and genuine achievement is really theirs. Because they were "filled with the virtue of patience, and wholly lacking in the grace of resignation," because they were entangled in difficulties with crowns and courts, and hampered by the opposition of the House of Lords, their merits are apt to be overlooked. Yet, in fact, they carried an ample share of English reforms; and no government has ever more genuinely attempted to deal fairly with Ireland, though the cost to their own popularity was present and certain, and the thanks of the Irish members and their countrymen were both future and contingent.

These things Mr. Dunckley points out clearly and justly in this book. His drawing of Melbourne is clear, reasonable, and sympathetic; and he is peculiarly successful in writing with tact and judgment about the difficulties into which he fell with his own wife, and with the wives of other people. He speaks kindly of the follies of Lady Caroline, and extends to them the forgiveness which the husband himself freely gave. In the other matter he is content to say, what is all that history can usefully record, that Melbourne was acquitted by the non-suit of a judge and the verdict of a jury. But it is to be regretted that the book is either no longer or so long. The best parts of it—those which are personal to Melbourne—are, in the main, excellent. But why a chapter on his early political life, when party allegiance sat lightly upon him, should be headed "Political Land-Surveying," and another, describing his incomparably kindly and judicious assistance to the Queen at Windsor after her accession, should be labelled "Regius Professor," it passes the wit of reviewer to divine. Even their author cannot suspect these phrases of wit, and the choice lies between regarding them as meaningless or as misleading. There are many passages in the book, introductory, explanatory, and didactic, which would have fitted in very well if the scheme of the book had been that of a general history; but in a particular biography, as they stand, they seem rather irrelevant. There is an account of the Coke family, which is curious but remote; and we have sketches of Althorp and of Huskisson, which are well enough but not more appropriate than brief biographies of Lord Eldon, Mr. Canning, Mr. Herries,

or Lord Grey. Stanley's zeal in the coercion debate of 1833 is a thing always worth recalling, but it has, perhaps, less to do with Melbourne than with any other minister of the time. Quite a large proportion of the pages contain no mention either of Melbourne's name or of his works; and they do not sufficiently explain his policy or position to justify their presence in a short book where every line is wanted for the subject itself. Add to this, that there is some undignified English—"drawing the long bow" (p. 57), "showing the white feather" (p. 58), "setting the Liffey on fire" (p. 120), "new combinations were on the cards" (p. 139), "the symbol of royal authority was travelling post-chaise through the Highlands" (p. 179) (which means that Brougham took the Great Seal with him to Scotland)—and there is an occasional lapse into the diction of a morning paper:

"In due time the Queen was crowned. Happily we have among our recent memories an event which eclipses the splendour of her coronation. It is lost in the stately magnificence of her jubilee, and in the sentiments of loyalty and gratitude and chastened pride which it called forth in all parts of the land."

These are blemishes inconsiderable in themselves, but all the more striking in contrast with the general merit of the book. In a second edition, perhaps, they can be removed; but in the first they justify a critic in following George Primrose's cousin in praising the works of Pietro Perugino, and observing that the picture might have been better if the painter had taken more pains.

Yet it would be ungracious to conclude by reference only to the comparatively few demerits of this *Life*; and Mr. Dunckley's description of what is, on the whole, Melbourne's best title to recollection, his personal services to the Queen from 1837 to 1839, is worth quoting at length:

"The Queen could not be left to grope her way alone through the difficulties of her new position. To instruct her in its technical duties was an easy matter—a month's experience would suffice for that. But it was desirable that she should understand her duties in a much larger sense: that she should learn something of the history and principles of the constitution, that she should know the several parts assigned to the Lords, the Commons, and the Crown, and the practical as distinct from the theoretic relations in which they stood to each other. No pedagogue could do this . . . It was suggested that the Queen should be furnished with a private secretary . . . who should assist her in routine duties and offer occasional advice; but it was felt that such an arrangement would be inadequate, and for many reasons undesirable. The position and qualifications of the Prime Minister supplied an easier solution of the difficulty. Melbourne had in fact already undertaken the task. The Queen naturally looked to him for advice, not only on matters of state, but in what was expected of her in discharging the everyday functions of royalty. He thus slid by degrees into an office without a name, which combined in itself the duties of private secretary and tutor. They were distinct from those which belonged to him as the head of the government, and he knew how to keep them well apart. The disinterestedness, the self-negation, the absolute loyalty with which he acquitted himself in this delicate position were admitted by those of his eminent contemporaries who were best qualified to form an opinion. It is a remarkable tribute to his

character that his political rivals regarded him without jealousy or an atom of suspicion. There were some mutterings of discontent among inferior men, but no dissatisfaction was expressed by Wellington or Peel. They knew that he had undertaken a difficult but indispensable task, one which was imposed upon him by the position he occupied and of which they themselves, when they came into office, would reap the benefit. He was a Whig no doubt, perhaps he was something less; but at any rate he was an honest-hearted Englishman, in no merely conventional sense a gentleman, in whose perfect honour no one hesitated to place entire reliance."

J. A. HAMILTON.

A Vision of Saints. By Lewis Morris.
(Kegan Paul & Co.)

A Vision of Saints carries out a design, long entertained by the author, of "attempting for the beautiful Christian legends and records what has so often been done for the mythology of Greece." The poet, like Dante, passes through heaven in the company of an angelic guide, who relates the history of certain saints, selected presumably as specially representative of Christian heroism and endeavour. The stories of the Sleepers of Ephesus and of Saint Christopher are first told, with some apology for their legendary character; a sketch of Antoninus Pius follows; and then succeed in chronological order a series of nineteen biographies of Christians, beginning with Saints Perpetua and Felicitas, and ending with Father Damien. This outline of the plan of the poem will indicate the two points of view from which it invites criticism—first, as a representation of the meaning and history of Christianity; and secondly, as a work of poetic art.

Considered as a representation of Christianity, Mr. Morris's poem lacks breadth of view: it contents itself with a picture of one aspect or type of Christianity. The author is undecided whether he shall deal with the legends or the records which his preface classes together in spite of their essential difference. He begins with seven biographies of martyrs and saints which, viewed as a selection of representative Christians, are clearly legendary. There is nothing of Ignatius, Polycarp, Origen, or Cyprian; the great names of historic Christianity are avoided. A representation of Christianity, which tells the stories of Alexis and Dorothea, and says nothing of Cyprian: is obviously inadequate except as a representation of legendary Christianity. But the eighth saint is Francis of Assisi, and after him come Elizabeth of Hungary, Saint Roch, and Catharine of Siena. Two of these are historic in the truest sense. But Mr. Morris deals with Francis and Catharine from the legendary rather than the historic side; they are not brought before us in their historical reality. After Catharine we come suddenly upon George Herbert, and, leaving legends behind us, conclude our heavenly survey with pictures of Bunyan, Martyn, Mrs. Fry, and Father Damien. This short sketch of the contents of the *Vision* is sufficient to show that it identifies Christianity too closely with a spirit of aloofness from the joy and energy of life—a spirit of self-

renunciation and self-denial which conceives of these virtues as ends in themselves. Christianity from this point of view is eloquently and sympathetically presented, but it is not a Christianity which nowadays will satisfy all of us. Mr. Morris tells the painful story of Alexis with sympathy and power; but most of his readers could have spared Alexis altogether for an adequate presentation of Catharine of Siena, whose influence and place in the history of her time Mr. Morris entirely fails to appreciate.

We must turn now to the value of *A Vision of Saints* as poetry. It is written throughout in singularly clear and graceful blank verse. The flow of verse is less spontaneous and slightly more conventional in diction than the *Epic of Hades*; there is no passage quite so musical as parts of Mar-syas, nor is there any rhetoric so passionate and strong as the conclusion of the earlier volume. The movement and cadence are still Tennysonian, but any obvious imitation is avoided. Mr. Morris's blank verse does not rise to the highest level of poetic art: a few lines of "Tithonus" at once make us impatient of his best efforts; but among poets of the second rank he takes an important place. Throughout his long poem his verse is never trivial: passages of dignified narrative, of graceful description, of eloquent pathos, succeed each other in pleasant alternation, without any failure of ear or relaxation of artistic effort on the part of the poet. In imaginative and dramatic power the poem is disappointing. The even excellence of the versification tends to emphasise the absence of discrimination and distinction in the portrayal of the characters. Although many martyrdoms are described with pains and sympathy, we are yet left with a dim and conventional idea of what an early Christian martyr thought and felt. A line or two from the opening of Mr. Browning's "A Death in the Desert" will reveal to us the absence of any passionate reality in Mr. Morris's sketches of the primitive Christians; Lord Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites" will convince us of the comparative shallowness of his historical criticism and of his powers of thought. Mr. Morris succeeds best when he gets away from the earlier, more legendary stories. John Bunyan's life could hardly, in the space the author allows himself, be more justly and eloquently told; the account of Father Damien is at once more strongly felt and more freshly poetic than anything else in the book.

We have two other comments to make upon the poem as a whole. We have been struck by the feebleness of the poet's own comments on the words of his angelic guide. They seem to be inserted because the machinery of the poem requires them; but this machinery whereby Mr. Morris very foolishly compares himself to Dante is conventional and meaningless. On the other hand, the restraint Mr. Morris has put upon himself as regards the length of his biographies, the care and taste shown in the selection and grouping of incidents, and the lucidity and interest of his narrative, are admirable. As mere stories, most of these sketches could not easily be surpassed, and their graceful music is sure to be widely popular.

RONALD BAYNE.

Across East-African Glaciers: an Account of the First Ascent of Kilimanjaro. By Dr. Hans Meyer, translated by E. H. S. Calder. (George Philip & Son.)

WITH this handsome volume, embodying a full account of Dr. Meyer's successful expedition to Kilimanjaro in the autumn of 1889, the first chapter in the historic life of the twin-crested African monarch has been worthily closed. To be sure Kibo alone was actually scaled; but Kibo is by far the higher of the two peaks, its elevation being now determined at 19,720 feet. Even rugged Mawenzi was ascended to an altitude of 16,140 feet, or within 1430 of the summit; and both were so carefully studied from every standpoint that our knowledge of this huge volcanic mass may now be regarded as complete in all its salient features.

To accomplish this result has taken some forty years of intermittent essays, from the time Kilimanjaro was first sighted and roughly sketched by Rebmann in 1848, the intermediate stages being broadly indicated by Von der Decken's partial exploration of 1861-2, New's ascent to the snow-line in 1871, Johnston's six months' residence on the Chagga slopes and determination of glacier ice on Kibo in 1884, and Dr. Meyer's two previous expeditions of 1887 and 1888. Partly to the experience of African travel acquired on these occasions, and partly to the able co-operation of his associate, Herr Purtscheller, a seasoned Alpine climber, Dr. Meyer was indebted for the triumphant issue of his third attempt, which will always rank high in the annals of mountain exploration. No less than sixteen days altogether were spent between the altitudes of 15,000 and 20,000 feet, that is to say, in a rarified atmosphere where the proportion of oxygen falls as low as 55 or 50 per cent., and even less. Yet

"in that time we had made four ascents of Kibo and three of Mawenzi; we had reached the culminating peak of the mountain, ascertained the existence of a great crater at the summit, discovered the first African glaciers, and made a tolerably thorough survey of the higher altitudes, the results of our explorations being recorded in a fairly complete series of photographs, sketches, notes, and specimens."

In the introductory chapter Dr. Meyer renders ample justice to the merits of all his predecessors, with one notable exception. For some inexplicable reason Mr. H. H. Johnston has been signalled out for much unwarranted animadversion, couched in language at once ungenerous and, it must be added, in the worst of taste. No one, scarcely even Dr. Meyer himself, has done better service in this region than Mr. Johnston; yet he is sneered at because he stops to refresh himself with "some brandy and water from his flask in order to restore his sinking courage"; his "facile pen" is said to be "completely at the mercy of his ardent imagination"; his accounts of the commercial prospects of this region are "full of exaggeration," because the Germans, with their lack of experience and semi-military colonial administration, have so far been disappointed with their acquisition. A day's march of apparently not more than eighteen miles is sceptically described as

"herculean," because Dr. Meyer's party took "double the time to traverse the same ground." Lastly, his statement that at the beginning of the hot season (October) "a white rime settled on the grass," is called in question. This was at the altitude of 8600 feet; yet in the middle of the hot season (November 1) Dr. Meyer himself found "hoar-frost on the ground" at about the same altitude (8710 feet)!

Such German polemics, where none were needed, might advantageously have been confined to the German edition of a work which, apart from this blemish, is both eminently readable and of great scientific value. Besides the sections devoted to Kilimanjaro, it contains specially interesting accounts of the little known highland districts of Ugweno west of Lake Jipé and of Kiboso and Uru west of Moji, the territory of Johnston's friend Mandara. In Ugweno the acquaintance was made of Naguvu, a local potentate who

"had just returned from some distant merry-making, and, to say the least of it, seemed slightly elevated. His effusiveness was quite overwhelming. 'Long ago, when I was a boy,' he said, holding out his greasy paw, 'a white man came to see our valley' (Dr. Kerslen, the companion of Von der Decken), and now that I am old, here is another. The first *mzungu* [white man] went away, and returned to his own people, but I want you to stay with us always. With powerful medicines you will make my young men strong to conquer all the land of Ugweno; and in return you shall have as much food and as many wives as you please."

Historic justice requires it to be added that Naguvu really was a magnanimous African prince, "unusually good-hearted," and of "unbounded hospitality," sending presents of a goat and "a fine fat cow," receiving, however, in return, "cloth, beads, powder, and percussion-caps." Brotherhood was of course made, though by a somewhat repulsive process; and then a demand was made for the German flag, as a potent charm against all earthly evils. On this point the explorer hastens to add that

"this was the only occasion on which a native chief received the national flag at my hands; and I must beg my readers to understand that I have no sympathy whatever with those travellers who, wherever they go, seem to make it their mission to leave the German colours streaming in their wake. In East Africa, which has been partitioned out by international agreements, the practice is superfluous, if not indeed ridiculous."

The social changes going on among Bantu or Negroid peoples, unknown to the outer world even by name twenty years ago, are well illustrated by what was witnessed in the territory of Mareale, one of Mandara's neighbours on the Chagga slopes.

"What formerly had been an open space in front of his very unpretending hut was now enclosed by a castellated wall about twelve feet high, with a single low and narrow opening. Within the court so formed stood the huts of Mareale's wives and children, and beside them a handsome house in the coast style with a gable roof. The interior was divided into several apartments, comfortably furnished as sitting and bed-rooms, partly with Indian and partly with European furniture. The only objection was that, owing to the entire absence of windows, all the rooms were pitch-dark,

what light there was being supplied by a smoky fire in the middle of the floor."

Besides his house, Mareale is now also the proud owner of a sewing-machine, a "needle-drum" as he calls it, which he prizes above everything else, because "nobody has anything like it in the whole of Chagga." Political economists need not despair of the commercial future of a continent whose indigenous populations have already begun to appreciate such products of civilisation as fine houses, European and Indian furniture, and sewing-machines. Mareale, when shown his photograph, at once recognised the likeness, on which Dr. Meyer remarks that he was the only Negro he ever met who seemed capable of even faintly grasping the true nature of a photograph. But this is not the experience of Dr. Junker, who, on the contrary, was struck by the remarkable quickness of the Makaraka (Niam-Niam) populations, showing themselves in this respect far superior to the Nubians and Arabs themselves.

From the Uru district—that is, from the west—the very finest view was obtained of Kilimanjaro:

"Without doubt Kibo is most imposing as seen from the west. Here it rises in solitary majesty, and the eye is not distracted by the sister peak of Mawenzi, of which nothing is to be seen but a single jutting pinnacle. The effect is enhanced by the magnificent flowing sweep of the outline, the dazzling extent of the icecap, the vast stretch of the forest, the massive breadth of the base, and the jagged crest of the Shira spur as it branches away towards the west. Rising from the plains, the whole mountain is visible from base to summit in one unbroken line—beautiful in its absolute simplicity and serene grandeur, yet with a beauty which depends for its impressiveness on exquisite proportion and harmonious balance of parts, rather than on the more picturesque elements of varied form and colour. It is beauty of the symmetrical, the severe, the sublimely solitary."

Dr. Meyer raises the difficult question of the treatment of refractory carriers, and sensibly enough solves it in principle by suggesting the golden mean between too great leniency and excessive severity. But, so far as can be judged from the circumstances as described by himself, his practice seems to have decidedly inclined towards the latter course. References to the "stick" and *kurbash* (a rhinoceros-hide lash) are painfully frequent. We read that "they were an indifferent lot, constantly in need of the whip to bring them to their senses"; and that Dr. Meyer himself had daily "to mount the judge's chair and to mete out condign punishment to evil-doers at the hands of the Somál, ten to twenty lashes being the quantum for ordinary offences." Once the butt-end of a gun sent an unfortunate Zanzibari "sprawling on his back" for ill-using a cow that objected to go quietly to the shambles, and this was not unnaturally followed by "a general outburst of amazed indignation."

In a thoughtfully written chapter on the prospects of the German East African Protectorate, the author advocates the adoption of some system of compulsory labour, such as "that in vogue in the Philippine Islands." The native "must be trained in the school

of hard work, and he must be forced to work if he cannot be prevailed to do so voluntarily." These are also Dr. Junker's views, and it is at all events evident that the "sentimental disease" has not yet made much head in the Fatherland. But if the *kurbash* is still to flourish, and compulsory labour be superadded to their other grievances, the natives may perhaps fail to see the advantage of the new order of things.

As may be seen from the foregoing specimens, the translation is well executed, fluent, and idiomatic. The transliteration also has been carefully attended to, though Djagga appears wrongly on the maps, with Jagga for Chagga in the text. The double plural "brackens" occurs in one place, despite of Tennyson's,

"But when the *bracken** rusted on their crags;"

in another "must" seems to stand as a past tense for *musste*; elsewhere we have the usual "water-shed" for "water-parting" or "divide"; "gladsome green" also sounds strange, and "gallery forests" perhaps stranger. The latter expression, originally used by Piaggia, was adopted by Schweinfurth, and thus found its way into English translations of German books of travel. But it seems scarcely admissible, and some better expression might perhaps be found for the selva of forest growths characteristic of so many Central-African rivers. The work is splendidly illustrated with many woodcuts, and a score of coloured plates prepared by Mr. E. T. Compton from photographs by the author. There are also three fine maps embodying the results of the surveys, but defective in some of the topographical details. A re-formed (*remanié*) glacier observed on the slope of Kibo as low down as 15,910 feet does not appear on the large-scale map of Kili-manjaro.

A. H. KEANE.

Studia Biblica et Ecclesiastica: Essays, &c.,
by Members of the University of Oxford.
Vol. II. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

It is now a little over five years since the first volume of the *Studia Biblica* was published, and was duly reviewed in the ACADEMY. The book seems to have met with a kindly reception among the few periodicals and reviews to which its rather recondite learning appealed. One chief reason of this general note of welcome was that it indicated what promised to be a new departure among the leading scholars of our chief university. It seemed an attempt to do away with the reproach so often made against our oldest and wealthiest seat of learning that its contributions to original research are so meagre in proportion to its means and its numbers. I fear it must be added that the fair promise has hitherto been belied by a scanty performance. The accumulation, "in rather a leisurely way"—as the editors with unconscious irony phrase it—of seven essays in five years—a little over one monograph per annum—is certainly not a magnificent output of Biblical

and ecclesiastical essays for the largest and richest university in the world. The professor or *privat-docent* of the smallest German university would regard with immeasurable scorn a return so disproportionate to the outlay. No doubt this volume represents only a fraction of the general harvest of learned production by members of the university. But there is no other collection that I am aware of which professes to garner the occasional gleanings of Oxford scholars in the large field of Biblical and ecclesiastical lore; and in those departments at all events the learned Teuton would have a right to stigmatise it as meagre. His natural inference as to the extreme backwardness of Biblical studies in England would be further confirmed by the editors' expressed fear that the publication of these essays would prove unremunerative. He might even ask whether a university whose foundations are supposed to be connected with the study of Scripture, and whose cognisance is an open Bible, can be said to justify its *raison d'être* when a collection of essays on Bible subjects by qualified scholars fails to find support in a community of some 12,000 members.

On examining this volume he might perhaps make a further unfavourable comment. He might find fault with the subjects of most of the essays and the tone and methods of the authors. He might allege that they seem pervaded by a petty and narrow literalism which delights in the accumulation of critical minutiae and rarely rises to important issues. It is too often the effect of minute verbal scholarship that its microscopic vision of petty details of grammar or orthography incapacitates the student for the true perspective and appreciation of large general views. It is, perhaps, needless to add that this kind of research accords with, even if it be not the result of, the generally conservative instincts of our Oxford savants. While the *bonus textuarius* is expending all his energy in the elucidation of a single word in some late—and, for true exegesis, worthless—MS., he cannot at the same time consider how far the passage in which it occurs is genuine, or, that being granted, how far it is a valuable outcome of Christian tradition. While so many important and vital issues of Biblical scholarship are being discussed with ever increasing assiduity and temerity, it is surely a mistake to spend arduous labour on the minor literature of its earliest documents. Here, too, the principle applies: "The life is more than meat and the body than raiment."

Passing to the contents of the volume—the more important of which I purpose taking in the order in which they occur—the first essay is Dr. Neubauer's on "The Authorship and Titles of the Psalms according to Early Jewish Authorities." As might have been anticipated from its authorship, it is a learned and interesting contribution to a subject which in times gone by has greatly exercised Biblical commentators. On some such principle as *omne ignotum pro magnifico* the Hebrew titles to the Psalms have been regarded as supplying a key not only to the age and authorship of those compositions, but also to the music to which they were chanted; and many a superstruc-

ture of ingenious guesswork has been erected on those bases. Dr. Neubauer shows conclusively that nothing—worthy of being called knowledge—can be asserted on the subject. His summary seems to me of importance, especially as the attention of Bible students is at present being directed to the book of Psalms. He says:

"From all these different expositions of the titles of the Psalms it is evident that the meaning of them was early lost; in fact, the LXX. and the other early Greek and Latin translations offer no satisfactory explanation of most of them. Of the best Jewish commentators like Ibn Ezra and David Qamhi, the former treats them as the opening words of popular melodies, the other as names of instruments, both confessing that the real meanings are unknown. . . . Thus when all traditional matter is exhausted the only remaining resource is the critical method, which, however, on the present subject has as yet made no considerable progress."

Dr. Neubauer's paper is followed by what I feel compelled to pronounce the most important contribution in the volume—"The Origin and Mutual Relation of the Synoptic Gospels," by Mr. F. H. Woods. After an exhaustive examination of his subject, Mr. Woods arrives at what seems to be a growing consensus on the part of most students of our Gospels, viz., "that the original basis of the Synoptical Gospels coincided in its range and order with our St. Mark." For this he adduces six reasons of varying strength and incidence, the accumulative force of which it seems to me impossible to withstand. Mr. Woods also enounces other conclusions incidental to his main theme, of which it may be said that they are characterised by some measure of likelihood. Nothing, however, can be more cautious than his method or more guarded than his statements. He agrees with Holtzmann in surrendering the needless hypothesis of an Ur-Marcus, but he gives no indication of his opinion as to the sources whence Matthew and Luke filled up what they regarded as *lacunae* in Mark. Probably those sources were more numerous and varied than we are apt to suspect. There might, e.g., have been more than one collection of written sayings (*λόγια*) like that assigned to the Ur-Matthaeus. The oral traditions, also, may have varied either according to the Apostles to whom they were traditionally ascribed, or according to the particular churches by which they were received and accredited. Mr. Woods must be congratulated on his very able treatment of a subject on which the last word has by no means as yet been spoken. To add to the merits of his essay, he has appended an excellent synoptic table, "showing the relation between St. Mark and the two other Synoptical Gospels." Though composed for the purposes of his argument, this table has an independent interest and utility of its own. It is an invaluable introduction to the comparative study of the Gospels, and throws no small light on the principles of selection or rejection which it is obvious governed their composition.

The next paper of importance is Dr. Bigg's essay on "The Clementine Homilies"—the earliest example of that species of fiction of

* Is not the *n* still felt as a plural ending in this word as well as in "oxen"? Cf. A.S. *bracu*, pl. *braccan*.

which *Robert Elsmere* is, among ourselves, the latest illustration, i.e., the controversial novel. The general subject of the Clementine writings bristles, I need hardly say, with doubtful and contentious matter—quite beyond the scope of a literary journal to meddle with. Here it is enough to say that to already existing theories as to the origin and authorship of the Homilies Dr. Bigg adds another, which he supports with equal ingenuity and learning. Briefly, his theory is that the Homilies were made up by a re-cast on the part of an Ebionite and Arian editor, probably of Syrian nationality, of an orthodox Grundschrift, which formed the original basis of all the Clementine writings. That the Clementine Recognitions and Homilies owed their existence to an anterior work now lost has long been an accepted conclusion of the critics, so that Dr. Bigg has something like a consensus of scholars on which to build his hypothesis.

A word of recognition must also be given to the fifth essay by Mr. Bebb on "The Evidence of the Early Versions and Patristic Quotations in the Text of the Books of the New Testament." This is, in part, a republication of the author's Ellerton Prize Essay (1888). It is less an account of results than of methods and principles, and therefore has little interest for the general reader.

On the whole, the second volume of *Studia Biblica* may claim to demonstrate the vitality of Biblical studies in Oxford. But it also proves, as already suggested, that the life is not quite the vigorous, warm-blooded, prolific life which ought to characterise a well-nourished, intellectual organism like the university of Oxford.

JOHN OWEN.

THE NATIONAL EPIC OF THE GEORGIANS.

Der Mann im Tigerfelle. Von Schota Rustaweli. Aus dem Georgischen übersetzt von Arthur Leist. (Dresden & Leipzig: Pierson.)

HERR ARTHUR LEIST is a courageous man. He has already published a volume of selections from the Georgian poets of the nineteenth century (*Georgische Dichter*, verdeutsch, Leipzig, 1887). It was no trivial feat to render into German verse some of the charming lyrics of Orbeliani, Prince Ilya Chavchavadze, and others; but the rich oriental colouring of their poetry loses little or nothing in Herr Leist's resetting. Let us take for example the lines beginning: "So hör' ich wieder dein vergess'nes Rauschen," or "Im Schlummerlicht der blassen Vollmondstrahlen."

In the present case Herr Leist has ventured upon nothing less than a translation of the romantic epic of the twelfth century, of which the Georgians are so justly proud. So little is known of the literature of this people that it will probably be a cause of amazement to many that such a work exists. Of the author we have but scanty details. At the conclusion of his poem he tells us the place of his birth, to quote Herr Leist's translation:

"Ich, der ich diese Dichtung niederschrieb.
Mit hellem Geist und warmen Herzenstrieb.
Stamm aus dem Land Meschetien und dort.
Liegt Rustawi, mein kleiner Heimatsort."

Rustavi is in the neighbourhood of Akhal-

tsikh. We are told that the poet was sent to study at Athens, and on his return was made Queen Tamara's secretary. During the reign of this sovereign (1184-1212), Georgia reached the height of its prosperity; hence the great estimation in which she is still held by her countrymen, who are in the habit of assigning to the period of her rule all buildings of former times still standing. Rustaveli is said to have died at Jerusalem, as a monk, in 1215; what professes to be his portrait is still shown in one of the monasteries.

He called his poem *Vepkhevis Tkaosani*, or "The Man in the Panther's Skin," which garment the hero Tariel is represented as constantly wearing. This Herr Leist translates "tiger's skin." The word, indeed, may mean either according to Chubinov's Lexicon; but we are inclined to follow the scholars who approve of the other rendering, among whom is Prof. Tsagarelli, of St. Petersburg, now the most competent authority upon this language. It has been incorrectly rendered into Russian (and elsewhere) "The Panther's Skin"; but the termination *osani* implies wearing. We are told in one of the quatrains of the poem that on him (Tariel) was a dress of the skin of the panther; a hat of the same skin covered his head.

Up to the present time only portions of this poem have made their appearance in any European language. Thus, a translation into Russian of the beginning has appeared; in the Biblioteka Warszawska, vol. iv., a certain Casimir Lapezinski has given a sketch of the poem in Polish; and a version into French has been promised, but we cannot say whether such a work has ever appeared. The poem narrates the love of Avtandil for Tinatina, daughter of the Arabian king, Rostevan; and that of Tariel for Nestan Daredjan, daughter of the Indian king, Parsedan.

Although the action of the poem takes place in an ideal locality, we meet with the familiar names of Arabia, India, and China. Rustaveli himself says that the subject is taken from the Persian (see quatrain 16), and that he has simply translated it into verse, making no abridgment. But in quatrains 727-728 he forgets this, and makes his hero, Avtandil, speak to Tinatina, the daughter of the Arabian king, in pure Georgian. No Persian original of the poem has been found as yet, and most critics think that the poet's assertion was a mere trick to conceal the allusions to Queen Tamara, with whom he was in love. The poem is written in quatrains, each line of which consists of six feet, and concludes with the same rhyme. Such an apparent monotony does not annoy the ear of a Georgian. Now and then a vowel appears to be added to a line to make the rhyme more complete; at the beginning of the fourth line of each quatrain is found the word *da*, meaning "and," which is not reckoned among the syllables of that line. There is a strongly marked *ictus* in the middle of each verse.

The poem was printed at Tiflis in 1712, by King Vakhtang, after the establishment of a press there. In order to disarm the hostility of the ecclesiastics, he furnished it

with a mystic commentary. The clergy had always been antagonistic to the poem, on account of the absence of any pious expressions in it; and the Catholicos Anthony is said to have ordered copies of it to be thrown into the River Kur.

We must now see how Herr Leist has handled this difficult poem, written in a language which so few have been able to master, and the principles of which still remain an unsolved enigma. He has, of course, been obliged to abandon the quatrains; these could never be made agreeable to a Western ear. He has begun his translation in a metre, the scheme of which is a b a c d e f e; but it seems to us that the *ottava rima* would be best suited to it. This Herr Leist afterwards abandons and translates the bulk of the poem into blank verse, a metre which is rather prosaic, unless the pause in the line be carefully varied, as Milton has done. The conclusion of the poem is given in heroics.

"The Man in the Panther's Skin" has always enjoyed immense reputation among the Georgians, and many of its lines have become proverbs. It has been preserved in several MSS., and some copies were exhibited at the Tiflis exhibition in 1881. No edition of it appeared between that of King Vakhtang in 1712 and that published at St. Petersburg in 1841 under the editorship of the great Georgian scholar Brosset, Zach. Phalavandishvili, and Chubinov, the author of the dictionary. Complaints, however, have been made of the incorrectness of this text. The year 1887 saw the appearance at Tiflis of a very handsome edition, with plates by an Hungarian artist Zichy, somewhat in the style of the late Gustave Doré, and perhaps not very successful.

We have space only for a short sketch of the plot; but our readers may like to have it. Rostevan, the old King of Arabia, resigns his crown in favour of his daughter Tinatina. He is, troubled, however, with the thought that there is no hero in his whole kingdom who is equal to himself in courage. Accordingly, one of his captains, Avtandil, gets up a great hunting expedition, with a view of showing the king his own bravery and familiarity with weapons. At the hunt the attendants of the king find in the woods a young man weeping, clothed in a panther's or tiger's skin, who seems to the king a mysterious person. In vain does he send his attendants to discover the cause of his trouble; for the youth hides himself in the recesses of the forest. The king is still curious and dissatisfied, and is represented as being so distressed about the matter that his daughter, Tinatina, promises her hand to the man who will find out the cause of the youth's sorrow. Avtandil, who has long been in love with her, determines to go in quest of the mysterious stranger. After three years' search he finds out who he is, and is rewarded with the hand of the princess, and the piece concludes with their marriage festivities. A large part of the poem is occupied with an episode in which the love of Tariel, the youth in the panther's skin, for Nestan Daredjan is narrated, and there are a great many other digressions.

The plot is simple, perhaps too simple for our Western tastes, and therefore it will, probably, be regarded as a curiosity and little more. The long quatrains do not seem harmonious to our ears, and Georgian is a somewhat rugged language. Still, to the philologist, Georgian has considerable attractions. The structure is peculiar, more especially that of the verb, which throughout reminds us of Basque, although the absence of any community of vocabulary prevents us from attempting to group these languages together. They seem to show the verb in an earlier stage than we can find it in any Aryan language; it has not yet been differentiated from the noun. Moreover, Georgian has one great advantage over Basque; it has a fairly rich literature, dating from the eighth century, whereas that of Basque is of the most fragmentary kind.

As a specimen of Herr Leist's manner as a translator, we will give the concluding verses. We cannot help saying that we wish he had translated all the poem in similar heroics, reminding us somewhat in their style of the quaint and fantastic poem "Pharonnida," by William Chamberlayne, published in 1659, now almost forgotten.

"Zu Ende ist nun diese Heldenmär;
Die Harfe bebt noch, doch sie klingt nicht mehr.
Schwach ist nur meiner schlechten Harfe Klang,
Weit überrönt von David's Psalmensang.
Die Märe, die von fernem Land erzählt,
Von Herrschern einer unbekannten Welt,
Fand ich und da sie meinen Geist ergötzt,
Hab' ich in Verse sie für Euch gesetzt;
Besungen hat Choneli Amiran,
Den Sohn der hoheitsvollen Daredschan
Schawteli, der des höchsten Lobes wert
Hat Abdull Meschi durch Gesang verehrt:
Tmokweli, der als Dichter höher steht,
Verherrlichte im Liede Dilarget
Und Taryel, den Ungemach gequält,
Hab' ich, Rust'weli, mir zum Held erwählt.

To give an idea of the Georgian, we append the four lines corresponding to the last eight lines of the above quotation:

"Amiran Darejanis dze Moses ukia Khonelsa,
Abdul Mesia Shaythelsa leksi mas ukes romelsa;
Dilargeths Sargis Thmogvelisa mas ena daush-romelsa,
Tariel missa Rusthvelsa, misthvis tsremil-sheush-robelsa."

It will be seen that Herr Leist's version somewhat expands the original; but he has done his work well, and must be heartily congratulated upon the accomplishment of so difficult a task. He has made the Georgian poet known to the western world.

W. R. MORFILL.

NEW NOVELS.

Her Love and His Life. By F. W. Robinson. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Consequences. By Egerton Castle. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Jack Warleigh. By Dalrymple J. Belgrave. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Rhêa. By Pascal Germain. (Spencer Blackett.)

That Fiddler Fellow. By Horace E. Hutchinson. (Edward Arnold.)

A New Lady Audley. By Austin Fryers. (Sonnenschein.)

In *Her Love and His Life* is given the best

portrait in the whole Robinsonian gallery—the character that will, at all events, be to Mr. Robinson what Jean Valjean is to Victor Hugo. Mike Garwood, *gamin* and artist *in posse*, with a thief for a father and a drunkard for a mother, can hardly be said to arrive at the dignity of sainthood. But it may be said of him that, by means of art and love and a certain dignity of character, which must in some mysterious way have mingled with his family blood, he becomes strong, self-reliant, and capable of self-sacrifice at least in the stoical sense. As is usually the case with Mr. Robinson's novels, *Her Love and His Life* contains some strong characters in addition to the hero. Three of these are exceptionally well drawn: Mike's father, the convict and thief, who almost murders his son, and yet has a sneaking pride in him, and from whom that son inherits his turn for art; his disreputable, tipsy, and almost insane mother; and his uncle, Sampson Kerts, the serpentine-worker and narrowly religious moralist. The Consterdines, father and daughter, would have deserved to be added to this group, only Rudolph is too hollow and pompous a humbug to have had for a daughter so very genuine and straightforward a girl as Patty. Sir Felix Durant, the scientist, successful in his profession but a failure in love, is also a very showy and ambitious sketch. But there is an air of unreality about him. He is a trifle too able, too magnanimous, too everything; and, for that matter, Mike Garwood is also represented as being too decidedly a genius. There are some very effective scenes in *Her Love and His Life*, especially the interview between Rudolph Consterdine and James Garwood, when the latter is in a condition bordering upon delirium tremens, and the desperate attempt of Mike to rescue his mother on a wild night at sea. Altogether, this is as remarkable and satisfactory a story as Mr. Robinson has ever published.

Consequences is notable for a very powerful plot well worked out, even although the incident on which that plot hinges, and by which George Kerr, an English gentleman, with a house in Mayfair, is transformed into a Confederate Colonel with a distinguished record, can hardly be said to be quite original. But this is the only thing that lacks originality in the story. George Kerr's sham suicide, his transformation into David Fergus, and his guardianship—disguised as Fergus—of his own son Lewis are all as decidedly fresh as they are admirably contrived. Then the paternal solicitude which is of the essence of the story is happily—in a sense also unhappily—relieved by the sub-plot, in which the chief parts are taken by that remarkable specimen of the scholar and gentleman Charles Hillyard and his mistress Miss Wren. This stormy and original young woman looks like one of Mr. Robinson's heroines borrowed for the special purposes of *Consequences*, although her talk is sometimes Readish rather than Robinsonian. Hillyard is a trifle too Mephistophelean for so cultured and well-connected a man; but it is a genuine treat to find him all but succeeding in circumventing so old and wary

a bird as Colonel Fergus. The author of *Consequences* ought, however, to have made his story end more happily; his sole excuse is that tragic, or essentially tragic, endings are fashionable. This particular termination seems, however, decidedly forced. It is unnatural that the girl whom the younger Kerr loves should exhibit a preference for his elderly father; even in that case it seems unnecessary that the wind-up should be "Shoulder to shoulder under the promise of a glorious noon, went father and son together across the moorland, on their way out into the world." This is more rhetoric; whereas the author of *Consequences* is not, as a rule, given to rhetoric, but, on the contrary, writes clear, crisp, vigorous English. The descriptions of London life and of German student doings and duellings are piquant and realistic in the best sense.

Whether regard be had to its excellences or its weaknesses, *Jack Warleigh*, which is described as "a tale of the turf and the law," but which might also with equal reason be termed a tale of the schoolroom and the bar-parlour, looks like a novel which ought to have been published a generation if not half a century ago—and that in spite of the South African War, which is rather needlessly dragged into it near the close. The old grammar-school in the country town with its easy-going prosperity, "not of the restless kind one finds in a manufacturing town, but something that seems more solid and suggests the three per cents."; the irascible but generous and gentlemanly head-master; that head-master's pretty daughter; a wildish but essentially good lad, who is destined, of course, in the long run to marry the pretty daughter—these are in reality the stage properties of the novel of the old but not unreadable school. *Jack Warleigh* is, for a hero, a good deal of a weakling; and even for a time, at least, and in respect of his affairs of the heart, behaves almost in a Tittlebat Titmousish fashion on coming into his fortune; while his relative and namesake, Cecil, is a decidedly stagey villain—stagey even in that love for the woman who becomes his wife which is his single redeeming feature. As for the scoundrelly "lawyer" Lukes, and the murderous "Colonel" Beamish, they are but the ordinary blacklegs of the turf—painted a trifle blacker than usual. Here and there the plot falters very perceptibly. But, taken all in all, *Jack Warleigh* is a good railway or seaside novel, and would have been still better with a little condensation.

It is not easy to understand why the author of *Rhêa* styles his book a "suggestion," although it is "suggestive" in several passages, especially in one where Mdlle. Jeanne de Sabran and Mr. Boothby discuss the subject of English ladies' dinner-dress. The author who, for some reason which it is not easy to divine, dedicates his book to the memory of Emerson, would, one is tempted to think, be French in the Zola or Maupassant sense, if he durst. He makes an American newspaper-man of the name of Boothby stumble upon a young woman in

the Palace of Fontainebleau, notable at the moment for the crimson roses in her hair and the contrast these present to the ivory white of her dress—"well-fitting, soft woollen stuff; one of these deceptive Parisian seductions which look so simple and cost so much." This lady, he learns from an undesirable acquaintance of the name of Zelfer, is a Miss Haldane, who has written amatory verses and is supposed to have been desperately in love with the hero of them. Boothby manages to make the closer acquaintance of Miss Haldane, and, finally, makes love to her in an unguarded moment with Zulu violence. She is accidentally killed, and Boothby, who had originally intended only to "make copy" out of her for his American editors, very nearly dies himself. In the end, however, he is seen recovering, and with the help of a queer company of Sisters and Fathers who—at least, the Fathers—mix up slang and devotion in the most marvellous way, "labouring and sweating till He comes," seems likely to develop into a better man than he appears in the beginning of the story. *Rhea* looks like the work of a clever young American—or, perhaps, *Américaine*—who is full of the "ideas" and theories that are floating about on the other side of the Atlantic, but has not yet quite mastered them.

That Fiddler Fellow is an interesting failure. There is nothing and nobody in it that, at least from the author's point of view, is quite real and natural, except the father, who "thanked God" when his daughter showed "a healthy, lively interest" in golf, and who seems to have been a typical Scotchman in this sense, that he was capable of swimming over a grave crisis in his history on a tide of whiskey. But as for the miserable Italian fiddler-fellow and the hypnotic trick by which he gets McPherson's daughter to accomplish for him the murder of young George Craigie, they are not at all in Mr. Horace Hutchinson's way. He is no doubt quite capable of writing a good rollicking breezy story of championship golf, into which he might introduce "pulling" and "pressing," "foozling" and "bad lies," "stimmie" and "niblick," and all the useful but not specially ornamental jargon of his favourite game. But his attempt here to combine the pastimes and legends of old St. Andrews with the sickly and revolting modernity of one phase of the Parisian life of to-day has not even the negative merit of being a good bit of caricature.

There is an irritating waste of power in *A New Lady Audley*, which is, to all appearances, the work of a new and a very young writer. There are not a few evidences that Austin Fryers could write a more than moderately readable story with a dash of fun in it if he (or she) chose. But what good can come of parodying—at least at this time of day, when the parody as well as the original has lost the favour of freshness—the old life of Audley with the hero, the heroine, and the amateur-detective, so very thinly disguised as Sir Thomas, Lady Sibyl, and Ridley Audley? No doubt, Austin Fryers has introduced some novel cha-

acters into the old plot; at all events, Macnamarri, who looks as if he had been imported from one of the works of the late Mr. Fergus, and to some extent even the detective Rambelow have the look of originality. The plot itself is well managed, or would be, if one were not so painfully conscious at every stage that it is merely a parody. Finally, some good fun is poked, more particularly in the early chapters, at certain artistic affectations of the time.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME SCOTCH BOOKS.

Scenes and Stories of the North of Scotland. By John Sinclair. (Edinburgh: James Thin.) A more enjoyable and thoroughly Scotch book than this has not been published for many a day. Mr. Sinclair has at his command a wonderful treasure-house of racy stories of ministers and ministers' men, and of hundreds of other "worthies" and "characters." He is also one of the most enthusiastic and successful of Scotch landscape-painters in words. He confines himself to the extreme North, with which he is connected by birth and breeding; and, indeed, all that he has to say is concentrated round some half-dozen places of interest—Loch Duich and the Black Rock in Ross-shire, the island of Lewis, Assynt in Sutherland, the Caithness coast, the town of Thurso, and the Shetland Islands. Mr. Sinclair is a mine of historical and social information, as well as of anecdotes of persons; and his digressions, in which he gives free play to his ethical and other conservatism, are delightful. The illustrations, especially the coloured illustrations of the three Thurso characters—"Peelans," "Moozie," and "Boustie"—are quite as good as the letter-press, and higher praise could not be given. In a word, Mr. Sinclair's volume is the most successful Scotch book that has been published since Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences*, and even to that book it is in some respects superior.

Yarrow: its Poets and Poetry. By R. Borland (Dalbeattie: Thomas Fraser). The object which the minister of Yarrow has had in view in preparing this work for the press has been, as he explains in his preface, to bring together the more notable and interesting ballads and poems which Yarrow has inspired, and to "give such brief biographical sketches of the various poets as may prove either interesting or instructive to the general reader." Mr. Borland has, of course, a large number of writers to quote from and write about; as there is hardly a Scotch poet or poetaster that has not raved about Yarrow. His difficulty must have lain in making a selection from the abundance—it would not be altogether correct to say the wealth—of the material at his disposal. This he has overcome in a manner which is almost unexceptionable. He has given selections from all noteworthy writers on Yarrow, from the authors of the old ballads down through the author of "The Flowers of the Forest," Sir Walter Scott, James Hogg, William Wordsworth, and Professor Wilson, to Mr. Andrew Lang, Principal Shairp, and Mr. Alexander Anderson. Mr. Borland is not an ambitious stylist; but he writes good plain English, and is seen to great advantage in what he says, for instance, on Wordsworth and Hogg. The selections have been made with great judgment. Altogether, this is a volume of which it may be said without any exaggeration that every lover of Yarrow ought to have it on his shelves.

Sketch-Book of the North. By George Eyre-Todd. (Glasgow: William Hodge.) The greater number of these papers have already appeared

in periodicals; but the author has done wisely to collect them and publish them in the form of a volume, for they throw a good deal of fresh light upon Scotch scenery and humble life. The author is, to judge from internal evidence, a young man with a love of Scotland and a keen eye—the eye, perhaps, rather of an artist than of a man of letters; and he describes in commendably brief sketches what he has himself seen in the north. A list of some of the titles—"Among the Galloway Becks," "Loch Lomond Iecbound," "An Arran Ride," "Where the Clans Fell," "A Loch-side Sunday," "In the Shadow of St. Giles," and "A Cast of Flies," are among them—will serve to indicate the variety of the contents. Mr. Todd has not many stories to tell; but when he gives anything of the kind, as when he describes "the return of the native" in "A Weaving Village," he recalls Christopher North. Very pretty, too, as well as simple, is his account of a forest wedding. But he is seen to most advantage when giving a landscape in words. In "By a Western Firth," he shows the power, not, perhaps, of Richard Jefferies, but of the American writer Burroughs. Mr. Todd is sure to do better work than this, good though it unquestionably is. A word of special praise is due to the paper, which it is pleasant to handle, and to the type, which it is a delight to read. Both are very much above the average.

Whistle-binkie. (Glasgow: David Robertson.) Here we have a new edition of an old book so full and elaborate as to be, in itself, practically a new book. The songs contained in the original *Whistle-binkie* were published in separate series extending over a period of fifteen years, the first dating as far back as 1832. The present publisher indicates the objects of the original issue very clearly when he says:

"When the first portion of *Whistle-binkie* was issued from the press, our Scottish firesides were still greatly under the influence of the old chap-books, which, while they embodied much genuine poetic feeling, expressed in terse and graphic language, were yet permeated and marred by much that was coarse and indecent—these last two characteristics being, indeed, the chief features of many of them. It was the purpose and glory of *Whistle-binkie* to exhibit, to cherish, and to preserve all the tenderness, the refinement, and the genius of the national muse, without the coarseness and licentiousness by which it had been debased."

The original object of the publication of *Whistle-binkie* has, undoubtedly, been accomplished. As the book has grown and grown, a good deal of rather inferior verse has naturally found its way into it. But the amount of undoubtedly good, though not first-class, poetry dealing with the strong point of Scotchmen and Scotland—the domestic affections—is marvellous. Mr. Robertson has, in these two volumes of small—almost too small—type, performed a service to his countrymen which can fairly be said to be unique. Biographies of some of the authors who are represented in the book are also given. These are models of good taste.

Auld Scots Ballants. Edited by Robert Ford. (Alexander Gardner.) Mr. Ford is a painstaking and, on the whole, discriminating collector of Scotch ballads. A year ago he issued a small volume in paper covers under the title of *Rare Old Scotch Ballads*; and this he has followed up by what he terms "merely a 'reel-rall' budget," comprising a number of rare and curious "blads" of verse, together with the "pick and wale" of the more popular of the ancient ballads of Scotland. On some of the pieces which Mr. Ford here gives for the first—or almost the first—time he prides himself perhaps too much. Such is "Thrummy Cap," written by John Burnes or Burness, a cousin-german of Robert, of whom we are

told that "partly on account of an injudicious marriage, and partly on account of a love of intoxicating liquor, his career was far from being a prosperous one." It is a sufficiently simple story in verse of how a "sturdy bardeoch chiel" rewarded a man who gave him hospitality by discovering certain rights to property; but the versification is occasionally such as to make it almost incredible that the author's cousin should, as is alleged, have approved of a production containing hundreds of bald lines like:

"I've some fears we've lost oor way,
Hooever at the neixt hoose we'll stay
Until we see gif it grows fair,
Gin no, a'nieht we'll tarry there."

Mr. Ford's book will not be appreciated and consulted for pieces like "Thrummy Cap" so much as for curious old rhymes like "The Wife of Beith." In its way it is a sort of Scotch poetical dictionary, and probably the best book of that kind which has ever been published.

Scotia Rediviva. By J. Morrison Davidson. (William Reeves.) This is essentially a political pamphlet, having for its object the enactment of Home Rule for Scotland. We are debarred, therefore, from criticising its leading contents, or pronouncing favourably or unfavourably on its general object and character. At the same time, there are portions of the book which are, at least to the extent of nine-tenths, historical; thus Mr. Davidson gives biographies of various important personages, including Wallace, George Buchanan, and Fletcher of Saltoun. In these, he shows himself to have the gift of a flowing narrative style. He has also at his ready command nearly everything in good prose and in enthusiastic but somewhat indifferent verse that has been written about Scotland. All who are interested in the question of Home Rule for Scotland, and not a few who are interested merely in the history of the country regarded from the popular point of view, will find *Scotia Rediviva* a valuable little reference-book. Besides, Mr. Davidson is an essentially good-natured controversialist, even although he has strong opinions upon a whole host of subjects, and delights in applying the Carlylian term of "hyaena" to Scotch peers.

Sonnets and Poems. By William Garden. (Gall & Inglis.) Mr. Garden obviously belongs to the tolerably large class of minor Scotch poets—it would savour of injustice to dub them poetasters—who deal conscientiously and laboriously with every subject that arouses their susceptible, but not very ambitious, fancy. Mr. Garden is grammatical and simple, and deals with everything in Scotland, and a good deal beyond it, that will stand his treatment. His finer frenzy comes to nothing worse than:

"The time-tried Kirk o' Scotland is the nation's
glorious croon,
Foul fa' ilk selfish enemy wha'd try to pu' her
deon!
Deep-rooted in the nation's heart, she'll stand
seure, until
The latest mirk o' time shall hush the kirk-bell
o' Newmill."

He is, like most minor Scotch poets of his school, at home in domestic scenes. Tannahill, rather than Burns, is his master. He is seen at his best in such pieces as "The Twinnies" and "Oh, blessins on the Bairnies, A'," which are written in Scotch; and "Sister Mary," which is written in English. He comes to grief decidedly, however, when he tries the Wordsworthian stanza, as in:

"And evermore
On sea and shore,
God's wondrous glory lies,
While wind and wave,
With deep-toned stave,
Chant solemn harmonies."

On the whole, Mr. Garden would do well to leave poetry alone—at least for a time.

College Echoes. By David Cuthbertson. (Paisley: Parlange.) This is a sufficiently lively collection of enthusiastic Edinburgh undergraduate sketches, for the publication of which, however, there is no such excuse as the possession by the author of such a humour as that of Mr. J. M. Barrie. Some of the would-be facetious stories have a juvenile look, such as that of the professor with a daughter named Aggie who, when she came to him with the intelligence that she had received an offer of marriage, responded *Teum* age, and was taken not at his Latin, but at his English, word. There is a good deal of "liquoring up" in this little book, but there is also a good deal of lecturing. Indeed, the morality may be called the best element in it.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE first two volumes of the Correspondence of the Prince de Talleyrand are to be published in Paris to-day (Saturday). But, owing to copyright difficulties, we understand that Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. will not be able to issue the authorised English translation until a week or two later.

SINCE the publication of Mr. Froude's *Letters and Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle* many new letters have been printed, which throw additional light on Mrs. Carlyle's character—a character which, together with the story of her life, has always excited much interest and discussion. It has long been felt that the subject might, with advantage, be viewed impartially through a woman's judgment. As a result of this feeling, Mrs. Alexander Ireland has, after long preparatory study, written *A Life of Jane Welsh Carlyle*, which will contain several characteristic letters hitherto unpublished, including one in facsimile, and a portrait. The work will be published by Chatto & Windus, in one volume.

THE late Dean Church's personal reminiscences of the Oxford Movement will be published by Messrs. Macmillan next week, in one volume, at a net price. It contains a record of the principal phases of the movement during the twelve decisive years, 1833 to 1845, with character-sketches of Newman, Keble, Hurrell Froude, W. G. Ward, &c.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND RIVINGTON will shortly publish a book entitled *Synopsis*, being a Synoptical Collection of the Daily Prayers, the Liturgy, and Principal Offices of the Greek Orthodox Church of the East, translated with assistance from the original, and edited by Katharine Lady Lechmere. The work will have an introduction by Mr. J. Gennadius, the Hellenic minister at the Court of St. James's; and the collection will present an English version, in many respects new, of the most usual prayers and offices of the Greek Church, some of which will appear for the first time in the English tongue.

MR. C. WISE is engaged on a History of Rockingham Castle and the Watsons, which will be issued by subscription shortly through Mr. Elliot Stock.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. will publish next week a novel, in three volumes, entitled *The Dower of Earth*, by Ethel Glazebrook, wife of the head master of Clifton College. The same firm will also issue shortly a new novel, in one volume, by Mrs. Macquoid, entitled *Drifting Apart*.

A Ride to India is the title of a new book which Messrs. Chapman and Hall will publish in a few days, by Mr. H. de Windt, author of *From Peking to Calais*. It will be illustrated

from sketches made by the author, and will also contain a map showing the route taken.

The same publishers announce the second instalment of the account of Dr. W. Junker's travels in Africa. The first volume, which was published last year, contained the record of his travels during the years 1875-1878. The forthcoming one covers the years 1879 to 1883. It will be illustrated with numerous full-page plates and smaller illustrations in the text. It will, like its predecessor, be translated by Prof. A. H. Keane.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will issue immediately the third volume in their "Heroes of the Nations" series: *Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens*, by Mr. Evelyn Abbott.

A NEW novel by Mrs. Needell, entitled *Unequally Yoked*, will be published next week by Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, in one volume. The same publishers also announce *Mrs. Romaine's Household*, by Evelyn Everett-Green; and *My Brother Basil*, by Mrs. E. Neal.

IN connexion with the Wesleyan centenary, Messrs. James Nisbet & Co. will publish immediately a Life of John Wesley, by the Rev. James Ellis.

MR. HODGES has ready for publication *Order in the Physical World and its First Cause*, from the French, by T. J. Slevin; and Mr. Prichard's translation of *Piconio on St. Paul's Epistles*, Vol. III., completing the work.

THE first two editions of Lucas Malet's *The Wages of Sin*, which were themselves equal to five ordinary editions of a library novel, being now completely exhausted, the book is for the moment out of print. Messrs. Sonnenschein have, however, a third edition in active preparation, which will be ready in the course of a few days.

AN interview with Mr. Justin McCarthy, accompanied by a specially-drawn illustration of his study at Cheyne-gardens, Chelsea, will appear in No. 388 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, to be published on March 1.

THE March number of the *Bookworm* will contain articles on the "Pupilla Oculi," by the Rev. F. E. Warren; "How Eastern Books Begin and End," by Mr. W. A. Clouston; and "A Volume of Apothecaries' Lore," by Mr. W. Roberts.

THE following have been specially elected members of the Athenaeum Club by the committee: Mr. George du Maurier, Dr. William Ogle, and Mr. Hamo Thornycroft.

IN consequence of the illness of the lecturer originally arranged for by the Sunday Lecture Society, Miss Amelia B. Edwards has kindly undertaken to deliver her lecture on "The Literature and Religion of the Ancient Egyptians" at St. George's Hall on Sunday next, March 1, at 4 p.m.

DURING the whole of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling a very interesting collection of books, &c., brought together from several quarters. Part of it, by an unpardonable blunder, is described on the cover and again on the title-page of the Catalogue as "the chief portion of the library of the late J. Nichol, emeritus professor of English literature at Glasgow." On a reference to p. 7 it will be seen that this part includes the library of Mr. John Nichol's father, J. P. Nichol, late professor of astronomy at the same university. The most interesting lot here is the original MS. draft of J. S. Mill's *System of Logic*, which the author presented to Prof. J. P. Nichol. Among the rest we have only space to mention a number of proof-sheets of Tennyson's poems, with autograph corrections; a series of eighty-three drawings by Thackeray, including seven in water-colour, which have never been out of the possession of the owner; a set of Byroniana, in

263 volumes; a beautiful copy of the first edition of Walton and Cotton's *Complete Angler*; and a large number of volumes made valuable by autograph letters and MS. additions.

M. GEORGES PILOTELLE has been good enough to send us a copy of his French translation of Marat's medical treatise, which he entitles "De la Presbytie Accidentelle." As conjectured in the ACADEMY of last week, it turns out to be identical with *An Enquiry into the Nature, Cause, and Cure of a Singular Disease of the Eyes, &c.* (n. d.; but the preface is dated "Church Street, Soho, 1st January, 1776). M. Pilotelle is disposed to think, from certain phrases in the preface, that the work was originally written in French; but we are not convinced by his arguments. For the rest, the reprint is a magnificent example of typography and paper.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have done well in issuing *The Statesman's Year-Book* for this year several weeks earlier than usual. When a Manual of this kind has proved itself to be indispensable, the sooner it appears the better, even at the expense of excluding some of the latest statistics. We notice, however, that the editor has been able to give the general results of the American census. Apart from minor changes, the feature of this issue is the attention that it has been necessary to pay to Africa. Zanzibar is added to the British empire; and a table, specially compiled by Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, exhibits the partition of Africa according to inhabitants and square miles. Many will be surprised to learn that France has secured a considerably larger area than England, but the latter has nearly twice as large a population. Though we recognise that Mr. J. Scott Keltie will have a heavy task next year to incorporate the census not only of the United Kingdom, but also of India and the colonies, we must implore him to subject the section dealing with finance to a thorough revision. No doubt the varying sets of figures issued by the Treasury are very perplexing; but the difficulties have been solved by the compiler of the corresponding article in *Hazell's Annual*, from which we have learnt the source of some of the misleading entries. Also, Mr. Goschen's scheme of local finance should not have been altogether omitted. The chapter on India, we notice, has been vastly improved under the new editorship.

Correction: In the review of G. A. Smith's *Isaiah*, in the ACADEMY for Feb. 21 (p. 183 col. 2, line 12), for "a work of Isaiah's" read "a work of Josiah's age."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. F. Y. EDGEWORTH, of Balliol College, has been elected to the Drummond chair of political economy at Oxford, vacant by the death last October of J. E. Thorold Rogers. Mr. Edgeworth, who is the secretary of the newly-founded British Economic Association, had previously succeeded Prof. Rogers on his resignation of the Tooke chair of political economy at King's College, London; and he has long been lecturer in logic at the same institution.

WE regret to hear that Mr. F. T. Palgrave, professor of poetry at Oxford, has been prevented from lecturing this term by ill-health.

THE proposal to confer the honorary degree of M.A. on Mr. Henry Bradley will come before Convocation at Oxford on Tuesday next.

THE Hon. and Rev. A. T. Lyttelton has been appointed Hulsean Lecturer at Cambridge for the present year, in succession to the Rev. Llewelyn Davies.

THE first of the Rev. C. Gore's Bampton

Lectures will be given from the university pulpit at St. Mary's on Sunday next, March 1.

CANON CHEYNE, the Oriel professor of the interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, proposes to deliver two public lectures on "Possible Zoroastrian Influence on the Religion of Israel."

FOR the meeting of the Cambridge Philological Society, held on Thursday of this week, contributions were promised from Prof. Mayor and Dr. Sandys upon "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens"; and notes on the subject-matter of the treatise, or elucidations of the text, were invited from other members.

MR. ALBERT DICEY, Vincian professor of English law at Oxford, announces a course of public lectures on "The Comparative Study of the Constitution."

THE teachers' training syndicate at Cambridge recommend that an application be made to the Committee of Council on Education, to allow the establishment of a day training college for men, confined to matriculated students of the university.

FROM the annual report of Manchester New College, now domiciled at 90, High-street, Oxford, we learn that the proposed new buildings in Mansfield-road are estimated to cost altogether about £50,000, towards which £31,439 has already been paid or promised. We observe that the regular income of the college is derived from land to the extent of nearly one-third. A benefaction is announced of £3000 from Mrs. W. Hollins, the interest of which is to be applied towards objects calculated to increase or improve the social or academical advantages of the students, or to promote their physical welfare.

IT is perhaps worthy of note that the Craven and Waddington scholarships at Cambridge have just been awarded to men bearing the following names:—R. J. Grote Mayor and Th. Llewelyn Davies.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately an edition of the *Historics* of Tacitus, by the Rev. W. A. Spooner, fellow and tutor of New College, Oxford. The Introduction consists of seven essays, dealing with such questions as the MSS. and earlier editions of the work, the materials used by the author, and the condition of the provinces at the time. An analysis is prefixed to each book, and there is also a particularly full index.

MESSRS. METHUEN have in the press *Oxford and Oxford Life*, a sort of modern version of *Pass and Class*, well known to a former generation. It is edited by Mr. J. Wells, fellow and tutor of Wadham.

PROF. KARL PEARSON, the newly-appointed professor of geometry at Gresham College, will give an introductory course of four lectures on "The Scope and Concepts of Modern Science" on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday of next week. The lectures are free to the public, and commence at 6 p.m.

A CORRESPONDENT calls attention to the absurd explanation given of "Silent Sister" in the new edition of *Webster* (p. 1711):—

"A name given to Trinity College, Dublin, because, unlike Oxford and Cambridge, it has no representative in Parliament."

As a matter of fact, Trinity College, as being by itself a university, has been represented in Parliament since the reign of James I., and is, indeed, the only college with such a franchise. The name "Silent Sister" is, of course, a relic of the time when Trinity College dons could be not unjustly accused of publishing nothing.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

IN QUIETNESS SHALL BE YOUR STRENGTH.

Cleanse, cleanse your soul from sin and soil,
And poetry will in it grow;
Quell in it greed and hate's turmoil,
And music from its depths will flow.

Still, still in tranquil mood advance,
From ever-changeable scene to scene;
Atoms and molecules may dance,
But man should hold a constant mien.

Mad, mad, my masters, is the age,
It plunges down, like Phaeton's team;
Consumed by fear and lust and rage,
We have forgotten how to dream.

Less, less of golden store be mine,
So that I may have quiet hours
In which to train my cottage vine
And pick the priceless wayside flowers.

J. C.-B.

MR. BALFOUR AT TRINITY COLLEGE, DUBLIN.

THE following is the text of the Latin speech delivered by the Public Orator (Prof. Palmer) at Trinity College, Dublin, on the occasion of conferring the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Mr. A. J. Balfour:

"Honoratissime Vice-Cancellarie, Domine Praeposite, Totaque Universitas:

"Quanto studio auctoritatem comprobaveritis Senatus Academici, cui placuit impigerimum fortissimumque virum Arthurum Iacobum Balfour, quantum in nobis est, honore adficere, testis hic virorum illustrium seminarumque primarium concursus, quantum nunquam antea fieri meminimus, nisi cum Reginae filius comitis nostris interesset.

"Quattuor fere anni sunt ex quo difficillimum rei publicae partem hic suscepit. Quae provincia infesta multis, huius gloriae principium fuit. Ubi alii famam perdiderant, hic invenit. Et si nobis nondum licet exclamare

'Iam redit et Virgo redeunt Saturnia regna', attamen satis superque causae est cur huius gratias vel maximas agamus. Nam hoc quadriennio faciem Hiberniae puene aliam reddidit. Vindex legum libertatisque extitit, fidem publicam revocavit, bonis animos auxit, concordiae fundamenta jecit. Omnibus ordinibus aequae studuit. Vias per regiones remotas munientas curavit, quibus egenis operariis mercedem, agri cultoribus itinera ad mercatus opportunos paravit. Nuper autem miscellis hominibus calamitate frugum perculsis subvenit, famelicos pavit, algentes vestivit. Quibus meritis animos popularium mirum in modum conciliavit, ique qui modo probra in eum temere atque inconsulto jecerant, laudes ejus libenter audiunt: restat, credo, ut Patrem Patriae ipsi salutent.

"Sed de his haecenus quae ad publicam potius quam privatam laudem pertinent. Illud, V.V.DD. vobis non minus hunc commendabit, quod summae sapientiae regiones tetigit, quique in republica gerenda nunquam haesitaret, dubitationi locum in philosophia asseruit. Quid quod musicam, artium principem, ut pauci excoluit? Seria haec: sed otium quoque ut recte disponent, multis exemplo fuit. Nam ut Maecenas post anxias super orbe atque urbe curas trigone se recreare solebat, ita hic, non circo, non alea, sed pila Scotica, ludo, si quid video, viro gravi strenuoque conveniente, reficitur.

"Quem ad quae maiora destinant fata nescimus. Quodsi vota facere licet, optandum est ab dis immortalibus, Aademicis, ut quicumque erit ille cui volvenda dies deferet regnum huius pulcherrimi Imperii a majoribus nostris multo sanguine ac labore parti, talis semper sit, qualem hic in Hibernia se praestitit, in consilio sagax ac benignus, in agendo firmus atque intrepidus. Tali duce atque auspice de patria nostra nunquam desperandum erit."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARDON, A. Madame de Custine, d'après des documents inédits. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
- BEITRÄGE zur Kunstgeschichte. Neue Folge. XII. Hans Sachs v. Kumbach u. seine Werke. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der Schule Dürers v. K. Koeltz. Leipzig: Seemann. 3 M.
- BELTRAMI, L. Il codice di Leonardo da Vinci nella Biblioteca del Principe Trivulzio in Milano, trascritto ed annotato. 35 fr. La Certosa di Pavia. 30 fr. Milan: Hoepli.
- BUCHARD, H. Marines étrangères. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 10 fr.
- FRIEDRICH, J. Der Glauben Goethes u. Schillers. Halle-a-S.: Kiemmerer. 2 M.
- HOUSSEY, A. Les Confessions: souvenirs d'un demi-siècle. Paris: Dentu. 36 fr.
- MILLET, R. Souvenirs des Balkans, de Salonique à Belgrade et du Danube à l'Adriatique. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
- ROGER-MILÈS, L. Corot. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 3 fr. 50 c.
- SCHNOK, C. Geschichte der Photographie. Wien: Hartleben. 8 M.
- TEXIER, C. Au pays des généraux: Haïti. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BEUPANT, Ch. Le droit individuel et l'état. Paris: Rousseau. 6 fr.
- CHUQUET, A. Les guerres de la Révolution. 2e Série. II. La trahison de Dumouriez. Paris: Cerf. 3 fr. 50 c.
- DONIO, H. Histoire de la participation de la France à l'établissement des États-Unis d'Amérique. T. 4. Paris: Picard. 20 fr.
- FRANKLIN, A. La vie privée d'autrefois (du XIIe au XVIIIe siècle), d'après des documents inédits. Variétés gastronomiques; les Médicaments. Paris: Plon. 7 fr.
- FRONLICH, P. Das Kriegswesen. III. Tl. 2. Gebrauch u. Führ. der Kriegsmittel. Zürich: Schulthess. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- KENTZE, J. E. Die deutschen Stadtgründungen od. Römerstädte u. deutsche Städte im Mittelalter. Leipzig: Breitkopf. 1 M. 50 Pf.
- PRAT, P. Lettres du Chevalier de Boufflers à la comtesse de Sabran. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- ERGEBNISSE, zoologische, e. Reise in Niederländisch Ost-Indien. Hrg. v. M. Weber. 2. Hft. Leiden: Brill. 20 M.
- INAMA-STERNGRO, K. Th. v. Deutsche Wirtschaftsgeschichte. 2. Bd. Das 10. bis 12. Jahrh. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 13 M.
- RAUSCHER, J. O. Ritter v. Darstellung der Philosophie. Hrg. v. C. Wolfgruber. 1. Bd. Theoretische Philosophie. Sautaug: Kitz. 3 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- AREL, C. Offener Brief an Prof. Dr. Gustav Meyer in Sachen der ägyptisch-indogermanischen Sprachverwandtschaft. Leipzig: Friedrich. 1 M. 30 Pf.
- KÖRTING, G. Lateinisch-romanisches Wörterbuch. 7. Lfg. Paderborn: Schöningh. 2 M.
- MICHAEL, H. J. Or ha-Chajim. Frankfurt-a-M.: Kauffmann. 6 M.
- TECHNER, F. Beiträge zur Geschichte der französischen u. englischen Phonetik u. Phonographie. 1. Thl. Ulm: Kehler. 6 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

Trinity College, Dublin: Feb. 23, 1891.

P. 6, 1. ult.—ἦσαν δ' οὐχ ἅμα πάντες οἱ ἐννέα ἄρχοντες. This could not express the fact that the archons had different offices or courts. Now, Mr. Kenyon's ἔκισαν was probably a *vox propria* for the archons' office or court. Cp. ἦδη δὲ ἐσπέρας οὐσας καὶ οὐκ οὐσας Μετρίδας αὐτοὶ πρὸς τὸ τῶν ἀρχόντων οἴκημα [office] καὶ καταλαμβάνει τοὺς ἔρχαντας ἐξιώντας (Dem. *Mid.* 542). *Domus* is used in the same sense in Juv. xiii. 160.

P. 11, 1. 5.—τοὺτους δὲ δεῖν εἶναι τοὺς πρυτάνεις καὶ τοὺς στρατηγούς καὶ τοὺς ἱππάρχους τοῦ γένους μεχρὶ εὐθυών. . . . τας δ' ἐκ τοῦ αὐτοῦ τέλους δεχομένους οὐκ οἱ στρατηγοὶ καὶ οἱ ἱππάρχοι. Here, as in many other places of this and the other works of Aristotle, words have got into the wrong place. I would read τοὺτους δὲ δεῖν κρατεῖν τοὺς δεχομένους (τοὺς στρατηγούς καὶ τοὺς ἱππάρχους) τοῦ γένους μεχρὶ εὐθυών. Compare p. 140, 1. 11—κρατεῖν μεχρὶ ἀρχῆς τέλους. The writer uses γερῶν p. 141, 1. 2.

P. 14, 1. 5.—The words misrepresented by the unmeaning καὶ γὰρ ἐπλάσαν seem to be part of Solon's poem, and to describe the distracted state of Athens, perhaps καὶ γὰρ ἐπ' ἡλαίνι. The subject of the subsequent verbs is Σόλων, and the words p. 15, 1. 10—τὴν τε φιλαργυρίαν τὴν θ' ὑπερη-

φανίαν—should be displayed as a pentameter verse.

P. 16, 1. 6, for [μετὰ δὲ] οὐ πολὺ, read ὕστερον δὲ (or μετὰ δὲ ταῦτα) οὐ πολὺ, "not long afterwards."

P. 16, 1. 17.—μετεκρούσας may be right. The idea of a balance underlies the word, as in παρακρούσας; and "he shifted the balance of affairs" would be a not unnatural way of saying "he changed the face of politics."

P. 20, 1. 3.—It is impossible that an inscription should consist of two pentameters. Read

ἵππον Διφίλου Ἀνθεμίαν ἐνέθηκε θεοῖσι;

and, in the next lines, read ἐπιμαρτυρῶν for ἐκμαρτυρῶν, and for σημαινόντων either σημαινόντων or σηματούσαν.

P. 25, 1. 1, for τὴν πρόφασιν [ν τοῦ κολάζ] εἶναι, read τὴν πρόφασιν τοῦ ἐκτινέσθαι.

P. 25, 1. 6.—τὸ αὐτόματον has no construction. Read [ἀγαπῶ]ντας τὸ αὐτόματον, "content to let things take their course"; or περιμένοντας. Cp. Plut. *Sol.* 20.

P. 27, 1. ult. for τ[ρ]εῖς καὶ ἐξήκοντα, read, perhaps, ὡς κατὰ ἐξ. The abbreviated symbols for καὶ and κατὰ are very alike.

P. 30, 1. 6.—

οὐδὲ μαι τυραννίδος
ἀνδάνει βία τι [ρὲς] εἶν οὐδὲ πει[ρ]ᾶς χθονὸς
πατρίδος θεοκοῖσιν ἐσθλοῖς ἰσομοίριαν ἔχειν.

For θάκοισιν, read κακοῖν, the meaning being "nor does it please me that the good should have merely an equal share with the bad of the rich soil of our country." Cp. *Soph. Oed. Tyr.* 810—οὐ μὴν ἴσση γε, "not merely an even penalty." What he desired was that the good should have far more than the bad.

P. 30, 1. penult.—The meaning given to ἀξονήλατον in the note is impossible. Can there be an allusion to the revolving axes on which the Laws of Solon were engraved? If so, ἀξονήλατων (from ἀξονήλατω) would be a poetical synonym for νομαθεῶν, and would be taken with ἐπαυδάμην; or perhaps we should read οὐνεκα ξενήλατον = "treated like a stranger and banished." See 1. 8 of this fragment.

P. 32, 1. 2, probably we should read

αὐθις δ' ἂ τοῖσδ' ἐν ἄτεροι φρασάτατο.

P. 41, 1. 20.—μέγιστον δὲ πάντων ἦν [των ἀρεσκο]μένων. This is, of course, impossible. Perhaps τῶν προσαγομένων or προσαγομείων, as προπάσθαι exactly means *sibi consiliare*.

After τῶν προσαγομείων, I suppose τὸν δῆμον to have fallen out of the archetype before τὸ δημοτικόν.

P. 45, 1. 10, for ἐφ[υ]εν, read ἐφευγεν.

P. 80, 1. 6, surely ἐδρόμενος is the tense demanded, not εἰρισκόμενος.

P. 88, 1. 3.—ἔταν τοῖς ἀποῖσι γίγνεται μετὰ τῶν ἄλλων βουλευέιν. Probably we should read τοῖς αὐτοῖς, "the same senators, the old members." We find (p. 156) that the office of senator was the only civil office which could be held twice.

P. 91, 1. 4.—τῇ ναυμαχίᾳ ρικάντας. Read τὴν ναυμαχίαν.

P. 97, 1. 1, read κατὰ τὴνδε τρόπον.

P. 120, 1. 9, we should probably read τὸν [πρί]μενον καὶ ὀπίσθον ἂν πρῆται; and, in 1. 21, ἐν γραμματεῖσι λευκωμένους.

P. 121, 1. 12.—The supplement seems to be καὶ [παραδίδου]σιν.

P. 122, 1. 18, 19, the correction of τρέφειν to τρέχειν is suggested by *Eth.* ii. 6.2—ὁμοίως ἢ τοῦ ἵππου ἀρετὴ ἵππον τε σπουδαῖον ποιεῖ καὶ ἀγαθὸν δρεμεῖν καὶ ἐιεγεῖν τὸν ἐπιβάτην καὶ μείναι τοὺς πολεμίους.

R. T. TYRRELL.

[A SECOND edition is now in our hands of the newly discovered fragment of "Aristotle's" *Constitution of Athens*. It is, so far as we can discover, very little altered from the first edition, though a few small amendments have been silently made. The passage in c. 50, which formerly ran ὁχετοὺς μετεώρας εἰς τὴν ὁδὸν ἔκρουν ἐχομένας, now runs ὁχετοὺς μετεώρους κ.τ.λ.; but it is to be supposed that this is not its final form. Furthermore, there is a list of nine *Corrigeunda*, not introduced into the text, but given on a fly-leaf—a list which few persons will consider adequate. We subjoin these

corrections for the benefit of purchasers of the first edition. (1) P. 23, 1. 7, for ἐλογίσαστο read ἐπαίησαστο. (2) P. 30, 1. 8, for θάκοισιν read κακοῖσιν. (This renders Mr. Kenyon's note on the passage superfluous.) (3-4) P. 32, 1. 15, for ἂν τορδᾶς read ἀντορδᾶς, and for ἐξελὶν read ἐξείλεν. (5) P. 43, 1. 3, after ἰδῶν insert εἶναι. (It was suggested in the ACADEMY for February 14 that some verb is missing after ἰδῶν; and we could wish now to be told whether the εἶναι has been invented for the occasion, or whether it is really based on anything in the papyrus.) (6) P. 44, 1. 21, for Ἀρεῖον, read Ἀρεῖον. (7) P. 92, 1. 4, for χωρησάμενοι, read χρησάμενοι. (8) P. 103, 1. 14, for καρδία, read καὶ διὰ. (9) P. 124, 1. 7, for συνοικεῖ, read συνδιαικεῖ. Here, again, one wishes to know whether this is an emendation, or whether the space for two extra letters has now been found in the MS. On the whole, it seems to us a matter of regret that the second edition should be so small an improvement. If held back for a little time longer, it might have gained much more largely by criticism on the first edition.—En. ACADEMY.]

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "FIANN" AND "FÉNE."

London: Feb. 16, 1891.

Although I cannot claim to be one of the "Celtic experts" whom Mr. Nutt invites to criticise Prof. Zimmer's theory as to the origin of the Ossianic Saga, I venture to present briefly some of the difficulties in accepting that theory, which occur at once to the comparative philologist.

To quote Mr. Nutt's letter in the ACADEMY of February 14: "It is hardly too much to say that the hypothesis turns upon the word *fiann*. But," as he cautiously adds, "is the suggested derivation a likely one?" Prof. Zimmer regards *fiann* as a loan-word from the Old-Norse *fjándi*, pl. *fjándr*. Now, first, the vocalism of the words is different, the *ia* in the monosyllabic *fiann*, gen. *féinne*, representing a primeval diphthong *ei*, while the *ja* in *fjándi* represents the *iya* in the dissyllabic *fiy-and-a*. Secondly, the genders are different, *fiann* being feminine, *fjándi* masculine. Thirdly, the declensions are different, *fiann* being a stem in *a*, *fjándi* a stem in *i*. Fourthly, the meanings are different: *fiann* is a collective, meaning a body of warriors or hunters, while *fjándi* means (a single) enemy. In short, two words beginning with the same letter can hardly be less alike. Moreover, if *fiann* were a loan-word, we should expect, from the analogy of the modern *péatar* = O.N. *piátr* "pewter," something like **féann*, or **féinn*, gen. **féinn* or **fénnia*, with the meaning of "foe."

The etymology of *fiann* (whence *fiannas*, *fénnid*) seems clear. As *siann* "chain" comes from the root *si* "to bind," so *fiann* is derived (by the *ai*-suffix, as the msc. *fián* "a hero,"* by the *no*-suffix) from the root *vei* or *vi* "to drive, to hunt." This root is inferred from the Lith. *veju*, *viĵau*, *vyti* "to hunt," the

Church-Slavonic *voj* "warrior," the Old-Norse *veidr* "hunting," and possibly the Lat. *vē-na-ri*. See Fick's *Wörterbuch* iv. 302, where these and other cognates are collected. From the same root comes the Old-Irish *féne* "Irishman," an Old-Celtic *veinios*, the gen. pl. of which occurs in the so-called Fiacc's Hymn. This poem is certainly not later than the beginning of the ninth century, and there is no reason for regarding it as interpolated. From *féne* is derived *fénechas*, the name for the Old-Irish law. A British cognate may be *Gwynedd*

* The oldest instance of this word (gen. *fián*?) is in the Book of Armagh, 14a. 2, "Iuglavit me fían maice Maice con." There was a similar fem. *a* theme, *fíán* (dat. *fíin*) synonymous with *fiann*, and also descending from a primeval *veinā*. A suffixal *n* is constantly doubled in Irish after a long vowel. The *Féna* of the Book of Armagh, 18a. 1, seems to be another collective in *-aio*.

"North-Wales," which Prof. Rhys equates with Irish *fine* "family," but which may just as well be = *Féne*, as Welsh *gwyl* is = Irish *féil*, *gwylled* = *féile*, *gwylld* = *féid*, and probably *gwych* = *Fiace*. So the Welsh loanword *gwysig-en* is = Lat. *vésica*.

The other etymologies proposed by Prof. Zimmer and mentioned by Mr. Nutt may be dismissed with few words.

The Irish *Lothlind** (or *Laithlind*†) and *Lochland* cannot be borrowed from the name of the Danish island *Láland*, first, because this theory leaves the *th* and *ch* unaccounted for; and, secondly, because *Lothlind*, or *Laithlind*, and *Lochlann* mean Norway, not Denmark. The etymology of these Irish words is obscure. All that can reasonably be stated is that *Lothlind* seems cognate with the Welsh *Lledlyn*, which Pughe says means the Baltic; and that *Lochlann* is certainly cognate with, or borrowed from, the Welsh *Llychlyn* "Norway." Popular etymology has doubtless affected all these Celtic names.

The name *Rus mac Tricim*, L. U. 118b. 1 (rectius *Ross mac Trichim*‡) cannot be borrowed from Prof. Zimmer's imaginary "*Rus Tryggvason*": first, because an Irish *ch* never represents a Norse *gyv*; and, secondly, because the name *Trichim* existed in Ireland long before the Norsemen settled in that country. This is proved by the occurrence of the gen. sg. *Trichim* in fo. 18b. 2 of the Book of Armagh, a MS. written A.D. 807.

The Irish divinatory practice which Prof. Zimmer calls *teim luegda*, citing the corrupt copy of Cormac's glossary in the Lebar Brece, cannot possibly take its name from the alleged Old-Norse nom. pl. *teinar lægðir*, acc. pl. *teina lægða*, first, because the *ei* of *teinar*, *teina* is a diphthong, which would have been represented in Irish by *ái*, *ae*, or *í*; § whereas the *ei* of *teim* is merely an *e* unaltered by the *e* of the suffix *-men*; secondly, because the Irish hard *m* cannot represent a Norse *ar* or *a*; and, thirdly, because there is no evidence that the Irish practice in question had anything to do with twigs (*teinar*). It consisted, so far we know, in reciting a kind of metrical charm or spell. A fourth objection, namely, that the expression *teinar lægðir* is a mere invention of Prof. Zimmer's, I leave to be dealt with by the Germanists. I have good authority for stating that it is not to be found in the Old-Norse literature. *Teim* (or *teum*) is a genuine Irish word. It is glossed by *taitneamh* "light, radiance," in O'Donovan's Supplement; and it is doubtless derived from the Old-Irish *ten* "fire." As to *laegda*, it is (so far as I know) only a solitary scribe's corrupt spelling of *laeda* or *láido*, the gen. sg. of *laid* "song," an aspirated *g* being inserted as in *deceal-g-ter*, Harl. 5280, fo. 66a, *lu-g-na* borrowed from Latin *luna*, Egerton 90, fo. 17a. 1, &c. Compare a *teim-láido*, an *teim laoda*, tri *teim laido*, tria *teim laoido*, Cormac's Glossary, Laud 610 and H. 2. 16, s.vv. *linbas forosnai* and *Mugéime, tre thenm-láide, tria teim laoda*, ibid. s.v. ore treith. So *teim laida*, Laud 610, fo. 91a. 1 = *tedm* (corrected in the margin to *teim*) *leoda*, Book of Ballymote, 295b. 17: *teim-luidha*, Rawl. B. 512, fo. 114 b. 1.

WHITLEY STOKES.

* The dat. sg., written *loth lind*, occurs in the St. Gall Priscian, 112, in the upper margin.

† Gen. sg. *Laithlinne*, A.U. 847, *Laithlinde*, A.U. 852.

‡ The omission of the mark of aspiration over the *e* of *Tricim* in L. U. 118b. 1 is a mere scribal error, such as occurs hundreds of times in that MS. Compare *co Dichoim mac Trichim*, do *Rus mac Trichim*, Trip. Life, p. 38; *brathair do Thrichim*, ibid. 218.

§ Compare the Irish *stáig* "steak," now written *stóig*, from Old-Norse *steik*, and the Irish *i. i. inis* "island," from Old-Norse *ey*.

PROF. EARLE'S "FLEXIONAL INFINITIVE."

Oxford: Feb. 16, 1891.

Prof. Earle, in a most interesting book which he has lately published, called *English Prose*, attempts in his second chapter, which treats of the Import of Grammar, to give an account of what he calls "the flexional infinitive." In this section an explanation is offered of the nature of some of our words ending in *-ing*—an explanation which I believe to be thoroughly unsound. The professor says that, besides participles and verbal nouns, there are words in *-ing* which are neither the one nor the other, but are either verbs in the infinitive mood or gerunds. In support of this doctrine, Mr. Earle cites an Englishing of the French *raison d'être* by Matthew Arnold, who speaks of "the main title on which Puritan churches rest their right of existing." Here, he says, we have a case of a flexional infinitive, for the word in *-ing* represents the infinitive of the original French, which could very well have been translated by an infinitive in English. Matthew Arnold might have rendered *raison d'être* by "right to exist." And the professor of Anglo-Saxon goes on to make this astounding statement that "in this case the *-ing* as truly represents the old infinitival termination *-an*, as 'Abingdon' represents an earlier form of *Abbandūn*!" With regard to the illustration from Abingdon, it may at once be said that we have not here a normal development of sounds: *ing* from Old English *an*, but an instance of the force of analogy. The rare element *an* has been assimilated to the far commoner *ing*, occurring in the numerous names of places ending in *-ingdon* *-ington*, such as Huntingdon, Kennington.

There is a German proverb, "*Lieben und Singen lässt sich nicht zwingen*," which may be Englished "*Loving and Singing are not to be forced*." There is a Spanish proverb "*Amar y saber no puede ser*," which may be Englished "*To love and be wise is impossible*." Now can Mr. Earle really be serious in asserting that the word "loving," which renders the German infinitive *Lieben* in the former proverb, and is the equivalent of the infinitive "to love" in the second proverb, may therefore be held to be the true phonetic representative of the old Anglo-Saxon infinitive form *lufian*? We cannot think that the professor has given the matter due consideration; for he must be aware of the fact that the true phonetic representative of Anglo-Saxon *lufian* is at the present day *love*, through the Middle English stages, *lurien*, *luen*, *lovien*, *loven*. It is utterly impossible that Old English *lufian* could have had "loving" as its true formal representative in modern English. The fact is that the professor has in this matter confused two things which ought to have been kept quite distinct—the form and the function of a word. In form, our "loving," in whatever syntactical way it may be used, is not the equivalent of *lufian*, in spite of the case of Abingdon. In function, the verbal noun "loving" and the infinitive "to love" may be absolutely identical. The infinitives in the line, "*To err is human, to forgive divine*," are precisely equivalent in function to the verbal nouns in the proverb, "*Loving and singing are not to be forced*." But this is a very different thing from saying that the modern sound *-ing* represents the old sound *-an* of the Anglo-Saxon infinitive. Of course, our *-ing* is the true representative of the Anglo-Saxon *-ung*; it has no other phonetic source. It is from this old suffix *-ung* that we really have the modern form of our active participles in *-ing*, as any one may easily infer who will read the passages cited by Dr. Murray in the New English Dictionary (s.v. *a* (1), p. 3, col. 2, sect. 13).

A. L. MAYHEW.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, March 1, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Edward Irving and the Rise of the Catholic Apostolic Church," by Mr. J. E. Carlyle.
4 p.m. Sunday Lecture Society: "The Literature and Religion of the Ancient Egyptians," by Miss Amelia B. Edwards.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Our Duty to our Neighbour," by Mrs. Bryant.
MONDAY, March 2, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.
5 p.m. London Institution: "The Telescope," by Sir Howard Grubb.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Electric Transmission of Power," IV., by Mr. Gisbert Kapp.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Deontology," by Mr. H. J. Clarke.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium, "Has Optimism or Pessimism the Deeper Roots in Human Nature?" by Messrs. F. C. Conybeare, E. W. Cook, and the Rev. P. G. Waggott.
8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Hypnotism and the Unconscious Self," by Mr. Frank Podmore.
TUESDAY, March 3, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," VIII., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "The Falasha Jews in their Ethnical Relation to the other Abyssinians," by the Rev. A. Löwy.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Subterranean Water in the Chalk Formation of the Upper Thames, and its relation to the Supply of London," by Mr. J. T. Harrison.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Collection of small Mammalia made by Mr. F. J. Jackson, in Eastern Central Africa," by Mr. O. Thomas; "The Butterflies collected by Mr. F. J. Jackson in Eastern Central Africa," by Miss E. Sharpe; "The Comparative Osteology of the United States *Columbiga*," by Dr. R. W. Shufeldit.
WEDNESDAY, March 4, 4 p.m. Mrs. Jopling's Art School: "The Poets as Painters," by Miss Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Modern Flour Milling," by Mr. J. Harrison Carter.
8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Thomas Dekker," by Mr. Ernest Rhys.
8.30 p.m. University College: "The Art of Legislation," by Mr. T. Ralegh.
THURSDAY, March 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Modern Chemistry in relation to Sanitation," I., by Prof. C. M. Tidy.
4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Our Lady of Pity," by Mr. Edward Peacock; "Some Tombs in Crete of the Age of Mycenae," by the Rev. J. Hirst; "Objects found in the Thames," by Mr. H. S. Cowper.
5 p.m. London Institution: "Sea Fishes," by Prof. E. Ray Lankester.
8 p.m. Linnean: "A Morphological and Systematic Account of the Fucaceae Genus *Turbellaria*," by Miss E. Barton; "New Species of *Culex*, with Observations on the Position of the Genus," by Mr. George Murray; "The Genus *Leoneonema*, a Parasitic Crustacean," by Dr. John Lowe.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, March 6, 4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Science of Colour," IV., by Capt. Abney.
8 p.m. Philological: "The Non-Chinese Languages and Writings of China," by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie.
8 p.m. Geologists' Association.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electromagnetic Repulsion," by Prof. J. A. Fleming.
SATURDAY, March 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Forces of Cohesion," IV., by Lord Rayleigh.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

THE WOELFFLIN CELEBRATION.

Commentationes Woelfflinianae. (Leipzig: Teubner.)

THIS is a collection of dissertations on various points of Latin and Greek philology, written in honour of Prof. Edward Woelfflin, of Munich, who has recently attained his sixtieth birthday. The contributors are drawn mainly, if not exclusively, from those scholars who have forwarded in any way the *Archiv für Lateinische Lexicographie und Grammatik*, a work which has received the express commendation and support of Prof. Mayor, of Cambridge, and which is now in the eighth year of its existence. Prof. Mayor has himself sent a *Commentationacula* on some *Addenda lexicis Latinis*; from Oxford Prof. Nettleship and the present writer, from France M. Havet, have contributed short papers.

The contents are of the greatest variety. They amount in all to fifty-two articles. The volume thus gives a good general idea of the manifold lines which German philology, especially in Latin, is taking at the present time. To begin with one of the most important, palaeography, J. W. Beck has a notice of two Leyden MSS. of Florus · Edward Hauler

on the Nonantulan (or Sessorian) palimpsest fragments of Pliny's Natural History, formerly in the library of Santa Croce in Gierusalemme, now in the Public Library, at Rome. To the history of this MS. (perhaps of the sixth century, A.D.) many new facts are here added, which greatly extend the knowledge of it that can be obtained from Sillig's edition; and even Detlefsen, it seems, has not said the last word on the subject.

Wilhelm Schmitz sends a paper on some fragments of Jerome, Augustin, and Isidore, written in Tironian *notae* of the eighth or ninth century; and a facsimile of them, photographed from the MS. at Bern (Miscell. 611), is published at the end of the volume, forming a very interesting supplement to the literature of this obscure province of palaeography. Karl Fricke contributes a careful disquisition on the MSS. of the *anonymus Valesii*.

Lexicography is more largely represented, as is natural in a work designed to honour a lexicographer. P. Geyer writes on the use of *loco = ibi*; G. Götz some *lexicologische bemerkungen*; Prof. Nettleship on the words *cognomen cognomentum*; Joh. Hümer on *paropsis, parapsis*; A. Zingerle on the Græco-Latin explanations of words in Hilary of Poitiers's Commentary on the Psalms; Emanuel Hoffmann on the *Triarii*; Ludwig Brehner sends some *Addenda lexicis linguae Græcæ*; Stowasser discusses the word *surus*.

Disquisitions on Pomp. Mela and Corn. Nepos, on the *Bellum Alexandrinum*, on the three last books of Ammianus Marcellinus, on Caesar, on Martial's *Liber Spectaculorum*, on Horace, on Ausonius, on Propertius, on Lucilius, on the Digest, on Terence, on Cicero's Letters to Atticus, on Boetius, on Seneca's relation to Prudentius, on Manilius, on the work known as *de viris illustribus*, are contributed by Wagener, Landgraf and Hartel, Petschenig, Schiller, Remm, M. Hertz, Brandes, Otto, Havet, Kübler, Dziatzko, Böckel, Schepps, Weyman, the present writer, and Opitz. Karl Schenkl has a paper on the fragments of the Greek Comicæ, Karl Stittl on Archaism. My own paper deals with some remarkable marginalia found in the 1510 edition of Manilius, and seemingly written at least before 1600; they anticipate in many cases the conjectures of Scaliger and Bentley, and form an Epimetrum in my forthcoming *Notes Manilianæ*.

History is represented by O. Seeck's "Erhebung des Maximian zum Augustus," and J. Meibers "Des Dio Cassius Bericht über die Seeschlacht des D. Brutus gegen die Veneter." Literary history by T. H. Schmalz on "The Character and Language of C. Matius," the friend and correspondent of Cicero; by R. Schöll on Maternus; and by Karl Wytkes "Two Small Contributions to the Literature of the Renaissance."

In comparative philology, G. Gröber's *Verstümmung des h, m, und positionslange silbe im Lateinischen*, and Suchier's *quietus* in Romance languages seem to stand alone.

Ecclesiastical writers figure more prominently: Dracontius, Cyprian, the author of the now well-known treatise on dice, and of the poem on "The Passion of the Lord" ascribed to Lactantius.

The articles on Chinese by von Karolsfeld, on the Saturnian metre, on parataxis of words in the Greek Tragici, and on imperial rescripts, are all worth reading.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

MATHEMATICAL BOOKS.

American Journal of Mathematics. Vol xiii. No. 2. (Baltimore: January, 1891.) This number opens (pp. 97-144) with the conclusion of Oskar Bolza's memoir on "The Theory of Substitution Groups, and its Applications to

Algebraic Equations." Part ii. is occupied with Galois's theory of algebraic equations, and treats of Galois's resolvent, the same mathematician's equations, and Abelian equations. There is an index of contents, which enables the reader to find his way about, and a reference index to the explanations of the many novel terms used. The remainder of this number is taken up with several short papers. Among these are "Some Properties of a Group of Numbers" (pp. 145-152), by M. D'Ocagne, connected with Bernoulli's numbers, in continuation of a former paper in the volume for 1887. "Sur les lois de forces centrales faisant décrire à leur point d'application une conique quelles que soient les conditions initiales," by P. Appell (pp. 153-158) does not aim at originality, but is a simplified treatment of a problem discussed by MM. Darboux and Halphen; Dr. H. Taber writes on "Certain Identities in the Theory of Matrices" (pp. 159-172). This paper is also connected with a previous one by the same author (Vol. xii.). "Systems of Ray's Normal to a Surface," by W. C. L. Gorton, is a supplement to §7 of a previous paper (Vol. x. p. 347). Prof. F. Morley's note on "The Epicycloid" is a treatment, by the method of circular co-ordinates, of known properties of these curves. The closing notes (pp. 185-192) are "Reduction of a Differential Equation," by H. P. Manning; "A Simple Statement of Proof of Reciprocal-Theorem," by J. C. Fields founded on the Gaussian Criterion; and "Related Expressions for Bernoulli's and Euler's Numbers," by the same author.

Logarithmic, Trigonometric, and other Mathematical Tables. By H. H. Ludlow, with the co-operation of E. W. Bass. (New York: J. Wiley.) These are a compact set of the following tables: logarithms of numbers, important constants and their logarithms, logarithms of trigonometric functions, natural sines, &c., and squares and square roots of numbers. The tables are prefaced with a brief introduction. The tabulations (to seven places) are to the nearest half-unit. They have been carefully compared with the tables of Sehron, Bruhn, and Brenner.

Manual of Logarithms. By G. F. Mathews. (Macmillan.) This work at once suggests the similar treatise by Prof. Wolstenholme; but, whereas the latter was limited in the main to the solution of triangles and allied problems, the present work treats of logarithms in their "connexion with arithmetic, algebra, plane trigonometry, and mensuration." It is the best book we know on the subject, and can be thoroughly recommended to all and sundry. The great number of examples (close upon 1300) will afford ample practice, and the typical examples fully worked out will show a student how his work ought to be put on paper.

Notes on Trigonometry and Logarithms. By the Rev. J. M. Eustace. (Longmans.) There is nothing sensational in the work before us. It is a compilation—and, we think, a good one for its purpose—of the portions most needed to be studied by ordinary pupils. It fact, the compiler strives to act in the place of a private tutor to one who is not blessed with that useful help. We have read the text, and have detected only a few slips. On p. 10, Euclid's Cor. to i. 32 is not quite correctly cited; p. 89, line 9, for $b+a$ read $b-a$; a superfluous Q.E.D. has crept into pp. 90, 137, which, though it is not wrong, looks out of place; on p. 126, 2SP is wanted; on p. 137, for 24 read 21; on p. 182, read $9x$ for 9^x ; on p. 206, in the "Compass" figure, read E by N for E by E; on p. 209 is a bad figure, which does not at all fit in with the question; on p. 210 two objects are said to make an angle with each other, whereas what is meant is that the distance between

the objects subtends an angle at the person's eye; on p. 226, 7 up, for L read P; on p. 230, two A's are given in the same figure. These are the only errata we have noticed, so that the text is very carefully printed. The treatment of logarithms is very satisfactory, and the collection of exercises is not only very large but, moreover, interesting. We have not, however, yet tested their accuracy, or the correctness of the accompanying answers.

Elementary Algebra. By W. W. Rouse Ball. (Cambridge: University Press.) This work is one of the series of elementary text-books which are being brought out at the instance of the Syndic of the University Press. The author's aim is to treat the subject from a purely elementary point of view; and so he does not go into any extensive detail in his handling of such matters as permutations and combinations, the binomial theorem and the exponential theorem. He keeps steadily before him the requirements of the Cambridge Local and the Oxford and Cambridge Schools Examinations, so that the student will find ample material for the exercise of his powers in working out the numerous papers set for the above-named examinations. Many readers will find enough matter supplied them here without reading a higher text-book. Mr. Ball is to be congratulated on the successful achievement of a task which we fancy must have been hardly to his taste, at any rate by no means so congenial to him as those historical studies which, we trust, he has only abandoned for a time. We commend his book from a practical acquaintance with it. The printing is, of course, excellent. Answers accompany the text.

Elementary Algebra, with numerous Examples. By W. A. Potts and W. L. Sargant. (Longmans.) If there is little that calls for special commendation in this small book, so there is little that calls for blame. In fact, it is merely an outline of a work the details of which are left to be filled in by a tutor or by a more complete text-book. A useful feature is the collection of school entrance examination papers and of other examples on the lines of these papers. The authors just touch upon quadratic equations. Answers to the questions accompany the text.

Key to Arithmetic in Theory and Practice. By the late J. Brooksmith. (Macmillan.) This portly volume represents a tremendous amount of work, and will be a boon to student and teacher. The examples are worked out *in extenso*: there is no shirking. We can give the book no higher praise.

Solutions of the Examples in Elementary Algebra for Schools. By H. S. Hall and S. R. Knight. (Macmillan.) These solutions are just what are wanted by mathematical masters, who cannot command the time necessary for the immediate working-out of many of the exercises whilst engaged with their classes. They are still more valuable, perhaps, for that large class of students who cannot avail themselves of a teacher's guiding hand.

Demonstrations of Arithmetic. By Clement Davies. (Hutchinson.) The major part of this work is written "in the form of question and answer for the use of pupils preparing for examinations." It consists of twelve sections on abstract arithmetic and of eight on concrete arithmetic. At the end are exercises and answers, and in the text numerous selected problems fully worked out. The book is likely to be of service to candidates who wish to make a rapid revise of the subject. In the wording of some of the questions, though brevity does not result in obscurity, it does occasionally result in an inelegant form of expression. A very slight revision would correct this blemish.

Mental Arithmetic. By J. G. Holmes. (Clifton: Baker.) A handy book of examples, mainly with answers. A chapter on percentages and profits is likely to be useful to boys preparing for a business career.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE BERTIN, M.R.A.S.

It is with much regret that we record the death of Mr. George Bertin, a devoted student of Assyriology in all its branches. Though yet comparatively young, his health had lately broken down, partly from overwork, and partly from those disappointments which attend the unendowed student in obscure departments of learning. As recently as last December he was lecturing at the British Museum; but the illness from which he had long been suffering gained rapidly upon him, and he died on Wednesday, February 18, at his residence, 58, Fortress Road, N.W.

Mr. Bertin was a Frenchman by birth, though we have heard that the family were of Italian descent, and originally spelt their name "Bertini." His grandfather was Jean Victor Bertin, well known as a landscape painter and teacher of painting in the early part of the century. His father was an avocet and homme des lettres. The son was born in 1848, and educated in Paris, where he was first attracted to Assyriology by attending the lectures of Prof. Jules Oppert at the Sorbonne and Collège de France. He settled in London in 1869, and was soon afterwards naturalised as a British subject. Henceforth he devoted all the time that could be spared from the necessary pursuit of bread-winning to his favourite study. He used to speak with affectionate regard of Mr. Sayce as his English teacher; but, in truth, he was mainly self-taught, having acquired his extensive knowledge of the languages of ancient Babylonia direct from the storehouse of tablets in the British Museum, under the charge of his friend, Mr. Th. G. Pinches.

Mr. Bertin was a member of several learned societies—the Royal Asiatic, the Anthropological Institute, the Society of Biblical Archaeology, the Royal Historical, &c.; and it was in their Transactions and Proceedings that most of his researches appeared. These dealt with such subjects as "The Tense and Voice Formation of the Semitic Verb," "The Pre-Akkadian Semites," "The Origin and Development of the Cuneiform Syllabary," "The Bushmen and their Language." So far as we are aware, the only book he published was *A Grammar of Akkadian, Uramic, and Proto-Medic*, in Trübner's "Series of Simplified Grammars" (1889). But for some time past he had been engaged upon an elaborate work, to be entitled "The Populations of the Fatherland of Abraham," which, we believe, is left so far advanced that it may be seen through the press by another hand.

While Germany is steadily annexing Assyrian to her own domain, as she has long ago done with Sanskrit—both which languages were first revealed to Europe by Englishmen—we can ill afford to lose even the humblest labourer in this neglected vineyard.

J. S. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

σπαρτεία, σπαρτία, σπαρτιά.

Caius College, Cambridge: Feb. 23, 1891.

Under the above heading Prof. Sanday has touched upon a point which, though minute, is not without interest for students of the Greek Bible. Since he does not enter upon the readings of the Greek Old Testament, may I be permitted to add a few lines?

A hasty inspection seems to show that the word in one or other of its forms occurs twenty-seven times in the LXX. of Cod. Vaticanus (B), all the occurrences being in the canonical books; and that σπαρτεία is written *prima manu* seventeen times, σπαρτιά (or σπαρτία) ten times. The two forms appear to be used without discrimination. In the majority of instances σπαρτεία = סַפְרִיָּה, while in Num. x. 28 סַפְרִיָּה is represented by σπαρτιά (? σπαρτία). It is noteworthy, however, that B writes σπαρτιά uniformly in the Pentateuch and in the Prophets (exc. Hosea xiii. 4), but σπαρτεία in 2, 3 Kings, 1, 2, Chronicles, and Nehemiah. Since Dr. Ezra Abbot has shown that the first scribe of B ended his work at 1 Kings xix. 11, and the second wrote on to the end of 2 Esdras, it follows that, with the exception of the passage in Hosea, all the instances of σπαρτεία are due to the same scribe. One is tempted to infer that the use of one form or the other depended on the taste of the scribe, and that no difference of meaning was recognised. I have not gone into the readings of Codex Alexandrinus with equal care, but I believe it will be found that the case is reversed; in A, σπαρτεία is the form adopted in the earlier books, while σπαρτιά predominates in Kings, Chronicles, and the Prophets.

With regard to accentuation, I venture to write either σπαρτεία or σπαρτιά in the Old Testament, with the possible exception of Num. x. 28.

The whole question of the termination of this class of nouns is one of the most perplexing which an editor of the LXX. is compelled to face. The practice of the great uncial codices in the New Testament, so carefully ascertained by Dr. Hort, is not always consistent with the practice of the same MSS. in the Septuagint.

H. B. SWETE.

Ellesborough House, Tring: Feb. 21, 1891.

Would Macaulay's New Zealander have a right to decide whether Pope wrote "ate" or "eat" on the strength of the fragment of one of his essays copied into an Irish farm-ledger with entries of judicial rents—unless, indeed, the fragment included some of Mr. Courthouse's notes? Is there any better reason to think the new-found Constitution of Athens a very high authority on Greek spelling, or, indeed, an authority at all for the spelling of the time of Aristotle?

No doubt some MSS. are authorities on doubtful points of spelling because they clearly follow the practice of a much earlier time than their own. Very possibly Codex B is one of them—in spite of repeated mis-spellings (due to habitual slovenly pronunciation) of words which are not doubtful. But why are we to assume that the unknown person who, in some unknown part of Egypt, began to copy the remains of a book he took for Aristotle's on the back of some old farm-accounts, or the more illiterate copyists whom he employed to finish it, spelt, after an interval of at least four hundred years, exactly as Aristotle or his scholars spelt at Athens? Granting that the owner of the papyrus at any rate spelt as well as it was usual to spell in Egypt—did he, or everybody else who cared enough about an old book to copy it, copy the spelling minutely, or was spelling immutable all over the Hellenised world for centuries? When we come to the New Testament we may ask further, Was it ever uniform? Did the tentmakers of Tarsus and the silversmiths of Ephesus spell just alike, or had each local peculiarities of their own? If they had, St. Paul spelt like the one, and St. John or his amanuenses spelt like the other, though no doubt such insignificant and unedifying singularities were early effaced.

G. A. SIMCOX.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE following have been appointed presidents of sections for this year's meeting of the British Association, to be held at Cardiff, beginning on August 19: A.—Mathematical and Physical Science, Prof. O. J. Lodge; B.—Chemical Science, Prof. W. Chandler Roberts-Austen; C.—Geology, Prof. T. Rupert Jones; D.—Biology, Mr. Francis Darwin; E.—Geography, Mr. E. G. Ravenstein; F.—Economic Science and Statistics, the Rev. Dr. W. Cunningham; G.—Mechanical Science, Mr. T. Forster Brown; H.—Anthropology, Prof. F. Max Müller.

PROF. C. MEYMOTT TIDY will, on Thursday next, March 5, begin a course of three lectures, at the Royal Institution, on "Modern Chemistry in relation to Sanitation."

THE next volume in the "Contemporary Science" series, published by Mr. Walter Scott, will be *Bacteria and their Products*, by Dr. Sinas Woodhead, the recently appointed director of the pathological laboratory of the two Royal Colleges of Surgeons and Physicians in London. It will include a full discussion of the causes of hydrophobia, cholera, diphtheria, consumption, &c., dealing specially with Prof. Koch's discoveries; and it will be copiously illustrated with micro-photographs of bacteria, &c.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK, of London, no longer of Edinburgh, have issued a reprint, from the original plates, of the zoological articles contributed by Prof. E. Ray Lankester to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. They deal with Protozoa, Hydrozoa, Mollusca, Polyzoa, and Vertebrata; and to them have been added a few articles by other writers on kindred subjects. In a preface, Prof. Lankester points out the more important additions to knowledge that have been made since the articles were originally published.

FINE ART.

THE ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE EGYPT EXPLORATION FUND.

THE fourth ordinary general meeting of the Egypt Exploration Fund since its incorporation as a society (its eighth since the foundation of the Fund in 1883) was held on Friday afternoon, February 20, in the large room of the Zoological Society, 3, Hanover-square, the president, Sir John Fowler, Bart., K.C.M.G., in the chair.

There were present Prof. Reginald Stuart Poole, LL.D., vice-president of the Fund, Miss Amelia B. Edwards, LL.D., vice-president and honorary secretary; H. A. Gruber, Esq., F.S.A., honorary treasurer; Helier Gosselin, Esq., secretary; E. Maunde Thompson, Esq., C.B., LL.D., principal librarian of the British Museum; T. H. Baylis, Esq., Q.C.; A. S. Murray, Esq., LL.D.; Barclay V. Head, Esq., D.C.L.; Mrs. Tirard, Miss H. M. Adair, and Miss Bradbury, members of the committee; and several of the local honorary secretaries.

The proceedings were opened by the chairman, who called upon the secretary to read the list of members of committee who were retiring in rotation, and the list of members recommended for re-election. The president then declared the order of business (following the election of members of committee and other officers) to be as follows: (1) report of the hon. treasurer; (2) report of the hon. secretary; (3) archaeological survey and other business.

Mr. R. S. Poole, before the business was discussed, drew the attention of the meeting to the great loss which the society had sustained in the death of the late Canon Liddon, one of their most valued and eminent members of Committee. From Canon Liddon, although he could not very frequently attend their meetings,

the committee had received a never failing sympathy and support. He was a man of such profound knowledge, and of such a noble simplicity of character, that his association with the work was a continual source of strength to his colleagues. Mr. Poole concluded his eloquent tribute by saying that he refrained from further eulogy, knowing well that such reticence would have been most acceptable to the late Canon himself.

Mr. Grueber, hon. treasurer, then read his financial report for the year 1889-90, and presented the balance-sheet, which marked another period of success in the annals of the Fund. Upon comparing their present position with that of former years, it would be seen that, financially, the Fund continued to make steady progress. To keep it up to this high level, he need scarcely say, was no light task; and the credit of this prosperous state of affairs was due now, as before, to the great organising powers and unremitting exertions of their hon. secretary; to the continued brilliant services of their hon. treasurer for America; and also to the hearty co-operation of the several local honorary secretaries. The items of the balance-sheet then before the meeting might be briefly summarised in the following manner: The total expenditure for the year 1889-90 had been £2250 6s. 8d., which was made up of the following items: (1) M. Naville's expenses during the spring of 1890, when surveying the site of Ahnas-el-Medineh and conducting negotiations with the Egyptian Government, £141 3s.; (2) transport of sculptures excavated at Bubastis in the year 1889—namely, conveyance from Bubastis to Alexandria, canal dues, salary of Count d'Hulst, &c., £960 1s. 4d.; (3) transport of sculptures from Alexandria to their various destinations in Europe, Australia, and the United States of America, £416 7s. 8d.; (4) expenses of Dr. Farley Goddard (the American student), £150; (5) wood-blocks, wire-rope, and other appliances used in the removal of the sculptures, £14 2s. 2d.; (6) expenses of printing, publishing, and illustrating *Naukratis II.*, *The City of Onias*, and *Two Hieroglyphic Papyri*, and issuing new editions of *Pithom* and *Tanis I.*, also packing and despatch of same, £239 14s. 2d.; (7) rent of office and office expenses, £328 18s. 4d. Total receipts for the same year (1889-90), £3283 8s. 10d., the chief items being: (1) Subscriptions and donations, £3154 17s. 2d., which might be thus subdivided—(a) European subscriptions, £1017 11s. 10d. (from this amount, however, must be deducted £43 for subscriptions paid in advance); (b) American subscriptions, £1523 (which included £173 for the American student's fund); (c) from the University of Pennsylvania, £240—i.e., subscriptions £150, and transport expenses £90; (d) special supplementary transport fund, contributed by various public bodies and private individuals to meet the expenses of conveyance of sculptures from Bubastis, £316 3s. 10d.; (e) special survey fund, £101 1s. 6d.; (2) sale of publications and reports, £108 9s.; (3) proceeds of lectures given by Miss Barlow, Canon Bell, and Mr. W. W. Morrell, local hon. secretaries of the Fund, £20 2s. 8d.

Mr. Grueber, in remarking upon the magnitude of the sum expended upon the transport of sculptures from the site of Bubastis, reminded the meeting that, in consequence of the wanton and rapid destruction of these invaluable relics of antiquity at the hands of the Arab population, the committee had brought away no less than 44 of the best preserved of these sculptures, that being 28 in excess of the number originally proposed. As compared with the financial report of last year (1888-89), the results were as follows: In 1888-89, the gross expenditure was £2936, as against £2250 6s. 8d. for 1889-90; and the gross

receipts for 1888-89 were £2997 11s. 8d., as against £3283 8s. 10d.; the home receipts through subscriptions for 1889-90 being £79 15s. 11d. in excess of those in 1888-89, and the American subscriptions for the same period having increased by £100. In the last item, in the case of England, he did not include the large contributions to the special transport fund; nor in the American account the student's fund, or the contribution of the University of Pennsylvania towards the carriage of sculptures. As regarded the available assets at the close of the two periods, the cash balance for 1888-89 was £2593 12s. 10d., and the cash balance for 1889-90 was £3626 15s., showing a difference of £1033 2s. 2d. in favour of the present year. Mr. Grueber concluded by saying that it was fortunate he had so good a balance to show, seeing that the society had now entered upon what promised to be a successful, but at the same time a costly, undertaking, namely, the archaeological survey of Egypt, an enterprise for which the committee had already incurred liabilities to the extent of £500.

Mr. Pollard moved the adoption of the report, complimenting the hon. treasurer on the clearness of his statement. He took occasion to speak warmly in favour of the new archaeological survey, urging the members present to follow his own example in subscribing to this new enterprise.

In seconding the report, Mr. Baylis congratulated the society upon the excellent manner in which their finances were managed by the committee, and upon the new and important undertaking upon which they had embarked in the archaeological survey of Egypt. Having himself travelled in Egypt, he could testify to the great need of such a record as was now in progress. He could, indeed, conceive of no work more valuable alike to those who travel in Egypt and to those who stay at home. As regarded the *Memoirs* annually issued by the Fund, he could not say too much in praise of the excellent paper and the beauty of the type and illustrations. These books were undoubtedly of the full value of the standard subscription; and, regarded as a mere investment, were highly profitable to the subscribers.

The president expressed his hearty concurrence in all that Mr. Baylis had said with regard to the value and importance of the archaeological survey, which would still further extend the usefulness of the society, and he urged all members present to interest their friends in the labours of the Egypt Exploration Fund. He hoped that every year would continue to show increasing prosperity. He must add that the work of the committee was invariably conducted with the strictest economy. The money was as well spent as possible, every farthing being used to the best advantage. The president then called upon the hon. secretary for her customary statement.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards, hon. sec., began by congratulating the society in the first place, and Sir John Fowler in the second place, on the fact that his great scientific achievements had received their well-deserved recognition at the hands of his sovereign, he having been created a baronet since the members had last met. There could be no doubt that to a generous man no gratification he might derive from honours bestowed during his lifetime could possibly equal that which he felt in the knowledge that he could transmit those honours to his posterity. Sir John Fowler could now transmit that honour to his eldest son, and Miss Edwards was pleased to know that he had still yet more sons to be as proud of him as this society was proud to have him as their president. In reference to what her friend, Professor Poole, had said regarding the great

loss which the society had sustained in the late Canon Liddon, Miss Edwards wished to draw attention to the fact that they had also lost a few other eminent persons; namely, the late Bishop of Durham, who was not only an eminent churchman, but a great Hellenic scholar, and who had always been ready with his sympathy and support; also, the late Sir George Burns, Bart., founder of the great Cunard line, who had not only been a generous subscriber and donor to the funds of the society, but had repeatedly caused large consignments of antiquities and memoirs to be conveyed to America, free of cost, by the Cunard line of steamers, thus indirectly aiding the treasury in a most practical and substantial manner. The society had also to deplore in Colonel Adair the loss of a distinguished officer and subscriber.

Miss Edwards then went on to say that it was her duty on these occasions briefly to report what had been done by the society since the last general meeting, and to state what was the line of work laid down for the new season. The members were, of course, aware that, in consequence of M. Naville's illness, no excavations had been conducted during the season 1889-90. M. Naville had, however, paid a short visit to Egypt last spring for the purpose of surveying the site of Ahnas-el-Medineh, and of concluding arrangements for the present year with the Khedivial Government. They would be glad to hear that M. Naville was now in Egypt, having joined Count d'Hulst at Ahnas early in January. The ancient city represented by the extensive mounds of Ahnas is known as the Heracleopolis of the Greeks, and is cursorily mentioned in the Bible as "Hanes;" it represents the capital of that very obscure period in Egyptian history covered by the VIIIth, IXth and Xth Dynasties. M. Naville and Count d'Hulst had been working in the outlying necropolis for the last three weeks, with no very encouraging results. They had opened more than a hundred tombs, all of which had, however, been plundered in ancient times, and again used for interments during the Roman period. By that time they were doubtless trenching the area of the great temple, with what results it would remain to be seen. Although a Great Temple of Bubastis was not to be discovered every year, Miss Edwards trusted that the new excavations would not prove fruitless, and that some valuable historical results might be obtained.

The subject of the Archaeological Survey having been already mentioned by previous speakers, Miss Edwards would only add that this survey was actually in progress, being conducted by Mr. Percy E. Newberry, a rising Egyptological scholar, and Mr. George Fraser, a skilled surveyor. These gentlemen had taken up their abode in one of the unpainted rock-cut sepulchres of Beni Hasan, and were actively engaged in copying, tracing, and photographing the scenes and inscriptions which enriched the more famous of these historic tombs. They had already cleared out the accumulated rubbish of centuries, thus restoring the admirable proportions of these excavated chambers, and bringing to light inscriptions which had never yet been read. Mr. Fraser, having cleared out several of the tombs, and discovered in one of them evidences of an original interment in the shape of a skeleton and a funerary tablet of the XIIth Dynasty, was then engaged in surveying the entire terrace—a task by no means easy, owing to the steep slope of the cliff and the difficulty of fixing his points. Mr. Newberry and Mr. Fraser had recently been joined by Mr. Blackden, an artist who was engaged in reproducing the colours of some of the more important subjects which had been outlined by Mr. Newberry on the scale of the originals.

Miss Edwards then referred to the production of M. Naville's *Bubastis*, which, with its fifty-four plates, including a large number of autotypes, had cost in production and delivery nearly £500, and which was one of the most magnificent volumes yet issued by the society. A separate volume on the Festival Hall of the Great Temple of Bubastis was in active preparation, M. Naville being at the present time engaged in drawing the processional subjects, which would be arranged so far as possible in their original sequence, broken, however, by inevitable lacunae where the sculptured blocks were either missing or defaced.

The sale of past Memoirs, as reported by the hon. treasurer, was steadily increasing; and, as Miss Edwards had predicted some two or three years ago, the society had become a society not only of excavators, but of important publishers and booksellers. The sum of £108 9s. had been received through herself during the past year by sales of books alone, irrespective of copies disposed of by Messrs. Trübner & Co. Among new subscribers to the Fund during the past year, she was glad to report no less than twenty-four public libraries, including the library of the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, and the libraries of the Fitzwilliam Museum, Queen's College, St. John's College, and Trinity College, Cambridge. Miss Edwards hoped that before long there would be no great college, cathedral, or public library in England which did not subscribe for the works of the Fund.

The staff of local honorary secretaries went on increasing and prospering. The society now numbering no less than thirty-four of these invaluable unpaid officials; besides one in New Zealand, one in Australia, one in Canada, one in Mexico, and one in Switzerland. She was glad to see that an organisation of local honorary secretaries had also been taken in hand by the Rev. Dr. Winslow, the society's zealous and active vice-president and honorary treasurer for America. Dr. Winslow had already established thirty-seven local hon. secretaries in various parts of the United States, the majority of whom, she was happy to say, were ladies. Miss Edwards believed that this was a field in which woman's work was calculated to be eminently successful. She held that ladies made the best beggars in the world, and that their begging was always likely to be more fruitful than that of gentlemen, because the gentlemen did not like to refuse them. Of the increasing prosperity of the Fund in America, there could remain no doubt, when tested by the report just read by the hon. treasurer, showing a return of £1350 on the part of the Rev. Dr. Winslow, and a further sum of £240 from the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Edwards concluded by an earnest appeal for the claims of the Archaeological Survey—a work rendered doubly necessary at the present time by the rapid and wanton destruction to which the monuments of Egypt were being subjected at the hands of native plunderers, unscrupulous dealers, and iconoclastic tourists. The society could not hope, it was true, entirely to arrest this work of mutilation and destruction; but it could at least preserve a faithful record of that which yet remained of these precious relics of the most ancient civilisation in the world. Also, by drawing attention to the beauty and value of those relics, they would exercise a certain moral pressure, not only upon travellers, but upon all classes of officials, thus hampering the hands of the unscrupulous destroyer, and compelling a greater reverence for the monuments themselves.

The president then proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Edwards for the encouraging and interesting account which she had just given of the work and prospects of the Fund. He only

regretted that England should in any respect lag behind America in the matter of organisation or subscriptions. He would have preferred that when America had thirty-seven local hon. secretaries, England should have had forty, and that the English subscription-list should not have fallen behind that of America in its amount. He was quite sure that the Americans themselves would not feel hurt by his desire that the parent society should maintain its lead; and he hoped by the time they should re-assemble for the next annual meeting, such a special effort would have been made in this direction that the balance of numbers, as well as of cash, should be on the side of the old country.

Prof. Poole then referred to Mr. Griffith's interesting paper read at the last meeting, containing the suggestion of the beginning of a new era by a systematic survey of the monuments of Egypt yet above ground. Prof. Poole felt that the survey of existing monuments, which were rapidly being destroyed by the ignorant Arab peasant and by the modern tourist, was a very important work. He, therefore, desired to draw the attention of the meeting to the double duty undertaken by the Fund in its work of discovery and preservation. These two labours were of parallel importance. Prof. Poole considered it was only necessary to glance at the reports that had appeared in the newspapers for the past few days of M. Grébaut's great discovery at Thebes of the tombs of the high priests of Amen Ra, to show how much remained to be achieved by the explorer. There was, in fact, no part of Egypt in which a skilled excavator might not hope to find his labours rewarded. Prof. Poole urged the meeting to support the work just commenced by Mr. Newberry and Mr. Fraser; for there had never yet been made a complete and accurate copy of Egyptian inscriptions, even the best known works having been mainly made before photography was available, and consequently they needed abundant correction. Mr. Newberry was doing all that could be done by tracings and photographs to make such a record of the tombs of Beni Hasan in Middle Egypt. Between the time of the old pyramid builders and the XVIIIth Dynasty stood the XIIth Theban Dynasty (circa 2200 B.C.), of which these tombs were the most important extant record, and of which no thoroughly satisfactory copy existed. Several of the tombs were painted with most interesting scenes of daily life, and of intercourse with foreigners, one group of whom had been incorrectly supposed to represent Joseph and his brethren. The Survey publications would be illustrated by coloured plates of the most important scenes, particularly the skilful delineation of plants, quadrupeds, and birds. The preparation of these volumes would be costly; and though the hon. treasurer had given them a cheering account of the monetary condition of the Fund, Prof. Poole felt strongly that this work ought to be well supported in order to be worthily carried out. Miss Edwards had desired him to say that whether these publications should be annual or not could not be determined till the committee saw their size and could estimate the cost of bringing them out, but their hearty wish was to treat the subscribers as handsomely as possible. On his own account, without reference to his position as a vice-president of the Fund, Mr. Poole was sorry to see money being drawn from the general fund for the purposes of the Survey, and what he should prefer would be that the special archaeological survey should be supported by a small and separate income, say of £500 per annum. Established upon such a foundation, he felt that the Survey might be carried on for very many years to come, and that it might so survive its original founders.

Mr. Baylis, Q.C., then proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman for the admirable way in which he had conducted the business of the meeting. Mr. Arthur Cates seconded this resolution. The president expressed his acknowledgments, adding that it gave him the greatest possible pleasure to be of service to the Fund; and although he was unable to attend many of the committee meetings, when he was really required he was always at the disposal of their hon. secretary.

THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy presents few features of a very striking or original character; for several of the more prominent London exhibitors whose works usually figure on the walls are this year absent, and the current work of the Scottish painters does not include subjects of any exceptional importance. An exceedingly fair average, however, is maintained; and several of the younger painters, especially certain of the younger landscapists, show marked symptoms of increasing power.

One of the chief attractions of the galleries is the "Fallen Monarch" of Mr. J. M. Swan, a largely-drawn, broadly-painted picture of a dead lion. Opposite this hangs Mr. J. R. Reid's "Smugglers," a work no less well known in London, in which a bold and energetic conception has been realised with less of quietude and completion than might have been desired. The same artist's earlier and soberer picture, "The Yarn," occupies a place of honour in the Great Room, fronted by Mr. Tom Graham's "Last Boat," a vigorous rendering of lashing wave and wanly fading yellow sky.

Probably the finest piece of marine painting in the rooms is the "Ocean" of Mr. W. M. Taggart, in which, with no more complex elements than a space of blue-green water, the sand against which the waves subside, and the sky that overhangs them, this painter has produced a fresh and lovely subject, full of clear, sharp, subtly varied colouring. Mr. M. Taggart is not less successful in such of his landscape work as "Autumn Sunshine in Sandy Dean," where the dazzling play of light over the sheaves and upon the figures of the children that sport on the road that skirts the cornfield is caught with wonderful dexterity, and with curious freedom of apparently careless handling. Mr. J. Lawton Wingate shows several of those landscapes of moderate size in which we find him at his best. His "Drinking-Place, Mid-Day, October," is a thoroughly delicate rendering of quiet, softly-diffused sunlight; and in the sky of "At the Wa' gann o' the Winter," and in the relation of trees, hayricks, and buildings to that sky, we have an example of extreme subtlety and refinement of tone. Mr. W. D. McKay's most important contribution is an extended view of "Luffness Links," distinguished by much quiet fidelity of cloud-painting; and Mr. J. Campbell Noble is represented by several of his vigorous renderings of brilliant sky effects, seen above potently coloured spaces of sea.

Mr. G. O. Reid, the most accomplished of the Scottish *genre*-painters, exhibits several vivaciously-touched interiors with last-century figures—among the rest the finished sketch for his "Voltaire" picture, previously exhibited on these walls. And Mr. Hugh Cameron, in addition to several silvery pictures of children on the shore, sends a subject from Hogg's "Kilmeny," a carefully rendered scene of autumn gloaming, with the girl—who has been spirited away and lived in fairyland—returning through the familiar glen to what was once her home.

Mr. C. Martin Hardie shows an impressive figure-piece, "The Land o' the Leal," the deathbed of an aged cottar, with the last radiance of a golden sunset streaming through the window, and surrounding, like an aureole, the bowed head of his wife, who sits holding the hand of her expiring husband. Mr. Otto Leyde has several pictures of children, showing delicacy and refinement of flesh-painting. Mr. R. Payton Reid, with considerable tenderness of tone and lighting, but with less rich fullness of colouring than has been his wont in the past, treats a gently idyllic subject in his flower-crowned "Phyllis" seated by her "Corydon." Mr. T. Austen Brown's essays a curious colour-experiment—a contrast in green and blues—in his "Cottage garden"; and attains considerable strength of subdued and harmonious colouring, united to firm and yet free handling, in his "Feeding Calves."

In the department of portraiture the most sound and excellent work comes from Mr. George Reid. His full-length of Mr. Wellwood Maxwell of Munches is admirable in its homely truth of attitude and expression; his three-quarter length of Mr. T. Graham Murray, the well-known Edinburgh Writer to the Signet, is full of characteristic energy of expression; while we have much dignity of pose in the attitude and richness of hue, combined with delicate gradation in the costume, of the seated portrait of Lord Trayner, portrayed in his justiciary robes. Mr. J. H. Lorimer exhibits the delicate and admirable likeness of his father shown last year at the New Gallery; and from Mr. E. A. Walton, of Glasgow, one of the more recently elected Associates of the Scottish Academy, comes his attractive "Girl in Brown," which has also been visible in London. Mr. Robert Gibb is represented by a number of portraits, the most striking of which is the half-length of Mr. Harry Young, of Cleish; Mr. W. E. Lockhart shows two works, one of them a full-length of Mr. Macdonald, Master of the Merchant Company; and Mr. Robert McGregor has a successful bust of Mme. de Greiner.

The works of sculpture include M. Rodin's spirited bronze head of Mr. W. E. Henley; Mr. John Hutchison's marble of the late Professor William Wright, of Cambridge; and Mr. John Rhind's delicate and expressive bas-reliefs of "Literature" and "Liberality," for the Chambers Memorial now being erected in Edinburgh.

Among the more remarkable contents of the Water-Colour Room are the Spanish subjects landscape and figure, by Mr. Arthur Melville—his "Gitana Dancing Girl," in particular, a brilliant study of vivid crimsons under dazzling sunlight; the admirable "Border Keep" of Mr. Tom Scott; and the landscapes of Mr. R. B. Nisbet, which are distinguished by much of the tranquillity and simple concentration of the earlier school of English water-colour.

NOTES FROM EGYPT.

Dehahiah Istar, Luxor: Feb. 4, 1891.

My voyage up the Nile this winter has, from a variety of causes, been somewhat barren of results. At El-Hibeh, the ancient fortress of the XXist Dynasty, a little to the north of the modern Maghagha, we found that a ruined temple was being excavated which had been built by Shishak, the conqueror of Jerusalem. The ruins lie on the south side of the mounds.

At Karnak Mr. Wilbour and myself went over the famous list of the towns of Palestine given by Thothmes III. I was particularly anxious to examine the third name, which follows those of Kadesh and Megiddo. Previous copyists had made it *Kh-a-a-i*, but a study of the Tel el-Amarna tablets had convinced me that it ought to be the city called by them

Khazi. We gather from them that Khazi was in Northern Palestine, and the seat of an Egyptian governor who ranked next in importance to the governor of Megiddo. We found that the name given at Karnak is *Kh-z-a-i*, corresponding exactly to the name given by the cuneiform despatches. Our predecessors had mistaken a very plain representation of the bird which denotes the letter z for the eagle (*a*).

It is curious that no one seems to have noticed that the name of Jerusalem heads the list of conquered towns in Judah enumerated by Shishak at Karnak. It is called Rabbath, "the capital," just as the capital of the Ammonites was commonly called Rabbath by their neighbours, or as to this day the capital of Gozo is called Rabato, while the same name is often applied to the old capital of Malta.

Let me conclude with a suggestion for Old Testament students. We learn from Judg. iii. 8-10, that the Israelites were oppressed for eight years by the king of Aram-Naharaim. The period of oppression would chronologically agree with the reign of Ramses III. in Egypt; and it was in the time of Ramses III. that Egypt was assailed by a league, which included the people of Nahrina. Nahrina is the Aram-Naharaim of the Bible, and the attack upon Egypt would explain the presence of a king of that country in the South of Palestine.

A. H. SAYCE.

Luxor: Feb. 10, 1891.

On February 6 a discovery was made in the necropolis of Thebes, second only in importance to the discovery of the royal mummies at Dehr-el-Bahari by M. Maspero in 1881. About half a mile from Dehr-el-Bahari a pit has been found containing several hundred magnificent mummies. These, like the royal mummies, had evidently been removed from the tombs and concealed in this receptacle, as a precaution, by the servants of the priests, probably at the same time and for the same reasons which caused the royal mummies to be placed in the receptacle where they were found by M. Maspero. This removal is believed by M. Maspero to have taken place in the reign of Aamuth, son of Shashang, of the XXIInd Dynasty (circa 966 B.C.).

The coffins hitherto found all belong to the XXist Dynasty, and are those of the priests of Ra-Amun and their families. The pit is about forty-five feet in depth, at the bottom of which are two corridors filled with coffins and treasures of every description. In the lower corridor—which as yet has only been explored—it is computed that there are some 200 coffins, and the second corridor is believed to be not less extensive. The shaft is forty-five feet deep, its mouth is about twelve feet in diameter, and its sides of rough limestone. One of M. Grébaut's native assistants, who was superintending the work of hauling up the mummy cases, told me that he had been the first actually to enter the corridor where the mummies and treasures lie. The shaft had then been excavated only as deep as the mouth of the corridor; and he crept in on his hands and knees, and stood in what he describes as being like a palace of enchantment. The corridor, he said, is some ten or twelve feet high, and 250 feet long. It runs in a northerly direction from the shaft towards the Theban hill. At the end there is a short corridor branching from it at right angles; and at some height above the floor at the end is the entrance to a second very long corridor, full of treasures, which has been sealed up for the present by M. Grébaut. My informant went on to describe the wonderful sight in the corridor. Groups of mummies are placed at intervals in families. The number in each group varies from two to six or seven, father, mother, and children; and around them, exquisitely arranged,

are vases, models of houses, models of *dahabiehs*, cases and boxes full of *ushabtis*, statuettes, and every conceivable treasure of ancient Egypt. Without even a speck of dust upon them, this profusion of treasures had remained unlooked at by any eye for nearly 3,000 years. He said that photographs had been taken of the place in its undisturbed state, which he declared to be that of a perfectly kept and well arranged museum.

At the present time, thirty or forty men are working all day with ropes and pulleys, hauling up the mummy cases; and in four or five days everything will be cleared out and carried on board M. Grébaut's steamers and barges, several of which are waiting to be filled. Long processions of natives, staggering under their burdens and escorted by mounted and well armed police, are now to be seen wending their way across the desert from the pit's mouth to the river bank.

E. TAYLOR.

We also quote the following from the Cairo correspondent of the *Times*:

"The site of the discovery is east of the temple of Queen Fatasou, in a small spot previously undisturbed, amid the excavations made by the late Mariette Bey and Brugsch Pasha. A well-shaft of 15 mètres leads to a doorway blocked with large stones, opening on a gallery 73 mètres long, whence a staircase descending 5½ mètres conducts one to a lower gallery 12 mètres in length, both lying north and south. The lower gallery gives access to two mortuary chambers, 4 and 2 mètres square respectively. At the top of the staircase is a transverse gallery, 54 mètres long, lying east and west, the object of which is unknown. The total underground area is about 153 mètres, excavated in the limestone rock to over 65 ft. below the surface. The same disorder reigned among the contents of the tombs as was found when the famous royal mummies were discovered nine years ago. Sarcophagi were piled upon sarcophagi; and alongside were boxes, baskets of flowers, statuettes, funeral offerings, and boxes crammed with papyri. There is every indication that the place, though originally constructed as a vast tomb, was chosen for hurried concealment in time of tumult. Some of the exteriors of the mummy-cases are unusually richly decorated with religious subjects, carefully depicted; others of large size enclose mummies in a broken condition, and were apparently procured hastily, as the spaces for the occupants' names are left unwritten upon. The contents of the papyri are as yet unknown, but hopes are entertained that the writings are of permanent historical interest and have been thus hidden to avoid destruction. The mummies are priests and priestesses of Ammon, Anubis, Seti, Mentou, and Queen Aahotep, numbering 163, the latest belonging to the XXist Dynasty. Seventy-five papyri were found in boxes, in the form of statuettes of Osiris. Each mummy is also expected to contain more or less valuable MSS. The collection is *en route* in barges by the Nile, and will probably reach Cairo in a few days."

CORRESPONDENCE.

"A MANUAL OF ARCHAEOLOGY."

Hampstead, N.W.: Feb. 21, 1891.

I suppose I ought to thank the gods that, out of many notices of my *Manual* in the press, two only have been unfavourable.

Of these, one was by an anonymous writer who, while endeavouring to convict me of blunder, himself fell into grievous error. This appeared in a weekly paper from which correspondence and protests are carefully and judiciously excluded. With the *ACADEMY* things are far otherwise; and the review of the book in question bears a signature respected in learned circles.

Though not so unacquainted with the literature of the Lake-dwellings, I fairly laid myself open to the reviewer's censure by assigning all

such dwellings to the Neolithic period; what was intended to exclude was the Palaeolithic age.

No one, again, can feel more than I do the meagreness of my account of Roman and Italian art; but I found the modest allowance of a couple of hundred pages I had proposed for my little volume already exceeded before finishing with Hellenic work. My object, indeed, was to produce an introductory sketch, not an encyclopædia.

Canon Taylor's appreciation of the chapters on Greek art is, of course, gratifying. It is, however, somewhat difficult to feel grateful for his treatment of other portions of my book. The learned reviewer occasionally hovers on the brink of the inaccurate, one might almost say of the unfair. Thus, pouncing on a slip unnoticed in revising, he says:

"A plan . . . is labelled 'Plan of the Temple at Khonsu,' as if Khonsu had been a place instead of being the name of the moon-god in the great Theban triad."

Your readers would hardly suppose (what is really the fact) that only four lines lower on the same page I have used the words: "the god Khonsu!"

Canon Taylor expends more than twenty lines in condemning my statements that "Till Roman times the ancient world is for us, in great part, a blank"; and in emphasising the importance of the monuments of Egypt, Assyria, and Babylonia. But this is just what I have myself done in the next two sentences. Of course, the "great part" referred to lay outside those empires. However, I have already trespassed too much on your space.

TALFOURD ELY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. SOLON'S expected work on *Ancient Art Stone Ware* is now ready for the press. Like his *Art of the Old English Potter*, it will be illustrated with etchings, by the author, as well as with 200 engravings in the text after his drawings. Mr. Solon has been engaged on this work for some years, and has been able to obtain for purposes of illustration the best specimens in the celebrated collections of M. M. Oppenheim and Thewalt of Cologne, H. Hetjens of Aix-la-Chapelle, Dr. Figdor of Vienna, and other important connoisseurs. This book will be printed "for the author" at the Chiswick Press, and the edition will be limited to 300 copies. The price to subscribers will be ten guineas for copies on Japanese paper, of which only thirty will be printed, and five guineas for the other 270, which will be on thick hand-made paper. The plates will be destroyed when this edition has been printed.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the presidency of the Palestine Exploration Fund, of which the late Archbishop of York was president from the foundation of the Society in 1865 to his death.

THE exhibitions to open next week include those of the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers, in Pall Mall East, and of the Royal Scottish Society of Painters in Water-Colours, at the Dowdeswell Galleries in New Bond-street; and a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. E. P. Bucknall, entitled "English Woods and Forests," at Messrs. Buck and Reid's, also in New Bond-street. Messrs. Obach & Co., of Cockspur-street, will have on view a complete set of the etched and engraved works by, and after, Meissonier; and the exhibition of drawings, &c., recently acquired by the department of prints in the British Museum will also be open to the public next week.

On the three last days of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will offer for sale an extensive collection of the engraved works of Bartolozzi.

THE STAGE.

TWO PLAYS.

THE return to the London stage of Miss Mary Eastlake—too long absent—has been welcomed at a couple of *matinées*. These have been given at the New Olympic; and in the performance of the new play Miss Eastlake has had the advantage of the co-operation of certain members of Mr. Wilson Barrett's company—notably of the assistance of Mr. George Barrett. Miss Kate Phillips—joining the company for the purpose—has also been of much use. But let us to the play itself. It is called "A Yorkshire Lass," and is by Mr. Wilton Jones, whose name comes before the public not at all for the first time as the author of a piece which is full not of delicate characterisation but of stirring incident. Mr. Wilton Jones's construction is unequal. In parts it shows the hand of a very skilled mechanic; in other parts—as where, on more than one occasion, the scenes open with the talk of servants who are but the exponents of the position of more important persons—it betrays either some carelessness or some absence of resource. This, however, is but a detail. Had we to blame it for some more capital offence, the offence we should single out would be that the play forces upon us too plainly the author's reminiscences of Mr. Robertson's "Ours," and of more than one other well-known piece. Yet even here it is not difficult to be indulgent. The play is not written for a literary public; it is not its chief business to attain novelty of view or effect. It must be hearty, sympathetic, here and there broadly comic, full of action, at times more than a little sensational—all indeed that a good bouncing English melodrama is wanted to be—and it attains its ends. Miss Phillips and Mr. George Barrett, whom we have named already, are received gladly by the playgoer, but for Miss Eastlake, as the suffering heroine, a yet more cordial greeting is reserved. Miss Eastlake plays with conviction, with real force—as one to whom experience has taught her art.

A somewhat dull performance of Ibsen's "Rosmersholm" introduced that heavy drama—from which I had expected a good deal—to an English audience at the Vaudeville on Monday afternoon. "Introduced" is hardly the word, however; for many persons came duly provided with the book of the play—Mr. Charles Archer has translated it into at least as good English as any which, except Mr. Gosse's, has been placed at Ibsen's service—and the audience consisted, for the most part, to judge by the appearance of it, of those to whom the views of Ibsen, as hinted at in certain of his plays, are likely to commend themselves. "Who are these people?" it may be asked. Well, they are not the large public, the steady-going playgoers on whom a manager's prosperity depends, and who, without fine taste perhaps, yet like all manner of wholesome meat, from "Hamlet" to "The Rivals," from "Lights o' London" to "Carmen up to Data." They are not

ordinary cultivated people—the refined professional classes—who, in a generation that has given to England Browning and Tennyson, Newman and Liddon, somehow do not quite unanimously echo Rosmer's opinion, "There is no judge over us." Whether they are "the very poor," the enlightened East-enders, for instance—just now the faddists' court of final appeal—those to whose subtle intelligence and chastened hearts a great revelation is in the very nature of things most likely to be vouchsafed—we really cannot say. Miss Farr, the actress—to judge from an interview which a reporter of an evening paper had with her—apparently thinks that they are. *Nous n'en savons rien*. But about one matter we must disabuse the leading lady with promptitude. She counts on "the smart people," it would seem, as a possible audience. Singular and unjustified ambition! She will, of course, never get them. Smart people do not like anything so dull as the play with which we were regaled on Monday. The play contains good things, sensible things—most of them are said by Parson Kroll, however; and he, because he is a parson, must, in the generous Ibsenite creed, necessarily be a hypocrite. Strange career of the world! Rosmer—if we understand him at all—is unremittingly foolish; and even the knavish Rebecca—who is guile at the beginning and guile almost at the end—crowns the edifice of her life with a suicide which might indeed have been merely wrong and mad, but which, with her, is also inconceivably stupid. "Rosmersholm" is not very dramatic. It is hardly at all literary. It is not comic, except where, apparently, it aims particularly not to be. It is without beauty, without poetry, without sense of vista. It is not even dexterously doctrinaire.

In the performance, Mr. Wheatman and Mr. Hudson—as a Scandinavian Radical editor, and an "emancipated" schoolmaster who gets drunk in drawing-rooms and who borrows money—interest us now and again, and almost induce us to credit the Scandinavian with some conservative intention which the true Ibsenite must have unwittingly overlooked. Miss Farr talks persuasively, but is yet unintelligible in her general presentation of Rebecca's character. She may be a believer, but she does not illuminate. And Mr. Benson, whom we have seen do better things, was earnest, but violent—he came too soon to the end of his resources. If this was a pleasant afternoon for anybody, it can only have been for one who likes to take his pleasure *moult tristement*. The farce is almost played out.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

SIR C. HALLÉ'S orchestral concert, on Friday, February 20, was a great success. Cherubini's "Anacreon" overture was brilliantly performed, the gradations of tone being particularly fine. Mme. Neruda, who was indisposed, was therefore not at her best in the Mendelssohn Concerto, yet there was some very finished playing in the last movement. She was recalled twice at the close. Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony was not altogether satisfactory in the matter of

tone, but the "Storm" was effective. The programme included Mozart's graceful Romanza from "Eine kleine Nachtmusik"; Liszt's "Rhapsodie" (No. 4) in which the violin solos were ably rendered by Mr. Hess; and Wagner's "Tannhäuser" overture, vigorously interpreted.

Mlle. Eilona Eibenschütz appeared last Saturday afternoon at the Crystal Palace, and made a highly favourable impression. She played Chopin's Concerto in F minor and two solos—Rubinstein's Barcarolle in G, and the Paganini-Liszt "Campanella" Etude; also a Scarlatti piece by way of encore. The programme included Beethoven's Symphony in F, of which Mr. Manns gave one of his grandest readings.

The foggy weather interfered with the audience at Monday's Popular Concert; but those who attended heard a very fine performance of Bach's Sonata in E (No. 3), for pianoforte and violin, by Miss Fanny Davies and Herr Joachim. Miss Davies appeared also to advantage in Chopin's E flat Polonaise. The programme included a Haydn Quartet and Bennett's graceful Chamber Trio in A, not performed at these concerts since 1876. Miss Bremer was the vocalist.

Miss Florence May gave a concert at the Royal Academy of Music on Tuesday evening, the whole of the programme being devoted to the music of Brahms. A special feature was the rarely-heard pianoforte Concerto in B flat (No. 2), the solo part of which was played

with much skill by Miss May. The orchestral accompaniment was represented by two pianofortes. This is a special arrangement by the composer himself, but the effect is by no means satisfactory. One pianoforte is bad enough to represent an orchestra: two seem worse. The accompaniments were played by Mr. S. Kemp and Mr. S. Webb. The Sonata in A for pianoforte and violin was performed by Miss Shinner and the concert giver; the rendering of the charming middle movement was the best. Mr. William Nicholl was the vocalist.

Master Jean Gerald gave a third Recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon, and again his wonderful playing was greatly enjoyed and admired. It is almost impossible to believe that so young a child can be such an accomplished artist. An attractive feature of the concert was the singing of M. Eugène Oudin, in songs by Meyerbeer, Gounod, Kjerulf, and Goring Thomas.

A performance of Gounod's comic opera, "The Mock Doctor," founded on Molière's "Le Médecin malgré lui," was given at the Avenue Theatre on Thursday afternoon by the students of the Royal Academy of Music. The music is bright and clever; and altogether it is a work most suitable to the object in view, viz., that of giving the students the opportunity of a public appearance. Certain allowance must be made for a performance of this kind; but, altogether, it was one of considerable merit. The two servants to Geronimo were well represented by

Messrs. Fletcher and Delsart. Miss Hannah Jones, as the Nurse, obtained a well-earned success. The Sganarelle of Mr. E. A. Taussig also had many good points. The chorus and orchestra were both excellent. Mr. Randegger was the conductor. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MUCH interest was excited last week in musical circles at Rome by the concert given by Signor Alessandro Costa. This composer is known but little out of Italy, and, indeed, in the capital itself mainly among musical enthusiasts. A beautiful "Suite" met with an enthusiastic reception, I. (Andante) and IV. (Allegro e Finale) being particularly admired. This composition will shortly be published. The second portion of Signor Costa's concert consisted of sections of his Oriental opera "Sumitri," founded upon a Brahminical legend. The music of this opera is essentially original, as well as charming and occasionally powerful; and none the less so from the fact that the composer has evidently been influenced by Wagner. The "Prelude" was accepted as in every way noteworthy; and the songs and dance of Sumitri, as a wandering dancing-girl, were singularly charming. It is hoped that this fine opera, about which rumour has already had so much to say, will ere long be heard upon the stage at Milan, and possibly thereafter at the opera houses of Paris and London.

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LITERATURE.

Political and Social Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century, 1721-71. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

THE writer of these letters was a typical Englishwoman, energetic and courageous, yet instinct with sympathy and kindly feeling. Her father was Admiral Byng, the first Lord Torrington, whose memoirs were recently published by the Camden Society; and her brother was the unfortunate John Byng, who alone of England's admirals has been condemned by a court composed of his compeers in the naval service to death for misconduct. While still a girl, not yet arrived at the seventeenth year of her age, she was married to a gentleman of Bedfordshire whose family property all but adjoined the lands belonging to her father. Within a few years she was left a widow; and it soon became necessary for her to undertake the management, in the interest of an only child, of a family property difficult to cultivate, and moreover heavily encumbered with charges. These troubles she surmounted; and her son on his marriage found himself the master of a good estate, and the head of a household regulated by his mother "on a basis of great economy and excellent management." Less than three years passed away when two grandchildren, deprived through their mother's death of maternal control, were left under her care. With indomitable vigour she accepted this new burden, and discharged her duties with unflinching zeal. On her death, at the age of eighty-two, her two grandchildren were happily settled in life, and another generation had come in the person of a great-grandson, afterwards Sir John Osborn, Baronet. There was anxiety enough and to spare for her in the family of her adoption, but such care dwindled into insignificance when compared with the dishonour cast on her brother, Admiral Byng. When that anxiety seized her, she made strenuous efforts to save him from a coward's death. Her appeals to the Duke of Bedford and the Lords of the Admiralty on her brother's behalf, his last letter of affection to his "dear, dear sister," and the paper of vindication which he wrote a few minutes before his death, are all printed in this volume. It also contains a sympathetic note from Voltaire, enclosing a testimonial in favour of Byng from the Duke of Richelieu, who commanded the French fleet on that occasion. In this disastrous year of 1757 Mrs. Osborn's cup of sorrow must have been full to overflowing.

In the first of the letters here printed Mrs.

Osborn, then a young widow of six and twenty, was luxuriating in the gay throng of lords and ladies who sought for health or pleasure at the Hotwells of Bristol, or the Pump-room of Bath. She had visited "Mr. Southwell's house, which is within five miles of this place of Bristol," and, as "Vanbrugh was the architect, a clumsy lump of building it is;" words which recall the satirist's epitaph, bidding earth to lie heavy on Vanbrugh, "for he laid many a heavy load on thee." She was one of the ladies at the ball when "the gentlemen borrowed the Long Room at the Custom House, nine couple," and balloted for their partners when there were some misfits; and the "worst then fell to my lot" is her disappointed expression. At Bath there was a still grander ball with "all ye great ladys" and as "Gay [the name is erroneously printed *Gray*] ye poet lodges in our house so he supt with us;" and Mrs. Osborn had the advantage of becoming acquainted with those eminent in literature as well as in fashion. Pleasure soon gives way to business; for the profits of the estate are paid into Chancery, and there are interminable delays over the investment, so that she cries out in her haste, "they are all rogues." At last the business is completed, and Mrs. Osborn pays a round of visits to the great houses—Boughton, Drayton, and Kimbolton in the Midlands. Life at Southill in Bedfordshire passed so dully that she could "know nothing but from newspapers," and could only explain to her correspondents that she did not "love to live quite so free from the hurry of the world." A break occurs in this monotony when she made a tour of three months' duration in France and Belgium with a lady friend. The journal still exists among her papers in the picturesque house, Chicksands Priory, of the Osborn family at Bedfordshire, a charming view of which in its present state adorns this volume; but no portion of it is now printed, and no explanation of this omission is supplied. In its present form this book numbers less than two hundred pages; and some extracts of what this acute lady saw in her travels, and the reflections which she drew from the novel sights around her, might well have been added. Very rarely, indeed, has a critic to complain that a book is unduly small.

The families of Osborn and Byng were frequently immersed in election contests. One letter written so early as 1726 describes the visit of her brother and the other Whig leaders in the county to Bedford on a conference with the Duke of Bedford, who by accident or design had frightened the whole party by requesting their presence "at a Tory inn." Rumour said that the duke proposed running "good Tories," and the lady's conclusion was that he must be "a giddy, hot-headed creature"; but matters were ultimately settled in the right groove, and her own brother, with the marvellous name of Pattee Byng, was returned in the Whig interest. Another letter describes the poll for the county in 1734, and the rage of the electors for the town of Bedford at the absence of any rivalry for their votes. A third sets out the intrigues over the representation of the county in 1767, when

the seat was vacant through the death of the young Lord Tavistock by a fall from his horse. Her son had married in 1740 a daughter of the Earl of Halifax—the editor must surely be in error in saying that the lady was a daughter of the peer who took the name of Dunk; and by the alliance with that ambitious peer, politics and elections became still more necessary to his existence. That nobleman was one of the historic three who spent between them a quarter of a million of money over the contest locally known as the "spendthrift" contest for Northamptonshire in 1768—an election described at length some years ago by Canon James, and ultimately settled through the disgust of the voters at being fobbed off with claret when the port in Lord Halifax's cellars of Horton ran out—and he set up his nephew, Sir George Osborn, as his candidate. These letters add some picturesque touches to the struggle. We see Lord Halifax paying a state visit with all his family to the Northampton races, the meeting there of two of the peers "on extreme good terms," the opposition of an independent county baronet, the trouble when "the Spencer interest broke faith several times." Never since the fall of Sir Robert Walpole were the elections so fiercely contested as in 1768. From Mrs. Osborn went up the despairing cry that "the landed interest is beat out," and that the Nabobs from the East reigned in the place of the old country squires. "Sums unheard off," she exclaims, "are now given for Cornish Burreughs;" but if their price rose high, the convenience of transfer from one occupant to another justified the increase. It was in the North-Cornwall constituency of Bossiney that Mrs. Osborn's son, whose troubles at Northampton so distressed her, found a haven of refuge; and it was while representing its one or two electors that he was rewarded with the place of groom of the bed-chamber.

The troubles during the last century are vividly set out in these pages. The panic which seized on London society over the invasion of the young Pretender, and the disturbing rumours which sprang up every hour, are described at considerable detail. Twenty years pass away, and there succeeds the decay which befell English statesmen during the nominal rule of the Butes or the Graftons. "So many things are vacant and no acceptors: Treasury, Navy vacant; Vice-Treasurership of Ireland, with several other things that is amazing, goes begging"; and to fearful hearts like Mrs. Osborn, it seemed as if England were drifting on the breakers. Still she kept retailing to her son on his foreign mission the gossip and the scandal which circulated in the upper circles of English life. She tells of the old lady, who was "maddish," and left Lord John Cavendish £40,000, though she "never saw him but once in her life, only because he was a Patriot." She prattles on the prospect of Pitt coming into a reversion of £9,000 a year, on the possible death of young Villiers, who is "inclined to be wild, and has not had the small pox and Pitt is lucky. Therefore everyone concludes the Boy is to dye." What an amazing picture is sent to this son of the two brides of 1767! One

exulting in "her head a yard high, and fill'd or rather cover'd with feathers to an enormous size, fitter for a masquerade than a drawing room"; and her rival sets off with "a headdress as high, but built up like a rock with diamonds, and indeed she is so much cover'd with jewels that they compare her to a lark wrapped up in crumbs."

Everywhere throughout the volume we light upon amusing illustrations of our national character, and we are thankful to the writer for her keen appreciation of the striking and humorous incidents that occur at all times in everyday life. After we have read her last letter on the birth of her great grandson, written when she was nigh on eighty years old, we feel as if we have parted from an old friend. It is remarkable that two such exceptional women should have been associated, one by birth and the other by adoption, with the family of Osborn.

W. P. COURTNEY.

"GREAT WRITERS."—*W. M. Thackeray.*
By Herman Merivale and Frank T. Marzials. (Walter Scott.)

It is difficult for an admirer of Thackeray to speak harshly of this book; it is impossible for him to praise it. In the first place, notwithstanding certain great exceptions, two men cannot write one book; but, when one man continues a book begun by another, the ease is desperate. All harmony and design is lost; and, to adapt the logical phrase, the method is that of difference, not of agreement. Mr. Merivale contributes seven chapters, and Mr. Marzials five. Mr. Merivale has written the Life of Thackeray down to about the year 1835; and he has also completed a sketch of Thackeray's friends and of his more intimate life, which concludes the book. All the rest belongs to Mr. Marzials. But for the fact that Mr. Merivale had full access to private papers, and has been able to give us a certain amount of valuable information, we could wish, while regretting the necessity which prevented Mr. Merivale from doing complete justice to himself, that his chapters had been suppressed. He shows a generous and loyal devotion to Thackeray; but he writes with an irritating air of caprice and pique, in a tone of personal gossip and pleasantries, which recall much that is least admirable in Thackeray himself. This too easy manner betrays him into bad taste and much irrelevant stuff of this kind. Mrs. Jameson, a well-known author, published certain views not very ingenious, yet perfectly defensible, upon Thackeray's portraits of women. Mr. Merivale quotes Mrs. Jameson's protest: "Oh, Mr. Thackeray, this will never do!" and then continues—

"Yes; but it did! *Infelix foemina et impar!* Never prophesy until you know. How small the shade of Mrs. J. must feel. [Note here the blank, verse so impertinent, in every sense of the word.] Oh these unhappy hole-pickers! Why not cherish a little healthy hero-worship, and thank God for a great man when we get him? And what becomes of the hole-pickers when they die? Do they have to go on doing it?"

No expression of dissent is too strong for a condemnation of that style in criticism.

And it is constantly breaking out; in every other sentence Mr. Merivale inflicts upon the reader, who wants a plain story, and can make his own comments, the most infelicitous flights of wit and the most approved sentiments of morality. Were Mr. Merivale writing "A Talk about Thackeray" for the magazines, this manner might be in place; biography, before all else, should be simple and straightforward. We heartily agree with Mr. Merivale's praise of the classics; and it is the more surprising to find a writer, who presumably loves his Horace, speaking of "a monument more lasting than the *sounding brass*." Horace did not so poorly compliment his Muse, as to put her in competition with a trumpet. Nor did we expect to find recorded of Thackeray, as though it were his own, a witticism told of Dr. Clarke and Beau Nash, by both Goldsmith and Boswell.

Mr. Marzials has done his share of the work with much of the skill and discretion which he brought to the Lives of Hugo and of Dickens, although his critical work is better than his biographical. One passage is worth quoting for its excellent style and truth. After dwelling upon *Esmond*, he explains Thackeray's classical perfection by saying that Thackeray was himself a great classic of the Augustan school of Queen Anne. And he explains his own conception of a classic by the instance of Newman, whom Thackeray admired, and of Newman's farewell sermon at Littlemore.

"Now the point to which I particularly wish to draw attention is the restraint shown in such a sermon. Try to realise the position. . . . Think for a moment how an emotional writer or speaker would have expressed himself on such an occasion—with what passion of regret, what eloquence of self-justification, what tearfulness of farewells. Newman condenses his feeling into one paragraph, or, at most, two; and there gives it expression in language tense indeed and vibrating with emotion, like the string of a violin beneath the finger of a master, but with an emotion chastened and restrained. In this chastening and restraint dwells, as I take it, the classical spirit. They were the special "note" of the great writers of Queen Anne's day—of the serene Addison, of Steele, of Bolingbroke, of Gay, of Congreve, even of Swift. . . . All these men wrote habitually for "The Town," for a limited and educated public, and forewore coarse effects—I mean here intellectually coarse—as unsuited to those whom they addressed. What they cultivated was measure rather than force, felicity and neatness rather than eloquence, good sense rather than imagination, sensibility rather than passion. They worked, to put it shortly, within a restricted sphere, excluding from their view many of the elements, even the nobler elements, of humanity; but the work they turned out was, from its very limitation perhaps, all the more perfect. And Thackeray worked in the same spirit."

Mr. Marzials proceeds to draw out the likeness: Thackeray's exquisite purity of style, its music and simplicity; his slight regard for "the beauties of nature"; his slight concern with social problems and abstract speculation; his slight interest in the "great Romantic poets"; "when he wanted to spend a happy morning with his daughter he read Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village,' not the works of these later men." All this is well and truly said.

The book, regarded as a biography, is too miscellaneous and disconnected to be criticised in that light. At present, there exists nothing better. The refined and delightful papers now being published by Mrs. Ritchie in *Macmillan's Magazine* do but renew the old regret, that the biography may not be written by the one competent writer. Her portrait of Thackeray and Miss Brontë is beyond all praise, so delicate is it, and yet so powerful.

There are two points upon which it may be worth while to say something: the satire of Thackeray, and his art. Either is constantly misunderstood; and, without dogmatism on the matter, one may try to clear it from prejudice and misconception. It is commonly held by the unreflecting that your satirist is bitter, your humourist a jester. Men talk of Thackeray's cynicism and of Lamb's merriment, as though the one has no sympathies and the other no sorrows. Before Carlyle and Landor wrote, men talked of Dante's savagery and scorn. It is as though a writer must needs be a man of iron, without "bowels of mercy," unless he show himself lachrymose and sentimental. And yet there are "thoughts which do often lie too deep for tears." Mr. Pater has written excellently, as he always writes, upon this matter:

"The author of the *English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century*, coming to the humourists of the nineteenth, would have found, as is true pre-eminently of Thackeray himself, the springs of pity in them deepened by the deeper subjectivity, the intenser and closer living with itself, which is characteristic of the temper of the later generation; and therewith, the mirth also, from the amalgam of which with pity humour proceeds, has become, in Charles Dickens, for example, freer and more boisterous."

As mere matter of fact, laughter and tears, humour and pity, satire and pathos, lie very near each other; so near that Heine and Sterne pass from one to the other by some sort of natural instinct, and often labour to expose the fact unhappily. Thackeray, in his lightest social satire, mordant and stinging, does more than strip a pretension or ridicule an absurdity. Under the brilliant wit and superb scorn lies the haunting thought of pity for "Man, the admirable, the pitiable." He has distinguished between the attitudes of Swift, Addison, and Steele towards humanity; the terrible contempt of Swift, the pensive serenity of Addison, the simple tenderness of Steele. Combine the three, and there is Thackeray: too clear-sighted to accept delusions, too reverent to despair, too kindly to be always glad. Turning once more to Mr. Pater, we read in two passages of

"that old-world sentiment, based on the feelings of hope and awe, which may be described as the religion of men of letters . . . religion as understood by the soberer men of letters in the last century, Addison, Gray, and Johnson; by Jane Austen and Thackeray, later."

After pages of literally tremendous denunciation and scorn, he brings us back to the universal and elementary affections, pity and charity, and hope, in words, as Mr. Lang has noted, of incomparable music and beauty. And this, not out of a weak con-

cession to sentiment, but because it is verifiable and true, the testimony of experience. Nothing could be less true than the assertion of M. Taine:

"Il fait dans le roman ce que Hobbes fit en philosophie. Presque toujours, lorsqu'il décrit de beaux sentiments, il les dérive d'une vilaine source."

It is precisely because Thackeray, discerning so well the abundant misery and hollowness in life, discerns also all that is not miserable and hollow, that he is so great. He has neither the somewhat bestial pessimism of M. Zola, nor the fatuous gaiety of M. Ohnet. Like any classic, he stands the test of experience, of psychology. We have mentioned together Swift, Addison, and Steele; we might take Lucretius, Virgil, and Horace. Each has left a picture of patrician life, glittering and tedious. Lucretius, contrasting the splendour without and the gloom within; Virgil, the restlessness and haste with the placid peace of the country; Horace, content to let it all go by, neither envying nor despising. Something of each, again, is in Thackeray: an English classic not less true and real than the classic Romans.

Most of the disputes about Thackeray's art, in the strict sense of art, are occupied with the personal note in his novels: with the intrusion, as some call it, of his personality. Art, we are told, is impersonal; and we believe it. But if that imply that no novel should reflect its author's spirit, then no artistic novel has yet been written. It is a question of words: each writer has his manner of work and habit of mind; let him follow those faithfully, and the result will be good, if he be an artist. Who wishes away Fielding's enchanting chapters between the books of *Tom Jones*? Or who wishes to find essays by Flaubert between the chapters of *Madame Bovary*? Each follows his own way, and there are many ways in art. Thackeray's reflections and discussions do not spoil his story, because they are not mere moralising, which the reader might do for himself. Whenever a reader stops, and says to himself, that the writer might have credited his readers with wits enough to see such and such a thing, without being shown it, then the writer has been superfluous. A sentence instead of a word, a chapter instead of a page, are unpardonable sins: but who can say, that he could have done Thackeray's reflections for himself? And they do not occur in the course of actual narration: Rawdon Crawley confronts Lord Steyne, Lady Castlewood welcomes Esmond at Winchester, without any dissertation from Thackeray. At least, let us call these passages of personal meditation a wrong thing done exquisitely; beyond that we refuse to go.

Let us end with a letter of Newman, published since his death: a voice from the dead, one immortal upon another:

"I write . . . to express the piercing sorrow that I feel in Thackeray's death. You know I never saw him, but you have interested me in him, and one saw in his books the workings of his mind—and he has died with such awful suddenness. A new work of his had been advertised, and I had looked forward with pleasure to reading it; and now the drama of

his life is closed, and he himself is the greatest instance of the text of which he was so full, *Vanitas vanitatum, omnia vanitas*. . . . What a world this is! How wretched they are who take it for their portion! Poor Thackeray! it seems but the other day since we became Catholics; now all his renown has been since that; he has made his name, has been made much of, has been fêted, and gone out, all since 1846 or 1847."

"Qualibus in tenebris vitæ quantisque periculis Degitur hoc ævi quodcumque!"

Thackeray and Newman both knew that: but that was not all they knew.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

The Scope and Method of Political Economy. By J. N. Keynes. (Macmillan.)

IF the wide welcome given to Prof. Marshall's *Principles* six months ago was a real sign of approaching agreement among economists in regard to general doctrines, it is not unlikely that the present volume may be generally accepted as an Eirenicon on the subject of method in particular. It offers, not indeed compromise, but certainly conciliation. The old way of abstraction and deduction is still to be the first stage of the study; but the "realistic" and historical methods are to find a place in the later stages. What Prof. Sidgwick has attempted on another field in his *Methods of Ethics*—where, of three competing methods, we are told to give one the primacy, but not to deny the others a place of their own—Mr. Keynes tries to do in the region of economics.

In a sense it is true that his book simply sums up the views about scope and method which have in the last twenty years been gradually taking shape in the minds of English and American economists under the influence of Jevons, Marshall, and Walker. But to do this well was no easy task; and it has been well done. The author writes with ample knowledge not only of the older economists but also of their modern critics, both English and foreign; and his book is in great part an attempt to re-state the doctrine of economic method in such a way as to meet the objections of the German historical school of economists. Books on economic method are perhaps fewer in number than any other kind of economical literature. The older English economists seldom or never analysed their own methods. Even Senior, who is free from that reproach, treats the matter briefly and incidentally. Mr. Lunt's bright little treatise (New York, 1888), seems unknown on this side of the Atlantic. John Mill's *Essays on Unsettled Questions in Political Economy*, and his *Logic*, together with Cairnes's *Logical Method of Political Economy*, have furnished Mr. Keynes with his real prototypes, at least in the shape of special books on the subject. That the writer is well trained for his work is known to all readers of his previous logical and economical productions. His language is clear, logical, and forcible, so concise indeed (though a reviewer may not blame so rare a virtue) that his book suffers very considerably by a short summary.

The main positions may be described as follows: The "scope" of political economy means the distinctive phenomena with which it deals and the special kind of knowledge

it seeks to gain about them. Now, political economy may be conceived in three different ways: either (1) as dealing with "the systematic knowledge of what is," and, therefore, as a positive science, investigating uniformities; or (2) as discussing criteria of what ought to be, and, therefore, as a regulative or (to use Prof. Marshall's phrase) "normative" science, investigating ideals; or (3) as discussing rules for the attainment of a given end, and, therefore, as an art, formulating practical precepts. These three conceptions exclude each other. Mr. Keynes tries to show that the first of them is to be chosen—political economy in the strict sense is a positive science—while the other two conceptions are properly of the ethics of political economy, and the art of political economy, respectively. No economist desires to stop short at the theoretical study; but the "plurality of causes" makes a deductive treatment necessary, and the very intensity of our social sympathies and antipathies is a reason for separating our theoretical studies, in the first instance, from concrete applications. There is otherwise a danger of a philanthropic or other emotional bias; we lose the race by turning aside to the apple. Besides, there is good hope of eventual agreement among economists about abstract theory; there is none such about their answers to social questions, involving a particular ideal of society, say the individualistic or the socialistic ideal. "If economic theories are relative, economic precepts are more relative still." Mr. Keynes shows the difficulty of building up an art of political economy; and his arguments would seem to apply with almost equal cogency in the case of an economic ethic.

What then, in detail, is the scope of theoretical economics? It is described by our author in terms that recall Mill's essay on "The Definition and Method of Political Economy" (*Unsettled Questions*, Essay V.) Economical science is concerned with the facts about wealth only so far as they are social, and (our author adds afterwards) so far as they are in keeping with "the rules of conventional morality in matters of business." For example, the law of diminishing returns from land, as a bare physical fact, is not an economic law; it is an economic premise, not an economic conclusion. So it is with the principle of the increase of the numbers of the people; and so it is with the psychological fact that men prefer a greater to a less gratification. By wealth itself we are to understand "all potentially exchangeable means of satisfying human needs," whether services or material goods. Economic activities are those that relate to the production and distribution of wealth so defined; and political economy treats of "the phenomena arising out of the economic activities of mankind in society." The division of the subject into Production, Distribution, Exchange, and Consumption is not accepted without qualification; the interdependence of economic facts makes an absolute division impossible.

It has been urged (for example, by Comte) that the interdependence of social phenomena in general is so complete that we cannot safely or usefully separate the consideration of one class of them, like the

economic, from the consideration of all the rest. Here the question of method becomes important. Mr. Keynes thinks that the older economists were justified in taking economic facts separately and considering them by the light of an abstraction; their chief fault was, not in so beginning, but in so ending. It may be remarked that, though the desire of gain has been the chief abstraction, it has not stood alone. In Malthus's Essay another abstraction held the chief place; and it was treated in the same way as the desire of gain is treated by modern economists—starting with a particular desire in its abstractness, we were gradually introduced to more and more concrete phases of it till we were finally landed in our own everyday world. This is exactly how Mr. Keynes would have us to proceed in all economical inquiry. To use his own illustration, he would have us begin in the way recommended by Mill in his Essay, and he would have us proceed afterwards in the way actually followed by Mill in his *Political Economy*.

No doubt the inquiry will remain in a sense abstract so long as it remains economic at all. It is the economic aspect we are looking at even when we are taking things in the concrete; and the complicating elements, disturbing causes, &c., are viewed, not in their general aspects, but so far as "complicating" and so far as "disturbing" the conditions and causes which we had first considered in a simplified form. But a special study of economic phenomena is counted necessary even by members of the historical school; and, as a matter of fact, these economists never contrive to avoid the use of deductive arguments in their own writings. The historical school, however, falls into three groups, a right, a left, and a centre—represented, say, by Roscher, Schmoller, and Wagner, differing from each other in the degree in which they allow or disallow deduction. Their common feature is their definition of the scope of political economy as ethical and descriptive, and of the method of it as "realistic" and historical. Theoretical economics, as expounded by Mr. Keynes, is not in its first stages "realistic": it finds the facts too large for one mouthful; it proceeds in the first instance deductively. But in its later stages it enlists every available instrument, whether it be history, or contemporary description, or statistics, or any other means of arriving at facts and "uniformities." In regard to the use of mathematics, Mr. Keynes allows that economic inquiries, relating as they do to quantities, will in their deductive stage readily lend themselves to mathematical treatment; but he refuses to allow that the mathematical method has any pre-eminent suitability or peculiar fruitfulness in the economic region. The position of statistics is the subject of his concluding chapter, and is treated at some length. His finding is that the theory of statistics "demands a distinct treatment, though it seems hardly appropriate to speak of it as an independent science." This is remarkably like the judgment of certain groups of the historical economists on the position of political economy itself.

Some readers may complain that many of

the most important discussions are not completed in their own part of the book, but appear, disappear, and reappear at intervals throughout the whole of it. But, perhaps, the very nature of the subject makes this arrangement unavoidable. The various aspects of rival theories can only present themselves as the various branches of the subject-matter come severally into view. The fault (such as it is) is well remedied by a good index.

J. BONAR.

The Philosophy of Fiction in Literature.

By Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. (Longmans.)

THERE is something which is half amusing and half pathetic in the conscientious thoroughness displayed in the pages of this book by Mr. Daniel Greenleaf Thompson. Heretofore, to say nothing of his *System of Psychology*, he has devoted himself to such grave themes as the Problem of Evil, the Religious Sentiments of the Human Mind, Social Progress, and so forth; and in descending to a lighter topic he cannot all at once rid himself of the heaviness of hand acquired in the pursuance of these severe studies. Like his predecessor in philosophy, Descartes, with his memorable *cogito, ergo sum*, Mr. Thompson made up his mind to begin at the beginning; and his beginning is laid on such a deep foundation of experience that it is clearly impossible to burrow beneath it. Here are his opening sentences:

"When I have finished *Romola*, by George Eliot, the first and most obvious thing to be noted upon reflection is that the book has interested me sufficiently to cause me to read it through. If, then, encouraged by this experience, and believing a novel to be a novel, I take up *Sir Charles Grandison*, I may find, after reading a portion, that I grow tired, lay the book down, and refuse to recur to it. I am bored, and the thought of continuing is irksome. Clearly, then, all tales are not interesting."

Alas, this is only too true; but there is something appalling in the spectacle of a writer who will only accept it as the conclusion of a personally undertaken induction. And when Mr. Thompson, proceeds, with similar laboriousness of investigation, to work his way to the equally unassailable conviction that "whether a book is to us readable or not depends on our respective mental constitutions," the reader naturally begins to wonder how long is the list of truisms which the author has set himself to demonstrate. It is very long indeed; for to Mr. Thompson the unpardonable sin is the taking of anything for granted, of supposing that anything can be too obvious to need statement. In his first chapter he prepares the ground for his philosophical structure by gravely informing his students that "literature involves the preservation and communication of thought," that "in order to please, regard must be had to the sources of pleasure in the human mind," that "even absurdity is sometimes very delightful," that "many people have read novels in which they were not interested, impelled thereto by a strong feeling of duty"—a word of wisdom which will come home

to many a reviewer—and, lastly, that "clumsiness, crudity, tediousness, tautology, commonplace, and many other offences against good taste have to be carefully avoided"—a word of wisdom which might be profitably pondered by the author himself.

Our only acquaintance with Mr. Thompson has been made through some of his previous works, in which certain great problems are treated with unflinching thoughtfulness and occasional felicity. We are told nothing of the considerations which led him to write upon fiction; but we should imagine that he has begun the study of novels somewhat late in life, and that, being so fascinated by his new pursuit as to feel impelled to write upon it, he has mistaken interest for aptitude, and has really supposed himself capable of saying something fresh and illuminating. We might even think that he had undertaken his task in ignorance of the work of his predecessors, were not his pages besprinkled with quotations from Messrs. Besant, Howells, James, de Maupassant, Zola, and other distinguished persons who, either as producers or critics of novels, have spoken *ex cathedra* upon the art of fiction; and, as a rule, the most interesting pages in the book are those in which Mr. Thompson's authorities are most obviously in evidence, he himself becoming a mere chorus.

To this remark, however, exceptions are provided by those portions of the work which deal with the "realism" or "naturalism," so called, of M. Zola and his school. Here indeed Mr. Thompson displays such an acquaintance with the most important principles of aesthetics, and with the true method of applying them, as to make us wonder all the more at the empty triteness of his earlier chapters. We do not mean that anything is said which has not, in substance, been said before—the noble army of magazine-writers have rendered that feat impossible of performance—but that Mr. Thompson has thought the matter out for himself, and has expressed his thought with point and vigour. His criticisms of M. Zola's method, from the purely artistic point of view, as a method which sacrifices vital truth by ignoring the perspective of life, are admirable, and, it seems to us, unanswerable; but we prefer to quote his pointed comments upon the scientific pretensions of the great realist and his followers. "We do a work," says M. Zola, in his *Lettres à la Jeunesse*, "identical with that of the men of science." To which Mr. Thompson replies:—

"In the first place, it should be seen that scientific fiction is, strictly speaking, a contradiction in terms. So far as fiction is science it ceases to be fiction; so far as science is fictitious it ceases to be science. If science be all in all, would it not be better to leave out the fictitious element altogether from literature and devote ourselves to exact descriptions of actual persons, types, and conditions? . . . Would not M. Zola have realised the ends he professes to seek more completely if he had given us his notes upon which he built *Pot Bouille* and *La Terre* rather than the books themselves? We have shown how his 'experiment' is nothing but hypothesis. To be truly scientific, should not this be left out and the exact results of observation be given clearly and concisely? What need of Buteans, of Nanas, of Paulines, of

Etienne, to be manufactured with so much trouble, when at the end they are only supposititious and hypothetical characters?"

Of course these queries will be pronounced eminently Philistinish; but one of the most objectionable characteristics of the Philistine is his indecent habit of putting questions which the children of the light can only answer by a pitying sigh that is somehow not as impressive as it ought to be. Some of us who have lately discovered, with some surprise, that the mark of Dagon appears upon our foreheads, may think that Mr. Thompson's utterances upon the great "nudity" and "sex" questions are words of truth and soberness; and even the finer, freer spirits, are shut out from the usual remark about the "young person" by the author's emphatic repudiation of his or her claims to a vicarious domination over art. To these spirits Mr. Thompson's book will be throughout a vain thing—"philosophy falsely so called"; but others will be almost able to forgive his frequent wearisome platitudes in virtue of the sturdy common sense of the pages in which he really has something to say—and says it.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

THE ART OF WAR IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Die Entwicklung des Kriegswesens und der Kriegführung in der Ritterzeit. By G. Köhler, General-Major z.d. Vol. III., Parts I., II., III. (Breslau: Koebner.)

IN reviewing the third volume of General Köhler's valuable and voluminous work, I am placed in an unenviable position, owing to the fact that his pages are thickly strewn with polemical passages against myself. Not only has General Köhler deigned to notice at length writings of mine during the few last years, but he has exhumed a little book written so far back as 1883-84 for a university prize, in order to fall foul of some of my conclusions. I am not at all concerned to defend my views of that date. Being a Bachelor of Arts of one year's standing at the time, it was hardly to be expected that I should have read all the chronicles which the General has consulted in ten years' work at his subject. But I am somewhat vexed that he should, while never saying a good word for my work, utilise it again and again. If he condemns it as worthless, he ought not to quote it as an authority. Yet he does so continually; the first page of his third volume (part i.) is simply analysed out of my pages 38-40; so, too, are 215-16 of vol. iii., part ii. He has followed me in choosing Adrianople as the first and Manzikert as the last limit of his dealings with the Byzantine army; he quotes from me such points as Nicephorus Phocas' observations on cavalry, and Maurice's counsels on military service; all this without a word which enables the reader to see how far he is indebted. To quote a reproach that the General makes to me on another point, "das finde ich nicht gentil."

No personal feeling, however, can prevent a full acknowledgment of merits of General Köhler's book. He has consulted a vast body of chronicles, as well as all the modern books bearing on his subject. Nothing in Latin, German, French, English, or Italian

has escaped him. Only in Greek is he a little to seek, quoting Latin or French translations in place of the original text, and, when he does venture on a word, producing forms such as *περιτραχήλιον*, *πρωστρεγος*, *δρονγγος*, *στρατεγος*, *βάνδων* (as a nom. sing.), while queer distortions and lack of accents seem to prove an insufficient acquaintance with the elements of the tongue. Unfortunately, too, the French translations of Byzantine authors which he employs are vile. But it is not in the breadth of his researches alone that General Köhler wins praise, but in his careful "*Kritik der Quellen*." There is hardly a writer in the province of the art of war who has not to plead guilty to the charge of having filled up *lacunae* in his earlier authorities by wholesale use of later ones. The practice is so tempting that it is almost universal. General Köhler has conscientiously tried to avoid it, and succeeded far better than most; but even he occasionally lapses into sin—quoting Wace, for example, as an authority for the arrangement of the divisions of the English army at Hastings, and Henry of Huntingdon for details of sixth century battles between Briton and Saxon.

Two sections of this third volume of the work are worthy of particular praise—the chapter treating of the growth of the knightly class in Europe, with a comparison between the very different shapes that it assumed in France, Germany, and England respectively; and the section which deals with minor tactical points, and the combination of the arms in a mediæval host. Some of the broader deductions of the General, however, seem somewhat controvertible.

The chief of these points, on which General Köhler's views will not be accepted by English critics, is the value of the English bowmen. He declares that he has given them all the importance that they deserve, and not undervalued them in comparison with the archery of the Continent. But his final verdict is that they were "unable to withstand the attack of a really courageous cavalry, and could be beaten even by a good infantry unsupported by cavalry, as for example at the fight of Nogent-sur-Seine." Their victory over the Genoese at Crecy he carps at in the following words:—

"In the duel between bow and arbalest at Crecy, the former came off best. But we must remember that the conditions handicapped the Genoese; not only were their limbs tired with the march, and their bowstrings damp with the rain, but they had left their pavises, which would have been of the greatest service, behind with the baggage. Their ill-luck can not therefore be generalised into a fair criterion of the relative value of bow and arbalest, and contemporaries never took it so. Neither France nor Germany abandoned the cross-bow for the bow in consequence."

The tendency of the paragraph is, unmistakably, that, given fair conditions, the General believes that the bow was little, if at all, superior to the arbalest. The touch about the pavises is particularly absurd; a soldier who cannot fight without a portable barn-door to stand behind, is useless in nine-tenths of the operations of war. The pavise, except for purely defensive work on a long-occupied position, or for siege

operations, was a mere snare and burden; and troops which adopted it condemned themselves to immobility. Where do we hear of men who fought with cross-bow and pavise beating off an attack of cavalry, or dropping their missile weapons and throwing themselves forward for a charge against a disordered enemy, as did the English archers at Auray and Agincourt. As to General Köhler's statement that, if the bow had been the better weapon, France and Germany would have taken it up, we can only observe that he forgets that a lifetime of practice was taken to form the English archer, and that as a matter of fact both Scotch and French kings *did* try to organise a natural archery, but (in spite of Juvenal des Ursin's ridiculous boast) to no effect. Again, he asks: "If the bow was so good, why did the English give it up in favour of the arquebus in the sixteenth century, while that firearm was still so imperfect?" The answer is that the English did *not* give up the bow till the seventeenth century. On many occasions in the sixteenth century the bow beat the arquebus—e.g., when the Norfolk insurgents of 1549 drove off Somerset's German hackbut-men, and as late as 1642 there was great talk of arming the London Militia with the bow instead of the musket.

Of course, the English archery had their weak side. Able to turn off almost any front attack, they were liable to be rolled up by an attack in flank, as at Bannockburn, or cut to pieces if they were caught in disorder before they had formed their line of battle, as at Patay. But any troops, however good, can be beaten if their general is sufficiently incompetent, or if, by the fortune of war, they are surprised on unfavourable ground. Granted that their commander was of average merit, and the line well guarded on the flanks either by natural obstacles or by good heavy infantry, the archers could hold their own. The penetrating power of the arrow, too, was greater than General Köhler allows: he says that it could not pierce the knightly armour of the late fourteenth or early fifteenth century. But there is evidence to prove that it could; for example, Henry Percy, at Shrewsbury, was killed by an arrow in the breast, which went fairly through breastplate and hauberk; Colart de Forges, at the fight of St. Vincent-lez-Laon, by one which went through his leg harness.

While giving General Köhler all credit for his industry and thoroughness, and acknowledging that in many places he has overthrown received opinions, I am constrained to observe that his love of polemics carries him into many unjustifiable statements concerning other writers' views. To point out all the instances where he capriciously finds fault with statements of mine which are correct would take too much time. A few examples will suffice. He says that in my account of the battle of Durazzo I commit a "gross error" in stating that the Varangian guard got far ahead of the rest of the Byzantine army (iii., sec. 3, 104). Now Anna Commena says that they *ικανὸν τῆς Ῥωμαϊκῆς παρατάξεως ἀπέστησαν, δι' ἀπειρίαν καὶ θερμό*

τητα δὲύτερον βεβαδικότες—words which are quite conclusive in my favour. The passage which he quotes against me relates not to the battle at all, but to the drawing up of the emperor's army before it set out to march to the field. Again, in speaking of Hastings, he says that I make the English shieldless in my account of the battle. Now, in speaking of the Bayeux tapestry in connexion with the details of the fight, I have especially mentioned (bottom of p. 97) the shields of the English; but the general quotes one sentence of mine, "the Danish axe, if wielded with both hands, precluded the use of a shield in hand to hand combat," and says that I thereby deny that the army of Harold bore shields. To this the only reply is that more than half Harold's army were light troops who did not carry the axe at all, and that those who did carry it were able, while still holding their shields, to use the axe *with one hand*, though not with the power which the employment of both hands would have given.

I must acknowledge, on the other hand, that there are points on which General Köhler quite rightly corrects me. The position of the English dismounted knights at Crecy is one; the tactical importance of the lessons of the Crusades another; the details of the armament of the Byzantine lancer a third. More might be found.

I must apologize for having dwelt so long on General Köhler's polemics against myself. In spite of the manifest unfairness of the bulk of his objections, I shall only add that his work is a most valuable contribution to the history of the art of war, and that nothing shall prevent me from bearing full testimony to the fruitful results of his prolonged researches.

C. OMAN.

NEW NOVELS.

Rupert Alison. By Gertrude Forde. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Glencoonoge. By R. B. Sheridan Knowles. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

Prisoners and Captives. By H. S. Merriman. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Holly. By "Nomad." In 2 vols. (Trischler.)

A Royal Physician. By V. B. Johnson. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Begum's Daughter. By E. L. Bynner. (Sampson Low.)

WE mean no unkind flippancy by asking Miss Forde whether she does not think, on reflection, that an *index purgatorius* (an article of which we hear, for the first time, in her book) would be a little, a very little, invidious? Not, indeed, that it could classically mean an index to Purgatory; but then classically or unclassically it could hardly mean anything else, and really a Bottin or Webster of those regions might hurt obvious and not unamiable susceptibilities. This is not the only oddity we find in *Rupert Alison*. Men do, as Mr. Calverley says, "go mad and beat their wives" from even less amiable causes than that which

he assigns. But Miss Forde gives no reason why Major Alison should have behaved to his wife in the improbably brutal fashion she describes; or rather, the only reason that she does give occurs later and is unintentional. Mrs. Alison dropped down dead of joy on hearing that her son was fourth wrangler (the exact distinction, by the way, of Frank Fairleigh); and a wife so excessively disproportionate in her passions may have been very trying in conjugal matters. In other words, there are some amiable absurdities in Miss Forde's book. Her hero, though an excellent fellow, was certainly a prig; but he had a very lucky escape of the beautiful Edna Montgomery, to whom he said "You look like a very lovely young girl." Afterwards, the fortunes of him were more according to the priggishness than to the excellence; for the other young woman whom he ought to have married went out as nurse and teacher to South Africa, though she loved him and he her, and he became a "thoughtful" independent member of parliament, and he married a young Italian who could not have been at all amusing and who talked in heroics. And last of all the luck returned and he died. The book, though rather tempting to not too serious criticism, is a fresh and generous one.

Glencoonoge is a very pleasant book, if only (and, indeed, not only) for the reason that it is most unlike other books of its class. Mr. Sheridan Knowles's shield is blank, and we do not know whether he has done anything before; but in any case he may not improbably do something better still than this. His autobiographic, or, if there were such a word, authistoric hero is, according to a trick recently borrowed by Mr. Norris and others from Thackeray in his *Lovel the Widower* mood, rather a *fanfaron* of the uninteresting, at least for a considerable time; nor can we say that we greatly care for the loves of Conn Hoolahan and the beautiful book-keeper (*anglice*, barmaid), Jane Johnson, which seem at first likely to engross the book. The offensive behaviour of the English tourists at the *Harp*, *Glencoonoge*, may be taken from the life; for unfortunately Borrow's "low Englishman" is not extinct. But Mr. Sheridan Knowles must excuse us if we remember a certain party who were met at Glengariffe forty or fifty years ago, and whose behaviour was in a milder form something like this. Still, the general flavour of the book is fresh and quaint: the descriptions both of places and people are new from the mint, and are not the battered *clichés* with which we are only too familiar in novels. Moreover, Alicia O'Doherty—with whose "brown eyes, black hair, and creamy white face," Mr. Horace Shipley is, rather after the manner of Francis Osbaldestone (how vile and odious are these comparisons!) blessed at the last—is a great deal too good for him. But the heroines always ought to be too good for the heroes, and, therefore, this is quite as it should be. Father John Moriarty, the priest, is also an agreeable person. If Mr. Knowles knows him in the flesh, one cannot but regret that celibacy is enjoined in the Roman Church; for his kind appears to be getting dangerously few in

Ireland of late years, and might be propagated with much advantage.

The hopes of the reader of *Prisoners and Captives* fall, rise, and fall again as he begins and proceeds with the book. One of the opening statements, "the stillness of the atmosphere was phenomenal," makes him, as he reads, grumble, "It would have been much more surprising if it had been noumenal." Then his fears are dissipated by a really powerful scene, in which a slave-catching English schooner comes to the rescue of a merchantman, the whole of whose crew, except one, are down with yellow fever; and by some others of promise, if not exactly of merit. And then hope sinks once more, never fairly to rise again, when he finds that Mr. Merriman is at what we fear is an ingrained trick of dragging Nihilism into his story. "In England," the author says, at vol. ii., p. 175, "the whole question of the future of Russia is as little studied as its present state is known." Well, we don't know that anyone is to be much blamed for not studying the future, the conditions of such study being not exactly scientific; but if Mr. Merriman will take the word of indifferent honest men, we can assure him that by some, at least, of us the present state of Russia is very well known indeed. Well or ill-known, we can further assure him that it is a very bad "subject to write novels about," which he complains that people think it good for, unless it be taken as a mere picturesque element in the story without any personal prejudice or prepossession interfering. Mr. Merriman has such prejudice; and it has made what might be a story of considerable interest one of interest only second-rate, or even third-rate. As a whole, his American hero is a nuisance, and not a new nuisance; and his English heroes are not very much better. But his heroines have merit; some of his situations (for instance, a fire at a theatre) are well hit off; and he has some knack at character.

The opening of *Holly* is not encouraging. It introduces us to two very vulgar young men, who call a friend's servant "Coachy," and take their hats off to young ladies whom they do not know; to a Scotchman, strong in dialect, who says, "imperence," like any cockney; to a wicked hero who is not only a base deceiver, but commits the further crime, unexcused by any natural weakness whatever, of reading to his sisters about evolution; and to an author who talks about "fictional theory." "Nomad," however, performs, in a certain fashion, better than she promises; and her story of Philip Dene's wickedness, how he managed it, how he won for some time, and then lost frightfully, will probably be not unwelcome to a considerable number of the readers for whom it was intended. A different class may, among other things, be repelled by the difficulty of answering the question—"Granted that 'Nomad' has arranged a rather ingenious reason why Gerald Lonsdale did not marry Holly Brereton, why has she neglected to show any reasonable cause why Holly Brereton married Philip Dene, not loving him?"

Miss Virginia Johnson's story of the Tyrol

is a little German in style as well as in scene, but by no means unpleasantly so. Its descriptions are very good, its personages far from uninteresting; and there is a very ingenious representation of the way in which a toad can oblige a friend—a human friend—if it feels disposed to do so.

Those who remember *Agnes Surriage* may be surprised to find so devoted a student of old colonial days as Mr. Bynner apparently travelling out of his line. But the Begum was not an East Indian Begum, as far as this story is concerned. The scene of the book is New York, the "temp. of tale" is the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth centuries, and the whole action is purely American in interest as well as character. The very frontispiece (for the book is well illustrated) is a "description of ye towne of New Yorke, anno domini 1690"; and the opening chapter is an account, both careful and lively, of the ways and chafferings of the market place in that still really Dutch though politically English settlement. There is even a Rip at an early period of the story; though it is almost painful to find that his surname is Van Dern and not Van Winkle. But the connexion is not merely verbal, for there is something of Irving in Mr. Bynner, combined with more of the late Mr. Harrison Ainsworth in his earlier days. If he cannot be said to have exactly achieved the historical novel, the most difficult perhaps of all the kinds, he has at any rate made a fair attempt at it. The story of Leister's conspiracy is very well told.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

CURRENT THEOLOGY.

MESSRS. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE (acting up to their reputation as Her Majesty's Printers) and the Cambridge University Press have this week jointly issued a facsimile of the original MS. of what is called the Annexed Book of Common Prayer. This MS. has a curious history. It represents the changes adopted after the failure of the Savoy Conference in 1661. These changes were first made in MS. in a copy of the black-letter Prayer-book of 1636, afterwards known as the Convocation Book. The entire book, with all the alterations and additions, was then copied out fair, in order to receive the written assent of Convocation, and finally to be annexed to the Act of Uniformity passed in 1662. At the end are appended the signatures of the members of Convocation of both provinces; and from a facsimile given of the binding, it is evident that the book was actually attached by six strings to the Act. But after the lapse of years the two became separated, and it was at one time thought that the book was lost. Accordingly, to meet the convenience of the Royal Commission on Ritual of 1867, a facsimile was made of the Convocation Book, which, though in fact the original, is in law only secondary evidence. However, on search being made, the Annexed Book duly turned up in its proper custody, in the library of the House of Lords; and there it has been photographed, leaf by leaf, for the present facsimile. Though only in the handwriting of one or more clerks, this document must always retain a supreme interest for ecclesiastical historians, as being the one authentic original of the liturgy still in use in the Church of England. The present magnificent volume reflects the highest credit upon its

publishers, who have, as regards binding, followed the style of the earlier facsimile of the Convocation Book (1871). The edition is limited to 750 copies, all of which have, we understand, been already disposed of.

CANON OVERTON'S brief Memoir of *John Wesley*—the second volume of the series on "English Leaders of Religion" (Methuen)—must be acknowledged by those within and without the pale of Methodism to be admirable alike in tone and in style. Wesley and his latest biographer have many points in common. They both belonged to Lincoln College, Oxford; and with Canon Overton rests the spiritual charge of the parish in which Wesley's father presided, in which Wesley himself was born, to which he often returned. This intimate acquaintance with the scenes in which much of Wesley's life was spent enables the present writer to contribute some few facts which had escaped the observation of the industrious Mr. Tyerman. In considering the vexed questions which surround the career of the founder of Methodism, a commendable moderation is everywhere conspicuous, though a complete assent may sometimes be withheld from the conclusions. The prevalent belief that his mission to Georgia was a failure is combated with vigour, if not with absolute success. One of the best passages in this volume sets out the means by which Wesley obtained, and succeeded in retaining for so many years, his marvellous hold on the minds and actions of myriads of followers; and the argument is worthy of adoption. The chapter on Wesley's literary work, the innumerable publications which he threw off on State politics, theology, medicine, and several other subjects, contains an abundance of information, and furnishes in its laborious detail a striking contrast to the scant attention which would have been given to such a matter a few decades since. Many previous writers have described the actions or discussed the motives of John Wesley, but the modest Memoir by Canon Overton has justification for its existence.

"THE EXPOSITOR'S BIBLE."—*The General Epistles of St. James and St. Jude*. By the Rev. Alfred Plummer. (Hodder & Stoughton.) It is possible to admit that Dr. Plummer has written a very able and interesting exposition of the Epistles of James and Jude, without agreeing with all his conclusions as to their date and authorship, and, indeed, several other matters. If there is any New Testament composition which bears its comparatively late origin plainly written on the face of it, one would be inclined to say it is the Epistle of Jude, and that of his "brother" James is probably, in point of time, not far from it. Yet Dr. Plummer has no difficulty in persuading himself that both these Epistles belong to the apostolic age, and are the genuine writings of James and Jude, the brethren of the Lord. He considers that that of James may be placed anywhere between 45 and 62 A.D., but, on the whole, is inclined to put it before the Council of Jerusalem, thus making it the earliest book in the New Testament. On the supposition of its genuineness, this certainly seems the likeliest place for it; otherwise, how account for its total silence on most of the points of controversy between the Jewish and Gentile Christians? On the other hand, if this was its place, how explain its polemic against Paul's doctrine of justification? Dr. Plummer's answer would be that there is, in fact, no such polemic, and that on the question of faith and works Paul and James are thoroughly at one. More satisfactory is his treatment of the Epistle in its literary relations—its dependence on Ecclesiastical and Wisdom and its affinities of phraseology with some of Paul's Epistles, and with 1 Peter. Its relation-

ship to Hermas he does not touch on. Dr. Plummer is evidently a good deal exercised about Jude's inspiration, and how it can be reconciled with his use of apocryphal scriptures and his belief in their genuineness. He, of course, indulges in the usual commonplaces about not prejudging what qualities an inspired writing ought to possess, &c., instead of examining the features which such writings actually present, as if it were possible to tell whether a particular writing was inspired or not, unless it were first settled by what marks an inspired writing may be recognised. That these Epistles are canonical is, indeed, certain, since they are found in the Canon; but it cannot be said of either of them that it is a book "of whose authority there was never any doubt in the Church." These, however, are not questions of primary importance for the expositor, who might fairly enough take for granted the inspiration and authenticity of the documents of which he treats; and we should be sorry to be thought not to do justice to the scholarly ability with which Dr. Plummer brings out the meaning of the two Epistles which he undertakes to expound. His book, though here and there, perhaps, too controversial in its tone, is, on the whole, an excellent example of scriptural exegesis, and a worthy addition to the "Expositor's Bible."

It would be easy to say much in praise of the *Textbook of the Jewish Religion*, by M. Friedländer (Kegan Paul & Co.), from a literary and even from a religious point of view. Since, however, this is but an outline of a larger work on the same subject, we will confine ourselves to the remark that this small book embodies in an equal degree thought, learning, and experience. Not every one can be so wisely temperate in communicating religious instruction as to keep the door open for further disclosures of truth. The substance and the form of this little book have been determined, no doubt, by the Chief Rabbi's Code; but how few could have produced this clear and instructive summary? Many Christians, and even those who do not venture to call themselves such, will desire to have precisely what is here offered—viz., a detailed and yet brief and handy sketch of the fundamental doctrines and usages of the orthodox Jewish faith. We use the word "orthodox" designedly, well knowing that in Judaism, as in Christianity, there is a foundation below that which even liberal-minded orthodoxy pronounces to be fundamental. The analysis of the Jewish Prayer-Book is noticed in the preface as a special feature of the book. It supplements that admirable edition of the Prayers which was published lately in a cheap well-printed volume, and may be commended to Christian scholars at the outset of a historical study of Judaism. As specimens of Dr. Friedländer's definitions we quote the following: "The process by which the prophets learn the Will of God is called *Inspiration*, and the prophet is called an *inspired man*; that is, a man endowed with the *Spirit of the Lord*." "It was in ancient times the custom to anoint persons when appointed to important offices, such as kings, priests, and prophets. 'Anointed' became, therefore, in Hebrew identical with 'appointed.' Cyrus, e.g., was 'anointed' to conquer Babylon and liberate the captive Jews. The Israelites are the 'anointed of the Lord,' to teach all mankind by their own good example the true faith and the true worship of God." On p. 44 some little modification seems necessary. The young student is told that "there were also inspired men who had no message for their fellow-men, and were not prophets." But if these men were at all "inspired" to know the will of God, must they not have had some message for their fellow-men? Possibly this "text-book" will, after all, prove a more satisfactory

work than the larger treatise, precisely because it admits of a certain amount of variety of interpretation.

"BY-PATHS OF BIBLE KNOWLEDGE."—*Early Bible Songs*. With Introduction on the Nature and Spirit of Hebrew Song. By C. A. Drysdale. (Religious Tract Society.) Mr. Drysdale's name is unknown to us. He has chosen a subject on which the highest scholarship and the most graphic literary power might well be employed. The songs of the Old Testament, from Herder's time onwards, have been recognised as the most characteristic blooms of the Israelitish genius. Moreover, Biblical studies, illuminated by the critical spirit, have gone so much in advance of popular handbooks that wise and skilful popularisers are almost more needed now than first-class bishops and archbishops. Alas, Mr. Drysdale's aims are set too low! "In the following pages," he warns us, "the critical is necessarily subordinated to the spiritual; historical and other literary matter being made subservient to the higher aim of vivifying the ideas and enforcing the principles of these early Bible songs." But what are the ideas and principles of these fragments of ancient poetry? and how can they be ascertained except by criticism? and what is that scholarship higher than that of the so-called "higher criticism," which will deal with "grave and delicate" literary and historical questions "fearlessly" and with a "reverent simplicity"? The preface seems, in fact, to point at a compromise, and not at a reconciliation between the Church and historical inquiry. Still, though earnest and historical Bible students will not get much help from this little book, ordinary readers who have not much time, nor as yet much developed critical instinct, will be thankful for these essays on the Structure and Spirit of Hebrew Song, the Song of Moses at the Red Sea, the Deuteronomie Song, the Songs of Deborah and Hannah, David's Even-song, and the four secular songs of the Sword, the Well, the War-flame, and the Bow. We do not know whether Mr. Drysdale is a trained Hebrew scholar.

A Translation of the Treatise Chagigah from the Babylonian Talmud. With Introduction, Notes, Glossary, and Indices. By W. Streane (Cambridge: University Press.) Would that the little band of Cambridge Talmudic scholars could be induced to furnish cheaper and less abundantly illustrated editions of Talmudic treatises, either in Hebrew or in an English version, or in both! Those who know Mr. Lowe's *Palestinian Mishna*, and Dr. Taylor's *Sayings of the Jewish Fathers*, and who now add to their library Mr. Streane's careful translation of Chagigah, will understand our remarks. Most of the shorter footnotes in the latter work are indeed necessary; but all mere illustrations, whether from Longfellow or from the Books of Maccabees, together with a part of the introduction and of the glossary, might well have been omitted. By inserting matters of this kind, the translator of Chagigah lays himself open to much criticism. For why are German, and especially German-Jewish, works so little referred to? Even Herzfeld is only cited in the course of a quotation from Dr. Taylor. And though Mr. Morison may be an excellent compiler, and Prof. Margoliouth a learned theorist, why should the second-hand Haggadic specimens of the former and the ingenious paradoxes of the latter be thrust upon the young student of the Talmud, simply, as it would seem, because they come from English writers? Still, the book is welcome, not only for its own sake, but as a monument of the teaching of the late Dr. Schiller-Szinessy, who was so much respected as Reader in Talmudic in Cambridge. There is much of

interest in this treatise; and, if we mention a few suggestive passages, it is not with the idea that they are necessarily the most important. On p. 11 there is a striking illustration of Isa. lxx. 4, on p. 68 of Eph. iv. 13, and on p. 81 of John i. 48. Different views of Jewish authorities on the Creation are given on p. 60, where the notice of the views of Nachum on Gen. i. 1 is instructive for the history both of exegesis and of religious ideas. From p. 83 onwards we meet with the Hebrew Faust, Elisha ben Abuyah, whose story is full of curious details. How fine is R. Johanan's saying respecting him on p. 88! Should not "Christian hymns" (p. 86) rather be "Gnostic hymns"? But Wünsche's view of the passage seems to us more probable.

The Rise of Christendom. By Edwin Johnson. (Kegan Paul & Co.) The race of erocheteers seem just now to have transferred their activity from physical science to the more congenial field of theological criticism. Even France and Germany are not safe from them, much less England. Within the last few years we have had Herr Ernst von Bunsen telling us that the date of the foundation of Solomon's Temple was changed by the LXX. to bring it into accordance with the date of Buddha's death, and M. Maurice Vernes, in his *Résultats de l'Exégèse Biblique*, bringing down the composition of the most ancient Hebrew Scriptures to a post-exilic period. But for the external evidence there is no telling where he would have stopped. Mr. Johnson is less prejudiced. External evidence goes for nothing with him. According to his theory, the whole Bible was forged in the early Middle Ages. Islam gave birth to Judaism, and Judaism to Christianity. This is proved by the order of their holy days—Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Jerusalem was not a Jewish city, nor did the Jews ever live in Palestine. Philo, Josephus, the Fathers, the older Byzantine historians, and whole masses of mediæval chronicles are pronounced forgeries, for no other reason than that they conflict with Mr. Johnson's theory. For the same reason all references to the Jews in the Greek and Latin classics are condemned as clumsy interpolations. It might be thought that the development of such a paradox would make the book amusing; but the *Rise of Christendom* is not amusing—it is deadly dull.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE volume of Sir Robert Peel's early letters, already announced in the ACADEMY, will cover the period when he was Chief Secretary for Ireland (1812-18), and his first term of office as Home Secretary (1822-27). It is edited by Mr. Charles Stuart Parker, who was for some time private secretary to Lord Cardwell, one of the original trustees under Peel's will. The present trustees are Lord Hardinge and the Speaker of the House of Commons. The book will be published by Mr. John Murray shortly after Easter, and will be illustrated with a portrait.

THE Life of Archbishop Tait, by Dean Davidson and Canon Benham, will be published immediately by Messrs. Macmillan. It will be in two volumes, and will have two portraits.

THE second volume of Mr. S. R. Gardiner's *Student's History of England* will be published in a few days. It covers the central period from 1509 to 1689, and will have nearly one hundred illustrations.

MISS MATHILDE BLIND has in the press a new volume of poems, which will be published in the course of the present season, under the title of *Dreams in Miniature*. It will contain about half a dozen narrative poems, such as "A Mother's Dream," "The Russian Student's

Tale," "A Carnival Episode," &c., besides a number of songs and lyrics.

THE Rev. Dr. J. C. Atkinson, rector of Danby—who will be known to many by his admirable Glossary of the Cleveland Dialect—has written a volume of reminiscences, which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan, under the title of *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish*.

MR. W. CLARK RUSSELL's *Life of Lord Collingwood* will be published next week by Messrs. Methuen, with illustrations by Mr. F. Brangwyn.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will publish immediately, in a revised form, the lectures which Mr. Hall Caine recently delivered at the Royal Institution on "The Little Manx Nation." Mr. Caine started this week on a visit to Tangiers, where he hopes to obtain material for a novel with an oriental background, which he has been contemplating; for his interest in Islam dates back long before he planned his prohibited drama of "Mahomet." By the way, it is curious that the strongest opposition to the performance of this play in England should come from a brother Manxman, Mr. Quilliam.

MESSRS. J. M. DENT & Co. will shortly issue Landor's *Imaginary Conversations*, in six volumes, with a portrait of Landor and other frontispieces. The first volume will appear in April, and it is hoped that the whole publication will be completed by December. There will also be 150 large paper copies for England. The edition will be edited by Mr. C. G. Crump, who has already edited *Pericles and Aspasia* for the Temple Library Series. It will be in the main a reprint from the complete edition of Landor's Works published by Chapman & Hall in 1876, which was edited by the late John Forster; but the text will be carefully compared with previous editions, and a bibliography added to each Conversation, showing the various forms in which it was originally published. There will also be short explanatory notes upon the subjects of the dialogues, and the more obscure allusions contained in them.

THE first volume of the new series entitled the "Camden Library" will be issued immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock. It is Mr. Hubert Hall's *The Antiquities of the Exchequer*.

The Log of a Jack Tar, the new volume of the "Adventure Series" already announced, will be published by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin immediately.

THE next volume of the Camelot series will be Miss Mitford's *Our Village*, with an Introduction by Mr. Ernest Rhys.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON will issue immediately a new edition of Mr. Edward Jenkins's *Burney Geogheghan, M.P.*; or *Home Rule at St. Stephen's*. Mr. Jenkins, we may add, if not himself an Irishman, certainly married a wife from Ulster.

A CHEAP edition of the novel *John Westcott*, by Mr. James Baker, will shortly be issued by Messrs. Sampson Low & Co.

THE publications of the English Dialect Society for the year 1891 will be: (62) *Rutland Words*, collected by the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth; (63) A Supplement to the *Sheffield Glossary* (No. 57), by Sidney O. Addy; (64) *The Strong Verbs in the Modern Dialects of the South of England*, by Dr. Karl Bülbring, translated by A. W. Badham; and, if funds permit, one or both of the following: A Supplement to the *Dictionary of English Plant Names*, by James Britten and Robert Holland; *The Dialect of Idle and Windhill*, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, by Prof. J. Wright.

THE March number of the *Religious Review of Reviews*, to be published to-day, will contain articles on "John Wesley" (illustrated); "Has Christianity Failed?" by Ouida, with a reply

by Father Ignatius; "My Experiences as President of the Y. M. C. A.," by Mr. G. Williams; "Theism," by the Rev. C. M. Voysey; and a review of Prof. Pfeleiderer's new book.

THE India Office has printed a list of Government publications described as "on sale at the India Office, and at the Government Presses at Calcutta, Madras, and Bombay." As a matter of fact, the India Office will not sell single copies to a single purchaser, who is referred to certain authorised agents; and it is credible that none of the other provincial governments publish, except those specified? If so, we have a fresh proof that the old "presidency" system is not yet extinct. Revised editions of this list are promised half-yearly; and in future numbers the price and date of each work will be added. By the absence of such bibliographical details, the present issue is rendered almost valueless.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now issued the sixth volume of what, in compliment to the American printers, we must call the Riverside edition of the complete works of Mr. James Russell Lowell. The order of publication has been, in the main, chronological. First came four volumes of literary essays, representing the author's early critical studies, not only in books, but in character. They were followed by one volume of political essays, dealing with questions that have passed into the history of the United States. The present volume, which is entitled "Literary and Political Addresses," contains the comparatively scanty harvest of his later years; and it is of special interest to us in this country, for it covers the period of his residence here as Minister. Since he has returned home, and Matthew Arnold has died, no one is left to perform the particular function of commemorating in dignified and appropriate words the anniversaries of English literature. Here, for example, we have the addresses delivered on unveiling the busts of Fielding at Taunton, and of Coleridge in Westminster Abbey. Later in the volume, we are again taken back to America, and shown how burning questions of the day can be discussed in a philosophic spirit. And here as before, it is impossible to avoid the reflection, that we have no Englishman who precisely fills Mr. Lowell's place of veteran and impartial critic, a warm patriot, but free from partizanship and chauvinism alike—the ideal "professor in politics." The volume closes with an index to all the Prose works, occupying no less than 100 pages, compiled with American exhaustiveness, but printed with certain varieties of type that are not altogether pleasing to English eyes.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE vice-chancellor has appointed Sir Alfred C. Lyall to deliver the public lecture at Cambridge on Sir Robert Rede's foundation for this year. The subject chosen is "Natural Religion in India."

PROF. JEBB has accepted an invitation to deliver the second course of Turnbull lectures on poetry at Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore. The first course is just now being delivered by Mr. Stedman.

CAMBRIDGE, his later university, has anticipated Oxford in conferring upon Mr. Mandell Creighton the degree of D.D. Mr. Freeman will be sorry to hear that in the Grace his fellow-historian is officially described as "bishop designate" of Peterborough.

MR. W. R. DUNSTAN has been appointed by the delegates of the common university fund at Oxford to be lecturer in materia medica for a term of three years.

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Slavonic at Oxford, was to deliver a public lecture to-day (Saturday) on "The Origin of the Russians, with special reference to the Chronicle of Nestor."

THE following is the Latin speech in which the Public Orator at Oxford (the Rev. W. W. Merry, Rector of Lincoln College) introduced Mr. H. Bradley for the honorary degree of M.A. on Tuesday, March 3:

"Sextus iam agitur annus ex quo ordinibus nostris adscriptum excepinus virum eruditum Iacobum Murray, cuius ope perfectissimum Anglici sermonis thesaurum e Typographico Clarendoniano iam tum emittendum curabat Academia.

"Adeo tamen inter manus cotidie succrevit vasta moles, mirabilis illa quidem et Universitate Oxoniensi haud indigna, tantumque laboris impendium magis magis postulavit, ut fieri non posset quin nova accesserent auxilia, ne molestae quaedam operi conficiendo obvenirent morae. Quae cum ita sint gratulor Academiae quae strenuum et doctum sibi virum libenti libentem adsciverit, qui cum propter luculentam antiquitatis cognitionem acutissimis sese iudiciis comprobaverit, tum praesertim in scientia linguistica tantam adeptus est laudem ut dignus haberetur qui Societati Philologicae praesideret.

"Duco ad vos virum insignem Henricum Bradley, de omnibus litterarum studiis optime meritum, ut admittatur ad gradum Magistri in facultate Artium, honoris causa."

THE University of Oxford has been asked to lend the portrait of Sir Martin Frobisher, in the Bodleian, for the Royal Naval Exhibition.

ON Saturday last, the senatus of Aberdeen university conferred the degree of LL.D. on the following: Dr. W. Bruce Dingwall; Mr. James Moir; Mr. Morrison, of Geelong; Prof. Daniel Oliver; Mr. Robert A. Niel; Sheriff Rampini; and Mr. R. Bowdler Sharpe.

AT the annual general meeting of the members of University College, London, held last week, the following were elected members of the council: Mr. Henry Craik, Mr. R. B. Haldane, Mr. Ludwig Mond, and Lord Reay.

THE committee formed to present Prof. Henry Morley with a testimonial, on his resignation of the chair of English at University College, London, has just issued its report. After paying for an illuminated address, and providing the capital for a medal to be given yearly with the principal English prize, the balance of the subscriptions (which is considerable) is to be handed over to Prof. Morley as a personal gift.

THE annual meeting of the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching is to be held at the Guildhall to-day (Saturday), at 3 p.m., when the Bishop of Durham will deliver an address on "Ideals." It is hoped that Mr. Goschen will also be present, and make a statement as to the future development of the society.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

KENNAK SANDS.

On Kennack Sands the sun
Shines, and the warm wind blows,
Moulding the banks anew
Where the sea-holly grows.
Waters softly blue,
And exquisitely clear,
Meet the o'er arching sky:
O'er them the sweet airs run.
There may'st thou idly lie
And still find new delights,
Watching the gulls' white flights
Above that lonely place;
Listen by hours, nor hear
A single human sound
To spoil the free, profound,
Aërial quietness.

But when thou'rt gone, the night
On Kennack comes, and soon
Lovely beyond dreams
Arises the round moon:
In whose trembling light
The rough splendour gleams
Of the crested sea.
Ah! could'st thou there thou be!
But mortal ears can hear not
What those pale sands hear then;
Sounds not of mortal birth,
Laughter, and dance, and mirth,
Of the golden-haired sea fairies
Mermaids and mermen.

On days when I have lost
My peace, and when my heart
Beats faster than it should,
Some chance sight will start
Pilgrim memory's feet,
Back she flies; and sweet
Kennack's lonely coast
Spreads before my mind.
The sea-sound calms my blood;
Fresh blows the cool sea-wind,
And murmurs in my ear:
*Peace hath left thee awhile,
But to delight her here.*

R. L. B.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for March contains Prof. Sanday's second article on the origin of the Synoptic Gospels. It need hardly be said that he agrees with those who seek for the foundation of our Gospels in a written document, and is abreast of contemporary criticism. He also gives an interesting notice of Prof. Ramsay's work on the historical geography of Asia Minor. Prof. Marshall at last arrives at the point, and endeavours to prove his theory that at least certain portions of the Synoptic Gospels were translated from a common Aramaic original. Thus far we are not persuaded, nor does this article show well by the side of Prof. Sanday's masterly paper. A much more thorough scholarship is required to solve such a difficult problem, if, indeed, it be soluble. Dr. Petavel, apparently a French scholar, writes interestingly of the "house" (Vulg., *villa*) of Gethsemane. A lecture on Joel by that gifted scholar and preacher, the late Prof. Ehnslie, and an exposition of James i. 9, 10, represent the homiletical element in this number.

THE *Antiquary* of this month is hardly up to its usual level. The archaeological news, which has of late been an important feature, continues to be well arranged; but the articles are none of them of a character to enforce attention. Mr. R. C. Hope continues his series of papers on "Holy Wells," which, when completed and furnished with a topographical index, will form a useful handbook. Mrs. B. F. Scarlett gossips pleasantly on English heirlooms, and the Hon. Harold Dillon tells some interesting facts concerning English horses of the sixteenth century.

THE NEW RUSSIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Warsaw: Feb. 16, 1891.

TOWARDS the end of 1889, thanks to the efforts of some professors of the St. Petersburg University, a Russian Historical Society was founded, and its regulations were confirmed on October 1 by the Minister of Public Instruction. The society now numbers 163 members, and has just published the first volume of its Proceedings under the title *Istoricheskoe Obozrenie* or "Historical Review." I venture to give some account of the various contents of this interesting volume. Several articles are written by Prof. Carjev, who took a leading part in organising the society. In his introduc-

tory sketch on "The Investigation of some Theoretical Questions in Historical Science," Prof. Carejev points out that the problem for historians of the future is, not how to write history (*πῶς δεῖ τὴν ἱστορίαν συγγράφειν*), but how to comprehend its evolution, or, as has been said by a German author, "den concreten Mechanismus der Geschichte in allgemeine (abstracte) Untersuchungen blosszulegen und zu erläutern." Consequently, Prof. Carejev on the following pages discusses the greatest problem of the human mind—"the philosophy, history, and theory of progress." The next chapter is devoted by the same author to a general sketch of recent French publications on the Great Revolution. Other contributions come from S. V. Forsten, P. D. Pogodin, S. L. Stepanov, and Prof. A. T. Pavinski (of the University of Warsaw). Mr. Forsten opens his paper on "The Foreign Policy of Sweden in the Thirty Years' War" with an old assertion, that Gustavus's motive for interference was principally political, since the object of gaining important acquisitions of territory on the Baltic weighed more with him than sympathy for his suffering coreligionists. Though Mr. Forsten has made use of a large store of unprinted materials at Paris, Rome, and Stockholm, the whole question still remains very uncertain. Mr. Pogodin, whose article is entitled "Macaulay as Historian," does not seem to have truly appreciated the peculiarities of Macaulay's genius—the brilliancy of his rhetorical exposition, though touched with partisanship and with a tendency to paradox. Mr. Stepanov reviews the recent works of Fustel de Coulanges and Glasson on the origin of rural property under the Franks. Prof. Pavinski gives an interesting picture of the present state of Polish historiography. With all their faults, the historians of to-day have elucidated the mediaeval period of Poland, and thrown much light on its internal state and social relations.

B. ALEXANDRENKO.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOUTEILLER, J. De Saint-Louis à Sierra Léone. Paris: Challamel. 3 fr. 50 c.
 CHARMES, G. L'Égypte: archéologie, histoire, littérature. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 8 fr. 50 c.
 DRESCHER, C. Studien zu Hans Sachs. I. Hans Sachs u. die Helden Sage. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 3 M.
 GENEVE, ancienne cathédrale de. Publication de l'association pour la restauration de Saint-Pierre. Geneva: Stapelmohr. 3 M. 50 Pf.
 GRANGER, C. Essai de bibliographie charitable. Paris: Guillaumin. 17 fr. 50 c.
 HENNIGS, W. Studien zu Lope de Vega Carpio. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 80 Pf.
 LEGOUVÉ, E. Une élève de seize ans. Paris: Hetzel. 3 fr.
 MOIREAU, Aug. La Banque de France. Paris: Didier. 3 fr. 50 c.
 SCHUMER, W. C. Dante Alighieri's Stellung zu Kirche u. Staat, Kaisertum u. Papsttum. Düsseldorf: Schroeder. 1 M. 20 Pf.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- MOLLER, W. Lehrbuch der Kirchengeschichte. 2. Bd. Das Mittelalter. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 5 M. 50 Pf.
 SCHMIDT, P. Anmerkungen über die Komposition der Offenbarung Johannis. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 1 M. 50 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- AULARD, F. A. Recueil des actes du comité de salut public. T. 3. Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.
 BRANDENBURG, E. König Sigmund u. Kurfürst Friedrich I. v. Brandenburg. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 4 M.
 CHÉREVEL, A. Lettres du Cardinal Mazarin pendant son ministère. T. 6. Paris: Hachette. 12 fr.
 CORDA, A. Catalogue des factums et d'autres documents judiciaires antérieurs à 1790. T. 1. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
 DIENNE, le Comte de. Histoire du dessèchement des lacs et marais en France, avant 1789. Paris: Champion. 10 fr.
 DOMI GUYTON, Voyage littéraire de, en Champagne (1744–1749). Paris: Champion. 3 fr. 50 c.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

Trinity College, Dublin: Feb. 27, 1891.

P. 33, l. 5.—καὶ πάλιν ἐτεῖ πέμπτῃ τὴν αὐτὴν αἰτίαν ἀρχαίαι* ἐποίησαν. The editor's suggestion, διὰ τὴν αὐτὴν αἰτίαν ἀρχὴν οὐκ ἐποίησαν, gives the required sense, but does not explain the corruption. Read τὴν αὐτὴν αἰτίαν ἀναρχίας. The omission of one *an* caused the corruption. ἀναρχία is the negative of ἀρχή, "archonship" (*cf.* Xenophon, *Hell.* ii. 3, 1).

P. 36, l. 1.—οὐ τὴν ἀλιγαρχίαν ἐξήτουν. Perhaps ἐξήλουν here and on p. 93, l. 6.

P. 42, l. 11.—[φωρὴ δ' ἐκκλησίαι] αἰσεν μικρόν. The restoration is certainly wrong. The alternative expressions are μικρόν or φωνὴ μικρὰ, and the verb should be ἐδημηγόρησε or ἐφώνησε, or something of that kind.

P. 43, l. 12.—ᾧτε δια[μπε]ρὶς ἐγεωργούντο. τοῦτο δ' ἐποίηι κ.τ.λ. This adverb and the middle verb are, of course, impossible. The MS. has ἐγεωργονταί. Possibly ᾧτε ἰδίους ἀγρούς ἐγεώργουν. καὶ τοῦτο δ' ἐποίηι κ.τ.λ.

P. 44, l. 20.—μέγιστον δὲ πάντων ἦν [τῶν ἀρεσκ]-μίων τὸ δημοτικὸν εἶναι τῷ ἦθει κ.τ.λ. It is hard to find a substitute for this unlucky conjecture. Perhaps τῶν ἐπαινουμένων.

P. 45, l. 7.—καὶ δὴ καὶ ὁ μάλιστα καθ[ή]κων πρὸς τὴς τυραννίδος. This is untranslatable. The MS. has πρὸς τ(ῇ) τ(ῇ) τυραννίδος. Perhaps read καθήκων πρὸς προτάτας τ. The law referred both to the tyrant himself and to those who were chiefly instrumental in establishing a tyranny. προτάται (almost "ringleaders") covers both. For the expression *cf.* Xenophon, *Hell.* v. 1, 36—προστάται γενομένοι τῆς εἰρήνης.

P. 46, l. 1.—ἦσαν δὲ δύο μὲν ἐκ τῆς γαμετῆς . . . δύο δ' ἐκ τῆς Ἀργείας κ.τ.λ. This would imply that the Argive Timonassa was only a concubine of Pisistratus; but Aristotle knew that she was his wife, for in the next sentence he tells us so—ἐγγενὲς γὰρ κ.τ.λ. The opposition is clearly between the first wife and the second. Read, therefore, ἐκ τῆς πρώτης γαμετῆς (or τῆς γαμετῆς τῆς πρώτης). The corruption (in either case) was due to the homoioteleuton τῆς.

P. 46 (*ad extrem.*).—The editor makes a difficulty about the antecedent of ἀφ' οὗ. Is not οὗ neuter?

P. 48, l. 15.—ἀλλ' ὁ λεγόμενος λόγος . . . οὐκ ἀληθὴς ἐστίν. But the MS. has ἀληθες. Read οὐ τέληθες.

P. 49, l. 5.—πέισας αὐτῶν τὸν Ἰππῖαν δοῖναι τὴν δεξιάν. Read αὐτῶν.

P. 53, l. 16.—ἐπίστευον ὁ δῆμος τῷ Κλεισθέει. ὁ δῆμος is clearly a gloss.

P. 56, l. 7.—προσηγόρευσε δὲ τῶν δῆμων τοὺς μὲν ἀπὸ τῶν τόπων, τοὺς δὲ ἀπὸ τῶν κτισμάτων. οὐ γὰρ πάντες ὑπῆρχον ἐπὶ τοῖς τόποις. The editor suggests that ἀπασί should be τόποι. Palaeographically οὐ γὰρ πάντες <οἱ κτισσάντες> ὑπῆρχον κ.τ.λ. would be a neat correction. All the original founders were not extant in local memories. On the other hand, if it is meant that some places were name-

less, we might read ἀπασιν ὑπῆρχ' ὀνόματα τοῖς τόποις.

P. 61.—Νικοδήμου ἄρχοντας, MS. Νικομήδους. I do not follow the editor's objections to Nicomedes. A dark suspicion crosses one's mind that the "Medes" are at the bottom of his note. He does not like a conqueror of Medes at Athens before Marathon, or at least before the Ionic revolt. Of what Medes was Tydeus thinking when he named his son Diomedes? If the MS. had Μηδονίκου, there would be some sense in the editor's note.

P. 78, l. 7.—καὶ χρόνον μὲν τινα διεδίδον. Perhaps διαβολῶν ἐδίδον (*scil.* Kleophon).

P. 91, l. 7.—διὰ τοὺς παροργισάντας, a very doubtful form. Read either ὀργισάντας or παροργισάντας.

P. 95, l. 1.—If μανίδι is right, this is far the earliest instance of μανίδι. I should be inclined to read μανικὸς ἄν. γῆρᾶν is also doubtful. π.θ.μερος should, of course, be πεθόμενος.

P. 101, l. 5.—τιμητὰς ἐλέσθαι τρεῖς ἐκατέρων. Read ἐκάτερον (*cf.* τὴν κεκτημένην, l. 3).

P. 102, l. 7.—τὴν ἀναγραφὴν. We should expect τὴν ἀπογραφὴν.

P. 103, l. 21.—ἡγοῦμενοι τοῦτο πρῶτον ἔρχειν δὲν τῆς δημοσίας. So MS.; but μὲν is printed after ἔρχειν in the text. There is no point in μὲν. δὲν is merely a slip for δύν, which is really wanted. "Deeming that it was right that this measure should begin the restoration of concord."

P. 105, l. 2.—δευτέρα δὲ καὶ πρώτη μετὰ ταῖτα [ἐ]χούσα πολιτείας τάξεις ἢ ἐπὶ Θησῶς γενουμένη. MS. πολιτείας ταῖν. Read κατέχουσα πολιτείας τάξεις.

P. 106, l. 3.—ὀδῶν δ' ἢ τῶν τετρακυσίων κατό-τασις. MS. ὀδῶν. Read ὀδῶν δ' ἦν.

P. 111, l. 10.—καὶ ὅ τι ἐν ἐκάστῃ τῇ ἡμέρᾳ, καὶ ὅ τι οὐ καθήκει οὕτοις πραγμάτων. The fourth and fifth letters of καθήκει are uncertain. Perhaps καθέξει. κατέχω might well have been a technical word in the sense required.

P. 112, l. 14.—περὶ ἐν ἐκάστῃ τῇ ἡμέρᾳ.

P. 127, l. 3.—ὁ ἐν ἀγορᾷ σίτος ἀργὸς ὥνιος ἐσται. We must either read ὁ ἐν ἀγορᾷ ἀργὸς σίτος, or regard ἀργός as a gloss.

J. B. BURY.

Prof. Tyrrell wishes to make two corrections in his letter in the ACADEMY of last week, which was printed without a proof:

P. 14, l. 5.—For ἡλαύνει, read ἡλαίει, "is distracted."

P. 120, l. 9.—For ὁπόσον, read ὁπόσου.

Prof. Tyrrell also adds the following fresh emendation:

P. 30, l. ult.—τυχῶν, read τυχεῖν.

With regard to p. 33, l. 5, Mr. J. A. Stewart, of Christ Church, Oxford, and Mr. W. S. Leam, writing from Flounders College, Ackworth, both suggest emendations very similar to that made above by Mr. Bury. The former remarks that the Berlin fragment, as translated by Blass (*Hermes* xv. 372) has διὰ ταύτην; and he therefore proposes διὰ τὴν αὐτὴν οἰλίαν ἀναρχίαν ἐποίησαν. The latter would read τὴν αὐτὴν ἐπὶ ἀναρχίαν.

Again, in p. 43, l. 12, Mr. Stewart suggests ᾧτε διετέλουν γεωργούντες, and ἀγροίκου for ἀ[πο]ρ[ο]ισ[ι]ς in the previous line; while Mr. Leam makes substantially the same emendation as Mr. Bury.

Mr. Stewart goes on: "P. 24, 2, 3.—ἐν τοῖς νόμοις τοῖς [Σ]όλωνος οἱ οὐκέτι χράνται (οἶον [εἰκὸς] γέγραπται. For οἶον εἰκὸς I would suggest οἶον."

"Some readers of the ACADEMY may not have seen the opinion which Prof. H. Diels has expressed in the *Deutsche Literaturzeitung* (February 14): "Am Anfang fehlen ein Par Columnen, am Schluss (col. 31-37) ist der Text verstümmelt, aber das Uebrige (30 col. = 62 Kapitel) liest sich ohne Mühe, da die kleineren Lücken hier von der Herausgeber, Mr. Kenyon mit Geschick und Glück ergänzt worden sind. Diese Leistung, die mit erstaunlicher Schnelligkeit vollbracht worden ist, verdient um so mehr unsere volle Anerkennung, als Gelehrte, die solcher Arbeit ferner stehen, das in der editio princeps glücklich Geleistete als selbstverständlich hinzunehmen, und auf das minder Gelungene den Finger zu legen pflegen."

[With regard to our own comments last week upon the second edition, we are informed that no

alteration has been made that would involve a departure from the MS. The only corrections are in places where the actual reading was wrongly given in the first edition. For example, the *elva* now inserted after *blær* in p. 43, l. 3, is here represented in the MS. by a short stroke, as often; and similarly the *ð* of *svandíokel* is an addition above the line. In short, the second edition does not profess to be a critical text any more than the first. It is rather a reprint, occasioned by the pressure of the public demand.—Ed. ACADEMY.]

THE FLEXIONAL INFINITIVE.

Oxford: March 2, 1891.

If, as Mr. Mayhew says, I am wrong in thinking that our old flexional infinitive is still surviving in the English language, I cannot take refuge in the extenuation which he provides for me, when he supposes that I have not given adequate consideration to the subject. I cannot back out of it by calling it a mere *obiter dictum*. On the contrary, this point has had my best attention, and the conclusion has been deliberately formed.

It was some time about 1866 that a friend asked me how to parse a word ending in *-ing* in some such connexion as that of Pope's line "Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well." I found myself puzzled. My friend was puzzled, a puzzled teacher had put the query to him; so we were all puzzled. The difficulty interested me, and I made a careful study of the matter. I collected instances; removing those which were manifestly participles or substantives, and retaining those which belonged to the problematical category, I carefully sought to track the history. I arrived at the conclusion that the flexional infinitive survives and is in active function among us, under the guise of a verbal noun or, to the superficial eye, of a present participle. When my *English Philology* appeared in 1871, it contained in the flexional division of the chapter on Syntax an explicit statement of the evidence in proof of this flexional infinitive. During the twenty years which have since elapsed, I have on three different occasions had to revise this book for a new edition, and always with the effect that the argument for the flexional infinitive has seemed to acquire some new illustration. The passage in my *English Prose*, which is the subject of Mr. Mayhew's animadversion, is only a cursory abstract of the case which may be seen in detail in *English Philology* (§ 580). I have gone into these particulars, not because they prove my view to be sound, but because they show that what I have published on this point is at least of my very best.

If I am wrong, I should be glad to be set right, and I am disappointed with Mr. Mayhew's letter in this respect, that it contains little of a guiding or corrective nature. He says that my error has been due to a confusion between form and flexion, but he does nothing to unravel the tangle, and show the problematical combination is to be accounted for. It is easy to frame indictments in abstract phraseology; what we want in criticism is concrete and cogent reasoning. I have made, it appears, a confusion between form and function; that is to say, as I presume, from the observation that some words in *-ing* have the function of infinitive or gerund, I have unwarily inferred that the form *-ing* is the linical representative of the old Saxon infinitive in *-AN*. My position is, that I have made this a question to investigate, and that I have convinced myself that it is so.

The question between us lies in a small compass. Mr. Mayhew does not deny the infinitival function, he only questions the legitimacy of the descent of the form. I never said that *-AN* ought to be represented by a modern *-ing*, that it was a regular proceeding,

one to merit the countenance and approbation of the latest school of exact phoneticians. I only said that, as a historical fact, it was so; and that the steps of the development are plain enough to follow. Mr. Mayhew gives a series of descending forms from *lufian* to "love," and the last of his series, that is the one just before "love," is *loven*. This, he says, is the regular and legitimate process of development; the regular process led to *loven*, and thence to "love." But when we made the last step by dropping the *n*, was there any law to forbid our retaining in certain structures the older and still flexional form, and doing it, too, without knowing it, and disguising the process to our own eyes by a mask very familiar in other instances wherein we have been apt to change *-an*, *-en*, *-in* into *-ing*?

J. EARLE.

THE OSSIANIC SAGA.

London: March 2, 1890.

In a letter which I have received from Prof. Zimmer, he takes exception to certain points in my summary of his article on the Ossianic Saga. I am anxious that his theory should suffer no prejudice from my imperfect exposition of it, and I hasten to give the substance of Prof. Zimmer's communication. The references are to the ACADEMY of February 14.

P. 161, col. 3, l. 49: Instead of saying "the signification of the word [*fiann*] was still further extended; in the form *Féne* it became equivalent to men, race, tribe," I should have said, "in the form *Féne* the word came to denote specifically one of the races inhabiting Ireland."

P. 162, col. 2, l. 46: "Caithil was a Mr. White." I ought, perhaps, to have made it plain that this sentence is a comment upon Prof. Zimmer's theory rather than a statement of it. I do not think the comment an unfair or misleading one, but Prof. Zimmer may legitimately think otherwise. Anyhow, I should have made it clearer that he looks upon "hviti" as a nickname, and not as a surname. The steps in the process are these: Caithil was nicknamed *hviti* "the white." The Irish retained the nickname, but translated it; and as the form it thus assumed in Irish, Find, is a frequent element in many Irish names (e.g., Findbar, Findlog, &c.), the recognisable part of the name, Find, persisted, and the unrecognisable part, Caithil, died out. Thus, the twelfth century scribe of the Book of Leinster fragment of *Cogadh Gaedhel* substitutes for the unintelligible Caithil the Irish word *carr*, "hero," in the passage describing Caithil's defeat by Olaf.

I should like to point out that Caithil's adversary, Olaf, did bear the nickname "hviti" (cf. Todd's *Cogadh Gaedhel*, p. lxx.), which is as definitely attributed to him in the Norse texts as Lodbrog is to Ragnar or Hárfagri to the consolidator of Norway. Is it not strange that the Irish texts never think of translating this standing nickname, but always speak of the Danish leader as Amlaibh simply? Supposing Caithil to have been nicknamed "hviti" (the point to be proved), why should the Irish have treated him differently from Olaf?

My note at the foot of p. 162, col. 2, is objected to by Prof. Zimmer. He had been arguing that the heathen practices attributed to Find implied the heathen nature of the latter. I summed up a portion of his argument in the words: "positive heathen practices could no more have occurred in South Ireland in the ninth century than in Germany of the twelfth or thirteenth century"; and I noticed how different this standpoint was from that of the modern folklorist. Prof. Zimmer would have me emphasise the distinction between conscious and unconscious heathenism. Traces of the

latter, he agrees, are to be found even to this day; but his point is that *imbas forosnai* is definitely described as an offering and appeal to idol-gods, that *teim lægda* is associated with it as one of the practices banished by Patrick as implying the renunciation of baptism (cf. Cormac, *sub voce*), that both practices are thus consciously heathen, and could not have obtained among the Christian Irish of the ninth century. I had intended to convey Prof. Zimmer's distinction by my use of the word "positive," but I feel that my concision did injustice to his argument. At the same time, I must point out that the reference to ninth-century Ireland begs the whole question, which is whether the oldest portions of the Fenian Saga are or are not a product of pre-Christian Ireland. If the native traditions are right, then the difficulty vanishes.

In answer to my objection that the Norsemen were hardly likely to describe themselves as enemies (*fiandr*), Prof. Zimmer again refers to a passage in the *Orgain brudne da Derga*. Ingeel and his fellow-pirates are attacking the house in which the high king of Ireland is passing the night. "Up, *fianna*," says he to his men; "let us attack the house." When they draw near, the king, hearing a noise, asks who is there. "*Fianna*," answers one of his champions. But the present text of *Orgain brudne da Derga* cannot be older than the tenth century, and the word *fianna* had a perfectly well-known meaning at the time of "warriors," "champions." There is nothing in the story to imply that its author intended by the use of the word to imply that Ingeel and his companions were Vikings.

To my objection that the theory in nowise accounts for the standing quarrel between Find and the Lochlanners, Prof. Zimmer answers that this quarrel is a special feature of the North-Irish and Highland Fenian texts, to be accounted for by the presence of "Lochlan-naich" in North-West Scotland as late as the fifteenth century, and by their conflicts with the Celtic population. I would only point out that if these local conflicts of the twelfth and fourteenth centuries so profoundly influenced the Scotch-Gaelic Fenian texts, it is, to say the least, remarkable that no trace of the conflicts between the Irish and the Anglo-Norman is to be found in the Irish Fenian texts.

Prof. Zimmer adds some interesting considerations upon the names Oscar and Oisín; but these I do not feel at liberty to communicate. Nor do I propose to anticipate the numerous objections to the theory as a whole which have occurred to me. Indeed, if, as Mr. Whitley Stokes shows, the etymologies upon which the theory is based be unsound, other criticism may well wait. I am intensely relieved to find there are such weighty philological objections to the *teim lægda teinar lægðir* equation. Assuming its correctness, I could not but feel its far-reaching consequences. If incorrect, much of Prof. Zimmer's argument goes by the board.

ALFRED NUTT.

London: March 2, 1891.

Dr. Zimmer's elaborate treatise on the above question has been noticed already by Mr. Alfred Nutt (ACADEMY of February 14) and by Mr. Whitley Stokes (*ibid.* February 28). Intending combatants, whether for or against the thesis supported with so much erudition and vigour, will make all the better play for having a reasonable amount of ammunition ready to their hands; therefore, if the recently announced "*Silva Gadelica*" sees the light, its contents will be found to embrace the Lismore recension of "*Agallamh na Senórach*," and the Adventures of Teigue, son of Cian.

STANDISH H. O'GRADY.

TUNIP AND NAHARINA.

Weston-super-Mare: Feb. 21, 1891.

The letters of Mr. Howorth and Prof. Cheyne raise interesting questions, which I will try to solve.

Mr. Howorth understands the inscription of Rameses II. to say that Tunip was between Kadesh and Aleppo. I think there is no ground for this, for the Shasu spies said "in the land of Khilibu, to the north of Tunip." Now, Tenuib [Tinnab, the same place] is described as "a large village belonging to Haleb" still—i.e., in the "land of Khilibu"; and the spies said falsely that the Kheta king was north of Tunip in the land of Khilibu, not that Khilibu itself lay to the north of Tunip. Prof. Maspero understands the matter thus, and marks "Tounipou (Tinnab)" accordingly in his map (*Hist. Anc.*, 4 ed.)

I have often thought the Tunubu of Tiglath Pileser I., Dhuibun of Shalmaneser II., had a name which (like so very many) travelled westwards to our Tunip. The etymology I know not; but is it Semitic? Mr. Sayce says:

"The land of Nairi or 'the rivers' denoted in the age of Tiglath-Pileser I. the districts at the sources of the Tigris and the Euphrates. In the time of Assur-Natsirpal and his successors, on the other hand, it was the country between Lake Van and the northern frontier of Assyria, and consequently lay to the south-west of the Nairi of the time of Tiglath-Pileser I." (*Records of the Past*, 2nd Series, I. 106, note 7).

With regard to Arethu among the allies against Rameses, I confess I have long doubted, with Mr. Howorth, whether it is the Phœnician Arvad. I do not, however, find it in Arpad, now Tel Erfad, as he does, but rather identify it with No. 123 of the Karnak List, and think the name may perhaps be found at Arâdâ, west of Aleppo (Sachau, 104). In this case Tuka (No. 124) would be Tokat, between Arâdâ and Turmanin, which I take for Termanna (No. 125).

Prof. Cheyne will see on referring to my former letter (*ACADEMY*, Feb. 14, p. 164) that I have not overlooked the letter from Dunip (Tunip) praying for help against the Kheta king, found among the "newly-discovered clay tablets." It is most interesting, and I will try to find some light on the *mat nuhashshe*, the copper region to the north. But I do not agree with M. Halévy about the position of Zobah. Allow me to quote what I have written in the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* on this:

"With regard to the identification of Zobah (Assyr. Tsubit, Tsubut), I have elsewhere suggested that the Zobat or Zibat which the lamented George Smith in his last notes describes as '4 miles round,' with 'extensive ruins,' must be that important place (see Delitzsch, '*Wo lag das Paradies?*' 267). Dr. Sachau's work gives further information. He calls the place Zébed. May not the hot-water spring, near the ruins, called el Hammâm, explain the name Hammath Zobah? And this may be the Hamattu mentioned after Tsubitu (*Wo lag*, &c., 278). Did George Smith mean to identify the ruins which he saw with the ancient Zobah when he wrote 'Zobah' as applying to them? He seems to have heard the name pronounced 'Zobat' or 'Zibat.'"

In concluding this letter, let me say how gladly I would put together my scattered researches on the most ancient geography of North Syria and adjacent regions in one compact volume, as kindly suggested by Mr. Howorth and Prof. Cheyne, but for the difficulty in England of publishing such results, except in transactions of societies and serials which are buried in libraries. My residence at a distance from London discourages me in applying to publishers; but I have often wished to publish a small volume with a map, for which

more material is available than would be generally supposed.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

P.S.—Mr. Howorth tells me that he did not write with regard to the name Tunip "it is Semitic," but "is it Semitic?" I raised the question of Zobah in the Palestine Exploration Fund's Quarterly Statement, April, 1885. The real position of Zobah is a very interesting point.

THE BIBLIOGRAPHY OF CYPRUS.

Larnaca, Cyprus: Feb. 7, 1891.

Prof. A. Sakellarios has just issued at Athens the first volume of a revised and enlarged edition of his *Κυπριακά*. He has done me the honour to insert on pp. 12-24 my "Attempt at a Bibliography of Cyprus," of which in 1889 I printed for private circulation a second edition. He omits only my lists of State papers and journals, and of the ephemeral literature dealing with the excavations of Signor L. P. di Cesnola. He preserves two misprints of mine, and adds seventy-eight of his own; and he writes this note—*ἐκ τοῦ καταλόγου τούτου τῶν Κ. Cobham ἡρῶσθαι τὰς πλείστας τῶν ἀνωτέρω ῥηθειῶν βιβλιογραφῶν τῆς Κύπρου*. True, 299 out of 301!

I do not for a moment grudge Mr. Sakellarios' readers any profit they can derive from my labours. But, had the author asked my permission, or informed me of his intention, to use them, I could have added not two, but ninety new titles, and an entirely new section on the cartography of the island.

I notice, also, that the *χάρτης τῆς Κύπρου ὑπὸ Ἀθ. Α. Ζακελλαρίου* is in scale and contour singularly like the map reduced by Mr. Stanford from Capt. H. H. Kitchener's Trigonometrical Survey.

Have we here another candidate for the *mot*, disowned for Molière—*je prends mon bien où je la trouve*?

C. DELAVAL COBHAM.

SWALLOWS BUILDING AMONG THE RAFTERS.

Sare, Basses Pyrénées, France: Feb. 25, 1891.

On p. 191 of the *ACADEMY*, February 21, a statement is made, taken from the *Classical Review*, that in Greece "the swallows build their nests not under the eaves, but among the rafters." They have the same habit here. The house from which I write, like most of the others, has fine eaves; yet the swallows do not build under them, but among the rafters of the *chai*, notwithstanding that their morning meal is sometimes delayed through the late opening of the outer doors, and that they are more exposed to the attacks of the cats, who make some victims among them every year. They have two broods each summer, and are so tame that the young, even when able to fly, have allowed my children to stroke them, as they sit on the lower door. There seem to be contrary traditions among the Basques about these birds, some regarding them as bringing good, others ill-luck, to the house.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, March 8, 4 p.m. Smith Place Institute: "The Armenian National Church," by Mr. F. C. Conybeare.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Applied Economics," by Mr. G. T. Filcher.
MONDAY, March 9, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Law of Joint Stock Companies," by Mr. Aubrey J. Spencer.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Photographic Chemistry," I., by Prof. R. Meldola.
8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "The Fourth Estate," by Mr. J. Rigby Smith.
TUESDAY, March 10, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," VIII., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Enamelling and Dampening," by Mr. J. Starkie Gardner.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Subterranean Water in the Chalk Formation of the Upper Thames, and its relation to the Supply of London," by Mr. J. T. Harrison.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Australasian Defence," by General Sir J. Bevan Edwards.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Objects collected during the Voyages of Vancouver," by Mr. C. H. Read; "The Natives of Bowditch Island, Union Group," by Mr. J. J. Lister.

WEDNESDAY, March 11, 8 p.m. Geological: "Manod and the Moolwyns," by Messrs. A. V. Jennings and G. J. Williams; "Nantili and Ammonites," by Mr. S. S. Buckman; "The Tudor Specimen of *Eozoon*," by Mr. J. W. Gregory.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Electricity in Relation to the Human Body," by Mr. H. Newman Lawrence and Dr. Arthur Harries.

8 p.m. Cymruddorion: "Pennillion Cymreig," by Mr. Edward Anwyl.

8.30 p.m. University College: "Ice, Water, and Steam," by Prof. W. Ramsay.

THURSDAY, March 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Modern Chemistry in relation to Sanitation," II., by Prof. C. Meymott Tidy.

6 p.m. London Institution: "Succession of Ideals in the Ancient World," by Mr. W. M. Conway.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "Cusp-Loci, which are enveloped by the Tangents at the Cusps," by Prof. M. J. M. Hill.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, March 13, 4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Science of Colour," IV., by Capt. Abney.

7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "The Lankashire and Ayrshire Railways," by Mr. W. A. P. Tait.

8 p.m. New Shakspeare: "Shakspeare's References to Natural Phenomena," by Miss Philipson.

8 p.m. Ruskin: "The Ruskin Museum at Sheffield and its History," by Mr. W. White.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Culture of the Singing Voice," by Dr. Felix Semon.

SATURDAY, March 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Forces of Cohesion," V., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

The Ion of Euripides. Edited, with Introduction, Notes, and a Translation into English Verse, by A. W. Verrall. (Cambridge: University Press.)

THERE must be, one imagines, a certain flutter among the Immortals when it becomes known, through the publishers' announcements, that some distinguished scholar is "engaged upon an edition" of their works. The ways of these lordly denizens of the nether world have been described for us by Aristophanes; and one can readily conjure up with his assistance the excitement of Aeschylus and Euripides when a fresh parcel from the Pitt Press is delivered at the portals of Hades. Sophocles, good, easy man—

εύκολος μὲν ἐνθάδ', εύκολος δ' ἐκεῖ—

is doubtless delighted with Prof. Jebb's sumptuous volumes, whose sober logic and graceful diction are exactly to his taste; and one pictures him smiling sweetly as he watches his brother dramatists plunging their paper-knives, with cries of astonishment, into the introductory pages of Dr. Verrall's "Ion" and "Agamemnon." It is a situation worthy of a second *Βάτραχοι*; and I commend it, feeling my own incapability to do it full justice, to the writer of next year's Tripos verses, if those airy *nugae* are still in fashion at Cambridge.

Let me hasten to add, however, that whatever pangs these celebrated personages may experience at the vagaries of their most recent editor, the classical public owes a deep debt of gratitude to Dr. Verrall for his labours in the well-ploughed field of the ancient drama. For whatever else he may be, he is assuredly never dull. His edition of the "Ion" (which forms the subject of these remarks), to use a vulgar expression, really beats cock-fighting. It is prefaced

by an Introduction of unusual length, which positively coruscates with paradoxes, and contains among many minor attractions a complete new play of twenty-two pages from the editor's own pen. The dialogue of this little piece, which serves as a dramatic exposition of his peculiar views upon the story of "Ion," if occasionally somewhat *risqué*, is never otherwise than amusing, and would run charmingly into Greek prose after the manner of Lucian. It is, in fact, admirably calculated to relieve the tedium of a college lecture; but though many will laugh over, it is to be feared few will agree with, its remarkable conclusions.

Briefly, they are as follows. The play is a studied attack upon Delphi and the Delphic god, who adds to the arts of the seducer the less agreeable accomplishments of lying and forgery. Ion was *not*, as he has generally been believed to be, the son of Apollo and Cræusa, but the offspring of a casual connexion between Xuthus and a Delphian woman (as described in ll. 544-63), who was, in all probability, *the Pythian priestess herself*. The recognition of Ion by Cræusa, on the evidence afforded by his cradle and its accompaniments, was brought about by an elaborate fraud on the part of the guardians of the temple. It was no better, in fact, than the ridiculous *ἀναγνώρισις* in "Box and Cox," which depended (as all will remember) upon the *absence* of a strawberry mark from the left arm of the long-lost brother. These astounding propositions are defended by Dr. Verrall with an immense amount of verbal ingenuity; but his arguments, which cannot be given here, fail altogether to produce conviction. The recent performance of the play at Cambridge triumphantly vindicated, in the present writer's opinion, the accuracy of the ordinary account of Ion's parentage. From the first scene, where Hermes gives a detailed description of the boy's birth at Athens and his subsequent transference to his father's shrine at Delphi, to the last, where Athene reiterates the tale and Cræusa makes her exit with her new-found child, any other explanation of the circumstances seemed wholly incredible. Dr. Verrall, it should be observed, acknowledges his obligations for "several most important hints" as to the meaning of the play to a mysterious H. B. L. It is impossible to congratulate him on the guide he has chosen, though no one can fail to admire the subtlety with which he expounds his strange thesis.

As the editor remarks in his preface, "the chief interest of the book will be found in the Introduction and Translation." Of the former I have already spoken; to the latter it is a pleasure to be able to give unqualified praise. Dr. Verrall's translations of the choruses in the "Birds" and "Eumenides" (prepared for two of the earlier performances at Cambridge) had already revealed his great skill in reproducing a Greek original for English readers: but in this complete rendering of the "Ion," with its exquisite lyrical passages, and its lengthy and intricate *στιχονομῖαι*, he surpasses his previous efforts. We need only quote the following extract from Ion's address to the birds (ll. 154-169),

which loses little, if anything, of the beauty of the Greek:

"There, see! the birds are up! they fly
Their nests upon Parnassus high,
And hither tend. I warn you all,
To golden house and marble wall
Approach not. Once again my bow,
Zeus' herald-bird, will lay thee low,
Of all that fly the mightiest thou
In talon! Lo, another now
Sails hitherward, a swan! Away,
Away, thou red-foot! Not the lay
Which ye to Phoebus' music sing
Should save thee from the fatal string.
Come, turn thy flight,
On Delos' mere alight;
Or thou shalt shed thy sweetest note
And death-song from thy bleeding throat."

The notes, Dr. Verrall tells us, are for the most part (though herein he is too modest) traditional, and the text is traditional throughout. On l. 379, where Wakefield reads οὐκ ὄντα, and H. Stephens ἀνόνητα, for the MS. ἄκοντα (*κεκτῆμεσθα τὰγαθά*), he keeps the original as "more poetical and epigrammatic," in which dictum the judicious reader will concur, "reluctant blessings" being too striking a phrase to lose. He has some capital remarks on the difficult passage (ll. 602-604)—

τῶν δ' αὖ λόγῳ τε χρωμένων τε τῇ πόλει
εἰς ἀζίωμα βὰς πλέον φρουρήσονται
ψήφοισιν—

where he explains λόγῳ (for the MS. *λογίῳ* and Badham's *σοφῶν*), coupled with τῇ πόλει, and following χρωμένων, to mean "thought," or "learning," and shows that *λογίῳ* was a gloss on *λόγῳ χρωμένων*; while he gives a new interpretation to the phrase *φρουρήσονται ψήφοισιν* by referring it to the game of draughts, the point lying in the double sense of *ψήφοι*, as "pieces" (in the game) and political "suffrages." In ll. 929-30—

(λόγων ὑπο)
οὓς ἐκβαλοῦσα τῶν παρεστῶτων κακῶν
μετῆλθες ἄλλων πημάτων καινὰς ὁδοὺς—

he takes *ἐκβαλοῦσα* as intransitive, "departing" or "swerving from" (might we not compare the English "flinging out"?), and constructs both οὓς and ὁδοὺς as limiting or defining accusatives with *μετῆλθες*, the story being the "new track" which Cræusa has taken.

His suggestion (ll. 1171, 1211, 1214) that the word *πρέσβυς* is used not as merely equivalent to *γέρων*, but in the sense of "emissary" or "deputy" (which it more usually bears in the plural *πρέσβεις*) is acute and ingenious. The same may be said of the note on l. 1410—

παῦσαι πλέκονσα λήφομαι δ' ἐγὼ κάλας,—

(where Tyrwhitt and other modern editors read *λήφομαι σ' ἐγὼ καλῶς*), Dr. Verrall deriving the image from two persons employed at rope-making, one "twisting" and the other "taking off" the walk the lengths of rope as they are finished.

This edition of the "Ion," to sum up, is to some extent spoilt by the wrong-headedness of its Introduction, according to which it will probably stand or fall in general estimation. At the same time, in respect both of its translation and its notes, it is an excellent piece of work, and worthy of the best traditions of Cambridge scholarship.

II. F. WILSON.

SOME PHILOLOGICAL BOOKS.

Etruskisch und Armenisch. By Sophus Bugge. (Christiania: Aschehoug.) In this work Prof. Bugge comes forward with a new solution of the Etruscan problem, or rather with a revival of the hypothesis of Robert Ellis which connected the language of the Etruscan inscriptions with Armenian. He admits that his previous attempts to explain the Etruscan language as Indo-European, and to connect it with the dialects of Italy, have been a failure. It is strange, therefore, to find him still so confident that the key to its mysteries is to be sought in the Indo-European family of speech, and still so sanguine that he has at last discovered the particular key which will fit the lock. But the old argument against all such attempts still holds good. If Etruscan had been an Indo-European idiom, the fact would have been universally recognised years ago. The characteristics of an Indo-European language are so clear, and are now so well known, that when once they are proved to exist in a language there is no further question about its admittance into the Indo-European group. Moreover, Prof. Bugge's theory necessitates the assumption that Etruscan and Armenian are in the same stage of decay and development. At the only time, however, when Etruscan could have branched off from the Thrako-Phrygian stock to which Armenian belongs, the stock was in an earlier and different stage. The addenda and corrections at the end of the volume supply the most convincing proof that Prof. Bugge's endeavour to explain Etruscan by the help of Armenian is but lost labour. One of the very few forms of Etruscan grammar that are known with certainty is the plural termination in *-r*. In the body of his book Prof. Bugge finds a parallel to this in Armenian; in the Appendix he has to confess that the plural termination in question has been borrowed by Armenian from one of the non-Aryan languages of the Caucasus. If, instead of comparing Etruscan with Armenian, he would follow Pauli's example and endeavour to decipher Etruscan by the help of its own resources, his work would be more serviceable to science. He has come to see that Etruscan is not an Italian dialect; let him go a step further and admit that it does not belong to the Indo-European family at all.

Das Zahlwort vier und neun in den chamitisch-semitischen Sprachen. By Leo Reinisch. (Vienna.) This is a very ingenious attempt, by a master of Hamitic philology, to discover the etymology of the numerals "four" and "nine" in the Semitic and the more remotely allied Hamitic languages. The conclusion at which he arrives is that the original word for "four" in this family of speech arose out of a "dissimulated germination of the biliteral root *tak*"; and that while the word for "nine" was formed out of this by the addition of the numeral "five" in the languages of Ethiopia, the "Nether-Kushite" dialects, together with Old Egyptian and the Semitic idioms, obtained their word for "nine" by a phonetic alteration of the word for "four." In the course of his inquiry Dr. Reinisch identifies many of the roots in Old Egyptian and Semitic, which he rightly considers to be related one to another.

Die Sprachschöpfung. By Th. Curti. (Würzburg: Stuber.) This is a most interesting little book, charmingly written and full of suggestiveness. The object of the author is to show that language has arisen out of the six following classes of "sentence-words": words expressive of sensations, words accompanying these, gesture-words, words representing the cries of animals, "cosmical words," and symbolic primitive words. An example of a "cosmical word" would be the Brazilian *tupi* from the interjection *tu*, which is used of the supernatural. The illustrations, by means of

which each class of words is explained, are numerous and apt; and many of Dr. Curti's remarks are worthy of quotation, as, for instance, that "only the more highly-developed languages are illogical." We have noticed two slips: *imma* (p. 40) should be Akkadian, not Assyrian, and *i*, "to go," does not form the optative in Greek.

Uralaltaische Forschungen. By W. Bang. (Leipzig: Friedrich.) This is an interesting little monograph. The author shows in the first part of it that the Mandshu verb is of purely substantival origin. Dr. Winckler adds some interesting remarks, in which he points out that the same holds good of the Finnish and Turkish verb. In the second part an attempt is made to form a large number of Ural-Altaic words into a group, containing the common element *ku*, *kl*, and the common meaning of roundness. Mr. Bang avows himself a supporter of Dr. Abel's endeavours to reduce Indo-European, Semitic, and Egyptian to a single type. But the reason he gives for being so is inadequate: the division, namely, of the animal world into five classes. Such a division in language would rather correspond to the morphological distinction of forms of speech as isolating, polysynthetic, agglutinative, incorporating, and inflectional. Analogies, however, are dangerous guides to follow.

Traité de l'Onomatopée. By A. Timmermans. (Paris: Bouillon.) Mr. Timmermans has lived a century too late. His ideas about the etymology of words belong to the age before Bopp. Words of all periods and of various history are classed together and confidently referred to some onomatopoeic source which is often obvious to the author alone. Even the word *silence*, it seems, is of onomatopoeic origin!

SCIENCE NOTES.

PROF. VICTOR HORSLEY will give a discourse on "Hydrophobia" at the Royal Institution on Friday, March 20, in place of Prof. W. E. Ayrton, who is unable to deliver his promised lecture on "Electric Motors, Motors, and Money Matters."

"YOUNG COLLECTOR SERIES."—*British Ferns, and Where Found.* By E. J. Lowe. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Lowe is well known to be a man learned on ferns, and an original and painstaking inquirer into their nature and habitats. With him rests a large share of the credit of proving that ferns can be crossed, and his remarks on his favourite subjects must be listened to with respect. It is eminently a case for applying the old principle, *Peritis credendum est in arte sua*. This is true even of his startling theory that *Nephrodium aemulum* and *N. dilatatum* are really the same plant, with differences depending upon station. But Mr. Lowe's skill in writing hardly does justice to the depth and width of his knowledge. His little book is chockfull of information, but it somehow all wants putting into shape. It is not clear and orderly. We are not told at starting what ferns are, how they multiply, or how they are demarcated from other divisions of the vegetable kingdom. The language and the style will repel many who might otherwise be drawn to the study. And this is a thousand pities, for no one who regularly uses the book can fail to learn much from it. It is very complete, and traces *Asplenium Filix-foemina* into its numberless forms and subforms with unwearied patience. But the sudden remark that, if *Adiantum Capillus-Veneris*, var. *bulbiferum*, had come "under the keen eye of Mr. Drury," he would have seen another case of apospory" (*sic*) will take the young collector aback. The young collector does not know, and is not told, what "apospory" means. Nor are

the pictures always very helpful. That of *Gymnogramme leptophylla* (no longer, alas, "abundant in several places" in Jersey) is not at all characteristic. It fails to indicate that the inner and outer fronds are not quite alike.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Feb. 13.)

R. E. ALLARDICE, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. John Alison read a paper by Mr. T. Hugh Miller on "A Problem in the Theory of Numbers"; Mr. James Taylor read one by M. Paul Aubert on "A Geometrical Locus"; and Mr. A. J. Pressland continued his discussion of the triangle and its escribed parabolas.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, Feb. 16.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. G. F. Stout read a paper on "The Psychology of Belief." To believe is to be aware of objective existence. The general condition on which it depends is the limitation of subjective activity by the material on which it is exercised. This limitation consists on the one hand in the restriction and constraint imposed on the movement of attention by the nature of the objects attended to, by the fixation of these objects through the operation of external stimulant on the sense organs and the connexion established between them in the way of association. On the other hand, it consists in the limitation of voluntary movements by physical obstacles. The paper was followed by a discussion.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, Feb. 20.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., president, in the chair.—The president read a paper from Prof. Rhys on "The Celt and other Aryans of the P group." The distinction between Irish and its allied languages on the one hand, and Welsh (with Cornish and Breton) and Gaulish on the other, is that the Irish had *q* where the Welsh had *p*. That there was an earlier Celtic race on the Continent using *q*, Prof. Rhys showed from Celtic names on inscriptions, some of which contained words known in Welsh with *p*. The same expulsion of an earlier *q* (or its representatives) by a later *p* was found in all the Italic dialects but Latin, and also in some Greek dialects. Now this substitution was made by a race connected in language with the earlier *q* Celts, and did not happen independently in several places at once. It was accompanied by other changes, as that of an older *u* into *i*, &c. And it was due to the conquest of the *q* Celts by a later race of *p* Celts, who, being originally non-Aryan, had preserved traces of their non-Aryan phonology—among these, the *p*—when they became Aryanised. They spread from a centre in the Alps, and drove the *q* Celts to the outer margin of their settlement.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Feb. 25.)

PRINCIPAL DR. A. W. WARD, president, in the chair.—The Rev. F. F. Cornish read a paper on "Goethe and Frau v. Stein." The future Goethe biographer, Mr. Cornish said, will find it difficult, after the treatment of Goethe's life at Weimar from 1775 to 1786 at the hands of Lewes and other English writers, to convince his readers (1) that Goethe was for more than ten years almost entirely dependent, for sympathy and affection, on a woman eight years older than himself, married, the mother of seven children, and not even a beauty; (2) that this relationship was at all times a perfectly pure one. His difficulty will not arise from evidence to the contrary, for there is none; but from the supposed antecedent probabilities and the difficulty of proving a negative, while the strength of his case consists mainly in the tone of a correspondence of some seventeen hundred notes and letters. Charlotte v. Stein, *née* Schardt (b. 1742, d. 1827), was from her sixteenth to her twenty-first year Maid of Honour to the Duchess Amalia, and in 1764 married v. Stein, of Kochberg, subsequently Master of the Horse to the

Duke Carl August. Knebel describes her as possessed of true feeling, a placid and easy disposition, eagerness to learn, directness and naturalness, as free from enthusiasm and yet warm-hearted, in sympathy with all intellectual matters and of delicate tact; while Schiller, writing in 1787, says that a mild earnestness, sound understanding, feeling, and truth were of the very essence of her being. Carl August probably shared Zimmermann's opinion of Goethe, that he would be a noble instrument in the hands of a prince; and in November, 1775, Goethe arrived at Weimar as a visitor, to stay as a privy councillor and as the chief adviser of the duke. Of Frau v. Stein, Goethe speaks from the first in terms of undisguised admiration. To Wieland he says in April, 1776, that her power over him can only be explained by the transmigration of souls; while on her part she found it difficult to refuse her sympathy to a poet in whose works she was deeply interested, and whose over-wrought sensibility needed constant soothing and calming. They had countless things in common, the anxiety to promote a better understanding between the duke and his young wife, the cares of the Stein estate, the education of Frau v. Stein's children. Goethe, to whom even the social restraints of Frankfurt had at one time seemed intolerable, must, of course, have felt, on his translation to Weimar, that he had to cultivate the etiquette and formalities of court life; and in this irksome duty an assistance such as Frau v. Stein could render would be doubly welcome. Then there was the official difficulty. Had Goethe failed in his trial as a practical administrator, no power on earth would have kept him in Weimar. And though he did not fail, but plunged with eagerness into the midst of his work and soon became all but absorbed in it, yet he keenly felt the worry of small cares and the solitariness of his position. And lastly, there were the needs of the emotional side of his nature. It was in the main due to the influence of Frau v. Stein that, five years after his arrival at Weimar, he could look back to the red-heat of the Werther period as a thing of the past. One of the secrets of her power was that she provided Goethe with society, and soon it became a pressing need for him to escape to her from the insipid atmosphere of the court. To say that she was exacting, capricious, and a coquette is beside the point, in face of the fact that for twelve years he clung to her with the energy of desperation. Her sympathy extended to intellectual matters; they studied languages, read Spinoza, Strada, Quintilian, and discussed morals and art. But she did more than this. She supplied Goethe with an ideal, and the devotion to her became a religion with him. In her only of the women he had known Goethe could find all that he needed without the idealising process. The question arises whether the advantages which Goethe purchased by his devotion were not too dearly bought. He had, with few exceptions, become estranged from his earlier friends through his removal to Weimar. No man, as Goethe has said of himself, was ever more ready to say of these around him: "these are my father and sister and mother." This isolation, combined with his resolute application to official business, brought its usual effects: he was becoming a stranger to all the world but her. Besides, there was the haunting feeling that her love and society were only enjoyed on sufferance; and, lastly—what, perhaps, he felt most—his fountain of inspiration as a poet was drying up. Finally, Knebel, Herder, and Frau v. Stein became his only public—for her alone "Tasso" was written. It was a rude shock to Frau v. Stein when, in September, 1786, Goethe started from Carlsbad for Italy. The duke knew of his intention, but only Goethe's valet knew the route he had taken, and not a line of his reached Frau v. Stein before the middle of January, 1787. She felt his conduct bitterly: and his letters to her—published only in 1886—show how he felt her reproaches, while they dispose of the idea that by his departure Goethe had wished to break off a connexion of which he had grown weary. The true reasons for his Italian journey Goethe gives himself when, in January, 1787, he writes: "I can say nothing but that I have only one existence, and that I have this time wholly played and am still playing. If I come out of the trial sound in body and mind, and my nature, my spirit, my fortune survive this

crisis, I shall replace for you a thousandfold what there is to replace. If I fail I fail, but without this I should have been good for nothing more." On Goethe's return, after an absence of two years, the behaviour of Frau v. Stein was influenced by two feelings—resentment at the manner of his departure, and a foreboding that her reign was over. Stripped of all extraneous circumstances, the matter was decided by Frau v. Stein's requiring that Goethe should break off with Christiane, and by his definitely refusing to do so. The bird had tasted freedom, and would not enter the cage again.—The chairman, while in the main agreeing with the point of view of the lecturer, thought that perhaps less stress should be laid upon the help which Frau v. Stein gave Goethe in his social and official difficulties.—The hon. secretary then read some of Goethe's poems to Frau v. Stein, and one poem composed by the lady after Goethe's departure for Italy.

FINE ART.

FRENCH ETCHINGS AT THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

RARELY has a choicer or a more enjoyable collection of its kind been brought together than that now to be seen in the gallery of this club, to which its promoters have given the appropriate name of an "Exhibition illustrative of the French Revival of Etching." In these columns it is, for obvious reasons, difficult to accord a just measure of praise to the two authors and originators of the display, Mr. Frederick Wedmore and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. A natural reticence must not, however, prevent us from pointing out that, while the former has borne the burden of the day in supplying from his own stores and obtaining from those of other connoisseurs the fine examples now grouped together, as in arranging them on the walls of the gallery, to the latter we owe an introduction to the Catalogue, which is remarkable for the suggestiveness and originality of its criticism, and not less so for an economy of space in which it is in agreeable contrast with some laborious and ill-digested treatises with which we have been favoured on previous occasions. The exhibition has been wisely confined to the most famous painter-etchers who have produced original work from the period of the romantic revival down to the present time. To have opened the doors to the vast series of magnificent etched reproductions which have of late years been executed in France would have been to render the show impossible within so small a space.

A beginning is made with the works of that precursor among romantic landscapists Paul Huet, whose "Maison du Garde" is chiefly remarkable for the impress which it bears of Constable's influence, while the curiously tentative "Le Midi" shows a striving to achieve with the needle what many of our own engravers of about the same time did so much better with the burin. Eugène Delacroix shows a very imperfect mastery over the technique of the etcher in the curiously *manqué* "Juive d'Alger"; while he appears somewhat more at ease, but by no means a master of the point, in the "Chef Maure à Meknez"—an interesting study combining his characteristic romanticism with a fair measure of realistic truth, and nearly approaching in style to the famous "Massacre de Seio." The sole etching executed by Delacroix's implacable rival and detractor, Ingres, is here. It is the magnificent "Monseigneur de Pressigny, Archevêque de Rennes," in which he uses the needle much as other masters have used the graver's tool, and with complete success as regards a noble and at the same time exquisitely subtle rendering of a grave and commanding personality. In respect of these qualities, this example of the art of Ingres at his best may, without heresy, be pronounced worthy to mate with the best things in Vandyck's "Iconographie."

To many the most fascinating section of the collection will be the carefully selected group of etchings by Charles Méryon. His unique, if limited, genius unites in an indefinable fashion a curiously patient realism in the reproduction of fact with a lurid and disquieting romanticism of conception which penetrates and lights up, as it were from within, its familiar subject-matter, yet without distorting it. It has always met with more numerous and more ardent worshippers in England than in his native country; perhaps because the English connoisseur can more readily condone, for the sake of the true imaginative quality, certain palpable shortcomings of execution, to which Mr. Monkhouse has impartially referred in his introduction. The famous "Le Stryge" is the most popular and the most fascinating—in the true sense of the word—of the artist's performances; but his artistic masterpiece is undoubtedly the pathetic and technically exquisite "Abside de Notre-Dame," one of the finest original etchings of modern times. Of this a brilliant first and second state—the first, in our opinion, vastly superior to the second—are here. The best purely architectural design is perhaps the splendidly bold and incisive "Galerie de Notre-Dame," while little, if at all, behind comes "L'Arche du Pont de Notre-Dame." As the poetic interpreter of the characteristics of old Paris, Méryon could not be better represented than by the "Rue des Mauvais Garçons," the "Pont au Change," and the weird "La Morgue"—marred though this last undoubtedly is by the grotesque groups of figures in the foreground.

It is doubtful whether Jean-François Millet has ever been seen to such advantage as an etcher as on the present occasion. His technique has been somewhat imprudently called coarse, because it is not lavish of subtle and delicate effects. It is rather incisive and synthetic, and in his best work of this kind suffices completely for the expression of his peculiar genius, in its massive strength and infinite tenderness. By no refinement of technical means could the artist's intention in the noble and almost monumental "La Cardense," be better expressed, and the same may be said of the equally broad but different style of execution applied to "La Grande Bergère." In "La Femme qui bat le Buerre," and especially the admirable "Paysan rentrant du Fumier," the etching-needle is used with a somewhat lighter touch and more variety.

To praise again after Mr. Monkhouse the magic subtlety of observation, the singular delicacy united to firmness of execution, of Jules Jacquemart would be to praise them less well. In the vivacity and skill with which he reproduces, or rather interprets, exquisitely-wrought armour and arms, goldsmith's work, vessels of precious agate and sardonyx, and highly-wrought wood-carvings, he has known no rival; while it is only by comparison with himself that he falls short in the presentment of the precious porcelains of the East and West. In the curious original subject, "Une Exécution au Japon," the daintiness of the rendering causes the horror of the motive to be half-forgotten.

M. Félix Braquemond is the only living artist whose work has been allowed to take its place by the side of that of the deceased masters of the century. As an original etcher, he appears to the highest advantage in the superbly broad and incisive "Vanneaux et Sarcelles," "Motifs d'un Service de Table en Faïence," and, above all, in the masterly "Le Vieux Coq." As a translator of other men he is seen in the "Erasmus" after the Holbein in the Louvre, which, good as it is, cannot vie in sympathetic truth of interpretation with Ferdinand Gaillard's incomparable engraved reproductions of kindred masterpieces.

That gifted amateur, the novelist, Jules de Goncourt, is represented by the delicately-touched "Le Taureau," and by the "Jeune Femme accrochant un Cadre," after Fragonard. Daubigny will not gain much by his appearance here as an etcher; while Corot, on the other hand, although evidently not a practised master of this mode, is able to express his fascinating artistic personality and his indefinable pathos in two "Etudes d'Arbres," and a "Souvenir d'Italie"; in which studies, however, there is very naturally to be found far less of that rare subtlety in suggesting what is apparently, but only apparently, passed over than in his paintings.

A very master of all the *procédés* of the etcher is the but lately deceased Maxime Lalanne, who was not only an exquisitely accomplished practitioner of his art, but wrote also an already classic *Traité de la gravure à l'eau-forte*. Somehow, however, his work, notwithstanding its technical accomplishment, has about it a kind of flavour of the glorified drawing-master, which prevents it from taking equal rank with that of the often less skilled *eau-fortistes* but greater individualities by whom he is here surrounded.

Meissonier, though in his long career he etched but few plates, shows an unexpected mastery in this side branch of his art. His elaborate yet broad and expressively engraved character-subjects, "Il Signore Annibale" and "L'Homme à l'Épée," have many of the fine qualities of his paintings, while they do not escape his characteristic defects of coldness, want of spontaneity, and narrowness of view. In one respect the etched is more agreeable than the painted work, since it suffers less by the harshness and hotness of colour which even Meissonier's most uncompromising worshippers must admit to be one of his greatest drawbacks.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE DISCOVERY AT THEBES.

THE following is the French text of a report by M. Grébaut to a private correspondent in England, which we publish with his sanction:

"NOTES SUR LES SOUTERRAINS DES PRÊTRES D'AMMON."

"La fouille a été ouverte le 31 janvier dernier à l'est du temple de la reine Hatason, à Deir el Bahari.

"On a vidé un puits de 15 mètres de profondeur. Au fond, du côté sud se trouvait la porte, fermée par un entassement de grosses pierres. Un premier corridor allant du nord au sud, après 76 mètres, descend par un escalier de 5^m 23, et se continue pendant 12 mètres encore jusqu'à deux chambres funéraires, l'une de 4 mètres, l'autre de 2. À la hauteur de l'escalier se trouve la porte d'un second corridor de 54 mètres.

"Tous ces souterrains étaient remplis de momies enfermées d'ordinaire dans de triples cercueils. Il y en a 163. Sur un certain nombre de cuves extérieures la place du nom est restée en blanc. Une dizaine de cercueils avaient été dorés: l'or est gratté, les mains, les visages dorés sont enlevés. Les sarcophages étaient posés en désordre. Dans plusieurs endroits ils étaient entassés les uns sur les autres. Les plus récents, et ceux là sont aussi les plus nombreux, appartiennent à la XXI^e dynastie.

"Tout cela démontre que nous avons trouvé une cachette faite dans le même temps et dans les mêmes circonstances que celle des momies royales de Deir el Bahari. Les dernières momies royales sont aussi de la XXI^e dynastie. Les cuves dorées des momies royales avaient été détériorées par les voleurs dans l'antiquité. Enfin les momies royales n'étaient pas toutes dans leur cercueils primitifs. Au moment d'un déménagement fait à la hâte, quand ces cachettes ont été faites, on a placé dans des cuves prises en magasin, les cercueils dont la cuve extérieure avait été brisée par les voleurs, et souvent on n'a pas en la temps, ou on n'a pas pris la peine d'écrire le nom, que nous trouverons sur les

cercueils intérieurs. Les noms écrits sur les cuves extérieures sont presque tous ceux de prêtres ou de prêtresses d'Ammon. Il y a pourtant un prêtre de la reine Aah-hotep, un prêtre de Set, etc. Ces sarcophages sont généralement d'une belle conservation. Ils sont d'une grande beauté, les décorations très fines, riches et jolies.

"Au passage, pendant qu'on transportait ces sarcophages, j'ai eu bien juste le temps de dresser un inventaire sommaire, en ne prenant que les noms, et en notant l'état de conservation. Cependant j'ai remarqué quelques personnages considérables. Un de ces prêtres était préposé au trésor royal, un autre était chef des troupes auxiliaires appelées Mashouash, etc. Il y a aussi un Pinedjem fils de Masaharta. Or, dans la trouvaille des momies royales se trouve un Masaharta de la famille des Penedjem (XXI^e dyn.). Il est probable que nous avons son fils. Beaucoup d'autres noms rappellent ceux de la famille des Pinedjem. Ainsi ceux de Isis-m-kheb, de Hont-tani, de Nesikhonsou, de Ra-ma-ka, etc., etc.

"En dehors des sarcophages nous avons ramassé 75 statuettes en bois renfermant à l'intérieur chacune un papyrus. Il y en a d'énormes. Bien que, à n'en pas douter, ce soient toujours des Rituels, il ne sera pas sans intérêt d'avoir le Rituel thébain des XX^e et XXI^e dynasties, bien caractérisé, bien défini. J'espère que parmi les papyrus dont les 163 momies doivent être munies, il y aura d'autres textes que le Livre des Morts. Les autres antiquités trouvées dans les souterrains avec les momies sont curieuses, sans offrir d'intérêt historique, sauf quelques stèles.

"La découverte est importante pour l'histoire à raison des généalogies et des titres d'une série de prêtres se succédant pendant plusieurs siècles; alors même qu'on ne trouverait pas sur les momies d'autres manuscrits que des livres funéraires. Pour les études religieuses la mine est des plus riches. Ces sarcophages de prêtres ne ressemblent pas aux autres. Les figures, les scènes, y abondent, et sont presque toujours nouvelles. On y trouvera l'explication de questions restées obscures et beaucoup de renseignements imprévus. En voici un auquel on ne s'attendrait pas. Sur un sarcophage de la XXI^e dynastie le dieu Shu qui soutient le ciel, est représenté sous la forme du dieu Bes qu'on croyait de basse époque.

"Les *Akhimou* dont parlent les textes, et que quelques uns ont cru être des étoiles, sont des quadrupèdes qui traînent la barque solaire. Il y en a huit, quatre sont blanches, quatre sont noirs. Chaque groupe de quatre est formé de deux blancs et de deux noirs. Ces quadrupèdes ne sont pas des chacals. Ceux d'un groupe ont les oreilles du sceptre *was*. Les renseignements de ce genre sont si nombreux que l'étude de ces sarcophages rendra certainement de grands services aux interprètes des textes religieux.

"Je pense commencer en Avril l'ouverture des sarcophages et l'étude des cercueils intérieurs qui nous permettra de dresser un catalogue plus exact de la découverte. Je m'attends à bien des surprises à ce moment. J'ai noté souvent un nom sur le couvercle, un autre nom sur la cuve extérieure. Il est probable que le cercueil intérieur donnera fréquemment un troisième nom qui sera le véritable. Le déménagement, quand on a formé cette cachette dans l'antiquité, a été fait avec une hâte extrême. On a enfermé les petits cercueils dans de grandes cuves qui appartenaient à d'autres momies, peut être détruites, et l'on a fait servir toutes les cuves et tous les couvercles qu'on avait sous la main. Je n'espère pas trouver de momies royales, car je n'ai relevé aucun indice. Cependant à l'heure actuelle nous ne savons pas ce que nous trouverons dans un certain nombre de ces sarcophages."

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ANCIENT MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

Cairo: Feb. 16, 1891.

Writing from Luxor, on January 13, I stated that the temples were unenclosed. On my return here I happened to meet the modeller of the Ghizeh Museum, who asked me, with an air of triumph, if I had seen the temples at Abydos and was content with the precautions that had been taken to guard them, he himself

having been there to direct the works. He is a very amiable young man, an excellent modeller, and I had not the heart to tell him how matters really stood at Abydos. What I found was this:—I had not long been in the temple of Seti I. when I was aware of dark objects popping up on the tops of the walls, the said objects, by pantomimic signs, expressing a desire for *baksheesh*. Presently a form appeared, furtively flitting about the columns, and then others, until at last I had a small crowd round me offering relics for sale. A remonstrance to the guardian resulted in an indiscriminate application of bastinado, and the crowd fled to the door, which was obligingly opened for them by another guardian. A similar performance was repeated several times during the course of my visit. It was the same at the temple of Ramses II. The fact being that my friend had placed doors to the temples at their entrances, but he had forgotten that access to them at the backs and sides was a feat that a cripple might perform with perfect ease. This truly oriental manner of doing business is typical of how affairs are managed at Ghizeh. A task has to be accomplished, and a gentleman is selected to look after it whose training and education has been in a totally different direction.

When first the attention of the authorities was called to the alarming destruction of the monuments, which has been in progress for many years past, a scheme was submitted to them which had been carefully considered by men having practical experience of the subject. This was at first ignored; but when pressed, as it has been on many occasions during the past five years, it has invariably been met with transparently trivial objections. It still holds good; and until sufficient pressure can be brought to bear on the Foreign Secretary to induce him to send a competent person from England to report on the state of the monuments, and to point out what is needed for their preservation, we may expect nothing more than the repetition of such futile botching as this Abydos job.

HENRY WALLIS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

The Fine Art Society will have on view next week, in New Bond-street, a series of pictures by Mr. Alfred Parsons, entitled "Gardens and Orchards." The annual exhibition of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours will not open until the following week, but we may mention now that there will be two private view days, Thursday and Friday next.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT's latest great picture, "The Triumph of the Innocents," has, like the "Dante's Dream" of Rossetti, found a permanent home in the Walker Art Gallery at Liverpool. Towards the price £1500 has been contributed by the museum and arts committee of the city council; the remainder is to be raised by public subscription.

An interesting exhibition of bookbindings is now on view—and will remain open throughout next week—at the Caxton Head, in High Holborn. Mr. and Mrs. Tregaskis have carried out the happy idea of getting some forty copies of the same book—Kingsley's *Water Babies*, illustrated by Linley Sambourne—bound by as many different binders, English and foreign. Zaehnsdorf, Bedford, Riviere, Tout, and Morrell are all represented, as well as some of the most valued masters of the art in France, Holland, and Germany. There are also examples of the modern fashion of needlework bookbinding.

The magnificent collection of Japanese art formed by the late Philippe Burty is to be sold in Paris from March 16 to 20. The series of paintings and *kakemonos* is probably unrivalled.

WE hear from Luxor that the foreign tourists, chiefly English and American, now congregated there gave a complimentary banquet to M. Grébaut, on February 17, in honour of his great discovery, and also in recognition of his unflinching courtesy to visitors.

An exhibition in Paris of the works of Meissonier is spoken of. The place suggested is the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, and it is proposed to devote the profits to the erection of a statue of the painter.

THE Boston Museum of Fine Arts has at present on view an exhibition of books, water-colours, engravings, &c., by William Blake. A similar exhibition held there in 1880 was notable for the contributions of Mrs. Gilchrist. The present one includes a probably unrivalled collection of eight out of fifteen of the "Songs of Innocence" series, almost all lent by Mr. E. W. Hooper, though none of Mr. William Muir's admirable reproductions; a number of water-colours, the property of the museum; and a set of original sketches, which are said to have come to light on J. C. Hotten's death, and were then exported to America. Some of these are now in the possession of Prof. C. E. Norton, of Harvard. The Catalogue of the exhibition, which bears no name, is a scholarly piece of work. We may, however, assure the writer that the illustrations to Lamb's *Tales from Shakspeare*—whether engraved by Blake or no—certainly appear in the first edition (1807). And, as no complete list of Blake's engraved work has yet been compiled, we take this opportunity of mentioning that Stedman's *Narrative of an Expedition against the Revolted Negroes of Surinam* (first edition 1796) contains thirteen plates (engraved in stipple and printed in colours) by Blake, besides two or three others unsigned, which may possibly be attributed to him on internal evidence. The signed ones are those numbered 7, 8, 13, 18, 19, 22, 38, 42, 49, 52, 68, 76, and 80. Most of them represent naked negroes, some undergoing horrible tortures; two, the gambols of monkeys in trees; one, a boa constrictor being skinned; and one, some fruit. The book was published by J. Johnson, of St. Paul's-churchyard, for whom Blake did a good deal of work at this time; and some of the other engravings are by Bartolozzi and Benedetti.

MESSRS. DOWDESWELL & DOWDESWELL, of New Bond-street, have just published a large plate, upon which Mr. David Law is understood to have been engaged for some time past. It represents Balmoral Castle, as seen from the further bank of the Dee, which swirls along in sun and shadow in the foreground. The confused mass of towers and turrets, in the Gallo-Scottish style, are also touched by sunlight. Thick woods fill the middle distance; while all the artist's technical skill has been bestowed on the foliage of a tall birch which frames the scene on the right. Behind rise mountain ranges, half-obscured by a gathering storm. The treatment of the entire scene, the subordination of architecture to landscape, the balance of light and shade—all show the trained hand and eye of one of the foremost of our painter-etchers. Apart from the popular appeal of its subject—though Balmoral is not so easy of access as Windsor—this grand plate is a worthy memorial of Mr. David Law's mature powers.

THE STAGE.

"THE IDLER."

MR. HADDON CHAMBERS does not indulge us with new and revised views of life. He is not subversive; he is not didactic. He does not hold, as the major part of his artistic creed, that it is only the ugly that

is interesting. He brings on to the stage the bad and the good. He treats life as it is. He condescends to entertain as well as to instruct. He is without any other than an artistic mission. He makes good plots, creates real characters, and has the luck to see—at all events at the St. James's Theatre—that an almost perfect interpretation of his play goes far to ensure, on the part of the audience, a thorough understanding of what he has conceived.

The story of "The Idler"—built up with real ingenuity and resource—is, in its essence, simple. It deals with the temptation that besets and threatens for a while to overcome one Mark Cross, who, having, at a time when he could not marry her, loved a woman who had appeared to like him, returns, able to marry her, longing to do so, but finding her married by this time to a man she did not like, but loved. That is the *donnée* of the piece. Can he still possess himself of her? His first excuse for the thought lies in the fact that he believes her husband to have purposely slain a man with whom he had quarrelled in a land where revolvers are, at least, as common as watch-chains. He is convinced to the contrary. But he is not overdone with moral fibre. His love has become a disease. And the play is occupied with his struggle against the woman's conscience and his own. His own, though it does exist, is admittedly feeble. The woman, on the other hand, has a very good share of principle; and, though she likes the love-distraught gentleman, and pities him, her morality finds an ally in the circumstance that her attachment to her husband is profound.

All sorts of incidents, occurring ingeniously, seem, nevertheless, to make the efforts of Mr. Mark Cross anything but a forlorn hope. The lady's husband is to be accused of murder by the brother of the Western American whose life had indeed been taken. The brother is a millionaire, and that circumstance places at his disposal much assistance he would otherwise lack: it is not improbable that he will succeed in bringing Sir John Harding to what he considers to be "justice." But then again he is one of those millionaires who are, not unnaturally, susceptible to the attractions of English damsels, when English damsels are impersonated by *ingénues* like Miss Maud Millett. The millionaire wavers. Perhaps after all he will hardly seek to get Sir John Harding into custody, for Sir John Harding's wife is the sister of the English damsel. But we shall not finish the story. What he does, and what Sir John Harding does, and what the wife does to save Sir John Harding, and what the gentleman of occasional good intentions does to elope with the lady of whom he is so exceedingly madly enamoured—let the reader learn all that at the theatre itself. Let it only be said here that in his process of weaving what is a very stirring tale—what is, indeed, to some extent a melodrama of good society—Mr. Haddon Chambers has recourse, once or twice, to courses of action not true to the characters he represents. By this is his play weakened, when we come to think over it; though, at the time, one questions nothing—so cleverly are the incidents

dovetailed. But, to take an instance—the worst—and to have done with it, the conduct of Sir John Harding when he suspects his wife and his old friend is not very high-minded or very natural. The lady is not at home when he expected her to be. At his friend's house he finds her fan, and considers it damning evidence. He finds the lady herself, and it is all over. The real Sir John would not have attached such extreme importance to the whereabouts of that sceptre of the world, *l'éventail d'une belle*. And when he saw that the lady herself had of a truth been where the fan had been, he would have conceived it possible—under his own peculiar circumstances, as a man who might at any moment be charged with crime—that she was where she was, not for her pleasure, but in pursuance of his interests, which was indeed the case. We will not, however, end with fault-finding. The play is very strong, very interesting; it deals very deftly on the whole—and always healthily—with a theme that is difficult.

The acting is singularly finished and judicious, and lends the piece, unquestionably, a fascination which the naked MS. could hardly inspire. Mr. Alexander reaches to subtlety in his personation of Mark Cross. He makes the man tender, but, as obviously, untrustworthy. He gives him grace, and he denies him strength. The type is marked most cleverly. Mr. Herbert Waring plays with sympathetic directness the plainer downright part of Sir John Harding. He is forcible, yet restrained. He is completely unaffected. A new comer from America—Mr. John Mason—plays the millionaire who would avenge his brother, but whose heart hesitates because of the charms of the English damsel. Mr. Nutcombe Gould plays a smaller part with befitting carefulness, but the opportunity of much effect is denied him. Small, too, is the part of Miss Gertrude Kingston, nor does she force it into prominence. Lady Monckton—as the mother of Mark Cross—plays most skilfully. Miss Marion Terry and Miss Maud Millett are the graver and the lighter sisters. If the one is finely dramatic and fit to grapple—as she certainly is—with situations of great strength, which make great demands, the other can bestow interest and delicate charm upon a character which, as it left the hands of the author, was a little vague and thin.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

"TWELFTH NIGHT" AT ST. ANDREWS.

THREE very spirited and well-balanced performances of "Twelfth Night" were given last week by the St. Andrews University Shaksperian and Dramatic Society—the same company which ventured last February upon the interesting and successful experiment of producing the "Aias" of Sophocles in the English version of Prof. Campbell. Though not so difficult or ambitious as a Greek play, the present performance was one to tax the powers of an amateur company. The result bore witness, in the case of nearly all the performers, to most conscientious study and intelligent appreciation of the characters, situations, and dialogue. Some of the leading

parts were played with real dramatic aptitude. The somewhat trying part of Malvolio was rendered with excellent judgment by Mr. Fergusson. Mr. Barclay played the Clown with refreshing ease and buoyancy; and his singing of the charming song "O mistress mine" was a distinct addition to the carousal scene with Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek. Mr. Marshall entered into the part of Sir Toby with real humour and abandon. The midnight scene referred to, where Malvolio surprises the two knights and the Clown singing catches with Maria for a listener, was perhaps the most effective in the performance; though the subsequent scene, where Malvolio reads the letter within hearing of his ambushed enemies, was also a piece of well-sustained acting. The play owed much to the lady amateurs who assisted the society on this occasion. Miss Heddle played excellently in the rather "unthankful" part of Olivia, while Miss Hallard's Viola was as sweet and charming a piece of acting as one need wish to see. If a criticism must be offered, it would be that she did not perhaps sufficiently enable us to forget Viola in Cesario. Miss Thomson brought just the needed archness and merry humour to the part of Maria. The excellence of the performance, it may be added, was in no small degree owing to the unwearied pains of Mrs. Lewis Campbell in superintending the arrangements of the piece and the training of the company.

S.

STAGE NOTES.

THE piece done at the Vaudeville on Tuesday morning—it is called "Our Angels," and is by Dr. Dabbs and Mr. Edward Righton—is clever enough in its way. It sustains interest; and though it does not present any fresh character with whom we may make acquaintance, or indulge us with any charm of poetry or even of brilliant comedy, it is, as a whole, well written, and it is very neatly constructed. Were we of a mind to be rough and plain about it, we might say no doubt that as a piece of literature it is not likely to hold its own very long, but that meanwhile it is exactly the kind of thing to be paid a good price for by an enterprising manager, and to be taken round the country with distinct success. It was played very well on Tuesday. Care had evidently been taken to get a good cast, and the better actors seemed to believe in their parts and in the play. Mr. Righton contented himself with quite a small character, which he played quaintly, with certain touches of nature, and with the ease that comes of experience. But the best men's parts—those of the polished scoundrel and the homely party who baffles him—fall to the lot of Mr. Lewis Waller and Mr. W. H. Vernon. Mr. Waller is sound and thorough; Mr. Vernon at once judicious and entertaining. The heroine was played with good taste and sincerity and warmth of feeling by Miss Beatrice Lamb—"the only blonde you ever saw who has the strength of a brunette," as someone who approves of brunettes has rather prettily said of her. Miss Lamb is often like Clytie, and perhaps still oftener like an Albert Moore. An extremely effective comedy-part is played by the clever Miss Fanny Brough, with all the resources—and they are many—that are at her command. She is most pleasantly acidulated. In brief, the interpretation all round, on Tuesday, was infinitely better than one is accustomed to expect at a *matinée*. The piece can hardly fail to be heard of again, and meanwhile more than one of those who performed in it may be happy enough to feel that they have covered themselves with honour.

On Saturday evening we were in the wilds of Notting Hill: the place, Ladbroke Hall; the

occasion, a trial performance of a charming little comic opera, called "Equality Jack"; the words by Mr. Poel, the music by Mr. Vinning. Captain Marryat has inspired both these gentlemen. It is long since we heard anything more tuneful or more spirited. It is long since a nautical play was done with better taste or with more neatness, whether as regards its musical composition, its libretto, or, we may even add, its interpretation. For, though the major part of the performers were amateurs, most of them were well fitted to their characters: there was no placing of square pegs in round holes; and Mr. Poel, the author, had drilled them as a born stage-manager. He has indeed real art in such matters. We cannot possibly name all the actors. It would be invidious to single out one or two of them. The piece has the curious characteristic of *The Lady of the Aroostook*, that there are many men in it and only one woman. At the Ladbroke Hall performance—and we should trust in any other—the part of the heroine, Nancy Spruce, falls to Miss Rose Mitchell, who has a distinct appreciation of light comedy. As a singer her voice is not great, but it is very pleasantly managed. We should like something more of a skirt dance—we do seem once to be on the verge of it—in the first act. In the second act, Miss Mitchell dances a hornpipe with great lightness and unusual grace. Of "Equality Jack" it is evident that we have not heard the last. It will have its day.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MR. HENSCHEL gave the last concert of his fifth season at St. James's Hall, on Thursday, February 26. The programme opened with Brahms's clever and genial Academic Festival Overture (Op. 80). This work is admired here, but is naturally more popular in Germany where the student songs on which it is based are familiar to every hearer. Haydn's Symphony in B flat (No. 9 of the Solomon series) is delightful music, and the performance was good. The forerunner—or perhaps we ought to say one of the two great forerunners—of Beethoven may as a rule have been light-hearted, but he had his serious moments; and it has never been fully shown how much the Bonn master was indebted to him. The Wagner selections were the "Siegfried" Idyll, the "Good Friday's Spell" from Parsifal, and the "Tannhäuser" overture. Mr. Henschel is evidently in special sympathy with this music; but his

feelings at times get the better of him, and his good intentions are not always realised. Mrs. Henschel sang with much fervour her husband's effective "Hymne au Créateur" (Op. 41), and was much applauded. There was a good and enthusiastic audience.

An immense audience assembled at the Crystal Palace, on Saturday afternoon, to hear Herr Joachim. Just as the Beethoven Concerto commenced, the violinist broke a string, and there was an awkward pause; but the splendid performance of the work soon caused this small misfortune to be forgotten. Often as Herr Joachim has played the Beethoven Concerto, it may be questioned whether he ever gave a fuller revelation of the power and beauty of the music. He afterwards played some of the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian dances. The programme included Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony, the first movement from Mr. Wingham's Serenade in E flat, and Ponchielli's "Dance of the Hours." Mme. Bertha Moore was successful as the vocalist.

Mr. Augustus Harris gave the "Golden Legend" at Covent Garden on Saturday evening. Mme. Nordica was not in good voice. Miss Meredyth Elliott, the contralto, has a pleasing voice, but her singing lacked warmth. Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills did justice to themselves and to their parts. The chorus sang well. Mr. Randegger conducted. There was a large attendance, and the music was evidently much enjoyed. Sir A. Sullivan just now is the most popular of English composers.

On Monday evening Brahms's Quintet in G (Op. 111), for two violins, two violas, and cello, was given for the first time in England at the Popular Concert. A new work from the pen of one of the greatest of living musicians naturally excites attention, and there was a large attendance. In the opening Allegro the thematic material is interesting, and it is developed with rare skill. The movement, however, although perfectly clear in form, cannot be taken in at a single hearing. We fancy that the music will increase in power as it becomes familiar. The short Adagio, with its plaintive theme, its questioning interlude, its characteristic variations, is the gem of the work. The third movement, Allegretto, has charm and delicacy. The Finale, to use a common expression, "smells of the lamp," and in places sounds ugly. But, again, it is too soon to form a definite opinion; it contains, in any case, clever writing. The Quintet was finely interpreted by Messrs. Joachim, Ries, Straus, Gibson, and Piatti, who were recalled

more than once at the close. Mlle. Eilona Eilenschütz was the pianist. She played Chopin's Etude in C sharp minor, from Op. 25 (although the one in the same key from Op. 10 was indicated in the programme-book). In this, and still more in the same composer's Scherzo in B flat minor, her reading was formal and cold. She gave Chopin's Valse in E minor as an encore. She took part in Beethoven's B flat Trio (Op. 97); but here again, although the technique was correct, her playing seemed perfunctory. Herr Joachim gave a magnificent rendering of Bach's "Chaconne," and of an encore movement by Bach. Mr. Orlando Harley, the vocalist, was well received.

Mlle. Jeanne Douste commenced a series of historical pianoforte recitals at the Steinway Hall on Monday afternoon. The scheme, suggested probably by the series of recitals given a few seasons ago by Rubinstein, is an excellent one. Students attending these concerts will be able to follow the course of pianoforte music from the age of Scarlatti, Couperin, and Bach, down to Liszt and other modern and living composers. Mlle. Douste was highly successful on Monday in many small eighteenth-century pieces. On Wednesday the programme was devoted entirely to Beethoven, and commenced with the Trio in C minor (Op. 1, No. 3). Mlle. Douste's rendering of the "Waldstein" Sonata was tame; and of all the Sonatas of this master none more than Op. 53 imperatively demands a *brío* style of performance.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE friends of the late Prosper Sainton are endeavouring to perpetuate his memory by the foundation, at the Royal Academy of Music, of a Violin and other Orchestral Scholarships. To this institution Mr. Sainton devoted no less than forty-five years of his life. The subscription list already amounts to nearly £500. Mr. Augustus Littleton, 1, Berners-street, is hon. treasurer.

THE first number of a weekly newspaper entitled *Musical News* is announced to appear on Friday, March 6. The proprietors include gentlemen connected with the Royal Academy, the Royal College, and the Guildhall School of Music.

M. YSAÏE, the Belgian violinist, will appear at the concert in aid of the funds of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children on March 20.

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LITERATURE.

"EVENTS OF OUR TIMES."—*The War in the Crimea*. By General Sir Edward Hamley. (Seeley.)

THIS book, the first of "Events of Our Times"—a series in the hands of Messrs. Seeley—has not disappointed our exacting hopes. General Hamley is well known as the accomplished author of a really great work, *The Operations of War*, the best military treatise in any language, if we except Napoleon's unrivalled "Commentaries"; and he has given us in this volume an admirable account of the Crimean War of 1854-5. The narrative is just what it ought to be—a clear, compendious, but able description of the events of that remarkable contest, scientific enough for the student of war, yet quite intelligible to the general reader. General Hamley has, for the most part, placed the facts of the war in their true proportions. His reflections are, as a rule, just; and it is one of his distinctive merits that he can describe a great siege, one of the most memorable in the annals of war, without employing recondite terms of art which would "make Quintilian stare and gasp," and are to unprofessional readers unknown mysteries. His eye, too, for delineation is exceedingly good, and his sketches of the different parts of the theatre are clear, graphic, distinct, and complete. We shall differ from him in some particulars, especially in his estimate of Pélissier. But his judgments on Lord Raglan are sound and accurate; and, on the whole, an intelligent reader will learn more of the subject from this little volume than he will gather from Kinglake's bulky history—a false, unjust, and meretricious work.

We shall not follow General Hamley in his brief account of the events that led to the Crimean War; he is impartial to all the Powers concerned. He shows from official sources that the siege of Sebastopol was contemplated as early as June, 1854; but we can hardly agree with him that an enterprise of the kind held out a reasonable prospect of success, through a mere descent on the Crimean coast. His sketch of the departure of the allied fleets, and of the landing at Old Fort, is vivid and good; but the student of war will note that two armies disembarked in a region completely unknown, without supplies or the means of transport—one cause of the grave disaster that followed. General Hamley's description of the fight of the Alma is just and admirable in all respects, and exhibits his practical knowledge of war. The battle was the first great conflict of European armies that broke the repose of the long peace, if we omit the

events of 1848-49; and it was marked on all sides by very plain errors. Had Menschikoff taken a position on our flank, we doubt if we could have advanced at all. The allies would have been compelled to fight with their backs to the sea, and in a front parallel to a precarious base; and their enemy would have had his communications covered. The Russian general, however, resolved to stand, and to make a passive defence in front. But he carried out badly this vicious system—he did not secure his left at all, and he occupied the ground without skill or insight. On the other hand, the plan of the allied attack was ill-conceived, and a bad display of tactics. The assailing armies, beyond dispute, ought to have extended themselves to the enemy's right, and endeavoured to force him against the sea, where the slightest reverse would have been destruction. The chiefs did not see and understand their business. The French attack, again, was feeble and ill-designed: thousands of men were not engaged at all, and a whole army did little more than make a demonstration of doubtful value. Nor were we less faulty on our side. General Hamley very properly condemns the erratic ride of the commander-in-chief, absurdly made a subject of praise by Kinglake; and our attacks were desultory, badly combined, and imperfect. The dogged and fierce courage of the British soldier got the better at last of these shortcomings; and the line, as usual, beat the column, an experience as old as the days of Pyrrhus, if the line is composed of better men. But the Russians were very inferior in numbers; and the battle of the Alma was a mere victory, whereas it ought to have been a decisive triumph.

General Hamley properly rejects the theory—swallowed by Kinglake in order to sneer at the French—that Sebastopol would have fallen at once, had the allies, after the Alma, marched on the place. He shows that Todleben's view of the subject, advanced to magnify his own exploits, when fairly examined, is utterly untrue. The allies might perhaps have mastered the north of the fortress, but they could not have mastered the south side without the co-operation of the fleet; and the Russians prevented this by sinking some of their ships. Bad as a tactician, Menschikoff had strategic knowledge. He showed skill in closing the mouth of the harbour and covering the fortress on its most vulnerable side; and he acted rightly in marching towards Bakshisarai with his defeated army. General Hamley describes the well-known flank march; justly censures Lord Raglan for the scant precautions taken in a difficult and perilous movement; and asserts that the allied and Russian chiefs were alike to blame for faulty reconnoitring. He gives us an excellent account of the allied positions as ground was taken before Sebastopol; and examines and dismisses the view—we are afraid Todleben has extolled himself—that the place could have succumbed to a sudden assault. General Hamley properly shows how absurd was the notion that the allied fleets could have reduced the forts of the Russians. Wooden walls were no match for stone walls, even in the days

of the old round shot, and were certain not to resist shells; and our ships and those of the French were, beyond dispute, beaten. The first great act of the siege, however, was the bombardment of October 17. Our batteries certainly accomplished much and silenced the fire of those of the enemy; but we think it very doubtful whether an assault could have been tried, with good hope of success, even had the French batteries remained intact. General Hamley describes the stirring events that followed impartially, and in a very clear narrative. The Russian army in the field had by this time been strengthened. Balaklava and the adjoining tract was an outlying and vulnerable part of our lines, and the enemy soon made an effort against it. General Hamley gives us a striking account of the deeds of the Heavy and Light Brigades, unparalleled, perhaps, as feats of horsemen; but if this was magnificent it was not war, and he properly censures Lord Raglan's orders. This leads us to the great day of Inkerman, the most heroic, perhaps, of England's battles. Nothing can be better than the sketch in this work, it fairly shows that, had the Russian chiefs known how to make use of their overwhelming numbers, nothing probably could have saved the allied armies from a crushing reverse, if not from destruction. But the Russian attacks were, so to speak, strangled—masses of men were crowded on a narrow space, and could not make their superior force tell; time was given to the hard-pressed allies, and the enemy sullenly abandoned the field. But before the victory was won, the British army was subjected to a trial never endured before in its history, from Malplaquet to Waterloo; and its achievements deserve imperishable fame.

Survivors of the time recollect vividly the deep anxiety that prevailed in England when the intelligence arrived of the fight of Inkerman, with its glory and its evident perils. Three or four weeks passed, and the allied armies found themselves in a state not very much better than that of the Grand Army during the retreat from Moscow. General Hamley describes, with a graphic touch, the sufferings of our troops in that fearful winter, when famine and cold devoured thousands of victims, yet could not quench the spirit of our devoted soldiery. Making every allowance for the unexpected results of the hurricane of November 14, the disasters that occurred might have been foreseen; they flowed from the circumstance that two armies had landed in a remote nook of the East without a regular base or proper supplies, and undertook a siege of the first order without appliances of which they stood in need. Nevertheless, as the allies had the command of the sea, and easy communication with France and England, it seems to us that there was much negligence on the part of the War Offices of both countries. After the failure of October 17, and when it was resolved to winter on the Crimean seaboard, a little forethought might have averted, in part, the calamity that befell the two armies. General Hamley is probably right in excusing the ad-

ministrators on the spot from serious blame; and, in truth, the military organisation of England and France was, at the time, unequal to a great and sustained effort. While English and French regiments were wasting away, under the terrible effects of a Russian winter, the garrison of Sebastopol was greatly increased; and, with the Russian field army, it had suffered less than the worn-out enemies opposed to it. General Hamley observes that the Russian commanders ought to have crushed the allies had they attacked in force. Todleben, the soul of the defence, was an engineer, and in no sense a strategist; and, for our part, we have no doubt that the memory of Inkerman forbade an attack. General Hamley admirably describes the system of counter-approaches employed by Todleben; as the spring advanced, what had been only a fortress became an enormous entrenched camp, surrounded for miles by formidable works, which greatly increased the means of resistance. By this time succour had reached the enfeebled besiegers; the French army had become a very large force, and the English army had been greatly strengthened; and the second grand bombardment was tried in April. General Hamley correctly says, no doubt, that the zone of defence was much injured; but he rather hints than asserts that a fair chance existed to carry the place by assault. Considering what happened afterwards, we are convinced that an effort of the kind would have probably failed.

The belligerent forces were now divided into the besiegers within their trenches and lines, the garrison of Sebastopol in its entrenched camp, and the allied and Russian armies in the field. But the besiegers were hardly as strong as the garrison—the position of the latter was certainly the stronger; while the allies could oppose the Russians with a more powerful army. In this condition of affairs, we venture to say that, strategically, Louis Napoleon was right in urging that the allies should take the field, and attempt to operate against Sebastopol by striking at the communications of the Russian army; the fortress would fall of itself before long, and easily, were the effort successful. This advice, however, was rudely rejected by Pélissier, the French commander-in-chief, who had replaced the feeble Canrobert; and, with due deference to General Hamley, this strategy, we believe, was wrong, though we shall not pretend to say that the Emperor's plans, made at a distance, were more than correct in theory. Pélissier was a man of rugged nature, but a daring, resolute, and stout soldier; and setting his master's schemes at naught, he applied himself to "taking the bull by the horns," and pressing the siege, whatever the cost. He showed strength of character in all that he did; but his generalship, we think, was altogether faulty. The third great bombardment of the first week of June once more shattered the lines of the defence, and gave the allies possession of important outworks; but no assault followed, and it would have probably failed. Pélissier continued doggedly to pour "a fire of hell" into the beleaguered place. But the great attack of June 18, when a formidable

assault was at last tried, was defeated at every point with loss; and though Pélissier made several plain mistakes, we are inclined to think that it was even now premature. Lord Raglan died soon after this failure; and the French general went on "pegging away," much after the fashion of Grant in his march across Virginia to assail Richmond. By degrees the pressure of the besiegers told; and an expedition happily made against Kertch—almost the only strategic move of the allies—deprived the Russians of a great depot of supplies, and had a marked effect on the defence of Sebastopol. The summer months were passed in this way, and the power of the garrison declined by degrees as the energy of the attack increased. Meanwhile the Sardinians had joined the allies; and an effort made by the Russian field army to operate against the besiegers' flank was repulsed, with great slaughter, on the Tchernaya.

The last act of the drama was reached in September; and Sebastopol fell, after a protracted struggle, which had endured for not far from a year. General Hamley gives us a striking account of the agony of the beleaguered fortress: how the city crumbled into a waste of ruin; how the undaunted garrison sternly held out, though slaughtered by hundreds day after day; how the choking hospitals became scenes of horror worse than the Inferno of Dante. The final assault took place on the 8th of September. After a desperate fight the Malakoff fell; but it deserves special notice that the attacks failed at every other point of the zone of the defence, a clear proof that the strength of the place was enormous. With the fall of the Malakoff the tragedy closed. But the Russians made good their way to the northern side; and they were soon in communication with the army in the field, which still maintained an imposing attitude. The capture of the city, in fact, gave the allies only a colossal wreck; they had not nearly crippled their stubborn foes, and, strategically, their position was not as good as that of the Russians, brilliant as had been their success. This in our judgment condemns Pélissier; and, as a matter of fact, it became most doubtful how the war in the Crimea was to be prolonged should the Russians maintain a stand in the winter. The exhaustion, however, of the power of the Czar solved a problem otherwise difficult in the extreme; the military strength of Russia was broken, and peace was made in the beginning of 1856. The conditions of 1812 had, in truth, been reversed; it was the Russians who had to make immense marches, without proper supplies, through frozen deserts; and their losses reached, perhaps, half a million of men—much the same as the loss of the Grand Army—while those of the allies were comparatively small, cruelly as they had suffered in the winter of 1854.

The war as a whole did not create any military reputation of the first order. Todleben made a memorable defence, and displayed wonderful engineering resource; but no French, English, or Russian commander can be said to have shown supreme ability. The contest, however, fully brought out the qualities in war of three great races, and it

is this feature of it which gives it undying interest.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Gossamer and Snowdrift. The Posthumous Poems of Charles Mackay. (George Allen.)

CHARLES MACKAY's gift of song had a certain literal character, for he was essentially a song-writer. There were few forms of verse which he did not attempt, but the only one in which he excelled was this. His longer poems give one the impression of being laboured; his short ones—those which catch some feeling of the moment, some salient truth which all the world will recognise, and which express it in rhythmic words for the popular ear—are natural, forcible, and effective. We do not go to him as we do to Wordsworth for the inner secrets of nature, but he puts into admirable verse for us those more apparent *Voices of the Mountains* which strike every ear. This word "voices" had a use and fitness for him which he was not slow to see. He called another of his volumes *Voices of the Crowd*; and it is noticeable that nearly every poem of his which lives in the recollection is the utterance of some voice or other, which is audibly welling up from the hearts of men or from the world outside. It is the true function of the song-writer to catch these voices and give them emphasised expression. The everlasting hopefulness out of which great movements spring, and by which heroic labours are sustained, is the voice we hear in such songs as "Cheer, boys, cheer!" and the "Good time coming." They are pitched in a new key, but the truth they express is as old as human nature. Mr. Eric Mackay, in an introduction to this volume, says that armies have marched to the words of the first of these songs, and that "nations, dating from 1848, have found their watchword and their rallying-cry" in the second. The latter assertion seems a bold one, but who is to question its strict accuracy? There is no political economy in the "Good time coming"; it solves no social problems, and suggests no practical groundwork on which nations and constitutions and peoples can be established, but it breathes the spirit which goes to the making of all. In songs of this kind Charles Mackay is seen at his best. Its essential quality is not high, its range of expression is limited, but its power of impulse and of encouragement is unlimited. When he tried to give voice to profounder or remoter thoughts not easily articulated, he failed. An instance of such an attempt, and of the failure resulting from it, is furnished by his *Studies from the Antique*. They are studies of a dead antique; not of a living past. Let them be compared with Keats's "Ode on a Grecian Urn," and the difference will be seen at once. "Heard melodies"—says Keats in that poem—"are sweet, but those unheard are sweeter." While Mackay could reproduce with vivid effect the actual voices around him, he lacked the genius to give voice and fresh being to a long-forgotten age and its interests.

To be a poet of the present is perhaps distinction enough, but even that distinction must be qualified in Charles Mackay's case.

The present, more than any age since the world began, is a time of speculation, of anxious doubt, of bold conjecture. We accept none of the old theories without trying them; and some of them, after trial, we are disposed altogether to reject. Mackay did not share the modern spirit in these respects. He had no doubts or misgivings. The only problems that perplexed him were such as concerned the undue power of wealth, the helplessness of poverty, the prevalence of might over right. But his faculty of belief was almost as great as his power of hope, and his message to everyone was the assurance that everything would come right in the end. "Cheer, boys, cheer!" might have been added as a refrain to nearly everything that he wrote. One is glad to find in this collection of the poet's last poems verses that recall most of his styles. If there is nothing here that will be remembered as long as some of his more popular songs, there is much that will bear reading again and again. There is the same vigorous denunciation of craft, cunning, and hypocrisy, with which he made us familiar thirty years ago; the same high hopefulness and confident outlook to the future. But while the vigour is not abated, there is added a thoughtful grace, a charm which came with age, and which shows the placid contentment of a mind to which a long life brought more satisfactions than sorrows. In some of the more chastened verses in this volume, the poet reaches a profounder depth than he had explored before. This single quatrain, epigrammatic in its completeness, is an instance:

"Frail body! cease to sue for breath,
Thou canst not conquer in the strife:
Time was created but for Death,
And all Eternity for Life!"

The same quality is observable in the following poem, which also illustrates the tendency to hope all things, and believe all things, which is so marked in most of Charles Mackay's poetry:

"IMMORTALITY.

"Man never dies—but all men die,
Is this the immortality
We fondly crave? When we are gone
Are we as heedless as a stone
Of all that was or is to be?
Alas, for thee! Alas, for me!
The blooming rose, the mounting flame,
Might, could they think, repeat the same
Sad query to the passer-by,
And ask if they but live to die;
And if the life that moves them now
Is all the cruel fates allow.
Woe's me! like gudgeons in a glass,
We turn and twist, but cannot pass,—
In vain we'd work the problem out,
Our senses fail us and we doubt;
And when to doubt is but to grieve,
Is it not better to believe?"

There are examples here, also, of that trenchant style in which most of the *Voices of the Crowd* were written. Mackay's Muse had pity for the poor and contempt for the vulgar rich, but she had no tolerance for ignorance and brutality, even when they might plead poverty as a partial cause. The poem of "Gutterslush: Maker of Parliaments," from which the following extracts are taken, is a picture of the British working-man which is not often presented

for his contemplation, but which it is well he should sometimes see:

"Gutterslush, one of the million
Can neither read nor write,
But can drink and swagger and bluster
And, if he likes, can fight.
He labours for his daily bread,
And thinks the toil severe;
And spends the better half of his wage
In tobacco and in beer.

"His wretched, ragged helpmate
Works harder far than he,
To earn a crust for the starving brats
That clamber at her knee,
Or swarm in the putrid alleys
In the puddle and the rain,
To pluck up vice in the gutter,
Deadening heart and brain."

The "good time coming," however, is nearer than it was when these verses were written. Poverty and vice there will always be; but—in Mackay's own words—

"Justice is ever done,
However cruel and long
May seem the run of wrong,
And . . . all earth and heaven above
Live in God's land of light and love."

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Racing Reminiscences, and Experiences of the Turf. By Sir George Chetwynd, Bart. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

Turf Celebrities I have known. By William Day. (White.)

SIR GEORGE CHETWYND'S book has been looked forward to with much interest by the racing world, as few men have such experience on the subject, or have felt in their own persons more of the triumphs and annoyances of the turf.

His first volume consists of a running commentary on the Racing Calendar from the year 1869 to the close of last year, interspersed with many amusing anecdotes of the celebrities with whom he made acquaintance during that period—jockeys, trainers, backers, and owners. Many of these stories are told with much verve and humour; and it must be said, to Sir George's credit, that his judgments on all classes of the racing world are passed in a kindly spirit, a spirit which sometimes carries him too far in the condonation of conduct, notoriously indefensible, that has done so much to bring disrepute on a noble pastime. Kindness, however, is certainly preferable to censoriousness, and there is nothing contained in Sir George's Reminiscences that should hurt the feelings of any one connected with the persons and transactions alluded to in his book.

The anecdote told of the notorious Mr. Fred Swindell is illustrative of Sir George's practice, and is simply inimitable in its genuine humour. That well-known character was very ill; and Mr. George Payne, a great favourite with the author and with the whole world of sport, meeting a friend of his, asked after the sufferer. "He's very queer, Mr. Payne, very queer," was the grave reply. "You don't mean to say he thinks he is going to die, do you?" asked Mr. Payne. "Well, Mr. Payne, it isn't quite that; what he is afraid of is, that if he does, he might not be asked up into the drawing-room." It cannot be denied that

there are many racing men unfit for drawing-room society either above or below.

Sir George's Reminiscences commence before Sandown and Kempton Races had been instituted, in days when half-mile scurries were in existence, and the big stakes open at the present time unknown. Of the jockeys of whom he speaks with the greatest enthusiasm, Fordham, Archer, and Tom Cannon, the last still adorns the profession, and fortunately no word has ever been said to sully his reputation. While quite sharing Sir George's admiration for the skill of those artists, it cannot be denied that both Fordham and Cannon have lost races from the besetting sin of great jockeys, the temptation to lie too far out of their course, which Mr. William Day justly declares is the worst fault that can be committed. It is only with perfect judgment of pace that the triumph of art, to appear out of the race till the finish, and then to drop as it were from the clouds and win, can be achieved. Well do I remember such a performance by Fordham, when he won the Goodwood Stakes on Gomera in 1867; but, at the same meeting, he threw away an absolute certainty by lying equally far from the leaders, certainly a quarter of a mile, and having to hustle his horse to make it up in a mile, instead of two and a-half miles, only reached his horses at the distance to die away again hopelessly beaten. Cannon's brilliant successes of this nature are innumerable, which it were needless to name; but often enough his backers are horrified to see him coming in quietly in the ruck of beaten horses, sitting as still as if he were riding in the park for pleasure, and not contesting a race. Of course he has found out before the finish that his chance is hopeless; but his backers cannot often but feel that an earlier effort in the race might have had a more satisfactory result.

There are two schools of riders—the waiting school, Tom Cannon, his pupil Watts, and old Johnny Osborne being among its greatest exponents; and the forcing school, of which the late Fred Archer was the best that ever lived, and Tom Loates, with many other light weights, are examples. A race won by High Havens at Sandown in October last is an example of the success of forcing tactics. It was for two-year-olds, over the five-furlong course, which, as Sir G. Chetwynd points out, requires as much doing as six or seven furlongs elsewhere. It was the last race of the day; and, having backed High Havens, I left the stand, and stopped at the rails on the five-furlong course to see the horses pass, when they were about one furlong from the start. The sight was not pleasing to a backer of the favourite, as Huguenot was sailing away with a four-length head, High Havens was fourth or fifth, and his rider, T. Loates, was sitting down and driving him, as he had done from the start, quite outpaced and apparently not in it. But the colt, who is a rare stayer, caught his horses at the distance, and finished an easy winner. I am firmly convinced that his victory was due to Loates's determined riding, who never let him rest from start to finish; whereas with a lenient rider like Tom Cannon or Watts on his back, he would

never have been in it, and Huguenot unchallenged would have sailed in an easy winner.

The late Fred Archer was the greatest jockey of this class, and of him Sir George writes thus :

"Whatever faults he had, poor fellow, he was the finest 'backers' jockey' that has ever lived. He only thought of winning the race on the horse he rode somehow; and although he often got into trouble about foul riding, it was probably excessive anxiety to win that led him astray in the excitement of the moment."

This is most true; and, with rare exceptions, Archer was so determined to win on the horse he rode that he would risk his own life, or that of any other jockey in the race, for that purpose. When apparently shut in, he would take his horse through the eye of a needle, and escape often by miracle. No other jockey that ever lived would run his risks. But he was absolutely unscrupulous as to the risks he might impose on others. I well remember his winning one of Captain Machell's good things at Alexandra Park. A friend of mine had a good plater in the race that was in excellent form at the time; and the child who was riding her told the owner after the race, with tears in his eyes, "I could have won, sir, but Mr. Archer drove me on to the rails, and nearly killed me." My friend considered that it would be quite useless to complain, as none of the jockeys would have dared to give evidence against the great Mr. Archer, even if his own little boy could have been screwed up to tell the tale. Owing to the nature of the course, nothing could be seen from the stand; and these celebrities, like "Mr." Archer and "Mr." Wood, were able to play with impunity what tricks they liked with the manikins opposed to them.

Talk about a jockey ring is no novelty. Such talk, directed entirely against Wood and Archer, was rampant in 1886, when Sir George Chetwynd, fully persuaded of their innocence, brought the subject by notice before the Jockey Club, and the Stewards, while acknowledging the possibility of the truth of the rumours in question, were of opinion that, as no formulated accusation had been made, they were not required to open an inquiry. I agree with Sir George that this was a weak position to take up, and that it would have been far better to institute a searching investigation. He writes as follows :

"I do not consider that the Stewards acted with wisdom or courage in their treatment of this matter. Who was likely to bring evidence, supposing that such a ring had existed? The jockeys were their servants, their names were freely discussed, and the Stewards could have had them called up, and made them produce their betting and bankers books to prove their innocence. Personally, I do not believe such a conspiracy was ever entered into. If horses were pulled in races, I expect it was done by jockeys of their own accord, because they thought it safe to back Wood or Archer, at a time when both were riding a number of winners. Men would be idiots ever to make a bet, or ever to believe in trainer or jockey, if one-tenth of the roguery went on that ill-natured people—ignorant of horses' form, and spiteful at losing their money—assert to be of common occurrence." (Vol. I. pp. 216-17.)

All this is most true; but I cannot but think

that had a real inquiry, not one for white-washing purposes, then taken place, both Wood and Archer would have lost their licences, and Sir George Chetwynd would have been saved from the terrible position in which he has been since placed by his continued implicit confidence in the former most unscrupulous jockey.

Archer put an end to his own life, at the close of 1886, in the madness of fever brought on partly by wasting, and partly by disappointment at not carrying off the great coup he planned upon St. Mirin in the Cambridgeshire, when he missed making £60,000 by a short head. Sir George exonerates him from all blame in the riding of Galliard in 1883 in the Derby; but there is no doubt that this is not the general opinion of the racing world. Lord Falmouth withdrew from the Turf and sold all his horses after that race, which he thought that he would and should have won, had his horse Galliard been ridden fairly. Those more censoriously inclined than Sir G. Chetwynd consider to this day that the result of that race was caused by a conspiracy of the jockeys concerned, and that Lord Falmouth was not fairly beaten.

It is well known that all these ugly rumours culminated in the Earl of Durham's speech at the Gimcrack Club at York in December, 1887, which resulted in the public trials which followed. In his Preface Sir G. Chetwynd states that in the Appendix of his book a report of the trial is printed. This is not exactly correct; the Appendix of his second volume contains a verbatim report of his own examination, and of the portions of Sherard's and Wood's re-examination which deny his acquaintance with their improper transactions. I think that no fair-minded man can read this Appendix without at once acquitting Sir George Chetwynd of any personal complicity in the charges that had been brought against his stable. In his indignation at the injustice of the charges against himself, he forgets that his proved pecuniary transactions with his jockey gave a colour to the harsh statements so generally made about himself, which Lord Durham in his determination to put an end to a public scandal insisted should be brought to the test of a public investigation. I am convinced that Lord Durham was throughout actuated by the purest public motives; and the result, if in nothing else, was advantageous in getting rid from the turf of the most unscrupulous jockey who ever brought disgrace upon it. Sir George Chetwynd is probably the only individual who considers that the Jockey Club have been guilty of injustice in depriving this man of his licence. He appears still to have a sublime confidence in the purity of his maligned jockey, and would evidently wish him to be restored to a profession which he so adorned. The whole subject is unpleasant to dwell upon; but as one half of Sir George's second volume is taken up with his own evidence on the trial, it was impossible to pass it by without notice.

I have little space left to refer to Mr. William Day's *Turf Celebrities*. The celebrities included in the volume can hardly be brought within that category, and some

names seem to be introduced solely for the purpose of stating that they did not pay their trainers' bills. With the exception of the story of Foxhall and his wonderful triumphs, there is little of interest in the book; and in literary finish the trainer is nowhere with the sporting baronet. Taken all for all, Sir G. Chetwynd's *Reminiscences* is the best racing book I know; and as a neat raconteur, Sir George shows great literary skill. It were impossible for the most practised writer to have told better the amusing story of George Fordham and Woolcott, Digby Grand's trainer, putting to a better use the bottle of old port which Mr. Graham had provided to stimulate the courage of his horse before the race, which he won, when the jockey and not the horse had benefited by the owner's kind forethought.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

Selections in English Prose: from Elizabeth to Victoria. By James M. Garnett, Professor of the English Language and Literature in the University of Virginia. (Edward Arnold.)

THE editor of a volume of selections from English Prose may hope to convey some pleasure to his readers, but not to satisfy them; for, if he be worthy of his office, he cannot ever satisfy himself. When his choice is made, and his volume is expanded to its largest size, he must always feel that this author should be added, or that passage might be changed for something better. From these disappointments there is no escape; and the more scholarly the editor, the more fully must he share them with his readers. A selection implies a choice and a refusal; the selector's work is delicate, and his opportunities, no less than his materials, are limited by the very nature of his employment. But there are certain principles, I imagine, about which every selector would agree; and certain objects, I suppose, that each one of them would place before himself as something to be aimed at, and if possible to be achieved. He must wish his volume to include specimens of every development and change in prose, during the centuries which are to be embraced in his collection. He would assemble those whom he thought the best authors to represent the periods in question; and from their writings he would endeavour to choose the most interesting, the most beautiful, and the most characteristic passages. He would select, if it were feasible, from every kind of writer by whom English has been worthily and finely handled; and if he be an editor of absolutely sound and proper feeling, he will give to each author the exact spelling and punctuation used in the best contemporary editions. That is to say, he will strive to make his volume historical and representative, and to display in it the perfection, the strength, and the variety of the English genius. In the application of these principles, however, few selectors can agree. In the periods and in the authors chosen, in the number, the length, and the nature of the pieces, there are many diversities of opinion; and every attempt reveals the utmost latitude in judgment and in knowledge. Of the last, indeed, it is even

possible to have too much; and some editors appear to have indulged in what Tacitus calls the *licentia vetustatis*, the debauchery of philologists and pedants. These usually begin their specimens in a dim antiquity; producing thence not the *impube corpus*, the delicious boyhood of our standard writing, but the unborn members of it, the embryos of prose. These anatomies are indispensable, no doubt, for the historian, the philologist; but the fair field of literature should be guarded from the Canidias and Saganas who collect them, and who delight in them. They are not more necessary to the student of letters than a physiologist's jars and vials are necessary to the culture of an average humane being. Extremes meet, they say, like infancy and second childhood; and "Middle English" is no more fit to appear in a collection of standard prose than "Pigeon English" is, or than "English as She is Spoke": the English, then as now, of people who have a language but not a literature. The anatomists of language are not usually the best judges of English prose, and we may dismiss them to continue their researches in that middle world of the poet,

"Where nameless Somethings in their causes sleep."

From the charge of antiquarian debauchery, Mr. Garnett is entirely free; but, for other reasons, his title itself and the opening of his preface gave me no little anxiety about the remainder of his volume. "Selections in English Prose," he calls it. You may study in, or examine into a subject, but surely you select from, or out of, or among, the various examples from which you are to choose. "A preface may be expected to give the *raison d'être* of a book," Mr. Garnett says, "especially of a book of selections, when one might think this business overdone." And I cannot help thinking that he begins unhappily; for his last clause is neither logical, nor elegant, nor clear. And if Mr. Garnett had read his Addison with more sympathy, we should not have been disturbed at the very entrance to his treasury of prose by his offering us a base coin like "*raison d'être*."

"I have often wished," wrote Addison, "that certain men might be set apart as superintendents of our language, to hinder any words of a foreign coin from passing among us; and in particular to prohibit any French phrases from being current in this kingdom, when those of our own stamp are altogether as valuable."

And he goes on, with his usual sense and irony, to illustrate the vice which he exposes. If the French in Mr. Garnett's volume displeases me, the Latin that is in it, or not in it, pleases me even less. "The labor," as he writes, "of identifying the Latin quotations has been great, and will be appreciated only by those who have undergone similar labor." The labour will certainly be understood by those who know Latin; but I doubt whether the result will be appreciated. "Some of the quotations," he adds, "have, notwithstanding, eluded my search." The term *elementarii senes* is one of them, and Mr. Garnett renders it "premature old men." The words are in Seneca, "*Elementarius senex, res turpis et ridicula*"; but the sense would appear to

be the contrary of Mr. Garnett's rendering, as Ben Jonson's context might have shown him. *Elementarius* means belonging to the rudiments or to the elements of a thing; a *senex elementarius* is an old man still entangled among his nouns and verbs, still blundering through his alphabet; not a "premature," but a backward and ludicrous old man. The well-known quotation, *libertino patre natus*, has also "eluded" Mr. Garnett. In the sixth Satire of the first book of Horace, in the forty-fifth and forty-sixth lines, may be read the phrase which Sir Philip Sidney has adapted; and in Tacitus, in the third chapter of the thirteenth book of the Annals, is the quotation, *temporis ejus auribus accommodatum*. Tacitus uses it of the style and intellect of Seneca; but not, I think, in commendation, as Dryden says when he misquotes the passage and applies the words to Chaucer. I will not pursue any more of Mr. Garnett's fugitive Latin; for not only quotations, but translations, appear sometimes to have "eluded" him. Though, I wonder if it were to save his "labor" that he omitted the whole of the mottoes in the selections from Addison and Steele; it may have been done in kindness to himself, but unkindly to his readers and unkindly to those writers' memory. By nothing is the prettiness of their wit and scholarship more fairly shown than by the placing of those choice posies.

Addison and Steele are masters in the happy art of taking their reader by surprise: they win his confidence by stealth, and often lead him to his destination when they seem to loiter upon the way; and, while I meant to be talking still about the preface, they have carried me into the middle of the selections. These Mr. Garnett has made upon a deliberate plan; and, whether his plan be good or bad, he is faithful to it and very successful in it. Mr. Saintsbury's Collection, he says, and the Camelot volume of English Prose, both err in having too many authors. The former contains ninety-six authors; the latter, fifty-six; Mr. Garnett himself is content with thirty-three. If there be a crowd of authors in a volume, the selections from them are likely to be short; and many readers of Mr. Saintsbury's Collection must have felt that his pieces were sometimes too short to give a fair example of the authors' manner, and sometimes too incomplete to give pleasure in themselves. Mr. Garnett has tried to meet this real difficulty, by choosing very few authors and by giving very long selections. Now, I think it is reasonable to distinguish between a collection of authors, for the purpose of giving authors; and a selection from our prose, for the purpose of exhibiting its perfection, its variety, and its finest writers. If Mr. Saintsbury has too many authors for this latter purpose, and their pieces too short, Mr. Garnett has too few authors and their pieces too long; and the Camelot volume, while exhibiting the faults of both editors, inclines too much in some of its pieces towards the methods of Mr. Garnett. Selections should not be fragmentary, but should not be tedious; and we should be able to enjoy them without labour, though without being tantalised or disappointed; and the volume which con-

tains them should be a companion, to remind us of the great names in English prose, and to supply us with admirable and interesting examples of their style. In such a selection, I should ask myself first of all whether the volume, as a whole, contained an adequate and a representative list of English writers; if I were satisfied about that, I should go on to examine the worth and the character of the individual pieces. It may be doubted whether a list of thirty-three authors can be adequate and representative; and Mr. Garnett's volume seems to me rather a collection of good pieces about English literature, than a selection which does justice to the variety of our authors and to the resources of our prose.

Mr. Garnett begins his volume with Lyly, and ends it with Carlyle. I agree with him entirely when he says, we do not want "to see English prose in the making": that we can see in Dr. Stubbs's "Charters," and in Dr. Freeman's compositions; but I should not be satisfied with a volume of French prose that began with Montaigne or Rabelais. I should like to begin with Joinville or Villehardouin, and to be led through Froissart and De Commynes to the sixteenth century. In an English collection, I like to find something of Maundeville or Wyclif, and so to pass with Fortescue and Malory to Sir Thomas More. Between More and Lyly, English was being written by Latimer and Crammer; and what prose is more dignified and free, more musical and strong, than the prose of Crammer, the prose of the English liturgy? Upon that prose, the Anglican divines were used to form their style; some of our best writing is to be met among them, and I fear Mr. Garnett has frequented them too little in choosing his collection. The place of Clarendon is not among the essayists writing tediously upon "Happiness." He would probably say of himself, "I am happiest, not in writing of a happiness, which I seldom knew, but in recording those misfortunes which I saw and shared, *quorum pars magna fui*"; and it is surely in his characters, or in the stirring events of the Rebellion, that he excels. Sir William Temple, too, is not "in his elbow chair and undressed," as Lamb has it, talking of gardens and of ambassadors; but is writing poorly and ill at ease upon "The Ancient and Modern Learning." Raleigh, Walton, and Berkeley can ill be spared from any collection of the finest prose. Lander is not best in his "Dialogues," where he is but personating the words and thoughts of other men; and if Macanlay must be given, it should be in some of his most glowing periods. Gibbon is admirable in his *Memoirs*, but most himself in *The Decline and Fall*; and never more wanted as a model than in this age teeming with historians. For the same reason are Thackeray and Fielding wanted: to teach those who are "busied with fiction," as they call it, that novels may be written in good English and filled with humour, with tenderness, and with common sense.

ARTHUR GALTON.

NEW NOVELS.

The Maid of Honour. By the Hon. Lewis Wingfield. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

April's Lady. By Mrs. Hungerford. In 3 vols. (White.)

An American Widow. By A. Kevill-Davies. In 3 vols. (Trischler.)

Just Impediment. By Richard Pryce. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

Exciting Leaves from a Curate's Diary. By B. S. Berrington. (Elliot Stock.)

Too Apt a Pupil. By Robert Cleland. (Blackwood.)

MR. LEWIS WINGFIELD is an interesting and conscientious writer, and his stories are never rapid or unnatural. He has not written anything better than *The Maid of Honour*, which presents just that agreeable mixture of historical fact and imaginative incident that makes a novel eminently readable. It is "a tale of the dark days of France." France has had a good many dark days; but those which are dark and sombre, *par excellence* or *par infâme*, are associated with the Revolution of 1789. This is the period chosen by the author; and his heroine—a woman of noble courage, great beauty, and steadfast affections—is Gabrielle, Marquise de Gange, one of the loveliest ladies in France, whose wonderful complexion gained for her the sobriquet of "the Lily." She was the bosom friend and attendant of Marie Antoinette and the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. Her husband seemed unaware of the treasure he possessed in her, and left her to the persecution and the unholy passions of his half-brothers, Phebus and Pharamond. The latter was an Abbé of sensual instincts, a kind of satyr in human form, perhaps the most powerfully drawn character in the book, who reminds us of creations by Victor Hugo and Eugene Sue. Mr. Wingfield draws a vivid picture of French society just before the Revolution, when the aristocracy seemed ignorant of the fact that they were standing upon the edge of a volcano. It was then "the first duty of serfs to labour for their betters; their second, when the worn machinery was out of gear, to retire underground with promptitude." Terrible was the reaction when it came; and this novel embraces the period from the destruction of the Bastille to the execution of the King. The historical element, however, is not obtrusive, the sorrows of Gabrielle forming the real groundwork of the novel. Stage by stage we follow the wicked passion of Pharamond, until at last it leads him into various attempts at murder. The awful retribution which overtakes him and his fellow-plotters the reader will discover for himself. The lesson of the whole story is conveyed in an observation by Gabrielle: "The crafty and unscrupulous often overreach themselves; therein lies the salvation of those who have naught but innocence for armour." Mr. Wingfield's novel is both thoughtful and clever, and offers many flying suggestions of real interest in connexion with the deep things of human reason and philosophy.

The pleasanter aspects of Irish life have

been very agreeably and very smartly depicted by Mrs. Hungerford in *April's Lady*. It is a book without a tragedy, and is perhaps all the more welcome on that account. Joyce Kavanagh is one of the sweetest of heroines, but there is nothing humdrum about her. She manifests a good deal of the witchery of mother Eve, and is altogether such a creature of smiles and tears that the title of the novel very justly describes her. She has two lovers, named Beauclerk and Dysart. The former seems to be the favourite, though he is a mean-spirited selfish creature. Joyce finds out his true character, but it is not until she has "played it rather low" upon the faithful and noble Dysart. But when there is no longer any doubt of the worthlessness of Beauclerk, she gives him his *congé*; and it is with profound satisfaction that we find the heiress, Miss Maliphant, doing the same. Joyce's married sister, Barbara, is another Irish girl towards whom the reader will be irresistibly drawn. In addition to the story of their lives, there is a collateral plot dealing with the unhappy married life of Lord and Lady Baltimore. They are really profoundly devoted to each other, but the tongue of slander has put them apart. Happily, all misunderstandings are finally removed. Two children, Tommy and Mabel, furnish the humorous element in the story, and the former is certainly an *enfant terrible*. This novel has not a dull page in it. Mrs. Hungerford has written nothing better since *Molly Bawn*.

Mr. Kevill-Davies draws a sad picture of an erring woman in *An American Widow*. Beautiful and fascinating Mrs. Leonard seems to carry death about with her wherever she goes; and a good deal of her treachery and villainy seems absolutely purposeless. From the time she is first introduced on board an Atlantic liner, bound from New York to England, to the time when she commits suicide by jumping from the same steamer on the return voyage, she is given over to intrigue and crime. The way in which she is at last run to earth, after causing the death of several individuals during her wicked career, is very ingenious. The Americans will have a bone to pick with the author for some of his social and political deliverances. For example, he remarks that "the greatest enjoyment the average American derives from giving a dinner or party is the reading, on the following day, the account of it which he has paid the papers to publish." Mr. Robert Clinker, the great American detective in this story, undertakes

"to get into a fashionable social circle in England any young American woman who is tolerably smart, good-looking, and has a couple of thousand pounds in cash, no matter how low her parentage, or how bad her antecedents."

Mr. Kevill-Davies manages to lift the veil on a good deal of wickedness, English and American, especially the latter; but we hope that some of his estimates of human nature are overdrawn. He writes, however, with some amount of vivacity.

It was scarcely worth while for Mr. Richard Pryce to devote two volumes to the story he had to tell in *Just Impediment*.

Everybody knows there is a seamy side of life in London, but unless there is some special purpose to answer in its delineation—which is not apparent here—an author might certainly have been better engaged. We have glimpses of a Bohemian club, the Panther, and of music-halls and theatres where burlesque is the chief attraction. The large-limbed lady with richly-coloured hair, who deserts "Billy" Hartley for a friend, is a familiar personage in fiction; and nothing can be said for the rest of the characters except Lord Rutherford and Esther Wilton—two young people who fall in love with each other only to discover that they can never marry. It is not until the last few pages of the book that the nature of the "just impediment" is revealed, and then we discover that it is the incipient insanity of Miss Esther, which accounts for many vagaries hitherto inexplicable. Some time or other life will come to wear a serious aspect with Mr. Richard Pryce, and then he will perhaps wonder how he ever came to write *Just Impediment*.

The *Exciting Leaves from a Curate's Diary* are really not very exciting after all. Of course, clergymen in charge of a parish, if they keep their eyes open, are sure to experience many incidents which throw a strong light upon human nature, with its joys and sorrows, its trials and its triumphs. To the extent of recording some of these faithfully, Mr. Berrington's work fulfils its title. The passage of arms between the curate himself and the bishop who has licensed him for pastoral work is very entertaining. But there is nothing to lift the curate's career out of the ordinary run; and if every curate felt moved to publish an account of his labours, the world would not be large enough to contain the volumes that might be written.

Mr. Cleland writes well in *Too Apt a Pupil*, excellently distinguishing between his English and foreign characters; but we cannot say that we greatly care for the best, that is to say the most original, of them. Nevertheless, it is a real pleasure to meet with a writer who has something more than the ordinary power of analysis and description. Two personages, Colin and Assunta, are even powerfully drawn; and the volume, as a whole, is one of sustained interest.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

Graeco-Roman Institutions. Treated from Antievolutionist Points of View. By Emil Reich. (Oxford: Parker.) We have here the substance of four lectures given by Dr. Reich in "the schools" at Oxford during Hilary Term, 1890. The lectures themselves were well attended, and the way in which they were delivered added interest to their subjects. The questions raised are treated with freshness and originality; and, in lecturing in a foreign tongue, Dr. Reich gave proof of very high linguistic power. The last two of his lectures deal with rather miscellaneous topics: the classical city-state and its influence on various usages and political events; the question why Roman law has been adopted in Germany and France, but not in England or Hungary; and an attack on modern evolutionism as

applied to the rise and fall of social institutions. But the most interesting and constructive part of Dr. Reich's work will be found in the first two lectures on "The *vera causa* of Roman Law." He enquires why it was the Romans, and no other nation, who created a well-developed system of private law; and he decides that the *vera causa* of their private law was not their religious beliefs, as De Coulanges taught, but the Roman institution of *infamia*. It is much easier to feel sure that Dr. Reich knows all about *infamia* than to feel sure that he knows what *vera causa* means; but, no doubt, what he wants to express is that the existence of *infamia* at Rome led to the development of Roman private law. "Civil death was the lot of him who had the misfortune of getting defeated in civil lawsuits. . . . In fact. . . . the spectre of *infamia* threatened the citizens at nearly every step of their daily actions." Then of course, "in a commonwealth where ordinary business transactions were saturated with germs of the most deleterious nature, some citizens will naturally fall to thinking about remedies." This, accordingly, is why "the Romans, who never succeeded in systemising their constitutional or criminal law, felt induced to pay such extraordinary attention to the regulation and systematisation of private law." In other words, the law was brought to perfection in order to protect well-meaning but unfortunate citizens against their own acts landing them in *infamia*. But what is the proof of this? So far as we can understand, the proof offered is twofold: first, *a priori*, that the thing must have been so from the nature of the case; secondly, that there was no other cause at work. Indeed, other circumstances at Rome were not, Dr. Reich says, favourable to the growth of private law. "The Romans, until very late, never paid fees to their jurists." And again, "private law feeds on commercial and industrial relations; the Romans held commerce in contempt, as all military peoples do, and industrial enterprises were given over to slaves." This is much too strongly put, and yet without this sweeping assertion Dr. Reich's main position is seriously imperilled.

THE publication of Prof. Schürer's elaborate account of the condition, ideas, and feelings of the Jewish people at or about the Christian era has been proceeding in both Germany and England, and portions of editions in either language lie before us—*Geschichte des jüdischen Volkes im Zeitalter Jesu Christi* (Leipzig: Hinrichs); "Clark's Foreign Theological Library," vol. xli.; *A History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ*, by E. Schürer, First Division, Political History of Palestine, from B.C. 175 to A.D. 135, vol. i., translated by J. Macpherson (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark). These volumes really form part of a second and revised edition of Prof. Schürer's well-known *Manual of the History of New Testament Times*, and Division II. (three vols.) appeared in an English dress some five years ago (see ACADEMY, April 24, 1886). The present English volume goes down to the death of Herod the Great, and therefore leaves the history of a good many years still to be filled in. But English as well as German readers know what they have to expect from Prof. Schürer—a solid and carefully-wrought survey of the course of events and of the history of opinion, with each assertion verified and each contested point conscientiously fought out. The very German practice of accompanying one's statements by a running fire of references to recent literature on the subject is seen to advantage in a topic where the new literature, due to conjecture in the study and to research with the spade, springs up so rapidly. It is in part by the use of this newest information that Prof. Schürer goes further than his predecessors in distinguishing the Hellenistic

(or spuriously Hellenic) cities of Palestine and Phœnicia from those of Aramaic character. But the whole subject seems almost exhaustively dealt with. There is ample illustration of the illwill between Jews and Romans, but we have not been able to find much notice of the incessant bickering of Jews and Greeks. Something of dryness is inseparable from a work written on the above method, and originally meant perhaps rather as a manual to be consulted than as a book to be read through; but, with Mr. Macpherson's help, English readers will not find the dryness very repulsive. Now that we have referred to the translation we must go on to say that it seems on the whole well done. Mr. Macpherson has expressed what his author has to say in language which is really English in words and in construction. It is but seldom that a sentence, over-long or over-involved, reminds us of its German origin. At p. 3, however, the translator has put a rather fatuous remark into Prof. Schürer's mouth:

"The battles of the Maccabean age were epoch-making in the political history of the Jews. By them was the foundation laid for the construction of an independent Jewish commonwealth, and for its emancipation from the dominion of the Seleucidae. This deliverance was wholly effected in consequence of the Syrian empire."

Here the German is "Diese Loslösung ist dann infolge der Schwäche des syrischen Reiches wirklich gelungen," and it gives quite a different complexion to the remark. At p. 201, l. 16, the point is that the king fell, not that "the king himself joined in the mirth." At p. 329, l. 17, for "fastened" read "exposed."

Die Religion der alten Ägypter. By A. Wiedemann. (Münster: Aschendorff.) Prof. Wiedemann's name is a guarantee that the work to which it is attached will be sound, cautious, and complete. The account of the Religion of the Ancient Egyptians, which he has published in a series of volumes now appearing on the non-Christian religions of the world, is the best and fullest that has yet been given, in spite of its compact form and the low price (under three shillings) at which it is issued. His division of the subject is admirable, and the clearness of his statements leaves nothing to be desired. As he points out at the beginning, the religious and political life of ancient Egypt was so intimately connected that the history of the one implies that of the other; and though Egyptian religion, in all its essential characteristics, was fixed before the foundation of the united monarchy by Menes, changes of dynasty brought with them the supremacy of the deity of the locality to which the dynasty belonged. We are glad to find that Prof. Wiedemann follows Maspero in his view of the original nature and development of Egyptian religion, and characterises the rival system of Brugsch as that which represents the conceptions of Greek and Roman days rather than actual history. For the first time Prof. Maspero has brought the modern scientific method to bear upon the analysis of the dogmas of the old Egyptian faith. But we should like to ask both Prof. Maspero and Prof. Wiedemann a question to which we can find no reference in their works: How comes it that Ptah was the supreme god of Memphis and of the earlier dynasties, considering that the local divinity of Menes was Anhur of This?

Mithridate Eupator, Roi de Pont. Par Th. Reinach. (Paris: Firmin-Didot.) There are few more interesting pages, even in the varied story of Roman conquest, than that which tells how a barbarian from Asia became the chosen leader of the Greeks in their last struggle against Rome. The tale is a sad one from beginning to end. It is melancholy reading—however necessary we know the course of events to have

been—to watch the Roman power passing like a steam-roller over the varied and picturesque life of Hellas and the East, and crushing out not only the spirit of nationality, but, along with it, the feelings which had made Hellas great and kept her honest. The day of slavery indeed, as Homer says, takes away half of a man's excellence. It is sad to find Athens involved in the hopeless struggle, and to see the blood trickling out through the Dipylon gate. Nor is it least saddening to observe that Hellas could not find a leader of her own, nor even a worthy leader from abroad, but had to welcome with open arms a man like Mithridates, a despot and a foreigner, but thinly varnished with Hellenism. Even M. Reinach acknowledges (p. 299), and depicts excellently,—"ce mélange bizarre d'hellénisme et d'orientalisme, cette combinaison du sultan et du roi grec, qui caractérisa l'homme et le pays." The quarrel had to be fought out before the Greeks of two continents could reconcile themselves to their fallen estate, and the outrages of Roman governors and speculators gave to it a peculiarly ferocious character. The slaughter of Italians in Asia must, even after all deductions, have been prodigions; and, as Appian says, *δῆλον ἐγένετο τὴν Ἀσίαν οὐ φόβῳ Μιθριδάτου μᾶλλον ἢ μίσει Ῥωμαίων τοιαύτη ἐς αὐτοὺς ἐργασασθαι*. But apart from his association with the Greeks we should not have any great sympathy with the king of Pontus. Not even the romantic tales which Appian or others tell about him would make a striking figure of the "new Dionysus." Obstinate without firmness, treacherous without skill, inventive without power to execute, suspicious, cruel, and betrayed, he could do nothing but delay the inevitable. It would have been well for him and for the world if one of his fabled poisons had carried him off in his youth. The adventures of this ill-starred prince are now told afresh by M. Théodore Reinach. Less inclined to admire him than M. Reinach is, we can hardly join him in calling Mithridates an extraordinary man, or admit that he was so formidable as the Romans themselves thought him. The sources of his strength were rotten at the base. The fact is, that M. Reinach has over-estimated the plans of Mithridates, exaggerated his ability, and over-valued the cultivation of his mind. It is surely going beyond our evidence (App. *Mithr.* 112, *παῖδας ἐπεμέλετο Ἑλληνικῆς*) to say that "la langue et la littérature de la Grèce n'avaient pas de secrets pour lui." But M. Reinach has said, perhaps, all that can be said for his point of view, and he brings to bear on the matter "une étude approfondie." He has written an exhaustive monograph, going very thoroughly into all the sources of our knowledge of the time—the authors, the inscriptions, and the medals. His footnotes exhibit quite a German thoroughness. It requires great skill to control so much learning, but the two qualities are triumphantly united in M. Reinach. His book is illustrated; and the two héliogravures are particularly good which represent Tigranes (from a medal in the British Museum) and the vase given by Mithridates to the gymnasium of the Eupatoristai.

Die Studien des Polybios. Von R. von Scala. Erster Band. (Stuttgart: Kohlhammer.) The attempt for "account for" a great writer by studying his environment has not been made often enough to become tedious, nor has the idea been ridden hard enough to excite a reaction. If Prof. Dowden tried to put Shakspeare's mind and art into relation with his environment, it was after all more his art than his mind that he so treated; and, if Mr. Grant Allen ascribes a great deal to circumstances in the development of Darwin, he is careful to reserve also a great deal for the share of heredity in producing that most original

thinker. But Herr von Seala seems—so far as his book has yet gone—to account for Polybius entirely from his surroundings, and to leave nothing for original force of character. Great is his anxiety to trace the genesis of every idea in Polybius, to see who had uttered it before Polybius, and by what road it is likely to have reached him. But here we confess we grow restive. Surely, Polybius had some thoughts of his own. We need not refer all his ideas to the books he read or to the masters with whom he conversed. It is true that he was a man of unusually wide experience, and probably of very wide reading, too; but he was also a man of unusual ability, or he would never have either sought or found so wide an audience. He was, as Herr von Seala says, the first ancient writer who reckoned upon a circle of readers wider than his own country. But, under the present analysis, all his originality disappears, and one wonders why he found then or finds now an admiring audience. We can more readily follow Herr von Seala when he traces back to his early home in Arcadia some of the sentiments and prejudices of Polybius's mind. Contempt for demagoguery, hatred of tyrants, distrust of kings, may have been caught from the respectable, old-fashioned folk of Arcadia. The taste for hunting, which introduced him to Scipio and to the Syrian prince Demetrius, was learnt among the Arcadian hills. His esteem for cavalry as a branch of military service may be a result of Philopoemen's cavalry-reform, carried out when Polybius was a young man. His somewhat weak vein of admiration for art may have been starved by the comparative poorness of his artistic surroundings at home, and hence perhaps (though Herr von Seala does not say so) some of the cumbrousness and heaviness of his composition. But we believe more in the influence of inherited character and ability than this line of reflection would encourage us to do. It was certainly a happy circumstance, or happy bit of environment, for Polybius, that he had not a very overpowering father in Lycortas. His talents grew up unruined. But there were talents in him, just as there were defects. No analysis of environment will tell us why he was deficient in sense of humour, or why he had the ability to make the most of his circumstances.

Sibyllinische Blätter, von H. Diels. (Berlin: Reimer.) Herr Diels publishes the text of the two hermaphrodite oracles as given by Phlegon of Tralles, and endeavours to prove that they are not of nearly so late origin as has often been supposed. They are, he says, real Sibylline verses, once kept in the collection on the Capitol and consulted by the *decemviri*. They were not, however, delivered by a Sibyl, but were composed with political objects by a Roman about the end of the third century, B.C. The age in which Phlegon published them could not have forged them, for it did not possess the minute acquaintance which they show with early ritual. They are mutilated, but they cannot have been added to, for in that case the acrostic arrangement of first letters (Cic. *de Div.* 2. 54. 112) would betray the imposture. If we look at the metre and the language, we shall come to the opinion that they were not written by a Greek or by anyone skilled in Greek verse-composition. If we look at the special *procuratio* which each oracle enjoins, and then search in Livy or elsewhere for an occasion when that *procuratio* was actually used, we shall get an idea of the time of composition; and this may perhaps be confirmed by any political hints which we can discover in the oracle. In this way we come to the end of the third century; and Herr Diels is even bold enough to name the forger—Q. Fabius Pictor. He had had a confidential mission to Delphi; his Annals showed that he knew much

of Roman ceremonial; *obscurem veram involvens*, he administered to the frightened people both comfort and counsel. On this theory we shall find new reason to admire the bold and sagacious Roman aristocracy, which could turn to good account even the superstitions of its countrymen, and, while reconciling them to the angry gods, could at the same time point to new fields of enterprise in the East.

Nemesis und Adrasteia. Von H. Posnansky. (Breslau: Koebner.) This "mythologisch-archaologische" treatise suffers somewhat from want of internal connexion. It is more like a full encyclopædia article than like an independent essay. But it is a serviceable and, indeed, excellent compendium of what is known and what is conjectured about the two abstractions, or the two goddesses, whose name it bears. For Dr. Posnansky traces with great care the gradual personification of Nemesis in Greek times, and follows even the later degradation of her character when the Romans turned her into a sort of supplementary Fortuna, and looked upon her as a mischievous demon whose spring of action is rather envy than justice. He decides that Nemesis is an offshoot of the cult of Artemis, not of that of Aphrodite, but that the relations are very close between Nemesis-Adrasteia-Artemis and Rhea Cybele. The one great monument in which the attributes of Aphrodite were shared by Nemesis—the images at Rhamnus—was due only to "speculative reflection" of the artist, not to genuine popular feeling. A very well-executed plate of coins and gems enables us to follow easily Dr. Posnansky when he talks of the standing attributes of the goddess, among which the plucking at the breast of the robe (to be followed by *despuere in sinum*) is most conspicuous.

NOTES AND NEWS.

We understand that Mr. S. G. Gardiner has consented to undertake the editorship of the *English Historical Review*, which the original editor, the Rev. Mandell Creighton, is compelled to vacate on his appointment to the bishopric of Peterborough. Mr. Reginald Lane Poole will continue his invaluable services as assistant-editor.

THE Hibbert Lectures for this year will be delivered by Count Goblet d'Alviella, professor of comparative theology in the University of Brussels, and author of *The Contemporary Evolution of Religious Thought*. The subject of his lectures will be "The Evolution of the Idea of God"; and they will be delivered in the Portman Rooms, Baker-street, from April 15 to 28, and also in Oxford. Tickets for the series will be sent by Messrs. Williams and Norgate to all applicants. The lectures will be delivered in French, but a translation by the Rev. P. H. Wicksteed will be published in the autumn.

LADY DILKE is about to publish, through Messrs. George Routledge and Sons, a volume of short stories entitled *The Shrine of Love*. Some of these are reprinted from the pages of the *Universal Review*, but others will now appear for the first time. Among them we may specify "The Weaver of Lyons," which is the history of a Huguenot workman whom Lady Dilke came across some years ago in her weekly visits to the city hospital of Nice. The stories in the present collection are of a less uniformly tragic cast than those in *The Shrine of Death*, by the same writer, which appeared in 1886.

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. announce as in preparation a collected edition of Mr. Gladstone's Speeches, undertaken, with his sanction and help, by Mr. A. W. Hutton, librarian of the Gladstone Library at the National Liberal Club, and Mr. H. J. Cohen, formerly scholar of

Jesus College, Oxford, a member of the Eighty Club. The work will be completed in from six to eight volumes.

NEARLY three years ago, when reviewing Mr. Kirby's *Winchester Scholars*, we expressed the hope that the work would be extended by the addition of the names of those not on the foundation. Mr. C. W. Holroyd, secretary to the Bishop of Salisbury, was even then, it appears, contemplating such a task. He has now completed one portion of it—namely, a register of Commoners from the commencement of Dr. Moberly's headmastership to the present time, 1836-1890, with biographical notices and an alphabetical index. This will be issued immediately after Easter, and may be obtained from Mr. J. Wells, College-street, Winchester, at the subscription price of 10s. After having brought out this latest portion, Mr. Holroyd proposes to go back to the very earliest period available, which is 1653, and issue separate parts, each covering half a century. We may mention that Mrs. Osborn's *Letters of a Lady of the Eighteenth Century* (reviewed in the ACADEMY of last week) gives the names of ten young noblemen's sons under the charge of Dr. Burton, headmaster from 1724 to 1766.

A DRAMATIC poem entitled *The Fountain of Youth*, by Mr. Eugene Lee Hamilton, author of "The New Medusa," is announced for early publication by Mr. Elliot Steek.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN will publish immediately *From King to King: The Tragedy of the Puritan Revolution*, by G. Lowes Dickenson, fellow of King's, Cambridge; and *Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones*, by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, rector of Stockton, Rugby. The edition of Mr. Ruskin's poems, in two volumes, announced for immediate publication, has been delayed by the necessity for careful printing of the illustrations. But Mr. George Allen hopes to have it ready some time in May.

THE fourth volume of the "Pseudonym Library" is nearly ready for publication. Its title is *The School of Art*, and the writer is to be known as Isabel Snow.

MR. GIBBINGS will shortly publish, in a limited edition, *The Memoirs of Lady Hamilton*, edited and annotated by Mr. W. H. Long, with portraits of Sir William Hamilton, Lady Hamilton, and Lord Nelson.

THE second volume of "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour" will consist of a humorous story, *Sawn Off*, by Mr. G. Manville Fenn, with a portrait. The April volume will be from the pen of the author of "Molly Bawn," entitled *A Little Irish Girl*. The first volume, Mr. Andrew Lang's *Essays in Little*, is already in its sixth thousand.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will shortly publish a one-volume edition of *Philosopher Dick*, the anonymous novel descriptive of a New Zealand shepherd's life. A third edition of Miss Olive Schreiner's *Dreams* is also preparing.

MR. SIDNEY LUSKA's novel, entitled "As It was Written," will be presented gratis, as an extra supplement, with No. 390 of *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, published on March 18. The same number will contain the opening chapters of a serial story of to-day, entitled "Olga's Crime," by Frank Barrett; also "Political Leaders and their Followers," with facsimile letters from the Earl of Derby, the Marquess of Hartington, Mr. Gladstone, and Mr. Akers-Douglas.

PREPARATIONS have been made for some time past for the issue on the continent by an English firm of the works of English and American writers, in a series similar to that published by Baron Tauchnitz. The friendly co-operation of the chief English authors, especially writers of fiction, has been secured

and a Company formed, which will immediately begin operations at Leipzig. The concern is to be known as Heinemann & Balestier, Limited, the first directors being Mr. William Heinemann the publisher (the present business being entirely independent of his London establishment), Mr. Wolcott Balestier, well known among English authors as the resident member of the New York firm of Lovell & Co., and Mr. Bram Stoker, Mr. Irving's business manager at the Lyceum. The firm of F. A. Brockhaus, of Leipzig, is retained to direct the distribution and sale of books on the continent; and besides Herr Brockhaus's depôts at Leipzig, Berlin, Vienna, and Paris, arrangements are being made to extend the sale in other directions. Among the authors who will contribute to the early issues of the "English Library" are Robert Louis Stevenson, Rudyard Kipling, George Meredith, Henry James, W. E. Norris, Hall Caine, B. L. Farjeon, H. Rider Haggard, Conan Doyle, Sir Edwin Arnold, W. D. Howells, Justin McCarthy, S. Baring Gould, Mrs. Walford, Margaret Deland, Mrs. Alexander, Mrs. Parr, Mrs. Riddell, Mrs. Woods, Miss Poynter, Helen Mathers, Maxwell Gray, Mrs. Hungerford, Ouida, and Rhoda Broughton. The first three issues of the series will be Mr. Rudyard Kipling's *The Light that Failed*, Sir Edwin Arnold's *The Light of the World*, and Mrs. Deland's *Sidney*.

MR. J. QUAIL, formerly of Blackburn, has been appointed editor of the *Northern Daily News*, the new Radical newspaper for Aberdeen and the North-eastern counties of Scotland, which is to appear in the first week in May.

At the last meeting of the Sette of Odd Volumes the following officers were elected for 1891-2:—Mr. George Charles Haité, well known for his studies in black and white, president; Mr. Wilfrid Ball, vice-president; Mr. William Manning, secretary; whilst Mr. John Lane, the Bibliographer of the Sette, and of the works of George Meredith, exchanges the arduous position of secretary for that of master of the ceremonies.

THE Newspaper Press Directory for 1891 states there are now published in the United Kingdom 2,234 newspapers, distributed as follows:—London, 470; Provinces, 1,293; Wales, 90; Scotland, 201; Ireland, 157; Isles, 23. Of these there are 142 daily papers published in England, 6 in Wales, 19 in Scotland, 15 in Ireland, 1 in the Isles. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1,778, of which more than 448 are of a decidedly religious character.

CORRECTION.—In Mr. Whitley Stokes's letter on "The Etymology of 'Fiam' and 'Féne'" in the *ACADEMY* of February 28, p. 210, col. 3, l. 47, for "stem in i" read "stem in u"; p. 211, col. 1, l. 47, for "far" read "far as"; l. 67, for "lâide" read "lâido."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

WE understand that Prof. Andrew Seth, of St. Andrews, author of *Scottish Philosophy*, is a candidate for the chair of logic and metaphysics at Edinburgh, vacant by the resignation of Prof. Fraser. Prof. Seth happens to be at present delivering a third course of lectures at Edinburgh, in connexion with the trust founded by Mr. A. J. Balfour.

WE are glad to hear that the late Prof. Sellar left a second volume of his *Roman Poets of the Augustan Age*, dealing with Horace, practically ready for publication. It will be issued by the Clarendon Press.

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has been appointed Lady Margaret's Preacher at Cambridge for the ensuing year. The sermon will be preached on November 1.

CONVOCAION at Oxford has sanctioned a grant of £150 a year for three years, out of the common university fund, to maintain a student at Dohrn's marine biological laboratory at Naples. Cambridge has already occupied a table at this institution for the past fifteen years; but it is feared that the other table supported by the British Association will be given up after the present year.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have made a report, recommending that the fee required from every student who presents himself at any tripos examination shall be raised from two guineas to £3. It appears that, during the past year, the total amount of fees received for tripos examinations was only £752; whereas the payments made to examiners amounted altogether to £1510, or just twice as much.

THE recent elections at the Oxford Union exhibit some features of interest to those whose experience is more than twenty years old. At the poll for officers, about 700 votes were given, which is said to be an unprecedented number; and the spirit of competition ran so high that polls were also taken for both the standing and library committees—a thing unheard of in former times, when the nominations of the officers were always unquestioned. Still more strange is it to notice that, among 16 successful candidates, Balliol has not a single representative. The prominent position it once held seems to be occupied now by New College, which can boast of three recent presidents out of four.

THE University of Durham contemplates throwing open its new examinations in music to women, and granting them certificates but not degrees.

THE Council of Owens College, Manchester, offer for award a Jevons scholarship of the value of £100 for one year. Candidates must give evidence of having received a sound and systematic education in economic science, and of their ability to prosecute the investigation of some economic problem connected with the industries of Lancashire.

JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY, Baltimore, has been recognised as a school of medicine in which study may be pursued by candidates for medical and surgical degrees at Cambridge.

THE annual conference of delegates from the representative councils of the four Scotch universities have unanimously adopted a proposal for a summer session in Arts, omitting St. Andrews, where it was stated it would be impossible for students to get lodgings during the summer months.

THE late Dean Plumtre has bequeathed £400 to the council of Queen's College, Harley-street—with which he was connected as dean and principal from 1856 to 1878—for the foundation of a scholarship bearing his name.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia of February, J. Gomez de Arce reports on the autographs and MSS. of Felix Amat, Abbot of la Granja, lately presented to the Academy by J. Mané y Flaquer. They relate to the reigns of Carlos IV. and Fernando VII. One of the most curious is a proposal made by Carlos IV. for a federation of the Spanish colonies under hereditary viceroys, of whom Godoy was to be one. The first suggestion of federation was made by Aranda to Carlos III. These papers, on the whole, intensify the ignominy of the king and of Godoy. F. Danvila traces the limits of the Saderia of Valencia in 1390. Father F. Fita gives some further details of the visit of St. Luis de Gonzaga to Spain. The official report

of the recent translation of the bones of Popes Calixtus III. and Alexander VI. is here reprinted.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* for March contains articles by Prof. Oort on the native country of Amos (Northern Israel), and the genuineness of Am. iv. 13, v. 8, 9, ix. 5, 6; by Dr. Herderschu on 2 Sam. xii. 31; by Dr. van Manen on a recent defence of the genuineness of the correspondence between Pliny and Trajan respecting the Christians; and by J. G. de Bussy on the moral judgment. Dr. Driver's work on the Hebrew text of Samuel is reviewed appreciatively by Dr. W. Koster. Brückner's study of the chronological order of the Epistles by Dr. van Manen, and Grettillat's System of Theology by Dr. Knappert.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NOT IN VAIN.

"Had I words to complete it,
Who'd read it, or who'd understand?"

J. W. RILEY.

I SOMETIMES think, below'd, if you could know
Just what you are to me, how all my life has
changed
Since first I saw your face; how it has wider
grown,
And risen to new heights; then might you dimly
see
Some reason that should set you thus apart.
You know you are to me as saint is unto shrine;
You cannot, standing far above me there, so near
to heaven,
And shedding light around—you cannot see what
lessons you have taught,
How high ideals may be loftier grown, ceasing to
be mere visions;
Nay, may change, and with the change may
beautify all life.
I know that I shall never stand beside you there,
I am not worthy to come nigh to you,
I may not touch your life. Nearer and dearer ones
press closely round,
There is no room for me.
Yet, as the furthest planet in its distant path
Obeys the mighty law which bids that he must
still revolve
Round the great source of heat,
And yet forever in far outward space must turn
For all his warmth and light to the same sun,
Even as the nearer, brighter planets do,
So must I turn to you; you showed me light
Where else had still been darkness. Love given
to you
Has warmed my life, although you heed it not.
Why should you stoop to care for it who have all
love?
The best, the brightest, wrapped around you close.
And mine seeks no return, knowing that it must
be laid at your feet;
Not gathered near your heart, but resting there,
It wins the highest place this side the gates of
Heaven.

A. Z.

UNPUBLISHED WORKS OF GIORDANO BRUNO AND ABELARD.

THE reprint, made by the order of the Italian Government, of the Latin works of Giordano Bruno, in two volumes, and in a form corresponding to modern requirements, has just been followed by the issue of a third volume of hitherto unpublished writings. It comprises not less than 700 pages, with a preface of 74 pages. In the latter, the editors—MM. Toceo and Vitelli—give details as to where the MSS. have come from, the scribes who wrote them, their chief contents, their value for the determination of the text, &c.

There is, first, the Noroff MS., which originally came from Germany, and which, the editors believe, is probably part of the legacy of Hieronymus Besler. It came into the possession of Abraham von Noroff, who bequeathed

it to the Rumianzow Museum at Moscow, where it is at present. At the request of Prof. Sigwart, who has done much to elucidate Bruno's life, the main features of this MS. have recently been described by Mr. Lutoslawski in the *Archiv für die Geschichte der Philosophie* (vol. ii.). It contains autograph notes by Giordano Bruno; "De Magia" and "Theses de Magia"; "De Rerum Principiis et Elementis et Causis"; an incomplete "Medicina Lulliana"; "De Magia Mathematica"; "De Veneulis in Genere"; "Lampas Triginta Statuarum"; and a complete "Medicina Lulliana." Part of this MS. is by Bruno, the larger part by Besler, the remainder by an unknown person. It was written partly between the end of 1589 and the beginning of 1590 at Helmstädt, and partly in 1591 at Padua.

Then there are the MSS. which Prof. Remigius Stölzle, of Würzburg, has lately discovered at Augsburg and Erlangen. They contain the "Animadversiones circa Lampadem Lullianam," and "Lampadem Triginta Statuarum"; the hitherto unknown "Libri Physicorum Aristotelis Explanati"; "De Magia" and "Theses de Magia"; and the two letters of Besler on Giordano Bruno. It will thus be seen that several MSS. exist in duplicate, but of different value. The "Lampas Triginta Statuarum," and the "Libri Physicorum Aristotelis Explanati," certainly date from Bruno's sojourn at Wittenberg in 1587; several other treatises from his stay at Helmstädt, towards the end of 1589 and in April, 1590. "De Veneulis in Genere" was probably prepared at Frankfurt, and written at Padua by Besler.

This volume contains four facsimiles of the Moscow, Augsburg, and Erlangen MSS.; also a facsimile of the report of the Company of St. John the Beheaded, which gives the details of the last hours of Bruno. The report has a marginal title: "Justice done to an impenitent heretic, who was burnt alive." It says:

"At two o'clock at night it was intimated to the Company that, in the morning, justice was to be done to an impenitent one; and therefore, at six o'clock at night, the spiritual comforters and the chaplain assembled in Sant' Orsola. Having gone to the prison, and entered our chapel, and offered the usual prayers, we were handed the below-written sentence of death of Giordano or Giovanni Bruno, the apostate friar of Nola di Regno, an impenitent heretic. He, having been admonished by our brethren with every charity—and two Fathers having been called in from San Domenico, two from Gesù, two from the New Church, and one from San Giordano—finally always remained in his accursed obstinacy (*nella sua maledetta ostinazione*), working his brain and his intellect with a thousand errors and vanities; and he so persevered in his obstinacy that he was conducted by the executors of justice to the Field of Flowers, and there, having been stripped bare and tied to a stake, he was burnt alive, always accompanied by our Company, who sang the litanies, whilst the spiritual comforters until the last moment exhorted him to give up his obstinacy, in which, at last, he ended his wretched and unhappy life."

It will thus be seen that Giordano Bruno died nobly and firmly, even as he had lived; and that those who have asserted the contrary have vilely calumniated him. I learn that Sig. Tocco, the author of the important work *Le Opere Latine di Giordano Bruno, Esposte e Confrontate con le Italiane*, is engaged on a critical appreciation of these hitherto unpublished writings of the renowned Italian thinker. The editors, on their part, say in the Preface: "We would not be sincere if we did not express a conviction that those who study the Nolan philosopher owe us a debt of gratitude for the painstaking diligence (*diligenza e solerzia*) with which this edition has been prepared and accomplished."

Another work of a sufferer in the cause of philosophical investigation, the "Tractatus de

Unitate et Trinitate Divina" of Abelard, hitherto of disputed authenticity and unknown in its present form, which, as stated some months ago in the ACADEMY, has been discovered by Prof. Stölzle—has been published by Herder at Freiburg, in Breisgau. It is the treatise for which Abelard was condemned as a heretic, in 1121, by the Church Council at Soissons.

KARL BLIND.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAIERWECHSEL, der, der Brüder J. Georg Müller u. Joh. v. Müller 1789—1809. Hrsg. v. E. Haug. 1. Halbbd. Frankfurt: Huber. 5 M.
 CONSTANTIN, le Vicomte de. L'archimandrite Païsi et l'ataman Achinoff: une expédition religieuse en Abyssinie. Paris: Nouvelle Revue. 3 fr. 50 c.
 KLEINWÄCHTER, F. Die Staatsromane. Ein Beitrag zur Lehre vom Communismus u. Socialismus. Wien: Breiteneisen. 3 M.
 KRAUSE, E. Tuisko-Land, der arischen Stämme u. Götter Urbemat. Erläuterungen zum Sagenschatz der Veden, Edda, Ilias, u. Odyssee. Glogau: Fleming. 10 M.
 MONTESCIEUX, deux opuscules de: réflexions sur la monarchie universelle en Europe; de la considération et de la réputation. Paris: Rouam. 8 fr. 50 c.
 NOEL, O. La Banque de France: historique et organisation administrative. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.
 TOBIER, A. Kührhen od. Kührreigen, Jodel u. Jodelied in Appenzell. Zürich: Hug. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 ZOLA, E. L'Argent. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- ERRES, K. Die Offenbarung Johannis, kritisch untersucht. Gotha: Perthes. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 HILT, F. D. heil. Gregor v. Nyssa Lehre vom Menschen, systematisch dargestellt. Köln: Bachem. 5 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BODECKERS Chronik livländischer u. rigascher Ereignisse 1598—1638. Bearb. v. J. G. L. Napierksky. Riga: Kymml. 4 M.
 CHANOLIE, C. de la. Mémoires politiques et militaires du Général Terrier, 1770—1816. Paris: Flon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 D'HAUTEVILLE, A. Lettres d'un chef de brigade (1793—1805). Paris: Baudouin. 4 fr.
 HERTZBERG, G. F. Geschichte der Stadt Halle an der Saale von den Anfängen bis zur Neuzeit. II. 1513 bis 1717. Halle: Waisenhaus. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 HETZEL, H. Die Humanisirung d. Krieger in den letzten hundert Jahren, 1789—1889. Frankfurt-a.-O.: Trotzitzsch. 12 M.
 KALLSEN, O. Die deutschen Städte im Mittelalter. I. Gründung u. Entwicklg. der Städte. Halle: Waisenhaus. 7 M. 50 Pf.
 LARROU, E. Le livre de vie: les seigneurs et les capitaines du Périgord Blanc au 14^e Siècle. Paris: Rouam. 10 fr.
 MOLLAT, G. Lesebuch zur Geschichte der deutschen Staatswissenschaft von Kant bis Bluntschli. Leipzig: Robolsky. 3 M.
 OPPERMAN, A. V. Atlas vorgeschichtlicher Befestigungen in Niedersachsen. 3. Hft. Hannover: Hahn. 5 M.
 RODONACCHI, E. Le Saint-Siège et les Juifs: le ghetto à Rome. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 10 fr.
 VECCHI, A. V. Storia della marina militare. Turin: Rosenberg. 15 fr.
 WEBER, O. Der Friede v. Utrecht. Verhandlungen zwischen England, Frankreich, dem Kaiser u. den Generalstaaten 1710—1713. Gotha: Perthes. 9 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- CHARBONNEAU, Aug. Essai sur la philosophie bouddhique. Paris: Carré. 5 fr.
 CLEBSCH, A. Vorlesungen über Geometrie, bearb. v. F. Lindemann. 2. Bd. 1. Thl. Die Flächen I. u. 2. Ordng. od. Klasse u. der lineare Complex. Leipzig: Teubner. 12 M.
 HESSE, R. Die Hypogäen Deutschlands. 3. Lfg. Halle: Hofstetter. 4 M. 80 Pf.
 HEYMANN, W. Studien üb. die Transformation u. Integration der Differential- u. Differenzgleichungen. Leipzig: Teubner. 12 M.
 MOUCHKOTOW, J. V. Das Erdbeben v. Verny vom 28. Mai (9. Juni) 1887. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 10 M. 50 Pf.
 NATGE, H. Ueb. Francis Bacon's Formenlehre. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.
 ULF, W. Geschichte der k. Leopoldinisch-Carolinischen deutschen Akademie der Naturforscher während der J. 1552—7. Leipzig: Engelmann. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ARICHT, R. Donum Wardianum, carmen didacticum de lingua arabica grammatica a Zaimud-Din ibn il-Wardi compositum. Breslau: Preuss. 2 M.
 ACTA seminarii philologici Erlangensis. Vol. V. Leipzig: Deichert. 6 M.
 BARDOFF, B. De Plutarchi quae fertur vita Homeri. Siegburg: Dietzen. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 BONWETSCH, G. N. Methodius v. Olympus. I. Schriften. Leipzig: Deichert. 13 M.
 BURDINGER, M. Poesie u. Urkunde bei Thukydides. 2. Thl. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M. 20 Pf.
 CATONIS, M. P. de agricultura liber, etc., ex recensione H. Keili. Vol. II. Fasc. II. Commentarius in Varronis rerum rusticarum libros III. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
 CLOEMEDIS de motu circulari corporum caelestium libri II., ad novorum codicum fidem ed. et latina interpretatione instructi H. Ziegler. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 70 Pf.

- COMMENTATIONES Woelfflimianae. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
 DEUSSEN, P. Der kategorische Imperativ. Kiel: Toeche. 1 M.
 GALENI PERGAMENTI, C., scripta minora. Vol. II. ex recognitione I. Mueller. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 MITTHEILUNGEN aus den orientalischen Sammlungen der königl. Museen zu Berlin. 5. n. 6. Hft. Berlin: Spemann. 41 M.
 NEUMANN, K. E. D. Sārasaṅgaho 1. Kapitel. 1 M. Die innere Verwandtschaft buddhistischer u. christlicher Lehren. 2 M. 40 Pf. Leipzig: Spobr. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 ORACULA Sibyllina recensuit A. Rzach. Leipzig: Freytag. 12 M.
 PLUTARCHI CHAERONENSIS Moralia. Recognovit G. N. Bernardakis. Vol. III. Leipzig: Teubner. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"DESIGNATED TO BE BISHOP."

Oxford: March 11, 1891.

You were good enough to say in your "University Jottings" that I should not be pleased at seeing the University of Cambridge confer a degree on its Dixie Professor by the style and title of "Bishop Designate of Peterborough." The remark was true. I was not pleased to see the University of Cambridge lower itself to such a blundering description of anybody. But I was much less pleased to see, in the *University Gazette* of last night, the University of Oxford, or at least its Hebdomadal Council, lower itself to a description more blundering still. And I am specially sorry, considering who is the subject of these blundering descriptions. Of Mr. Creighton's many friends and admirers I am one of the heartiest, and it is not pleasant to see a scholar, of whom both Universities have a right to be proud, thus made ridiculous by both of them.

In the Convocation of next Tuesday we shall be called on to confer the degree of D.D. "upon the Rev. Mandell Creighton, M.A., of Merton College, designated to be Bishop of Peterborough." Now what is meant by "designated to be Bishop?" In December, while Dr. Browne was still Bishop of Winchester, and Dr. Thorold Bishop of Rochester, Mr. Davidson, Dean of Windsor, was described as "Bishop Designate of Rochester." Now Mr. Creighton is described as "designated to be Bishop of Peterborough." Is this new form thought to be better, to be more accurate than the other? It is hard to see what advantage the new "sumpsimus" has over the old "mumpsimus." It is just as foolish and more awkward. "Designated to be Bishop"—"designated," how, and by whom? There is no such phrase known to either canon or statute law. Mr. Creighton will, no doubt, in due time be "recommended" by the Queen, "elected" by the Chapter, "confirmed" by the Archbishop. When all that has happened, his proper description will be "Bishop-elect of Peterborough." But till that is done he is simply Canon either of Worcester or of Windsor. (There are so many of these things going on at once that I really do not know whether Mr. Creighton has been appointed to a stall at Windsor or not.) At no stage of the long business of making him a Bishop will he be "designated" to anything, because no such word is known to the law.

Now, one will spring up and say: But Mr. Creighton is "designated"; his appointment has long ago been announced in the newspapers. That is to say, we all know what is likely to happen. Mr. Creighton is certainly "designated" to be Bishop of Peterborough by common fame. But it is only by common fame. No legal step has been taken towards making him Bishop, unless it has been taken since the publication of this morning's *Times*. And I submit that the university of Oxford, a legal corporation with internal legislative powers, should not go by common fame, but by law; that it should describe men only by descriptions known to the law, not by vulgar "designation," invented either by the news-

papers, or, as in this case, by the Hebdomadal Council itself.

Directly follows another decree, which speaks of "the Very Rev. Philip F. Eliot, M.A., Trinity College, Dean of Windsor." Is there such a person? I saw Dr. Davidson spoken of as Dean of Windsor only a few days back in the *Court Circular*. And, unless he resigns, he will remain Dean of Windsor till his consecration as Bishop of Rochester. Has Dr. Davidson resigned? Has Mr. Eliot been appointed? If not, while the other decree does not get beyond vulgarity and awkwardness of expression, this one rises to the dignity of misstatement of fact.

I write to you, Sir, because I mentioned the matter once before in your pages. I am just now shut up in an upper chamber; I am very unlikely to be able to be in Convocation on Tuesday, and I do not want to send round any more fly-sheets. So I ask you to record a protest, most likely unavailing, on behalf of the doctrine that a body like the University of Oxford ought, in its public acts, to show some regard both to accuracy of fact and even to accuracy of expression.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

Florence: March 4, 1891.

The strange story told by Aristotle about the connexion of Themistocles with the attack on the Areopagus cannot be chronologically reconciled with the narrative of Thucydides, according to whom the flight of Themistocles to Asia took place after the revolt of Naxos, and while the Athenians were blockading it. Now, according to the same authority, Naxos was reduced before the great victory of Cimon on the Eurymedon, as to the date of which I believe there is now no dispute. It occurred B.C. 465 (Olymp. 78, 4) three years earlier than the date deduced from Aristotle's statement about the trick by which it was sought to discredit the Areopagus. On such a point the evidence of Thucydides is much the more trustworthy, and the chronology based on his statements harmonises with all the facts otherwise known; whereas that adopted by Mr. Kenyon throws everything into confusion. The anecdote itself may not be entirely without foundation; but if so, it must relate to some other time than the year 462.

ALFRED W. BENN.

Emmanuel College, Cambridge: March 7, 1891.

Perhaps you will allow me to point out that the reading *πριν ἀνταράξας—ἐξείλεν γάλα*, which is now admitted to be the reading of the papyrus in the line of Solon on p. 32 (l. 15) of Mr. Kenyon's book, was suggested by me three years ago in a note in my edition of Plato's *Crito* (44 D, *ἢ αὖ εἰς τε ἥσαν*).

J. ADAM.

THE NEW FRAGMENT OF EURIPIDES.

London: March 7, 1891.

The fragment of the "Antiope" published by Prof. Mahaffy in the last number of *Hermathena* is emended in this month's *Classical Review* by two distinguished Grecians. Their emendations are numerous and intrepid. Dr. Rutherford "would restore" to Euripides the senarius *οὐ μὲν χερῶν τὸ πνεῦ' ἐκ πολέμιων λαβάν*, which Euripides, I think, would restore to Dr. Rutherford. Prof. Campbell proposes to enrich the tragic vocabulary by the importation of *ἄχει*, in accordance with his opinion that it is not yet "time to cease from guessing and to begin the sober work of criticism." When that time arrives it will occur to someone that l. 18 of fragment C, *ἄλκοις γε ταυρείνισιν διαφερομένη*, is neither verse nor Greek, and should be

amended *ταυρείνισι διαφερομένη*: there is, of course, no such verb as *διαφέρω*. It surprised me that the first editor did not correct this obvious blunder, and I looked to see it removed by the first critic who took the fragment in hand; but our scholars seem just now to be absorbed in more exhilarating sport, so I will perform this menial office, at the risk of incurring Prof. Campbell's censure for premature sobriety.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

DEFOE AND MARY ASTELL.

Heidelberg: Feb. 25, 1891.

In the beginning of the famous chapter devoted to a discussion of female education, in his *Essay on Projects*, Defoe hints at "a method proposed by an ingenious lady, in a little book called *Advice to the Ladies*," which, however, he doubts "would be found impracticable."

So far as I know, it has never been pointed out who this lady was; but I have no doubt that he is referring to Mrs. Mary Astell, and to a book by which she is chiefly known—viz., her essay called *A Serious Proposal to the Ladies*. It was published anonymously "by a Lover of her Sex," as the title-page states, in 1694, and was reprinted in 1695 and in 1697. That this must be the book which Defoe means, though he gives it a slightly different title, will be at once apparent from a brief account of its contents, and a comparison with Defoe's remarks on it.

A copy of Mary Astell's book is in the British Museum; but, in default of sufficient extracts of my own from it, I shall quote from Canon Overton's short article on the author in the second volume of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

Her "serious proposal" was that a monastery should be erected—

"or, if you will (to avoid giving offence to the scrupulous and injudicious by names which, though innocent in themselves, have been abused by superstitious practices), we will call it a *Religious Retirement*, and such as shall have a double aspect, being not only a retreat from the world for those who desire that advantage, but likewise an institution and previous discipline to fit us to do the greatest good in it."

There were to be no vows or irrevocable obligations, and "not so much as the fear of reproach" should keep the ladies longer than they desired. The establishment was to be conducted strictly on the principles of the Church of England, and the daily services to be performed "after the cathedral manner, in the most affecting and elevating way; the Holy Eucharist was to be celebrated every Lord's Day and holy day"; there was to be "a course of solid, instructive preaching and catechising"; and the inmates were to "consider it a special part of their duty to observe all the fasts of the Church." With this religious training, mental instruction was intended to go hand in hand, for "ignorance and a narrow education lay the foundation of vice."

Compare now what Defoe says of the book which he calls *Advice to the Ladies*. He disapproves of the method propounded in it:

"for," he observes, "saving my respect to the sex, the levity which, perhaps, is a little peculiar to them (at least, in their youth) will not bear the restraint, and I am satisfied nothing but the height of bigotry can keep up a nunnery. Women are extravagantly desirous of going to heaven, and will punish their pretty bodies to get thither; but nothing else will do it, and even in that case sometimes it falls out that nature will prevail. When I talk, therefore, of an academy for women, I mean both the model, the teaching, and the government different from what is proposed by that ingenious lady, for whose proposal I have a very great esteem, and also a great opinion of her wit; different, too, from all sorts of religious confinement, and, above all, from vows of celibacy.

Wherefore, the academy I propose should differ but little from public schools."

Defoe's *Essay on Projects* appeared in 1697, three years after the publication of Mary Astell's book. In order to refute the possible imputation that he had borrowed from her, he thought himself "bound to declare" in his Preface that his scheme of educating women "was formed long before the book called *Advice to the Ladies* was made public." He asserts that he had written the greatest part of his *Essay* five years before its publication. But one cannot help perceiving some signs of Mary Astell's influence on his ideas. The second regulation, for instance, which he lays down for his academy runs thus: "As no woman should be received but who declared herself willing, and that it was the act of her choice to enter herself, so no person should be confined to continue there a moment longer than the same voluntary choice inclined her." This is the same rule as I have quoted above from Mary Astell's book. For her "monastery" it was a very sensible rule; but it sounds rather odd if applied to girls, for whose education Defoe's academy was intended. Besides, the manner in which Defoe's remarks on Mary Astell's proposal appear in his book does not look as though they were inserted by way of a later addition to a finished chapter on female education. Perhaps we may conclude that Mary Astell's book caused Defoe to write his chapter; at all events his project for an academy for women has some connexion with her "serious proposal" to establish a "monastery."

I have written a long article on Mary Astell, which will be published in the *Journal of Education*. In it I hope to show that she was the first writer who formally and decidedly advocated the rights and abilities of her sex, preceding Mary Wollstonecraft, who is generally credited with that merit, by about a hundred years. It is strange to find that, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, this most distinctive side of her writings is entirely neglected. She has also the merit of priority to Defoe; for the book on which her claims are principally founded appeared in 1696, a year previous to Defoe's *Essay on Projects*. It is entitled *An Essay in Defence of the Female Sex*, and is exclusively devoted to a discussion of the education and social position of women, forming the earliest energetic protest against their subjection to men that I know of. As to Defoe, I may add that this is a good instance to show that he cannot be credited with all the reformatory ideas and schemes put forth in his *Essay*, by which he is frequently said to have anticipated some of the most important public improvements of modern times.

In my article on Mary Astell I have also pointed out several curious parallels between her writings and Defoe's *Compleat English Gentleman*, one of his last works, which I recently edited for the first time from the author's MS. in the British Museum.

KARL D. BÜLBRING.

LONDON STONE.

Mena House Hotel, Cairo: Feb. 24, 1891.

It would really seem as if that "rough and weather-worn block," known as London Stone, possessed as unhappy a fascination for adventurous archaeologists as the Great Pyramid in the shadow of which I write these lines. The latest accession to their ranks is no less brilliant a writer than Mr. Grant Allen, who claims in *Longman's* of this month to identify it as the "palladium of British liberty"—"the city fetish"—"the very oldest and most sacred relic of ancient London."

Mr. Allen, as we all know, is apt to find "sermons in stones"; but I venture to think that in this instance he has wandered somewhat

far from his text. Are we to assume that every place-name ending in "stone," or even "ston," is necessarily derived from a sacred stone? Mr. Allen writes:

"A few selected cases of British sacred stones may help to show the immense importance attached to these palladia of the infant communities. The old name of Brighton, as everybody knows, was Brighthelmston, in Anglo-Saxon Brihtelmestan, that is to say, Brighthelm's Stone. Brighthelm, I suppose, was the Aeneas of the little South-Saxon colony that first settled down among the combes of that chalky region; and the stone, stan, or stane, stood on the spot in the centre of the town which still bears its name in an altered spelling as the Steyne."

There is a charming simplicity about this supposition. But, first, as Mr. Sawyer has shown, the variants of the place-name, "Bright-helmston," are almost endless; consequently we must be guided by analogy in determining the correct form; and analogy, I need scarcely say, is overwhelming in favour of the normal "ton," rather than "stone," as the source of the final syllable. Secondly, the "steyne" is not a "spot," but a considerable area. Thirdly, it was not "in the centre of" the ancient town (which stood to the west of it). Fourthly, we find "steyn" occurring similarly at Nottingham, where, as Mr. Stevenson shows in his glossary to the Borough Records, the word is one of Scandinavian origin, which might well describe such an area as the steyne at Brighton. Mr. Allen speaks of Brighthelm's hypothetical "stone" as now a "vanished mass." The argument he founds upon it must, I fear, imitate its fate.

I may, perhaps, be allowed to refer to one suggestion as to London Stone, because the subject is specially familiar to me. Mr. Allen, like the late ingenious Mr. Coote (whose essay he cannot have read), makes the most of the fact that the first mayor of London, according to "modern" (why modern?) research, was "Henry of London Stone"; and, warming to his subject, he proceeds:

"Even before his recognition as mayor, his signature, when he signs a document, comes first on the roll after that of the 'vicecomes.' I gather from this that he may even then have been the guardian of the city fetish, and, as such, naturally selected for the first human representative of the city in its corporate capacity."

From the words "human representative" Mr. Allen, I presume, holds that, like Jahveh, the Lord Mayor was originally a "fetish stone." But, in any case, he here draws his inference from a fact which, if I remember right, has no existence outside the covers of Mr. Loftie's little book. And Mr. Loftie's facts on the history of London at this period of its existence must, unfortunately, be taken with a large grain of salt. "Henry fitz Ailwin" (whose probable origin I have elsewhere indicated) was also known as Henry of London Stone; and so was Thomas Becket as Thomas of London; but neither Henry, nor any other individual known to his neighbours as "the Stone," was on that account the guardian of a fetish any more than the family of Attree (Atte Tree) were guardians of the Tree of Life.

I will not follow Mr. Allen into his strange fancies about the "imperial importance attached to coronation upon London Stone," which seem to be based chiefly on the circumstance that when Svegen could not be crowned in London he decided (if the expression may be permitted) to "go to Bath" instead.

That London Stone is a venerable relic no one would deny; but such wild speculations as to its story are surely unworthy of so distinguished a writer as Mr. Grant Allen.

J. H. ROUND.

PROF. EARLE'S "FLEXIONAL INFINITIVE."

Oxford: March 7, 1891.

I do not at all despair of getting Prof. Earle to give up his deliberate heresy about the "flexional infinitive." He was once quite as certain about the correctness of his explanation of the construction "I go a fishing." In *The Philology of the English Tongue* (ed. 3, 1879, § 580b) the professor said, "this grammatical character is sometimes illustrated by the help of the French *à* before these infinitives," whereas in ed. 4 (1887), we find, "by the help of a (*perhaps* the French *à*), &c." So we see that in 1887 the professor was hesitating about the French character of the *a* in the phrase "I go a fishing"; let us hope that in 1891 we shall find him ready to give up his idea that the form "fishing" is a flexional infinitive.

The question in dispute between us is a very simple one. Prof. Earle says, on p. 60 of his *English Prose*, that there are three classes of words ending in *-ing* in modern English, namely, (1) participles, (2) verbal nouns, (3) verbs in the infinitive mood, these last being the phonetic representatives of Old English infinitives in *-an*. I, on the other hand, maintain that an infinitive in *-ing* (the descendant of an older *-an*) is the veriest moonshine. It is an assumption unsupported by any historical evidence, clean contrary to the known development of the Old English sound, and wholly unnecessary, as these so-called infinitive *-ings* may in every case be explained as verbal nouns.

Let me take a very familiar case to illustrate what I mean. I have lying before me a profoundly philosophical poem, having for its title "The Hunting of the Snark." I can hardly imagine that Prof. Earle will go the length of denying that the word "hunting" here is a verbal noun. Well, on p. 9 of this book the Beaver is introduced as speaking sentimentally of "the rapture of hunting the Snark." Will the professor really maintain that in this latter case we have no longer an instance of a verbal noun, that "hunting" has now become a flexional infinitive? Of course the true doctrine is that there is here no change in the grammatical or formal character of the word "hunting," and that the construction is equivalent to "the rapture of the hunting of the snark." Bunyan, in his *Pilgrim's Progress* (ed. 1862), ii. 209, says, "She is a taking of her last farewell of her Country"; we should of course now say, "she is taking her last farewell." The *a*, it should be added, is not French *à*, but an unstressed form of the Old English preposition *on*.

Prof. Earle, in the innocence of his heart, asks whether there is any "law" which forbids an infinitival form like A.S. *lufian* having a two-fold development, in one direction "love" and in the other "loving." In putting this naive question, Prof. Earle shows that he has lived and taught wholly uninfluenced by the new school of grammarians (*juggrammatische Schule*), without paying heed to their pregnant dictum that phonetic laws admit of no exceptions—a view first clearly expressed in 1876 by Leskien, who said,

"if we admit arbitrary, accidental deviations, such as are incapable of classification, we virtually confess that language is inaccessible to scientific investigation."

Delbrück, in his *Introduction* (1882), p. 115, said,

"it cannot be doubted that all scholars who have devoted any serious attention to phonetics have consciously or unconsciously been influenced by the idea that the moving spring of all changes is neither arbitrary nor accidental, but prevailingly regular."

Paul, in his *Principles* (1888), p. 57, thus cautiously answers the question, "Can we assert uniformity of Sound-Laws?"—

"Sound-Law does not pretend to state what must always under certain general conditions regularly recur, but merely expresses the reign of uniformity within a group of definite historical phenomena."

This Act of Uniformity, as promulgated by Paul, is the "law" which would forbid an O.E. *-an* becoming in the same dialect at once *-e(n)* and *-ing*.

But perhaps Mr. Earle may mean that in some cases the sound of *-ing* may be substituted for *-e(n)*, from the attraction of other forms in *-ing*. This I have shown to be an unnecessary assumption, as all the *-ings* which are not present participles can be easily explained to be, as well in form as in function, verbal nouns. A form like "hunting" may be either a present participle or a verbal noun; in either case the suffix is derived from O.E. *-ung*; in the latter case the *-ing* is a regular phonetic development of the older *-ung*; in the former case the *-ing* is a substituted sound for the Old English participial suffix *-ende*, the new sound being due to the attraction of the verbal nouns.

A. L. MAYHEW.

TUNIP.

Oxford: March 9, 1891.

Whether Tunip is Semitic or not, it seems to me to represent the name of the locality mentioned in Gen. xxxvi. 32 as *דִּנְהָבָה*, Dinhaba, the residence of Bela, the son of Beor, who reigned in Edom. This king is probably identical with "Balaam, son of Beor of Pethor, which is by the river of the land of the children of his people" (Numb. xxii. 5); *Variorum Bible*, "of the children of Ammon." Balaam was, according to Deuter. xxiii. 4 (5) of Pethor in Aram Nahraim (A.V. Mesopotamia). It is most likely that Dinhabah was not a locality of Edom in the restricted sense, unless the dominion of Edom extended in Balaam's time to Aram Nahraim or Naharina. The list of the kings of Edom (Gen. xxxvi. 32 to 40) seems to point to rulers who were not of Idumaean origin. In Numb. xxxi. 8 and Joshua xiii. 21 Balaam is put to death together with the princes of Midian and Sihon.

A. NEUBAUER.

SWALLOWS BUILDING AMONG THE RAFTERS.

Knill Rectory: March 9, 1891.

There is a mystery which needs explanation in the statement taken from the *Classical Review*, and in Mr. Webster's letter, about swallows building in unusual places in Greece, and in the Pyrenees.

If the bird spoken of be really the swallow (*Hirundo rustica*), it would be quite natural that it should build among the rafters of the house, and not under the eaves. In this country swallows usually build in chimneys, outhouses, &c., showing, apparently, that they prefer dark places for their nests. They never, so far as I know, build under eaves. But if the bird spoken of be the house-martin (*Hirundo urtica*), under the popular designation of swallow, which builds its nest against the walls of a house under the eaves, then their building among the rafters in preference to under the eaves would be, I should say, a remarkable exception to their usual habit.

GEORGE HANBURY FIELDING.

[Two other correspondents have written to the same effect.]

TWO STORIES.

Hampstead: March 8, 1891.

Will you allow me to draw attention to the curious similarity between a story by Mr. Ernest Rhys, entitled "The Last Dream of Julius Roy," which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* last month, and one signed with my

name which appeared in the *Newbery House Magazine* for July, 1890, entitled "A Great Success"? I sketch the outline of the two stories in parallel columns:—

"A GREAT SUCCESS." "THE LAST DREAM OF JULIUS ROY."

July, 1890.

February, 1891.

An author after a long life of failure starts from Trafalgar-square in a condition of abnormal excitement and rushes down the Strand intent upon luncheon at a tavern, Fleet-street being suggested. He orders a lunch which for him is unusually sumptuous. He has been full of unreal inflated hope, but overhears a conversation in which he realises for the first time the abjectness of his own failure. He has had ale with his lunch. He throws his arms over the table, lays his head on them, falls asleep and dreams. The dream takes the form of his own troubled experience. Again he "is hurrying through the streets of the great city." He is on his way to the palace of fame. There is a gate which has to be passed through; before he gets in he has to present a gift. This gift he holds in his hand, but it dwindles and vanishes. He falls before the door at last defeated and in despair. Then the dream changes; the door is unexpectedly opened by an unseen hand, and he beholds a face, known yet unknown, which smiles upon him. The poor author enters in, to find the aspiration of his life satisfied in ways not looked for by him. When found by the people of the tavern, he is dead.

An author after ten years of failure starts from Trafalgar-square, goes to Pall Mall to put on a dress coat, and finally returns in an abnormal state of excitement, on his way to a tavern ("The Three Friars") in Fleet-street, to have supper there. He orders an unusually sumptuous meal. He has been realizing the abjectness of his own failure; but on his way he meets with his old love, who gives him a flower, and he is now in a state of wild unreal hope. He has wine with his supper, and he throws his arms over the table, falls asleep and dreams. The dream takes the form of his own troubled experience. He is "being whirled rapidly through the streets of a dark and unknown city," in a carriage with the beloved woman by his side. He gets to a place which is a theatre, and sees a phantasm of himself on the stage struggling in vain to pass in at a door; the phantasm at last falls down before it baffled and defeated. He goes on to the stage to look after his phantasm. He himself knocks at the gate, and it is thrown open, and the beloved woman stands before him smiling. Then he receives in unexpected ways the desire of his life. When the waiter comes to rouse him, he is dead.

E. FAIRFAX BYRNE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, March 15, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Fetichism," by Mr. J. E. Carlyle.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Some Ethical Aspects of Education," by Miss E. E. C. Jones.
MONDAY, March 16, 5 p.m. London Institution: "What is a Poison?" by Prof. C. Meynott Tidy.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Photographic Chemistry," II., by Prof. R. Meldola.
8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Philosophy of Roger Bacon," by Mr. R. J. Ryle.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Reality of the Self," by Dr. Courtney.
8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Lyrics, Elizabethan and Victorian," by Miss Burstall.
TUESDAY, March 17, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Spinal Cord and Ganglia," IX., by Prof. Victor Horsley.
7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Prison Ethics and Prison Labour," by the President, Dr. F. J. Mouat.
8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Subterranean Water in the Chalk Formation of the Upper Thames, and its Relation to the Supply of London," by Mr. J. T. Harrison.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Recent Development of Tasmanian Industries," by Sir Edward N. C. Braddon.
8.30 p.m. Zoological: "Some Dermal Plates of *Homosteus* from the Old Red Sandstone of Caithness," by Mr. A. Smith Woodward; "*Lacerta sinuata*," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Some Neuropeura Odonata (Dragonflies) collected by Mr. E. E. Green in Ceylon," by Mr. W. F. Kirby; "Some Antelopes procured by Mr. T. W. H. Clarke in Somali-Land," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas.
WEDNESDAY, March 18, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "A New Method of Demonstrating Cavities in Dental and Osseous Tissues," by Mr. T. Charters White.

4 p.m. Mrs. Jopling's School of Art: "The Poets as Painters," IV., by Miss E. D'Estere Keeling.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Harbours, Natural and Artificial," by Mr. F. H. Cheesewright.
8.30 p.m. University College: "Sir Henry Vane," by Prof. Beesley.
THURSDAY, March 19, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Modern Chemistry in relation to Sanitation," III., by Prof. C. Meynott Tidy.
7 p.m. London Institution: "Originality in Music," by Prof. Ernst Pauer.
8 p.m. Linnæan: "Researches on Earthworms of the Genus *Lumbricus*," by the Rev. Hilderie Friend; "Hemiptera and Heteroptera of Ceylon," by Mr. W. F. Kirby; "Life History of Two Species of *Puccinia*," by Surgeon-Major A. Barclay.
8 p.m. Chemical: "The Molecular Refraction and Dispersion of various Substances," by Dr. J. H. Gladstone; "Contributions to our Knowledge of the Aconite Alkaloids, I., the Crystalline Alkaloid of *Aconitum napellus*," by Prof. Dunsan and Dr. W. H. Ince; "The Crystallographic Character of Aconitina from *Aconitum napellus*," by Mr. A. E. Sutton.
8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
FRIDAY, March 20, 5 p.m. Physical: "The Theory of Dislocation into Ions and its Consequences," by Mr. S. U. Pickering; "Some Points in Electrolysis," by Mr. J. Swinburne; "The Variation of Surface Tension with Temperature," by Mr. A. L. Selby; "Magnetic Proof-Pieces and Proof-Planes," by Prof. S. P. Thompson.
8 p.m. Browning Society.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Hydrophobia," by Prof. Victor Horsley.
SATURDAY, March 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Forces of Cohesion," VI., by Lord Rayleigh.

SCIENCE.

SOME BOOKS ON ORNITHOLOGY.

The Myology of the Raven: a Guide to the Study of the Muscular System in Birds. By R. W. Shufeldt. (Macmillan.) It is no small achievement to be the first to put the anatomy of the muscles of birds on a level with the knowledge of similar structures in any group of animals with the exception of man; but such is the distinction of Dr. Shufeldt in the present volume. The author has chosen for the text of his remarks the ubiquitous raven (*Corvus corax*) because it is the largest example of the oscine division of birds, which is almost universally regarded as the highest development of the ornithic type of vertebrate animals. When all is clear with regard to the muscles of a raven, the relation of the muscles of other birds can in most cases be readily shown; and in the present work deviations are pointed out with much minuteness, whenever such have been recorded. As a text-book, indeed, it must at once take the highest rank, and should soon appear in a second edition. In the ACADEMY it would be out of place to attempt a critical review, for such a work as Dr. Shufeldt's will naturally come under the notice of every specialist, and a fierce light will beat upon it. But we may remark that, in his bibliography, the learned author makes no reference to the work of Dr. William Macgillivray, in a line similar to his own; a work so elaborate in one instance that, when the present writer called the late Prof. Rolleston's attention to it, he remarked that he should never have written on the homologies of certain muscles of the shoulder-joint in birds as he did if he had been aware of the researches of his predecessor. Moreover, if we mistake not, Prof. Ray Lankester has shown to the Zoological Society that Sir Richard Owen's description of the diaphragm in the *Apteryx* is not quite correct. The translation of Sundevall's treatise on birds' wings, by the late W. S. Dallas, should also not have been ignored. But these are little things to complain of in a work so obviously great.

Handbook of Field and General Ornithology: a Manual of the Structure and Classification of Birds, with Instructions for Collecting and Preserving Specimens. By Elliott Coues. (Macmillan.) No one who aspires to be an ornithologist in the true sense of the name can afford to be ignorant of the contents of this book. It aspires to showing us everything about the nature and structure of birds, so far

as a single volume can epitomise the extent of present knowledge; and it fulfils its aspiration to a degree hitherto unknown. It is practically a reprint, for English readers, of the first third of the illustrious author's second edition of his *Key to North American Birds*, published at Boston, U.S.A., in 1884; and it contains some excellent figures which appeal more to English ornithologists than did those of the original work. It consists of two divisions. The first is entitled "Field Ornithology." Here we have minute directions as to how to collect birds and their nests and eggs; how to prepare them for the museum, according to the latest and most refined methods; and how to preserve them. It may hardly be considered credible in a scientific treatise, but we can faithfully avow that almost every page of this part reads like a novel; and it is much more interesting than most of them. The genius of the author alone makes each page as pregnant as most people's chapters could have been. Only those who know him "in the flesh," as he would say, can conceive how it is that he puts dry details so brilliantly. It is part of the man himself, his own way of work; and may it be long before the world knows from his biographer the secrets of the way in which he crystallises the results of his trained enthusiasm; we shall all want to copy him then. Here we are only his critic; and we cannot find anything to criticise, but only to admire now a part of the life-work of a man who concentrates within himself the advanced ornithology of the age. Prof. Coues's second division is called "General Ornithology." General it is, indeed, in the widest signification. He defines birds; he tells us what a bird is, and shows us how it differs from other vertebrate animals, adducing more facts in evidence than we might think necessary if we had lived in pre-Darwinian times. Then he gives us a philosophical disquisition on the classification of birds, such as perhaps has never been equalled. Definitions and descriptions of the exterior parts of birds follow this, wherein everything known is summarised with a master's skill. Illiger was great; but Coues is greater. That is what those who know must feel. The second half of the book is devoted to the entire anatomy of birds. As we close it, we wonder what else there is to be learnt about the matter; it is all so clearly explained and illustrated that Dr. Coues's successors will find it hard to supplant him in anything like the same compass.

A Handbook of European Birds. For the Use of Field Naturalists and Collectors. By James Backhouse, Junior. (Gurney & Jackson.) The intention of this handy little volume is excellent. We are given a descriptive list of all the birds recognised by the author as inhabiting Europe, as well as an appended list of the names of the North American, Asiatic, and African species which are stated to have occurred in the Western Palaearctic region. The variations due to sex or season are carefully noted, and the chief diagnostic points are emphasized by the use of italics. Brief notes on the distribution and habitat of each species are also given. What a boon such a book seems to offer to the travelling ornithologist, or even to him who is not possessed of more expensive works! But, alas, the execution of it fails on close inspection; and where faults are frequent no amount of valuable matter can be recommended to the tyro. The drawback of even only one per cent. of error must discount the percentage of truth to a degree only commensurate with the ignorance of the reader. The very frontispiece, pictorial and accurate though it appears to be, is in more than one point misleading, so that it is worse than useless. The "distribution" of the nightingale (p. 22) is given thus: "Summer migrant breeding in Central and Southern

Europe." Would, say, an American reader gather from this that the bird was common over two-thirds of England? It is often difficult to say whether a given bird ought to be included in a local list; but when we find such a species as the surf-scooter (*Oedemia perspicillata*) undescribed by Mr. Backhouse, when it has been included in the British list by every classical writer on the British avifauna, we cannot help losing some faith in his discrimination. However, we need not multiply instances. By this time the honorary curator of ornithology of the York Museum is probably aware of many points, the correction of which, in a second edition, will make his book one of substantial value. Even as it stands at present it is without a rival. The Germans and Americans are more fortunate than we are; we have waited too long for an English Coues or Jordan.

Sundevall's Tentamen. (Methodi naturalis avium disponendarum Tentamen.) Translated into English, with Notes, by Francis Nicholson. (Porter.) Many thanks are due to Mr. Nicholson for the present translation. Prof. Sundevall's efforts to make a logical classification of birds possible have obtained a world-wide recognition, and the present work, in its original form, has long been the handbook of every scientific ornithologist; but its having been written in Latin made its use limited to those who possessed some knowledge of that language. Now, with the assistance of his friends, Messrs. R. Bowdler Sharpe and Henry T. Wharton, Mr. Nicholson has relieved the most unlearned from making any excuse to themselves for being ignorant of a scientific treatise of the first rank. The tendency of modern science certainly is to undervalue, if not to ignore, many of Sundevall's conclusions; but the careful way in which he marshalled them, and the lucidity with which he explained them, must for ever place his work in a very high position. Mistaken he was, here and there; for he concluded his labours in the first dayspring of the light shed by the theory of evolution; but the results of his careful investigations show much of the glory thrown by the new philosophy upon the old. He wedded the knowledge of the ancients with the theories of the moderns in a quite remarkable manner. Carl Jacob Sundevall was born in 1801, and he died in 1875. The Swedish nation have good reason to revere his memory, as Mr. Nicholson shows us in a brief obituary; and it is not given to every man of science to have a silver medal struck in his honour. A reviewer cannot be expected to read every line of a work like the present, especially when he is familiar with every line of Sundevall's. But the more he looks into it, the more pleased he is with the English dress in which we have it now. The translation seems everywhere faithful, and it reads like an original essay; while the notes bring it up to the modern level. It is a work to have at your elbow, and the references are always valuable. No student who reverences Linnaeus can ignore Sundevall; and the writings of both alike create an era which the history of classification can neither forget nor despise.

Classification of Birds. An Attempt to diagnose the Sub-classes, Orders, Sub-orders, and some of the Families of Existing Birds. By Henry Seebohm. (Porter.) Mr. Seebohm quite takes our breath away. In forty-nine pages he re-arranges the birds of the world, as we know it now. He simplifies his tremendous task wisely by ignoring fossil birds, and gives good reasons for confining himself to existing forms; these are puzzle enough. The bird type is so uniform; a bird cannot be mistaken for anything else. The possession of wings, at one time or another, has so specialised its

possessors that every other attribute seems to become insignificant. There is no class of animals in which authorities have been so much at variance in the disposition of even the most prominent types as in the class *Aves*. One authority took a single basis on which to found his classification, another took quite a different one; some tried to combine a few. Mr. Seebohm's virtue lies in trying to combine all. The only valid objection which can be made to the present work is that it is too much condensed. It ought to have come out as an appendix to a general treatise; it makes too great a demand upon the reader as it stands now. Few but professed ornithologists will spare the energy to master it, although it may make an epoch. The charm of it is that the author has all the results of his predecessors' labours at his fingers' ends, and that he has endeavoured to harmonise this with an extraordinary amount of independent research. Whether Mr. Seebohm convinces the ornithological world or not, it is impossible to deny that he has focussed a greater number of facts than any of his predecessors. The time has not yet arrived to say whether the conclusions he bases upon them are irrefragable. An author is often his own best critic, and it is noteworthy that Mr. Seebohm has already made some changes upon his two alternative systems promulgated in the present treatise.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, director-general of the geological survey of the United Kingdom, and the president for this year of the Geological Society, has just been elected by the Académie des Sciences a correspondent of the Institut.

THE Easter excursion of the Geologists' Association will be to the Isle of Wight, under the direction of the president, the Rev. Prof. J. F. Blake.

Journal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal. Vol. 58, No. 5, and Vol. 59, Nos. 2 and 3. (Kegan Paul & Co.) The first of these numbers contains elaborate indexes of the Indian species of insects of the order Rhynchocha and family Pentatomidae, described in previous numbers by the late E. T. Atkinson, and excellent plates of new Indian fishes and butterflies; and the two other parts issued in 1890 contain short papers on new Indian Weevils and Brentiides by M. D. des Loges; on species of the Andaman Flora by Mr. D. Prain; a preliminary list of the Butterflies of Madras by Lieut. Watson; on three new Indian Psychidae by Mr. F. Moore; on a new trap-door spider from Orissa by Surgeon Walsh; and on a new fly of the genus *Dilophus*, by Mr. M. Bigot. There are also four botanical memoirs, one of considerable length on the Uredineae of the Western Himalaya, by Mr. A. Barclay; and another still longer on the Flora of the Malayan Peninsula, by Dr. G. King; also on a new genus of Bamboos by Mr. Gamble; and on a new species of *Ellipanthus* by Mr. Prain.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, Feb. 13.)

PROF. J. H. MIDDLETON, vice-president, in the chair.—Two communications were read by J. Willis Clark: (1) on the Architectural History of the Church and Conventual Buildings of the Augustinian Priory at Barnwell; (2) on a Book of Observances of the Austin Canons. The principal authority used in both papers is a manuscript volume in the British Museum (MSS. Harl. 3601), usually referred to as "The Barnwell Cartulary," or, "The Barnwell Register." The author's own title is, however, much to be preferred, viz. *Liber memorandorum Ecclesie de Bernwelle*. The contents,

of a very miscellaneous character, are roughly sorted into seven books, prefaced by an excellent table of contents, and a calendar. The eighth book, which has hitherto passed unnoticed, contains a *Consuetudinarium*, or Book of Observances, of the Austin Canons. The whole MS. is written in a large, clear, uniform hand, and internal evidence shows that it was finished in 1296. (I.) The Augustinian Order was first established in Cambridge in 1092, by Picot, the Norman sheriff of Cambridgeshire, who built a small house for six Canons close to the castle. This house Pain Peverel transferred in 1112 to "a much more convenient site" at Barnwell, granted to him by King Henry I. There he set about building "a church of wonderful beauty and massive construction" (*ecclesiam mire pulchritudinis et ponderosi operis*), and so large "that it would have extended as far as the high road." He died, however, in 1122 or 1123, before its completion, and was buried "on the north side of the high altar," a piece of history which indicates that the building had made considerable progress. After his death little or nothing was done until 1165. In that year Canon Robert was elected Prior, "a man of unheard-of strictness and austerity," who was evidently an administrator of rare ability. "He associated with himself," we are told, "a distinguished soldier named Everard de Beche, by whose advice and assistance he pulled down to the foundations the church which had been nobly commenced by Pain Peverel aforesaid, and completed another of more suitable character." This church was consecrated by the bishop of Ely, in honour of S. Giles and S. Andrew, on April 21, 1191. Up to this time the Canons had probably lived in wooden houses; but, during the tenure of office of Laurence de Stanesfeld, ninth Prior (1213-1251), we read of the construction of the frater, the farmery, the great guest hall, the granary, the bakehouse and brewhouse, the stable, the inner and outer gatehouse, and the chapel of S. Edmund. The chapel of the infirmary was consecrated October 2, 1222; the chapel of S. Edmund, January 21, 1229. Tolamus de Thorley, eleventh Prior (1254-1265), built the prior's lodging and chapel, and rebuilt part of the cloister and chapterhouse. The dates of the above-mentioned works fall very conveniently into three periods: (1) 1112-1165; (2) 1165-1208; (3) 1208-1265. During the first the church was begun on a grand scale, and, on the evidence of the date, in the Norman style. In the second the original plan was completely changed, and the church completed in the Early English style, on the same evidence. In the third, the conventual buildings were erected. In 1287 the tower—called in the Dunstable Chronicle *nobilissima turris de Barnwelle*—which probably stood at the intersection of the nave, quire, and transept—was struck by lightning and set on fire. The flames spread to the quire, which was so seriously damaged that two years were spent in rebuilding it. After the Dissolution the buildings of the abbey were used as a quarry; but, notwithstanding this indiscriminate destruction, a good deal was still standing in 1810, and the plan of the whole could be made out. In that year, however, the ancient foundations were dug up, and the ground levelled. Since then, a considerable portion of the site has been removed in the course of digging for gravel. (II.) The *Consuetudinary*, or, as the author calls it—"a short treatise on the observances of Canons Regular in accordance with their Rule"—prescribes, in the most minute manner, how the brethren are to behave in the church, the dorter, the frater, the cloister, &c.; and what are the specific duties of the principal officers of the house. As might be expected, knowledge is assumed on many points which are obscure to us, and on which we should gladly have had fuller information; but, notwithstanding, a graphic picture of the daily life of a great religious house is set before us. After the preface, which occupies five chapters, we come to those which deal with the officers of the house: the Prior (here called Prelate), and his subordinates, or *obedienciarii*. These are: the Sub-prior, the third Prior, the Precentor or Armarius (librarian), who is to have an assistant called *succentor*; the Sacrist and Sub-sacrist; the Hall-Butler (*Refectorarius*) with his servitor; the Almoner; the Chief Cellarer and the Sub-cellarer; the Kitchen Steward (*Cocuarius*)

with his assistant; the Steward of the Granary (*Granatorius*); the Receivers (*Receptores*) the number of which is not specified; the Steward of the Guest-house (*Hospitarius*) with his servant; the Chamberlain (*Camerarius*); and the Master of the Infirmary (*Infirmaryus*). The Prelate was elected by the brethren, but, once in office, was to exercise a despotic sway from which there was no appeal, and to be treated with obsequious deference. Next to him came the Sub-prior. Besides certain specified duties, as the awakening of the brethren in the dormitory in the morning, he was generally to bear the same relation to the Prelate as a College Vice-Master does to the Master. The third Prior stood in a similar relation to the Sub-prior. His principal duty was to go round the house at night, and see that all was safe, and no brother lingering where he ought not to be. In matters temporal the Prelate depended mainly on the Chief Cellarer (*Cellerarius Major*), who is called his "right hand." He combined, in fact, the duties of the Senior and Junior Bursar of a College. He was assisted by the Steward of the Granary (*Granatorius*), who seems to have acted as an agent, and by the Receivers, to whom the rents and other monies were paid. The services were directed by the Precentor (who was also librarian and archivist), and the Sacrist and Sub-sacrist. There was also a priest appointed for each week, called *Hebdomadarius*. The Sacrist and Sub-sacrist were called "the guardians of the church;" in winter they slept in it, and took their meals in it. The directions for the ritual are very minute and curious. The daily occupations of the brethren can be easily made out by comparing these Observances with the statutes of the Premonstratensians, or reformed Augustinians, which are more precise on several points of daily custom. We will begin with Matins. "The brethren ought to rise for Matins at midnight. Hence the Sub-sacrist, whose duty it is to regulate the clock, ought to strike the bell (*nocturn*) in the dormitory to awaken them. When the brethren have been aroused by the sound, they ought to fortify themselves with the sign of the cross, to say their private prayers noiselessly while getting ready, and then to rise. They are then to sit down before their beds, and wait for the Warden of the Order [the Sub-prior] to give the signal for them to leave the dormitory. Next, when the lantern has been lighted, which one of the younger brethren ought to carry in front of them, and a gentle signal has been given, they should put on their shoes and girdles, march into church in procession, and devoutly and reverently begin the triple prayer. . . . When Matins are ended, the brethren, after making a profound obeisance, ought to leave the choir, the younger leading the way with a lighted lantern, and proceed to the dormitory. No one is to remain in the church, except the guardians [i.e. the Sacrist and Sub-sacrist] unless he have leave to do so. When the brethren have reached the dormitory, they are not to sit down before their beds, but to place themselves in them and rest. . . . In the morning, at a signal from the Warden of the Order all the brethren ought to leave their beds. When they leave the dormitory, after washing their hands and combing their hair, they ought to go to the church before they turn aside to any other place. There, after sprinkling themselves with holy water, let them pray with pure hearts fervently, and first seek the Kingdom of God and His righteousness. After this, while the priests are preparing themselves for private masses, let some attend to the duties assigned to them, others take their books and go into the cloister, and there read or sing without conversation." Before they left the church, Prime would have been said; but there is no special mention of this hour—or indeed of many of the other hours—as in the Premonstratensian or Benedictine Statutes, because it was taken for granted that all the brethren would attend them. There is a special chapter, headed, "That all ought to be present at the Hours," which the writer probably thought would be sufficient for his purpose. Prime was succeeded by the Mass of the Blessed Virgin, and the morning-mass or chapter-mass, after which they went to Chapter, which was presided over by the Prelate, or, in his absence, by the Sub-prior. In Chapter—which all brethren were bound to attend—the ordinary business of the house was transacted, and the offences committed during the previous twenty-four hours made public and punished.

Chapter was succeeded by Terce; then came High Mass, followed by Sext. After this the brethren went to dinner in the frater. The food consisted of fish, meat, and vegetables, and apparently did not vary; for the Almoner is directed "to make up every day for ever three plates for the use of three poor men, viz., of the remnants of bread, meat, fish, and occasionally of vegetables left over." Cooked fruit is also mentioned. The directions for the care of the frater, and for the behaviour of the brethren in it, are very minute and curious. Scrupulous cleanliness is insisted upon; and, besides, it is to be beautified in summer with fresh flowers, and made sweet with mint and fennel. Fly-catchers also are to be provided. After dinner the brethren went, in summer, to the dormitory for a siesta. They were awakened by a bell for Nones; after which came collation (the drinking of a glass of beer in the frater, followed by a reading in the chapter house); then Vespers; then supper; and lastly, Compline. This over they retired to their beds in the dormitory. Silence was to be kept, as directed by the rule, from morning till after Chapter. After Chapter the brethren might converse in the cloister till the bell rang for Terce. After this there was to be no more conversation until the same time on the following day. Silence might, however, be broken in the event of four accidents, viz., robbers, sickness, fire, workmen. If strangers of rank, whether lay or clerical, visited the convent, they might be spoken to; and a few words might be used at meals. If brethren were compelled to speak during the hours of silence, they might do so in the parlour. The curious custom of bleeding (*minutio*), has a chapter devoted to it, from which we will make a short extract:—"Those who intend to be bled ought to ask leave of the president in Chapter, and, having received a bleeding licence, are to leave the choir after the gospel at High Mass, and to be bled at the usual place in the Infirmary. . . . After an interval of seven weeks, permission to be bled is not to be refused, except for a reasonable cause. Those who have been bled ought to take their meals for three days in the Infirmary. During this interval they ought not to enter the choir for Matins or the other Hours."

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

A Century of Painters of the English School. By Richard and Samuel Redgrave. Second Edition. (Sampson Low.) It is useful to have this book in one volume of a handy size, and carried down to the present time; but we rather regret some of the abridgments, as for instance the information about the rise in the prices of Turner's pictures, and the revision has by no means been as thorough as it might have been. Some attempt should at least have been made to reconcile the conflicting opinions about Wright, of Derby. His Life has been written, and excellent opportunities of studying his work have occurred since 1866. Our knowledge respecting the English School has greatly increased since this book was published; but here, where above all places this knowledge should be clearly shown, it is principally remarkable for its absence. The work of Dr. Propert on miniature painting does not appear to have been consulted, and the accounts of the water-colour painters are very imperfect and inaccurate. Everybody, except apparently the editor of this second edition, knows that Cox excelled as a painter in oil-colours, that his works in that material are even more highly valued than his water-colours; but in this *Century of Painters* it is thought sufficient to say that "he retired to Harborne. . . . and devoted himself almost entirely to painting in oil. His works in this material were rarely seen in London, remaining principally in the hands of his friends." In this respect De Wint is still more badly treated, although his two large landscapes at the South Kensington Museum have long shown to all who know any-

thing about English art that he was one of the finest of our landscape painters in oil. George Barret, Junior, has more justice done to him; but surely there is no excuse for retaining a paragraph which declares that "a certain monotony of colour pervaded" the pictures of one of the most radiant and brilliant of all painters. It would have been well if the additions had been marked in some way, especially in such chapters as the last about the Pre-Raphaelites. They seem to be fairly well done, but on the whole this revised edition is disappointing.

"THE GREAT ARTISTS."—*Memorials of William Mulready, R.A.* By Frederic G. Stephens. (Sampson Low.) A few facts and a few anecdotes are all that Mr. Stephens, with all his diligence and opportunities, has been able to collect as materials for the biography of an artist who lived for no less than seventy-seven years. But the author has filled out the scanty outlines of his story with such detailed descriptions of his pictures, and with such a variety of information on all subjects and persons connected with his life, that with the aid of not a little repetition he has managed to put together some hundred and twenty pages. Considered as literature, it is but a piece of patchwork, not over-well designed nor very neatly stitched; but it has the merit of being written by one who knew the artist himself, and has associated with many of his friends—one moreover who has probably the most intimate knowledge of his pictures of any man living. His portrait of the man is kindly, his criticism of the artist sympathetic, and on the whole just; but it is a mistake to call Mulready a great artist, except in a strictly comparative sense. He was careful, laborious, conscientious, something of a humorist, an accurate draughtsman, an accomplished painter (especially of still life), he had more humour than De Hooghe, more refinement than Jan Steen, was a better colourist than Wilkie; but he was not half so great an artist as any one of these, for all that.

"THE GREAT ARTISTS."—*Corot, Daubigny, Dupré*, by J. W. Mollett; *Millet, Rousseau, Diaz*, by J. W. Mollett; *Ruisdael, Hobbema, Cuyp, Potter*, by Frank Cundall. (Sampson Low.) So much has been written lately about the Barbizon School, and there is so little that is new in the volumes compiled by Mr. Mollett, that little need be said in praise or blame with regard to them, except that they are convenient *resumés* of existing information, neat in arrangement, and fully illustrated. How great a title Mr. Mollett can claim as an original authority on French art may be gathered from one sentence: "The Revolution and the Terror," says Mr. Mollett, "produced both David and Géricault, whose early childhood passed in those years (from 1791 onwards) of which a contemporary historian has said that he 'never remembered then to have seen the sun shine.'" David was born as a fact in 1748; but no one who has any knowledge of the history of French art would need to look up his dates to remember that David was at the head of French art before Géricault was born. Mr. Frank Cundall's book on the four famous Dutch landscape painters is also, and necessarily, a summary; but it is one of a better sort, more varied in its learning, and more complete in its arrangement. It is in most ways a model of how such popular critical biographies should be constructed. It gives all the important facts in excellent order, so that in a small compass the reader may find all the information he needs as to life and works, and the criticisms thereon. Sufficient historical information is also given to make the position of the painters in their school, and the conditions under which they worked, quite clear even to him who runs. These new volumes of this useful series are all full of pictures

and one or two of the illustrations like that of the Queen's Hobbema, "The Watermill," from Buckingham Palace are very good.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTER-ETCHERS.

AN interesting selection from Turner's *Liber Studiorum*—showing many of the plates in different states and as they were affected by the individual work of Turner upon each—fills that wall at the Painter-Etchers which is devoted year by year to the classics of etching. With the brief record of this fact I must perforce content myself, and pass on to the remaining walls, the exhibitors whereon are subjected to the trying test not exactly of competition, but of almost juxtaposition, with the admitted master of the art of landscape. And it says a very great deal for the vitality of etching to-day, that there is at the Painter-Etchers so much work which one can look upon with interest—which one can recognise as masculine, energetic, and personal, even when one is fresh from a survey of the triumphs of Turner.

The work of Mr. William Strang, with its occasional hideousness and its frequent intensity, remains what it has been for some years past—one of the most interesting puzzles that are presented by modern art. The task, I confess, is quite beyond me, to define in a few lines how it is that Mr. Strang is felt to be so distinctly original, so stimulating to the imagination of the beholder, while at the same time he is full of methods that are frankly imitative, sometimes even of a vision of life that is quite obviously "derived." Did anyone ever yet impress us so much, who all the while reminded us of so many of his forerunners? It is this that presents the difficulty, and this too is the cause of the divergence of opinion that exists about him in the minds of educated men. He must appeal only to the imaginative—to those who are enabled in some degree to follow the line of his fancy, while recognising as clearly as do the opponents of his work how much in it is Rembrandt, and how much is Legros, and how much in it is an ugliness which even with the utmost industry he can have learnt from neither. Of his many plates this year I have time to mention but two or three in the course of this present writing. "The Sick Tinker" is a Legros too simply; it would never have been but for "La Mort du Vagabond." "Old Clothes" is a Rembrandt *manqué*. "Drowned" and "Castaways" are both of them informed with a great imagination; each being as different as it is possible to be from the usual melodramatic treatment of similar subjects; each being conceived with vividness and intensity, so that they impress themselves upon the mind of the beholder and force him to believe in their truth.

Mr. Frank Short's work is obviously less open to cavil or criticism than that of Mr. Strang. Not that the people who are able to perceive its daintiness are able, necessarily, to see also its technical excellence, or even the decisiveness and directness of its draughtsmanship. But yet it speaks to them at once, a plain word that they can understand. The "Timber Ship" at Conway—dinner-time, high noon—is the best of Mr. Short's work this year. It is of singular charm and thoroughness. Elsewhere—whatever a first hasty survey may have led me to believe—he is, in his work of the present season, not quite so interesting as in that of last year. May the hope be expressed fervently that he will not permit those commissions which must crowd upon him for work of translation, to interfere unduly with the prosecution of original labour. An artist like Mr. Short—however grateful we may be to him for such an exquisite little mezzotint as that in which he

has spread far and wide the knowledge of a sketch by Constable—owes it to himself to secure for original work some of those months of the year in which his labour is likely to be freshest and most vigorous.

Mr. Jacomb-Hood, Mr. Wilfrid Ball, Mr. Charles Robertson of the Old Water-Colour Society, Mr. Percy Thomas, Mr. W. Holmes May, Mr. Niven, Colonel Goff, and others contribute agreeable and often individual work, in the methods general proper to etching, while plates of easily recognised importance come from Mr. Axel Haig and the Messrs. Slocombe. Mr. T. C. Farrer sends more than one impressive mezzotint, and it is mezzotint also that engages another landscape man, Mr. Finnie. But we will go back again to the pure etchings, that no injustice may be done to artists like Mr. Cameron, Mr. Inigo Thomas, Mr. Oliver Hall, and Mr. Charles Holroyd. Though Mr. Cameron's work bears traces—bears great marks—of the influence of Mr. Whistler and of Mr. Frank Short, and does this, not alone in the treatment, but likewise in the selection of theme, it has yet signs of individuality. "Old Houses, Greenock" (a wharfside with planks floating up to the quay) is one of his best coppers. Mr. Inigo Thomas is an architectural draughtsman, who unites solidity with delicacy—pictorial effect with the evidence of adequate learning. The silvery little plate of "St. Rhadegonde, Poitiers," is, perhaps, the least ambitious, but, perhaps, the most complete of his contributions. It is most legitimately dainty. Mr. Oliver Hall and Mr. Holroyd both of them display the influence of old masters and of great contemporaries; but so long as their work is not servile imitation, and it certainly never is, could we wish such influence away? We say that both of these etchers have studied the earlier classics of design, as writers study, and are bound to study, the classics of literature. Among contemporaries, it is Mr. Seymour Haden who affects Mr. Hall, and M. Legros who affects Mr. Holroyd. But let the students of their etchings grasp the fact very thoroughly—it was not through mere imitation of Mr. Seymour Haden that Mr. Hall was enabled to execute that "Study of Trees," which, while it reminds us of Ruysdael, Crome, and Rousseau, attests also a direct observation of the scene; it was not through mere imitation of M. Legros that Mr. Holroyd was enabled to endow what he calls his "Study from Nature"—stone pines in the Borghese Gardens—with so rich a measure of the virtue of distinction and of the charm of style. The "Study from Nature" has more than nature in it—it has the rare quality of design.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

PROPOSED EXCAVATIONS AT CHESTER.

SOME repairs lately executed in the North Wall of Chester resulted in the discovery of Roman inscriptions and sculptures, and a further exploration started by the Chester Archaeological Society produced more inscriptions and sculptures. It is now proposed, with the consent of the Corporation, to set on foot further explorations in the same wall. The former discoveries have excited great interest both in England and on the Continent, and Prof. Mommsen, of Berlin, has written strongly urging further search. Of all the historic sites in England, none are so likely to aid our knowledge of Roman history as the Roman military centres; and it is well known that Deva was garrisoned by the Twentieth Legion from the earliest times until the end of the Roman occupation of our island. The exploration will begin in a part of the North Wall

which is now under repair, in which a preliminary search has revealed inscribed and sculptured stones. It will be carried out by the city surveyor, Mr. I. Matthews Jones, who conducted the former excavations to a successful issue. Inscriptions and sculptures found will be the property of the Corporation, and will be deposited, with those previously discovered, in the Grosvenor Museum at Chester. The results of the explorations will be published by Prof. Pelham and Mr. Haverfield. Several subscriptions have been already promised, and an appeal is now made for more. The work is necessarily more expensive than "digging," and the space which ought to be examined is large. The probability of finding inscriptions is, however, very great, and the work has claims on both patriotism and scholarship. Subscriptions may be sent to Prof. Pelham, 20 Bradmore-road, Oxford; or to F. Haverfield, Esq., Lancing College, Shoreham, Sussex.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE spring season is now at its height, in anticipation of Easter. The exhibitions to open next week are some five in number: The Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, in Piccadilly (to which the Empress Frederick paid a visit on the day of the press view); the two Haymarket exhibitions of Mr. McLean and Messrs. Tooth & Sons—the latter including Munkacsy's last work, "Tête-à-Tête"; the much-talked-of collection of drawings by the late Charles Keene, at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond-street; and a representative series of pictures by Diaz, at the Goupil Gallery, in the same street.

THERE is now on exhibition at South Kensington what is known as the Hope collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures, lent by the present owner of Deepdene, Lord Francis Pelham-Clinton-Hope, grandson of the late Mrs. Hope.

MESSRS. L. ALLISON & Co., on behalf of the Librairie de l'Art, have sent us artists' proofs of three plates by French etchers, after English painters who all betray French influence. Mr. Orchardson's "Master Baby," painted in 1886, is reproduced, faithfully rather than with genius, by M. F. Milius. But it must be admitted that this painter's general scheme of colouring does not readily lend itself to the etcher's art. The other two, which are both reproduced by M. Ch. Giroux, are both entirely foreign in their subject and treatment. Mr. Mac Ewen's picture, entitled "A Ghost Story," shows a group of Flemish women of various ages, engaged in their household tasks of spinning, &c., and listening to a tale told by one of their number, not the oldest. The time seems to be broad daylight; and the auditors have interest marked on their faces, but no horror. The other picture, called (after the French fashion) "Maternity," is by Mr. George Hitchcock. It is chiefly noticeable for the extent to which the human figure—there is practically only one—is subordinated to the details of flowers and rushes in a moorland landscape.

MR. THOMAS MORING, of High Holborn, has issued a well-printed pamphlet on *Seal Engraving*, which, though intended as a trade advertisement, deserves notice for its handsome illustrations of seals, stones, &c.

WE must be content here merely to record the death of Senator Giovanni Morelli (Ivan Lermolieff), which took place at Milan on February 28. Next week we hope to give some account of his unique services in assigning fixed principles to the historical criticism of Italian painting.

THE STAGE.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT AS A DRAMATIST.

Paris: March 7, 1891.

"MUSOTTE," a play in three acts, by MM. Guy de Maupassant and Jacques Normand, has just been produced at the Gymnase, and I may say at once that M. de Maupassant's *début* as a dramatist has been crowned with success.

"Musotte" is the dramatised version of "L'Enfant," one of the prettiest of a series of short stories published collectively under the title, *Clair de Lune*. The plot is a masterpiece of clever, but in nowise offensive, realistic observation, of rapid and intense dramatic effect produced by the simplest means; the dialogue is written in the terse and elegant language common to all the works of the author of *Pierre et Jean*.

Jean Martmel (M. Raphael Duflos), a young painter of talent, has just married Gilberte de Petitpré (Mlle. Darland), the sister of his best friend Léon (M. Noblet). Dinner is over; after an exquisite love-scene between the newly married couple, the bride retires to change her dress, while the small family party is enlivened by the sharp repartees of Mme. de Ronchard (Mme. Pasa), Gilberte's aunt, an elderly and rather cantankerous widow, who bestows all her pent-up affections on lap-dogs, and has founded a home for lost and starving members of the canine race. She has a great dislike to artists, which is shared by her brother, Gilberte's father, and both have tried in vain to break off the engagement. In the midst of the general conversation, a letter is handed to Jean; it is from his friend Dr. Pellerin (M. Plan), and is thus worded: "Musotte is dying, and wishes to see you immediately." Aghast, Jean shows the letter to his brother-in-law, asking him what he is to do. "Go, immediately; I will try to keep the family quiet until your return," is the answer. Left alone with his father, aunt, and Jean's good-natured uncle, Léon boldly tells them the cause of the bridegroom's absence. He has often seen Musotte, a model, who became deeply attached to Jean; but from the day the latter met and loved Gilberte, she ceased to see Jean, and for the last six months has led a retired and respectable life, never making any attempt to recall her lost lover. "Ah! I knew we should hear of something of this sort and of some hidden scandal," exclaims Mme. Ronsard; "the minx is shaming and taking advantage of the situation to levy blackmail."

The second act takes place in the room where poor little Musotte (Mlle. Sisos) is dying beside the cradle of her baby. At a side-table, discussing coffee and small scandal, sits Mme. Flache (Mme. Desclauzas), ex-star of the *corps de ballet*, now *sage femme de l'Opéra*, and evidently a near relation to M. Halévy's "Famille Cardinal"; seated opposite her is Lise Babin (Mlle. Blerzy), the nurse, a good specimen of the comely, gaily beribboned *nounou* who steals the coffee, tea, and sugar to send to her family in some far-away village of Normandy. The trio is completed by the arrival of Dr. Pellerin, a cleverly portrayed specimen of the young and fashionable *médecin de théâtre* attached to every Parisian theatre, who runs off to a patient's bedside between the last act of the opera and the first of the ballet. But although the doctor gives Musotte an injection of morphia, she is nervous, excited, and wildly anxious to see Jean. He comes at last. The scene which follows—though it reminds one of the last act of the "Dame aux Camélias"—is less conventional and more truly pathetic: the audience were all in tears on the first night; and it requires something very touching indeed to bring tears to the eyes of the sceptical audience of a Parisian *première*. Musotte, who is aware

that she is dying fast, in feverish, hurried tones unburdens her heart. She tells Jean that no wife could have been more faithful to him than she has been, that had she not been at death's door he would never more have heard of her or the newborn child. But she will be dead in a few hours, and then what is to become of her poor babe, abandoned, with no one to care for him. "Oh! Jean, have mercy on us, have pity on my darling; take him for God's sake, be a father to him." Whispering, she adds: "Your wife is young and pretty and good, I am told, tell her all; she will listen to the prayer of a dying mother, she will take care of my child. For pity's sake, Jean." The latter gently presses her hands, crosses over to the cradle, and kissing the sleeping child, says, "I promise to do all you wish." "Oh! how happy I am," says Musotte, sinking back on the cushions. A deep sigh, and she is no more.

When the curtain rises on the third act we find the personages of the first act as we left them, waiting impatiently for Jean's return; he has been absent two hours, and his wife, who knows nothing of what has taken place, is in despair. Jean returns at last, but he dares not face the family circle; he sends for his brother-in-law, and begs him to explain what has happened, and obtain his wife's forgiveness for what he has done. Never was there a more difficult *scène à faire*, as M. Sarcey would say, than the one which follows. Léon pleads for Jean in the most eloquent terms. He shows that pity, humanity, memory of past times, obliged him to listen to the appeal of the dying woman.

"Suppose you had read the story I have just told you in this evening's paper, would not your sympathy be awakened in favour of the dying mother and living child. You would admire and approve of Jean's spontaneous and noble act. But had you read that he refused to see the dying girl, that he had ordered the motherless child to be sent off to nurse in some out-of-the-way village, to die probably of neglect, then your indignation would have been great, and justly so. Even you, my dear aunt, would have despised him—you, whose kind heart bleeds at the sight of a poor abandoned poodle pup! All I can add is that I entirely approve of Jean's conduct, and like him all the more for his behaviour in this sad affair."

Thus the case is half won when Jean, who can bear the suspense no longer, rushes in, asks to be left alone with his wife, to whom he pleads for pardon. Gilberte, whose jealousy has been aroused at the thought that perhaps he loved Musotte better than her, on finding that pity alone has inspired Jean, not only forgives him, but agrees that Musotte's dying prayer must be granted; she will adopt and be a loving step-mother to the motherless babe. Thus the extremely delicate and complicated question treated by M. de Maupassant in "Musotte" is solved in the simplest and most natural manner. The troubles our faults bring upon us can be easily removed if we allow our better feelings to guide us, if we follow the dictates of our best adviser—our heart. We are thus more likely to attain happiness than by following the rules of worldly prudence and egotism for *Le cœur a ses raisons que la raison ne connaît pas*.

It is needless to add that the admirable acting of the *artistes* of the Gymnase company contributes in no small measure to the success of this clever and unconventional drama.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

STAGE NOTES.

THE Lyceum revival of "Charles the First" was the event of last week. May the play be performed many more times—such is our pious wish—with the same cast that has just been performing it so well. As Henrietta Maria Miss Ellen Terry is very charming, even if she

is not very French. What grace remains hers, what an air of spontaneity, what quiet and chastened pathos! Then it is a pleasure to see little Miss Minnie Terry—most popular and most varied of child-actresses—in the part of the little Princess. And how good a foil to these charms is the grim Cromwell of Mr. Wenman. Mr. Howe, the ever-judicious, and Miss Annie Irish, in a part too small to give evidence of her flexible and sympathetic talent, go far towards completing an admirable cast. Mr. Irving crowns the edifice. The delivery of much weak verse might be pardoned to one who presents the hapless monarch with such dignity and sweetness—with such an air of fatefulness, with an irresolution and want of concentrateness so characteristic of that lovable gentleman who was so inefficient a sovereign. Mr. Irving has never been more pathetic. And, again, though it is conceded that in the minor art of making-up—as in other arts more important—he is without a superior, it has not been sufficiently taken into account how his very features lend themselves to a counterfeit resemblance of a Charles by Van-dyke. As he enters, or walks the stage, the illusion is complete. He is not only Charles, but Charles seen with the finer eyes of the most graceful of portrait-painters.

MR. HARE has at length produced Mr. Pinero's play, "Lady Bountiful," which we shall immediately discuss at befitting length.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

THE seventy-ninth season of the Philharmonic Society commenced on Thursday evening, March 5, with Rubinstein's Overture to "Antony and Cleopatra" (Op. 116). The music, in spite of the title, is to be regarded from an abstract point of view, for the composer has not divulged the "secret of his purpose." The opening is imposing, the themes on which the Overture is constructed are attractive, and the orchestration is effective; but the music can lay no particular claim either to depth or originality, and, further, the general effect may be described as *décousu*. The performance of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor was, on the whole, good; but the slow pace at which Mr. Cowen took the "Fate" notes of the opening Allegro, and a want of decision in certain passages, robbed this first movement of some of its grandeur. Herr Stavenhagen played Beethoven's Concerto in B flat in an effective manner. Dr. Maekenzie conducted his Prelude and Entr'actes to "Ravenswood," and was received with great cordiality. Mme. Nordica sang "Plus grand dans son obscurité" from Gounod's "La Reine de Saba," and the Polacca from Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda" with charm and brilliancy.

The programme of last Saturday's Crystal Palace concert included two works by Berlioz. The first was the Ballad for female chorus and orchestra entitled "La Mort d'Ophélie," the second of three pieces published under the title of "Tristia." The vocal part is not striking, but a weird and plaintive effect is imparted to the music by the colouring of the orchestration. This piece was given here, and probably in London, for the first time. The "Marche funèbre pour la dernière scène d'Hamlet," No. 3 of the "Tristia," is a noble and impressive work: the chorus joins in from time to time, but only to utter the monosyllable "Ah." This March was admirably performed under Mr. Manns's direction. A Concerto in D minor for piano-forte by M. R. Burnmeister was played for the first time by Mme. Burnmeister-Peterson. The composer, a pupil of Liszt's, has held for some years the post of principal professor at the

Peabody Conservatory, Baltimore. The first two movements of this Concerto are clever, but dry. The third movement, an Intermezzo, leading without break to a Finale, march-like in character, is the most satisfactory section of the work. The composer is here less ambitious and more successful. The part for the solo instrument is brilliant, and the influence of Liszt is plainly perceptible. The lady is a skilful and intelligent pianist. The programme included Dr. Mackenzie's Overture to "Twelfth Night," and the third Act of Tannhäuser, in which Miss Thudiehum and Messrs. Lloyd and Barrington Foote took part.

On Monday evening Brahms's revised version of his pianoforte Trio in B minor (Op. 8) was produced at the Popular Concert. The work in its original form was submitted to Schumann nearly forty years ago; but either the composer or his friend was not quite satisfied with it, for it was not included among the works to which Schumann first called the attention of the publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel. There is an old warning against putting new wine into old bottles, and it may be questioned whether Brahms would not have done better to leave the work of his youth untouched. In the revised version he has retained little more than the principal theme of the opening movement, but despite the Schubert-like grace of this theme, the Allegro is satisfactory in neither form: in the old one it seems spun out, in the new one it is too laboured. The lively Scherzo, with its Schubert and Beethoven reminiscences, has scarcely been touched. The opening theme of the Beethoven-like Adagio is the same in both, but afterwards there are important changes: it is a magnificent movement, plaintive, yet dignified. The Finale again has been almost entirely remodelled. Of the four movements the two middle ones are decidedly the most interesting. The original version has never been given at the Popular Concerts, and Mr. Chappell might have produced it first so as to enable musicians the better to institute comparison. The performance of the Trio, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann and Messrs. Joachim and Piatti was exceedingly good. The programme included Bach's Concerto in D minor, which was interpreted by Herr Joachim and Señor Arbos; both played well, but the full, rich tone of the former could easily be distinguished. The pianoforte part was in the safe hands of Miss Zimmermann, who also gave, as solo, some Henselt Etudes. Miss Fillunger sang with success some fine songs by Brahms and Schubert.

A Mass in C minor, by Mr. Arthur Somervell, formerly a student at the Royal College of Music, was produced for the first time at the Bach Choir concert, at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday evening. The music is smooth, solid, scholastic, and if written for a degree exercise would no doubt have more than satisfied the examiners. Mr. Somervell should, however, not confine his skill to imitating the past; young and able composers ought rather to try and express their thoughts and feelings in the musical language of the present. The work was well performed under Dr. Stanford's direction, and the composer was called to the platform at the close. The programme included two interesting novelties—an "Offertorium" and "Tantum ergo" of Franz Schubert's. They have both been only recently discovered, and that they were written only a short time before the composer's death adds to their interest. The year 1828 was not only the last year of Schubert's life, but the one in which he produced some of his greatest works—the C major Symphony, the Quintet in C, the grand Mass in E flat, and many others. Both pieces are supposed to have been intended as additions to the Mass just named. The "Offertorium" for tenor solo and chorus is beautiful, while the "Tantum ergo" for

quartet and chorus is highly impressive. The tenor solo was sung by Mr. Houghton; and the quartet by Miss Liza Lehmann, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Houghton and Watkin Mills. Another interesting feature of the programme was Bach's fine Concerto in C for two claviers, admirably played by Miss I. Eibenschütz and Mr. Borwick. The concert concluded with Beethoven's Choral Fantasia.

The "Messiah" was given at Covent Garden on Saturday evening. The soloists were Miss Fanny Moody, Miss Enriquez, and Messrs. Lloyd and C. Mannors, who all did themselves justice. The choir sang well. The audience was not a large one, but it would be scarcely right to conclude that the great work is losing its popularity. With the exception of Mr. Lloyd, the vocalists were not oratorio stars of the first magnitude; and further, the weather was extremely unfavourable.

Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," an Oratorio which has come into fashion since Mr. Manns revived it lately at the Crystal Palace, was given at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. The choruses were sung splendidly. The principal vocalists were Mme. Nordica, Mme. Belle Cole, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Watkins Mills, who all acquitted themselves well. There was a fairly large audience.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ will arrive in London from Manchester to-day (Saturday) to attend the banquet of the Westminster Orchestral Society at the Holborn Restaurant the same evening. General Chas. A. Sim (chairman of the council) is to preside, supported by the Archdeacon of London and a large number of musicians, who will meet to wish the distinguished pianist a prosperous voyage to and from Australia, whither Sir Charles and Lady Hallé are about setting out by invitation from the colonies on their second concert tour.

THE April number of the *Musical Herald* will contain a study of Eugene d'Albert as a pianist, by Miss Bettina Walker, author of "My Musical Experiences."

The *Early English Musical Magazine*, Nos. 1 and 2. (Sampson Low.) The main object of this new magazine is to revive music by the great masters of English song. No. 1 contains songs by Purcell and Lawes, and No. 2, songs by Lawes, and a madrigal by Morley. The object is a worthy one, and deserving of encouragement; for, as the editor truly remarks in his address, "two or three hundred years ago England was one of the pre-eminent nations of Europe in musical culture." There are also biographies of Purcell and Lawes, to be followed by other early English composers. The clear print of this new periodical deserves mention.

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LITERATURE.

Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church. With a brief Autobiography. Edited by Anne Mozley. (Longmans.)

A FRIEND and admirer of the Great Cardinal said of this book the other day that to review it would be almost as difficult as to agree with this dictum; and, accordingly, we shall not attempt to give an analysis of Newman's character, or to explain the motives that influenced his conduct at different crises of his remarkable career, but shall content ourselves with the less ambitious plan of selecting a few passages which we may be able to illustrate from our own personal knowledge or recollections.

We must first say a few words about the plan of the work and the general contents of the two volumes, which are such as to make the reader occasionally somewhat doubtful at first sight whether he has before him the words of the editor or of Newman himself. The obscurity might have been lessened by the more frequent use of inverted commas. The Cardinal very naturally decided that the earlier half of his life ought to be treated by an Anglican, and also that it should be based upon a short autobiography, written in 1874, and supplemented by his letters. The book is brought before the world with unusual advantages. It is published within a few months of his death, and has been superintended by an editor of his own choosing (and he could hardly have found a better) with his own annotations on the letters. The "Autobiographical Memoir" is written in the third person, and gives an account of his early life up to the date when the *Apologia* begins—viz., 1833. The selection of the letters for publication was left to Miss Mozley, and most persons will grant that she has upon the whole executed the task with great judgment, though they will also probably think that many of the shorter notes might have been omitted. A table of contents for each volume would have been convenient; but this want is supplied by a copious and excellent index. This indeed is now and then even unnecessarily full; and it also contains a few errors, which could hardly have been avoided. Who but a contemporary could have distinguished between the two William Palmers,* the four Churtons,† and the five Greswells?‡

* "Palmerius Vigorniensis," and "Palmerius Magdalenensis," called respectively the "Pilgrim" and the "Deacon," the latter being also styled "Anathema Palmer" and "Cursing Palmer."

† Edward, Thomas, Whitaker, and William,

Of the numerous subjects of interest treated of in these Letters, we will merely direct the attention of our readers to the Oriel tutorship, 1826-32; the rejection of Mr. Peel as Burgess for the University, 1829; Newman's tour on the continent, 1832-33; and the Tracts for the Times, 1833-36. But there are two other topics which we shall mention at greater length, viz.: (1) his conduct in his parish, and (2) his personal relations with Dr. Arnold of Rugby.

To persons unacquainted with Oxford it may be necessary to state that the parish of St. Mary the Virgin (of which Newman was vicar from 1828 to 1843) was in several respects peculiar. The population was very small, as was also the emolument and the parochial work. The church was used on Sundays for the two University sermons. There was no parish sermon in the morning; but in the afternoon service (which began at four o'clock) were preached those sermons which in Newman's time attracted so large an audience, consisting chiefly of members of the University, and which were so wonderfully influential. But Newman was not content to leave the church services as he had received them from his predecessor. He first began to add "a Wednesday evening's service, . . . which [says he] is followed by a lecture extempore on the Creed. . . . I at first drew above a hundred, chiefly University men, though they fell off" (June 21, 1834, vol. ii., p. 50).

The next improvement was the daily service in the chancel at eight in the morning and four in the afternoon, which, as being in those days most unusual in parish churches, was at first looked upon with wondering curiosity. His own account of the matter is as follows:

"I think I mean on St. Peter's Day, i.e., next Sunday, to announce my intention of reading the morning service daily in the chancel while and whenever I am in Oxford, according to the injunctions of the Church, whether people attend or not. I shall have a desk put up near the altar, facing the south, from which I shall read the Psalms and Lessons, kneeling, however, towards the east. It seems to me that the absurdity, as it appears to many, of Tom Keble's daily plan is his praying to *empty benches*. Put yourself near the altar and you may be solitary. . . . I am the more eager to begin this service because the Provost pointedly refused to let me keep open the chapel at Christmas" (June 21, 1834, ii. 50).

About a fortnight later he says (p. 54):

"After many months' deliberation, I have taken advantage of the Long Vacation, when the college chapel is closed, to begin daily morning service at St. Mary's; how it will succeed is still to be seen."

It did succeed, after a time, completely; and the custom has continued without

three of whom are mentioned in the letters, but only two appear in the index. By the way, Newman writes the name in Greek, *Νυπτορ*, in which word three of the six letters are wrong (i. 90).

‡ Clement, Edward, Francis, Richard, and William, three of whom (Clement, Edward, and Richard) are huddled together under one name in the index. These five brothers were educated by their father, the Rev. W. Parr Greswell, and all highly distinguished themselves at Oxford. Indeed, it was said that Francis of B. N. C., who only got a second class, was looked down upon by his brothers as being a sort of discredit to the family.

essential change to the present day. Very few of the parishioners attended the service, and the congregation never was large, probably seldom amounting to twenty persons. It was largest during the vacations, when there was no service in the college chapels. Some few persons (very few, after the lapse of nearly half a century) will remember these services: how Newman, after putting on his surplice in Adam de Brome's Chapel, entered the large chancel by the western door (there was no other door in those days) a few minutes before the hour, how he walked quickly and quietly up to the altar steps, dropped lightly on his knees, then rose, and stood motionless till the clock had finished striking, and then began the service. They will also remember his reading (who can ever forget it?), so impressive and perfect in its own peculiar style, so offensive and irreverent when imitated by his younger admirers. It seems to us that Prof. Shairp's account of his reading (quoted by Miss Mozley, ii. 255) is somewhat misleading, while it does not do justice to its effectiveness.

"Each separate sentence, or at least each short paragraph, was spoken rapidly, but with great clearness of intonation; and then at its close there was a pause, then another rapidly but clearly spoken sentence, followed by another pause."

This description almost gives the impression of a monotonous succession of pauses after the reader's excessively rapid delivery. But this was certainly not the idea that would occur to anyone after hearing Newman read either one of his sermons or one of the Lessons. He varied the style of his reading as the subject required it, and the pauses were only employed for the sake of emphasis. Perhaps no passage could be chosen more suited to exemplify the two chief peculiarities of Newman's reading than the end of the third chapter of St. Luke, containing our Lord's genealogy, which (it may be necessary to remind our younger readers) was in those days one of the Lessons in Church. The list of names was read over with wonderful rapidity, but "with great clearness of intonation," till he came to "which was the son of Seth," when he made a short but decided pause; then he read, "which was the son of Adam"; then he made a longer pause, and then read in a somewhat lower tone of deep reverence, "which was the son of God."

In 1834 he says (ii. 50): "It is now a year since I have been anxious to begin a weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper, but as yet I have not moved a step. I think I shall begin with Saints' days first." In April 9, 1837, he enters in his "Chronological Notes" (ii. 248): "Early Communion at St. Mary's first time; nineteen persons altogether."

These three services (two of which are still continued) were the only novelties introduced by Newman at St. Mary's. In a letter (first printed in the ACADEMY, August 30, 1890), he says: "I don't think I made any innovation of ritual at St. Mary's down to a surplice for preaching in." He took no active part in parish business (of which there was really very little), and his Churchwarden (who is still alive) does not remember

ever seeing him at a vestry meeting during the last three or four years of his incumbency. It appears from these volumes that he once got into hot water by refusing to marry one of his parishioners who had never been baptized, and that the matter was mentioned (with exaggerations) in the *Times*. However, the lady was baptized after her marriage, as also was another member of her family (vol. ii., p. 131).

But it was at the outlying hamlet of Littlemore that Newman had his chief work as a parish priest, which he enjoyed thoroughly, and where his mother and sisters (who lived for a time in the immediate neighbourhood) were most useful. He was the means of getting a small church built, the first stone of which was laid by his mother, on July 21, 1835. It was consecrated by the Bishop of Oxford (Bagot) on September 22, 1836, and there was daily service there from the time it was opened. He was active also in the school; and his younger Oxford friends (who knew nothing of his musical acquirements) were astonished and amused by the story that one of them had been over to Littlemore to see him (for he passed much of his time there latterly), and had found him "fiddling" to the school children, while they were practising their hymns for Sunday. His catechising the children in church was so attractive that men went out from Oxford every Sunday to hear it (vol. ii., p. 302). Indeed, his affection for the place was so great that he wished to give up St. Mary's and retain Littlemore; but the college (instigated greatly by the Provost) could not be persuaded to consent to this. Accordingly, his connexion with St. Mary's and with Littlemore came to an end in September 1843. In his "Chronological Notes" he mentions that on the 17th he preached at St. Mary's; on the 18th he went to London, and resigned St. Mary's before a notary; on the 19th he sent in his resignation by Mr. Copeland, his curate, to the Archdeacon for the Bishop, and wrote to his Churchwarden the note printed in the *ACADEMY* of August 30, 1890; on the 24th he preached at St. Mary's for the last time; and, on the 25th, which was Littlemore Commemoration, he preached "No. 604, his last sermon" (ii. 424). Thus ended his duties as a parish priest of the Anglican Church; but it was not till October 6, 1845, that he resigned his fellowship at Oriel, and two days afterwards he was received into the church of Rome.

The account of Newman's intercourse with Arnold must be reserved for another opportunity.

W. A. GREENHILL.

Impressions and Opinions. By George Moore. (David Nutt.)

MR. GEORGE MOORE has been described, with impressive inaccuracy, as the English Zola. At what was practically the outset of his career he gained a certain notoriety, which did him, artistically, both good and harm, as the champion of the rights of the novel against Mr. Mudie. It did him good, by calling public attention to an unknown name; it did him harm, by attaching to that name a certain stigma. How wicked a

book must be, said innocent people, if Mr. Mudie and Mr. Smith have declined to circulate it! Mr. Moore, it is true, had been guilty of certain audacities; he had not written precisely for the young person; it was evident that he had lived in France and studied French masterpieces. So, for those who believed in the Continental rather than the Modern British canons of art, his coming was welcomed as the coming of a deliverer. Unfortunately Mr. Moore has delivered nobody, not even himself. He has written one book which to my mind is a masterpiece, *A Mummer's Wife*, and another book which is amazingly clever, *The Confessions of a Young Man*, with four or five other novels which are—well—*manqués*, in spite of their ability, their independence, their unquestionable merits of various kinds. Meanwhile the three-volume novel pursues its placid course; Mr. Mudie and Mr. Smith cater for the young person; and Mr. Vizetelly has not precisely made his fortune out of the one-volume novel.

Mr. George Moore's literary career has been singularly interesting; his character as a writer is very curious. A man who respects his art, who is devoted to literature, who has a French eye for form, he seems condemned to produce work which is always spotted with imperfection. All his life he has been seeking a style, and he has not yet found one. At times he drops into style as if by accident, and then he drops style as if by design. He has a passionate delight in the beauty of good prose; he has an ear for the magic of phrases; his words catch at times a troubled, expressive charm; yet he has never attained ease in writing, and he is capable of astounding incorrectnesses—the incorrectness of a man who knows better, who is not careless, and yet who cannot help himself. The impression produced by his best work is that of large, forthright power, and also of measure, design, the capacity for construction. *A Mummer's Wife* is admirably put together, admirably planned and shaped; the whole composition of the book is masterly. The style may drag, but not the action; the construction of a sentence may be uncertain, but not the construction of a character. The actor and his wife are really living people; we see them in their surroundings, and we see every detail of those surroundings. What is most wonderful, perhaps, is the atmosphere. Mr. Moore, when he turned from painting to literature, preserved the essential quality of the painter. He might have painted his impressions badly in oils; in words he paints them well.

Mr. Moore's new book, a collection of essays, has the appropriate name, *Impressions and Opinions*. The essays are concerned with literature, with the drama, and with pictures. In the first section there are essays on Balzac, Turgueneff, Verlaine, and one or two others; in the second, on an actress of the eighteenth century, "Mummer Worship," "Our Dramatists and their Literature," the Théâtre-Libre; in the third section, on Meissonier and the Salon Julian, Degas, art for the villa, the new pictures in the National Gallery. So interesting, so suggestive, so valuable a volume of critical essays has not appeared since Mr. Pater's

Appreciations. In saying this I had no intention of comparing Mr. Pater and Mr. Moore, who certainly are, in all obvious qualities, extremely unlike. But they have, after all, when one thinks of it, something in common. Alone among English men of letters who write criticism, they have a complete emancipation from English prejudices in art; they alone can be trusted for an unbiased opinion as to the words of, let us say, Goncourt, Flaubert, Mérimée. Mr. Henry James has written some exquisitely subtle and sympathetic chapters on French writers, full of insight and truth; but Mr. James came to grief over Baudelaire. Mr. George Saintsbury, who has written a series of charming and instructive essays on contemporary French literature, also full of truth and insight, writes, after all, with a continual consciousness of a bourgeois audience, and apologises. Mr. Moore, like Mr. Pater, and like no one else whom I can think of, has an absolute devotion to art as art; he is rightly incapable of taking anything into consideration but the one question—is this good or is it bad art? With all those questions that haunt the ordinary English brain he is totally unacquainted—those dragging considerations of tendency, of advisability, of convention. He receives impressions, he forms opinions, and he states his opinions, he indicates his impressions, frankly, simply, without conceiving the need of reservations, without feeling impelled to insist on limitations. So he has written an essay on Balzac, which does really drive home on us the intense and universal power of the man; he has written an essay on Turgueneff, which only a fellow-craftsman could have written; he has been the first to introduce to English readers the greatest living French poet—Paul Verlaine. In his consideration of the drama of to-day Mr. Moore has had the courage to say the truth at all costs—not without exaggeration, at times, but at all events fearlessly and with emphasis. Mr. Moore's views of dramatic art seem to me, as a rule, unimpeachably sound; and it is refreshing to read so much sober good sense on a question which has been more hotly discussed, and to less purpose, than anything public or private outside Ireland. In the section devoted to art, Mr. Moore gives us impressions and opinions which are specially valuable on account of his intimate technical knowledge of the subject. He at least answers to Mr. Whistler's requirement: he is a critic of pictures who has actually painted pictures himself. And nothing in the book is more admirable, both as criticism and as literature, than the brief, expressive study of Degas, the painter who has created a new art, ultra-modern, *fin de siècle*, the art of the ballet, the bathroom, the washing-tub, the racecourse, the shop-window. Here is a paragraph which may be severed, without too much loss, from its context.

"The violation of all the principles of composition is the work of the first fool that chooses to make the caricature of art his career; but, like Wagner, Degas is possessed of such intuitive knowledge of the qualities inherent in the various elements that nature presents that he is enabled, after having disintegrated, to re-integrate them, and with surety of ever finding a new and more elegant synthesis. After the

dancers came the washerwoman. It is one thing to paint washerwomen amid decorative shadows, as Teniers would have done, and another thing to draw washerwomen yawning over the ironing-table in sharp outline upon a dark background. But perhaps the most astonishing revolution of all was the introduction of the shop-window into art. Think of a large plate-glass window, full of bonnets, a girl leaning forward to gather one! Think of the monotonous and wholly unbearable thing any other painter would have contrived from such a subject; and then imagine a dim, strange picture, the subject of which is hardly at first clear; a strangely contrived composition, full of the dim, sweet, sad poetry of female work. For are not those bonnets the signs and symbols of long hours of weariness and dejection? and the woman that gathers them, iron-handed fashion, has moulded and set her seal upon. See the fat woman trying on the bonnet before the pier-glass, the shopwomen around her. How the lives of those poor women are epitomised and depicted in a gesture! Years of servility and obeisance to customers, all the life of the fashionable woman's shop is there. Degas says: 'Les artistes sont tellement pressés! et que nous faisons bien notre affaire avec les choses qu'ils ont oubliées.' ('Artists are always in such a hurry, and we find all that we want in what they have left behind')."

The value of Mr. Moore's book is that it is the work of an artist who understands art, and who is entirely honest, absolutely unaffected, in his noting down of exactly how he has been impressed by this or that novel, drama, or picture. Understanding criticism, as he says, "more as the story of the critic's own soul than as an exact science," he tells us, in the most straightforward and convincing way, just what his own sensation has been, not in the least caring to arrive at any sort of abstract critical truth—as if that were possible!—not in the least caring if he seems in one place to contradict what he has said in another. This truth to one's impression of things, how rare it is! The first difficulty with most people is to know what their own impression is; the next to express it in precise terms. Mr. Moore is never in doubt as to the impression he has received, and that he can be both precise and subtle in expressing it let the following paragraph bear witness:—

"But to whom shall we compare Turgueneff? It would be vain to speak of Miss Austen; her charm is too special, too peculiar to herself. Balzac's genius lies in his universality, Miss Austen's in her parochialism; the former was infinitely daring in attempting almost everything, the latter is infinitely daring in attempting almost nothing. She seems to have formulated her poetic system as follows: I know nothing of the natural sciences, of politics, of metaphysics, nor have I attempted to plumb the depths of the human soul; I am a maiden lady, interested in the few people with whom my lot is cast. If you care to hear how So-and-so married So-and-so I will tell you, and the simple tale I will relieve by an elderly gentleman whose faith is in gruel, and who strives to obtain converts to his favourite nourishment; but if you want to be astonished or instructed, go elsewhere; I can do neither, nor will I pretend to. Now if the reader can, imagine a beautifully cultivated islet, lying somewhere between the philosophic realism of Balzac and the maiden-lady realism of Miss Austen, he will have gone far to see Turgueneff as I see him. Or shall I refer him to Mr. Henry James, who may be said to be allied to

the Russian novelist more than any other writer. The obvious aim of both is subtlety, and both are reserved. On many occasions both have no doubt said, 'I shall gain more by not saying the word than by saying it. Is not nature very often vague? People come and go we know not where or how.' But Turgueneff had a more intellectual audience than Mr. Henry James, and no matter how strong the artistic temperament may be, sooner or later the audience has its way with the artist; and reservation with Mr. Henry James often drifts merely into good breeding; he is often merely social, and, notwithstanding his great qualities, too often like a fashion-plate."

How admirable this is, how admirably expressed! Reading over what I have just transcribed, I am half tempted to go back and alter what I said at the beginning about a writer who can write so well. But no, let it stand: what I said was perfectly true. Yet the author of *A Mummer's Wife*, of *The Confessions of a Young Man*, of *Impressions and Opinions*, has more narrowly escaped being a great writer than even he himself, perhaps, is aware.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

TWO BOOKS ON SPANISH HISTORY.

Chapters from the Religious History of Spain connected with the Inquisition. By Henry Charles Lea. (Philadelphia.)

Etudes Sur l'Espagne. Par A. Morel-Fatio. Deuxième Série. (Paris: Bouillon.)

THESE books are very different in their character and in their special subject, but they are equally excellent. It would be hard to give the preference to the one over the other as thorough conscientious studies of different portions of Spanish history—studies, based not only on printed matter and on documents accessible to all, but on MSS. lying before unrecognised in public libraries or in private hands. They thus are real additions to our knowledge of the subject of which they treat. M. Lea is well known as the latest historian of the Spanish Inquisition; the inedited private MSS. which he chiefly uses are in the possession of Gen. V. Riva Palacio of Mexico, and of Mr. David Fergusson; while M. Morel-Fatio, dealing with the eighteenth century, makes use of MS. letters, journals, and writings of the Condes Fernan-Núñez, of the Prince Salm-Salm, of the Abbé of Viera and others, which he has printed in his Appendix.

Let us take M. Lea's book first, in which, though the style is sometimes negligent, the matter is always valuable. It consists of five studies, or essays: on the Censorship of the Press, on the Mystics and Illuminati, on the *Endemoniadas*, on El Santo Niño de la Guardia, and on Brianda de Bardaxi. Of these the essays on the censorship of the press, and that on the mystics are by far the most valuable; the two last have appeared elsewhere. The article on the censorship of the press is important, not only for the religious, but also for the literary history of Spain. M. Lea brings out well both the independence of the Spanish censorship as regards the Roman Index, and also its perpetual inconsistencies and contradictions, which did more harm

than sustained severity would have done. He well observes p. 124—

"Of all monarchs the King of Spain was the most absolute and the most resolute to preserve his prerogative against papal encroachments. Spain had always asserted the right to regulate the internal affairs of her Church in many points which conflicted with the claims of the Holy See and with ecclesiastical privilege as defined in the canon law."

The long quarrel between the Carmelites and Jesuits on Papenbrock's *Acta Sanctorum* and the contradictory decrees continued after 1643. I have in my possession several such, both MSS. and printed, down to 1759. One is a copy of a strong letter in defence of the Jesuits against the Inquisitor General from the Most August Emperor Leopold Ignacio to our Catholic Majesty—*dada en Viena á 20 de Enero de 1696*. In some parts of this essay, M. Lea allows hardly enough weight to the great part that contraband of all kinds has played in Spain. Somebody has described the despotism of Louis XIV. and XV. of France as a despotism tempered by epigram; so Spain in some respects might be described as a despotism tempered by contraband. Laws were made in Spain but not always observed there. Cánovas del Castillo has noticed the curious fact of the number of subscribers to Diderot's Encyclopaedia in the Basque Provinces. I have found copies of earlier editions of Jansenius, Quesnel, and other Jansenists in private libraries in Northern Spain, dating long before the suppression of the censorship; and such books if once in these parts would easily spread to other provinces.

In the essay on the mystics, Dr. Lea excellently remarks (pp. 21-7) that "the boundaries between heresy and sainthood were often perilously obscure." Mysticism belongs to all religions, and to none. Found in the earliest Buddhist writings and in religions older still, when all forms of external religion and of objective faith have been discarded, this may still remain; as examples in proof, compare the parallel passages of Molinos and Amiel's *Journal Intime*, or Leon Hebraeo's writings with Spenser's "Hymn to Heavenly Beauty." Facts like these show that the Church may be right in keeping strict watch over mystic tendencies and aberrations. At the same time Dr. Lea hardly does justice to the exceeding beauty of the style and thoughts of the best of the Spanish mystics, such as Luis de Leon and Luis de Granada on the one side, and Juan de Valdés on the other; nor does he sufficiently recognise the vast change made when that which is occasional only in an earlier writer is moulded and hardened into a *sine qua non* system by a later one. The infernal slowness and patience of the proceedings of the Inquisition on which he dwells were but exaggerations of the tedious methods of Spanish civil and criminal laws. Asking once one of our ambassadors in South America what gave him most trouble, he replied at once, "not international and political questions, but the Spanish law; even where the innocence was allowed and notorious, it sometimes takes two years to procure the liberation of a prisoner." I may add that the *Ciudad Mystica* of Maria de Agreda (*i.e.* an auto-

biography of the B.V.M.) is by no means dead; there have been two French translations, at least, in the present century, and it still supplies the chief matter to many of the popular manuals used in the *Mois de Marie*.

With regard to the subject of sorcery, the *Endemoniadas*, and *El Santo Niño de la Guardia*, I think that the latter case marks a real attempt at sorcery, casting a spell over the Inquisitors on the part of the Jews. It has nothing to do with a Passover sacrifice of a Christian child. The deed, so far as it was really committed, would be the outcome of terror and superstition. Under the influence of the Inquisition, the kings, after a long struggle, had ceased to protect "mies Judios"; the first *autos de fe* against them had taken place, the first decrees of expulsion were published, extirpation stared them in the face. If converted, they were only more helpless victims to the Inquisition as "conversos" than they had been as Jews. There was no help for them anywhere—in God or in man; what wonder, then, that some should turn to that other help, which everyone believed in at that age, the diabolical help of sorcery. It is a great mistake to conclude that, because witchcraft itself is unreal, therefore it was never practised. So long as spells of any kind were believed to have real power, the belief engendered the practice. I do not say that I think all the details of the case of the Niño de la Guardia, and especially that of the crucifixion, are proved. The evidence is always vague and proof difficult in such cases; but I think that some attempt at sorcery was made, and a stolen Host was used. Because torture was a most uncertain method of extracting evidence, it does not follow that all evidence thus obtained was false. The temptation to add to what was true, when once confession began, was very great; but the initial facts may be correct. In general, the Inquisition dealt (for the times) mercifully with witchcraft; in the great epidemic in the first years of the seventeenth century the Church and the Inquisition showed far more good sense and mercy than the French lawyers. On the other hand, I should state that M. Morel-Fatio alludes to the story as undoubtedly untrue.

To pass from M. Lea's volume to that of M. Morel-Fatio is to go from the dungeon and the torture-chambers of the Inquisition to the life of court and camp, and to the salons of the grandees of the reign of Charles III. Of this life we have here an excellent picture grouped round the central figures of the Condes Fernan-Núñez and the Dukes of Infantado. The third figure, the Prince Emanuel of Salm-Salm, shows us one of the most curious types of the old *régime*; the high-born, half-military, half-courtly adventurer, who, if he could get no post in his own country, took service in that of another with equal indifference. Thus, this prince's career (if career it can be called when he seems to have done nothing in either country) was about equally divided as colonel-proprietor, first of a regiment in Spain for a score of years, then for another score of a French regiment; and yet, when the Revolution comes, he

claims exemption from the laws and *saisie* of France on the ground that he is a German and not a Frenchman. So nearly all the Spanish grandees here represented are more or less *afrancesados*—all tainted with what they called philosophy; not one, from the kings downward, endowed with real military spirit or manly virtues, all children of the decadence, drifting helplessly to the end which would have made Spain a province of France, but for the Spanish people, whom they never understood. The Conde Fernan-Núñez himself is the only character which rouses our sympathies, and under M. Morel-Fatio's guidance we learn to know him well.

Happy would the task of the reviewer be if books of thorough workmanship like these two fell often to his lot.

WENTWORTH WEBSTER.

A Ride Through Asia Minor and Armenia.

By Henry C. Barkley. (John Murray.)

It is difficult to see the *raison d'être* of this book. Isolated passages are interesting; but there are so many errors that one mistrusts the whole; the style, never brilliant, at times sets the reader's teeth on edge; and the information generally is not up to date. Mr. Barkley forgets that while he has kept an expectant public waiting more than twelve years for his book, the march of events has continued, so that we find the author printing such things as—the "Bulgars are very bumptious, and hardly know their position, and are decidedly not ripe to govern themselves without foreign help"—without so much as a footnote to acknowledge that the sturdy little Principality has proved him utterly at fault. In speaking of the massacre of the prisoners and wounded at Plevna, when told by a Turkish soldier that "it was done by the Bashi-Bazonks and Circassians . . . they killed the Osmanli soldiers themselves for the sake of plunder," Mr. Barkley says: "I took this last part with a grain of salt, for what is a Bashi-Bazonk? Simply a lower-order Turk; and what is a soldier but the same? Putting on a ragged old uniform cannot alter the nature of the man, and I believe the soldier that fought in the light often became a cut-throat in the dark."

Yet he makes the distinction later on, and speaks of

"that deservedly ill-reputed force, the Bashi-Bazonks, that is to say, an untrained, self-horsed volunteer, whose object in appearing in the field was to amass all the portable plunder he could for his private use."

Mr. Barkley began his ride at Broussa, a town with which he was much impressed, as all visitors are. But even the valley of Broussa, than which nature has scarcely produced anything richer or more lovely, fails to inspire any graphic passages. Indeed, the author appears to lack the capacity, so essential to the writer of travels, for receiving vivid impressions and reproducing them in his pages. He finds the houses of Broussa "old-fashioned," and sees neither beauty nor grandeur in the mosques which have aroused the enthusiasm of so many travellers. The silk industry, which forms the chief occupation of the

inhabitants, Mr. Barkley tells us, "has been going downhill for some years." This is no longer true, though doubtless correct when it was written. The adoption of the Pasteur system has resulted in the extermination of the disease which formerly ravaged the worm. Of late years the industry has been gradually recovering its old importance, and there are at present in the town of Broussa itself no fewer than forty-two mills, employing about 120 hands each. The seed comes chiefly from France, not "Japan, Italy, or Bagdad." The most interesting branch of the trade is the cottage industry, the beautiful stuffs for which Broussa is renowned being made by the Turkish women at their homes; but of this Mr. Barkley tells us nothing except that he

"visited one or two wretched sheds, where Turkish towels and embroidered handkerchiefs were being made, and nothing could have been rougher than the old-fashioned looms; but the Turkish owners evidently looked on the miserable frames as something to be proud of."

The travellers were plentifully regaled with stories of brigandage and violence; but although the conclusion of peace had flooded the country with disbanded troops, and the Zaptieh force was in a most disorganised state, they were unmolested throughout their wanderings. Their experiences will not tempt any but the hardest to follow in their footsteps. The following is not less inviting than many other incidents:

"The road . . . had been washed away into such deep ruts . . . that the araba must have gone over had it not been for the perpendicular banks on either side on which it fell, and against which it had to be dragged; and this made the work so heavy that the horses jibbed, and eventually sat down like dogs on their haunches. There was nothing for it but to tie up our riding horses, unload the araba, and then altogether give it a shove, till the horses with a plunge took to drawing, and rushed on for a few hundred yards, to stick fast again; and this they did so often that it was an hour before we got to the top, a distance of a mile. Then all the luggage had to be fetched up and reloaded . . . To make matters worse, a heavy thunderstorm came on, and we were soon, in spite of our mackintoshes, a cake of mud and slush."

That in the day time. At night they had generally to sojourn in the villages, of which the following is a specimen:

"The dirt of the villages is beyond belief. Huge heaps of manure are on every available spot . . . Dead dogs and cats lie rotting within a few feet of the doors, while open cesspools are everywhere handy. The stable is never quite cleaned out. When the accumulated filth of years has raised the floor so that there is not sufficient head-room, the owner will clean out a foot or so of the top surface, leaving the good old foundation reeking beneath. Insects swarm; and a night in one of these rooms is death to sleep or rest . . . One of our chief difficulties was to find a flat spot sufficiently clean to pitch our tent on; and constantly, when we had just got it up, we found a dead dog or some equally odoriferous neighbour close to windward of us."

"The village bread consists of flat tough cakes, exactly like old dirty saddle-flaps. . . . In most villages a little honey can be got; in one in three milk is to be had; in one in five, eggs. But in many nothing is forthcoming but the 'saddle-flaps.'"

But there are compensations. At times the scenery is grand; game is abundant in many districts; and pleasant hospitality awaited them at many halting-places. Killidghar was one of these oases. There, on their arrival, they

"were at once taken to a fresh two-storied house on the outskirts of the village, and shown into a room on the upper story, with boarded floor and clean divans, cool, fresh, and sweet, the windows looking into a vineyard filled with fruit-trees [*sic*], and on beyond across the valley, some quarter of a mile wide, to the steep, rugged hills."

Not only were they well lodged, but the villagers brought them bread, chickens, milk, eggs, *yaoutt* (misspelt *yauatt* by Mr. Barkley), and a splendid comb of virgin honey.

We are told a great deal about the misgovernment of the country and the lawlessness of the inhabitants, and something may be learnt from this book of the characteristics of the different peoples. At the time of the author's visit, Circassians were arriving by hundreds; and as the Turkish Government is at the present moment receiving thousands of these emigrants from Russia, and settling them in Asia Minor and Armenia, it is interesting to note the effect of these forced additions to the population. As Mr. Barkley puts it, "They behaved as if they were lords and masters of the country and kicked up a row with every one . . . if all was not exactly to their taste." No wonder they are hated and feared by the settled communities upon whom they prey. The Mudir of one village said:—

"If you send Circassians here, we will shoot the lot at once. . . . Some were sent here years ago. We supported them for a year, we built them houses and gave them land, and all the time they were here they never did an hour's work, but at night they prowled about, stole our cattle and sheep and that of our neighbours, and treated us as if we were dependent on them."

Nor has Mr. Barkley much good to say of the other races with which he came in contact. He scarcely leaves to the Turks even the virtue of bravery, and he says that,

"not only is drunkenness almost as common among the Turks as it is with us, but they have apparently got over thinking it a sin and disgrace, and it is both openly indulged in and openly talked of. Few of the upper classes abstain, and many make it a rule to go to bed drunk every night. . . . The swell Turks delight in making up parties to the kiosks in the neighbouring vineyards, taking their womenkind with them. Several families will join in these outings. All get drunk, men and women, for days together. Husbands get confused, and mistake their neighbours' wives for their own; quarrels, fighting, and murders often take place, and the generally phlegmatic Turk becomes when drunk a raging madman. If this is all true, and we had it so constantly repeated and confirmed in different towns that I cannot help believing it is, the end of the Turk is nearer than I thought."

It would be interesting to know the nationality of the persons who gave the author this information. For those who know the Turks comment is needless, and those who go to the book for information will find their faith in the author too much shaken to accept such astounding statements on his authority alone. He "learnt another fact

at this place"—viz., that a Turkish woman thinks she will lose her husband's affection if she becomes a mother. Perhaps it was there the author also learnt that "five piastres are a shilling!"

Although he claims to have ridden through Armenia, he scarcely entered the chief province; but what he saw of the Armenians does not seem to have impressed him favourably:—

"Emigration or self-help of any sort is beyond them; and even if the men would quit the country, the women would not, and would use their irresistible powers of tears and entreaty to bind their mankind under the Turkish yoke. Poor creatures! hundreds of years of oppression have stamped out all manly feeling and made them what they are—a fit people for slavery, whose noblest ambition is to cheat and outwit their masters, an operation they perform with great skill."

And again:—

"The Turks are the best friends the missionaries have, for they simply leave them alone. . . .

The real enemies to the mission work are the Christians, and they carry their enmity so far that the missionaries and their wives cannot go out into the streets without being abused in the vilest language, mobbed, or stoned. . . . I sadly fear the missionaries lend the cloak of religion to these Armenians, who accept it to hide their swindling, lying, cheating, and other mean vices, and also because they think, and truly, that they may get a little protection from the missionaries, and through them sometimes have justice done them."

The author comes to the conclusion that if the Turks were removed for a short time, the three denominations of Christians would cut each other's throats.

The misspelling of geographical names throughout the book is flagrant, and there is a liberal sprinkling of other errors. The defender of Kars is written Muehtar Pasha; we have Hussein Arni Pasha instead of Hussein Avni Pasha; and we are told that the news of the Battak massacres was published in England in August 1877—the massacres were almost forgotten by that time.

J. B. PINKER.

Parson and Peasant: Some Chapters of their Natural History. By J. B. Burne. (Methuen.)

THERE is an air of truthfulness, as well as of modesty, about this little volume, which cannot fail to create a favourable impression. From the dedication—"To the memory of Francis Rivers, Peasant and Parish Clerk"—to the last chapter, which deals with the worries of a school-teacher's life, there is abundant evidence that the writer is in thorough sympathy with his surroundings. He has found in the small and, as some think, dull sphere of a country parish congenial occupation and numerous opportunities for usefulness, and he possesses that common sense which in such circumstances is likely to be more serviceable than eloquence or erudition. Mr. Burne may, indeed, be both eloquent and erudite. We know him only through his book; and there he simply stands out as a country parson, who loves his work and loves his people, and through this love has acquired an intimate knowledge of both, which he im-

parts to the world in a pleasantly-instructive fashion.

Although inferior to Dr. Jessopp as a humourist, Mr. Burne is by no means wanting in shrewdness of observation and witty remark; and, while thoroughly appreciating the many good points in the English peasant and his genuine virtues, he is also quite alive to his defects. Thus, in the chapter entitled "The Peasant Behaving Pretty," he comments upon those forms of rustic insincerity—one must not call it hypocrisy—with which most dwellers in the country who mix with their poorer neighbours are familiar. The casual visitor from town who tries to enter into conversation with the ordinary labourer or his wife will not, as a rule, get much out of them. But the parson or squire will, at any rate in the southern counties, meet with a good deal of that questionable courtesy which consists in saying what is likely to be acceptable rather than what is true. Such procedure is not the result of any deep-laid plan, but a habit transmitted from a less independent past. The parson will, perhaps, receive a little delicate flattery about his last Sunday's sermon, coupled with an expression of regret that rheumatism—for which there is nothing so good as "new" flannel—so often keeps man and wife from Church. The squire will have a polite inquiry after his honour's health, but an *obiter dictum* on the difficulty of keeping up club payments in these hard times may also reach his ear. But if either parson or squire should happen to be on the other side of the hedge when Hodge and his mate are eating their "nunchoon," or ear-witness when the village matron is scolding a refractory child, there will be irresistible proof that rustic tongues have two sides. But then in that respect there is not much difference between peasant and peer. Their vocabularies are not identical, but with the spread of Board schools and "society" newspapers even that distinction may in time be effaced.

Mr. Burne has some excellent observations on what he calls the "Peasant in Service"—meaning thereby not the agricultural labourer, but the domestic servant who comes from a cottage home. The position of servants in most modern households has undergone a mighty change during the last thirty years. The demand has exceeded the supply. The facilities for changing situations have stimulated the desire for change, and the general spirit of the times has destroyed the old idea of dependence on the one side and responsibility on the other.

"The eye of the maiden of the period looks to the hand of her mistress for nothing but possibly her old gloves—guidance and admonition she is prone to resent. . . . The relation in which she and her mistress stand to each other she is inclined to consider as by way of bargain—a certain amount and kind of work in return for so much money."

Not that the fault is on one side only, for indifferent service is, as often as not, the result of indifference on the part of the employer. The good offices of the parson may in these altered circumstances be as needful as ever, but have certainly become less easy to perform; and in most cases he knows less about the servants in the "great

house" than of any other habitual attendants at church. With the maids of all work he is, however, brought into frequent contact. They are constantly coming home and often are really unfit to go out.

"In their first place probably they were unfortunate; set to work beyond the little strength which they brought with them, their growing limbs were strained, and their constitution was still further weakened by the low diet which was all that their employers could afford them. They came back sadly out of health, and by reason of anæmia, the doctor says, have ever since been incapable of service, except for a short spell. Would that they were as incapable of marriage! From this class come the least capable wives and mothers."

But Mr. Burne is ready to testify to the general thriftiness of the peasant, and one of the most interesting chapters in his book is that in which he discusses the benefits of village co-operative stores. The subject is treated in a very practical way; and the trade accounts of a little business are given, which show that even in a parish with only 600 people it is quite possible to carry it on with profit to the shareholders as well as with advantage to the customers.

"The old village shop owed its failure very much to buying upon credit; so soon as the town grocer got the little tradesman well upon his books, he could shoot the rubbish of his grand shop on to the village counter at his own price";

and, we must add, so soon as the peasant got into debt, he lost the right to complain and the power to go elsewhere.

We have no space to follow Mr. Burne further, and take leave of him with regret. There are many social problems upon which his observations throw light; and, though his experience has been gained in a limited area, it is the experience of a thoughtful man, gathered slowly and digested leisurely, and thus, like the ripe fruit of a cultured tree, is worth having.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

NEW NOVELS.

A Bolt from the Blue. By Scott Graham. In 3 vols. (Sampson Low.)

John Squire's Secret. By C. J. Wills. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Prince of the Glades. By Hannah Lynch. In 2 vols. (Methuen.)

The Christ that is to be. (Chapman & Hall.)

A Sappho of Green Springs, &c. By Bret Harte. (Chatto & Windus.)

A Domestic Experiment. By the author of "Ideala." (Blackwood.)

The Golden Lake. By W. Carlton Dawe. (Trischler.)

From some press notices which appear at the end of *A Bolt from the Blue* it would appear that the author is a man. If this is the case, all that can be said is that he has managed by his style of writing to disguise the fact remarkably well. The book in question shows a subtle intimacy with feminine weaknesses, instincts, and impulses, not often possessed by men; while, on the other hand, it exhibits little knowledge of, or sympathy with, masculine attributes, nor

is a thoroughly commendable male character to be found throughout its pages. John Le Breton, the handsome, winning, good-for-nothing libertine, and Reaper Slingsby, the vulgar parvenu and millionaire, are portraits hackneyed in conception and, in regard to at least one of them, overdone in treatment; Sir Robert Strange, the moral young man of the story, is too saturnine and ill-tempered to be attractive; and no other men play important parts. With the women it is entirely different: Mona Le Breton, who, finding after a year of married life that her husband has already been divorced under peculiarly scandalous circumstances, forthwith leaves him, and hides herself under her maiden name in a country rectory, is a delightful creation; and so to a less extent are Maud, Ethel, and Daisy Carpenter, the rector's three daughters, Lady Strange, the mother of Sir Robert, and Julia Slingsby, the vulgar parvenu's still more vulgar daughter. In point of style the novel is above the average, and it contains plenty of shrewd and even original remarks; so that on the whole it might have been declared a good one, but for a distinctly impotent conclusion. That Mona, the lovable, should be put out of the way by the gross expedient of an express engine, in order to let a worthless *divorcé* and his uninteresting wife unite again, is a provoking miscarriage of poetic justice.

Without doubt *John Squire's Secret* is an entertaining book, though, unfortunately, the entertainment is not of a very high order. Mr. Wills is not devoid of valuable literary qualifications: his books descriptive of Persian habits and society have for some time been recognised as valuable contributions to our knowledge of that country; and he has a keen eye for salient points and eccentricities of character, which, united to an easy, bantering style, gives plenty of liveliness to his narratives. More than this, however, is required for a good novel. That the book before us has scarcely any plot is perhaps of no consequence, seeing that the author's strength lies in descriptions and character studies. Its defect is that these studies are far too numerous and in some cases unpleasantly overdrawn. That Jack Cumberbatch and his sister Lucia should succeed in interpreting a hitherto unintelligible cipher in an old Persian traveller's diary, and that Jack on the strength of the information acquired should undertake a journey to the East in quest of buried treasure, is all very well in its way, and a perfectly legitimate *motif*. But one would prefer to read a narrative less overdone with "smart" writing, and less obstructed at every turn with the introduction of new characters, which require from one to half a dozen pages to set them off properly; in particular, the Americans, Solon G. Doubleface, Sacharissa Doubleface, and Abiram P. Skinner, who all indulge in the vilest transatlantic slang, seem imported into the tale merely for the purpose of exhibiting the writer's commanding knowledge of that species of *argot*. The part of the book which deals with Persian life is interesting.

The Prince of the Glades is a story of the Fenian movement by a writer who dedicates

her book to Miss Anna Parnell, and who not only sympathises with the aims of that exploded agitation, but entertains painfully despondent views on the present condition of Ireland under the yoke of foreign aggression. We are gravely assured in the opening chapter that in that downtrodden country twenty years ago

"trade was brisker, the people had more money to spend, and spent it more freely; the summers were warmer and longer, and the look of the land not nearly so desolate and irredeemably bad. Then the general mood was livelier, less thoughtful, and less darkly political; rebellion had no disastrous effect upon wit, and the national jig had not fallen into desuetude, &c., &c."

Luckily for the patience of the reader, this strain is not continued throughout; and, though veiled allusions to Saxon oppression now and then appear, and the rural constabulary are most commonly brought under our notice as "the representatives of foreign rule," the story is not altogether sacrificed to partisan philippics. It is a pity the latter should have appeared at all, for there is plenty of good stuff in the book. The O'Moore of Carrighmore, an absentee landlord, living a butterfly life in Paris, Godfrey his heir, left to vegetate at home, and imbued with wild dreams of liberating his country *vi et armis*, and the Diana-like Camilla Knoys, a veritable hero in petticoats, are all well worth reading about.

We have been rather overdone of late years with what, for want of a better name, we may call the post-dated order of romance, offering us a peep at mankind as he will be 500 or 1000 years hence. Few of them can challenge comparison in point either of imagination or interest with Lord Lytton's *Coming Race*, which initiated this style in fiction; but so far as we are aware, no writer hitherto has ventured upon the experiment of choosing the Second Advent of the Messiah as a subject for an ordinary novel, and *The Christ that is to be* may at least upon this ground lay some claim to originality. Here, however, originality ends. The anonymous author of the book, rejecting popular beliefs upon the subject, places our Lord's reappearance in London in the year 2100 A.D.; and, so far from "coming in the clouds with power and great glory," assigns to him a ministry resembling in all essential particulars the one recorded in Biblical narrative. Christ appears in his original character as a teacher and healer; as before, he is despised and rejected of men; in the end he miraculously vanishes from sight and is seen no more, when just upon the point of falling into the hands of a hostile mob urged on to his destruction by the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Elders of the latter days. Apart from the rather daring nature of its leading conception, the tale does not contain much that is particularly striking. The author displays remarkable clearness in his exposition of popular beliefs, and is judicious in his method of contrasting them; nor, with the exception, perhaps, of Christ's disappearances from sight—which, if not actually suggestive of pantomime, have at all events an Apocryphal Gospel air—does he show other than becoming reverence in

his treatment of a subject which might easily have lent itself to travesty.

Bret Harte is almost matchless as a proficient in the difficult art of writing a short story well. *A Sappho of Green Springs* is the title given to a book containing four tales from his pen of life on the Pacific slope. They abound in those boldly drawn types of Western civilisation, and in that subtle combination of the humorous and pathetic, for which the writer has long been famous. Everyone will give them a welcome reception.

A Domestic Experiment has narrowly missed being a very good novel. At first start it looks as if it were going to be a story of the pattern that is now being rather frequently adopted by lady writers, wherein the central figure is a husband of idiotic or immoral or otherwise objectionable character, whose reclamation and moral enlightenment at the hands of the very superior person he owns for a wife is the crowning achievement of the story. However, Agatha Oldham turns out to be less superior than was at first supposed; she becomes flippant of speech, adopts fast society airs, and allows her feelings towards young Lord Vaincrecourt to run away with her a great deal too far. It is disgust with her husband which is leading her so far astray, but this is an explanation rather than an excuse. The weak point of the story is that it is difficult to imagine a woman of Agatha's clear-sightedness and culture ever having been attracted by such an insufferable snob and utter fool as Paul Oldham. The latter is described as being a society wit, but never makes a remark in keeping with his character throughout the whole course of the book. Where the author does attempt a humorous scene, as in the squabble between Mrs. Stubstile and her man-servant, the result is merely farcical. For the rest, the conversations are lively and natural, and the story only needs a little more intrinsic *vraisemblance* to make it abundantly interesting.

Tales of Australian exploration and adventure have that strong family likeness to one another which might be expected in the case of a country which offers strikingly little diversity in respect either of scenery or human inhabitants, and has scarcely anything distinctive to boast of except kangaroos and the boomerang. *The Golden Lake*, by W. Carlton Dawe, exactly resembles in all its important features a book called *The Lost Explorers*, by J. F. Hogan, published only a few months ago. In both books we find described, at somewhat wearisome length, monotonous marches over wastes of arid sand; and the resources of the English language are almost exhausted in the effort to depict adequately the torments of thirst endured on the journey. In both an inland city, situated close to a lake and volcanic mountain, is reached, an English captive is rescued from the natives, and the travellers only escape from the fury of the latter by the timely aid of a volcanic eruption which overwhelms the enemy *en masse*. However, there is sufficient difference in the treatment to exclude any suspicion as to the latter work being indebted for its plot or incidents to the

earlier one. Nor, even if such were the case, would it make much difference to that younger generation for whom this book is intended, and who will read with breathless interest the marvellous performances and escapes of Archie Martesque, and his cousin, Dick Hardwicke, with their black servant, "King" Jimmy.

J. BARROW ALLEN.

SOME BOOKS ON PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophia Ultima: or, Science of the Sciences. By C. W. Shields. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.) Notwithstanding an ambitious title and a pretentious style—not wanting, however, in occasional passages of genuine eloquence—this is a very remarkable work. Its crowning point of interest is not its object, but its method; not its original thought, but its wonderful erudition. Briefly described, the purport of the book is to establish a harmony between science and revelation. It would seem that the professorial chair in Princeton College which Dr. Shields so admirably fills was established for that specific purpose. Considered in itself, nothing could more worthily occupy the energies of a broadly-cultured and profound thinker, whether in the study or the lecture-room; but it labours under an obvious defect. The conclusion to be established is foregone. Whatever the line chosen, the journey is bound to end at the appointed terminus. We need not point out how much this fact tends to invalidate the argument on the score of impartiality and sincerity. This has always been a defect in all our religious and Christian apologetics. They put forth at starting the conclusion presumptively reached only by due course of argument. The ratiocination may no doubt justify its alleged conclusion; but, on the other hand, it may not. In either case, the inevitable Q.E.D. haunts the impartial reader like a ghost which he is predoomed to meet whether he wishes to or not. Some writers, when they have this kind of foregone issue to elaborate, manifest their sense of ratiocinative sequence by keeping it so far as possible in the background till the state of their argument justifies, if it does not demand, its presentation; but Prof. Shields scorns any subterfuge of this kind. Like an astute advocate who bends all his energies to impart to a jury his own overwhelming conviction of the validity of his case, Dr. Shields keeps his conclusion continually in the foreground. What that conclusion is we had better let him state in his own terms (vol. i., p. 401):

"Behold, then, at one glance the issue to which we are come. The summary want of the age is that last philosophy into which shall have been sifted all other philosophy which shall be at once catholic and eclectic, which shall be the joint growth and fruit of reason and faith, and which shall shed forth, through every walk of research, the blended light of discovery and revelation; a philosophy which shall be no crude aggregate of decaying systems and doctrines, but their distilled issue and living effect, and which shall not have sprung full-born from any one mind or people, but mature as the common work and reward of all; a philosophy which, proceeding upon the unity of truth, shall establish the harmony of knowledge through the intelligent concurrence of the human with the Divine intellect, and the rational subjection of the finite to the infinite reason; a philosophy, too, which shall be as beneficent as it is sacred, which in the act of healing the schisms of truth shall also heal the sects of the School, of the Church, and of the State, and while regenerating human art both material and moral, shall at length regenerate human society," &c.

As the speculative outlook, or rather millennial

dream, of a thinker of large culture and noble aspirations, these sentences read well. They will not, indeed, bear close investigation or analysis, but there is no mistaking the author's general purport. When we attempt, however, to reconcile this purport with what we are told elsewhere of the character of this universal harmony, we are met with serious difficulties. It would seem that Dr. Shields takes revelation in its traditional Biblical signification, so that every science claiming to be harmonised therewith must needs waive or withdraw all anti-Scriptural discoveries or implications. Thus he tells us of geology (vol. ii., p. 170):

"Such a result [*i.e.* harmony between Biblical and scientific geology] is rendered probable by the fact that devout naturalists and learned exegetes not deterred by former mishaps and failures are still endeavouring to trace a more exact parallelism between the six creative days of Genesis and the great cosmogonic epochs of geology."

Passing from the object of the book to its method, no terms of ordinary appreciation could do justice to Prof. Shield's erudition. His pages bristle with references to books and allusions to authors of every kind and every degree of merit. So much is this the case that some of his chapters present the appearance of an ostentatious parade of learning. At least one-fourth of the names he indiscriminately heaps together might very fairly be put out of court as trivial and unimportant witnesses. It is among these lesser known names that Dr. Shields may occasionally be found tripping. To take a single instance, he describes Pompinatus (vol. i., p. 46) as "an Aristotelian infidel who masked his impiety and vice under outward reverence to the Church." A verdict more shamefully unjust it would be hardly possible to conceive, as Dr. Shields may see for himself by reading the late Prof. Fiorenzino's interesting biography, *Pietro Pomponazzi*. We have given greater space to Dr. Shields's work for the reason that it has excited considerable attention in America, and has been favourably noticed in Continental reviews. It is a work of much research and learning, but he has taken for his subject a theme on which anything like an ultimatum is at present wholly out of the question. In its discussion also he has not adopted the most promising course. Instead of finding a harmony between science and revelation by making the former defer to a Biblical estimate of the latter, he might consider how far every genuine and demonstrable discovery of scientific truth is itself a revelation, and whether any *Philosophia Ultima* is possible or desirable, other than the final vindication and triumph of all truth over all error.

Why Does Man Exist? By Arthur T. Bell. (Isbister.) Some three years ago Mr. Bell published a work entitled *Whence came Man, from Nature or from God?* The discussion of this "previous question" was intended, we are told, to introduce and lead up to the further interrogative "Why Does Man Exist?" Mr. Bell is evidently possessed by the *sacra fames* of knowledge. Like Mr. Arthur Clennam, in his attack on the circumlocution office, he assails our prominent physicists and philosophers with the persistent "wanting to know, you know," which is always so gratuitous and so disquieting to smug self-satisfied dogmatism. But while Mr. Bell may be credited with the first infirmity of noble minds, he cannot claim to have acquired the art of putting his questions in a logical form. Thus in his query of three years ago, "Nature" and "God," regarded as possible sources of man's being, cannot be said to be mutually exclusive each of the other. The question not only admits of another than a categorical reply, but the true answer—that which Mr. Bell himself adopts—is precisely a reply of that equivocal kind.

Thus, the answer might be—"From both: from Nature and from God, or from God through Nature;" and that is Mr. Bell's own solution of his problem, for on page 352 of his earlier work we read:

"To the question then whence comes man—Does he come from Nature or from God? we must, I think, reply:

"That not only Man but Nature also owe their existence to the Infinite Eternal Being—God who created all things."

The answer to the question, "Why Does Man Exist?" we find on pp. 303, 391, 421-2 of his later work:

"Man exists for the self-acquirement of knowledge, for the self-evolution of justice and love, and through their action the self-evolution of happiness."

We have brought Mr. Bell's two questions and their answers into juxtaposition, so that our readers may gain a clear insight into the author's standpoint, and the purport of his two books. They will be able to perceive that Mr. Bell sets himself to criticise those writers and schemes of philosophy which have dealt with the profound enigma of human existence and human destiny. The criticism is characterised by breadth, by considerable insight, and by a refreshing novelty of treatment; on the other hand it is marred by a lack of method, by diffuseness, both in style and matter, and by the adoption in his later work of a singularly uncouth and cacophonous nomenclature. A little consideration might surely have avoided such barbarisms as "efforting," "to effort," "functioning," "gravific action," &c., or such amazing compounds as "patriarch-parent-germ-cell." But with all deductions both as to style and matter, Dr. Bell's present, as well as his former, contribution to philosophical criticism draws the attention of the student. It is certainly a refreshing change from the monotonous wail of pessimism and naturalism which infects our contemporary thought to have man's destiny summed up as it is in his later work in these terms:

"God did not cause man to exist for His own benefit, His own pleasure, His own glory, seeing how great to God is the cost of his existence; but for man's benefit, that man, by his own free action, might make himself good and happy, might learn to know and to love Him more and more for ever."

"MANUALS OF CATHOLIC PHILOSOPHY.—*Psychology*. By Michael Maher, S.J. (Longmans.) This is by no means the least excellent in the series of Manuals to which we have already directed attention in the ACADEMY. Probably the greatest utility of the series for the general reader is to be found in their common attempt to recal to the minds of modern thinkers the substantial progress in mental and moral science which had been effected in the middle ages through the continual influence of Aristotle and the Schoolmen, especially Aquinas. Whether this renewed attention to the writings of one of the greatest of the Schoolmen is to be ascribed to the well-known Rescript of Leo XIII. we will not undertake to say; but at any rate, and speaking in the interests of general philosophical culture, we regard this revivification of the works of Aquinas as one of the most important developments of Romanism in modern times. Whether this new direction of Romanist studies will subserve the cause of Ultramontane orthodoxy, we think very doubtful. Aquinas is essentially a broad thinker; and it is only by the exegetical arts which Pascal exposed in his Provincial Letters that he can be made to subserve the interests of a narrow dogmatism. Father Maher modestly describes his work as "an attempt at an English exposition of the psychology of

Aristotle and St. Thomas." It is, however, much more than that. Aristotle and Aquinas form the basis of the book, but the superstructure is a compendious and accurate survey of all psychological systems and writers from their time to the present day. The Manual has therefore an utility beyond its designed scope. It may be read with interest, not only by Romanist students at Stonyhurst or elsewhere, but by the general reader who wishes to gain a conspectus of psychological science. There is, we need hardly say, in all these Catholic Manuals a particular point or *crux* wherein, if at all, any deviation from philosophical impartiality or undue concession to Romanist dogma may be looked for. In psychology the great *crux* both for Romanist and devout Protestants, is the spirituality of the soul; and we turned with some eagerness to Book ii., wherein that subject is fully discussed, to see if any further light had recently been thrown on it. We have not been able to discover any essential addition to former theorising on the mysterious subject. Both the simplicity and spirituality of the soul are founded on reasons as old as the first speculations on its being. But these reasons are sometimes placed in a new light, and are corroborated by arguments and analogies drawn from the most recent progress of psychology. The Manual, in short, is a genuinely useful contribution both to its subject and to the series of which it forms a part.

The Two Kinds of Truth. By T. E. S. T. (Fisher Unwin.) An interesting chapter in philosophy might be written on duality in relation to truth. Besides the exoteric and esoteric truth of Greek philosophy, we have had the twofold truth of the Renaissance, the explicit and implicit truth of the Schoolmen, and still later speculations as to a duality in the very mode of apprehending truth as if the two hemispheres of the brain discharged their functions unequally. The author of *Two Kinds of Truth* insists on a duality which is not new, and which is not founded on a logical subdivision. He says:

"It must be recognised at the outset that there are two distinct kinds of truth: first, those which belong to the material world and to the natural sciences, all of which prove themselves to our reason by experience and experiment, which have been called arbitrary or empirical, and which we will call Natural Truth; and, secondly, those which are necessarily and universally true under all circumstances, at all time, in all places, and in all relations conceivable by the mind. These we will call Universal Truths" (p. 2).

Our readers will perceive that this distinction resembles the Kantian distinction between synthetical *a priori* knowledge, and empirical knowledge which is founded on perception. But in point of fact no such division is logically possible. Natural truths can only be those which seem to us natural, and universal truths can similarly only exist in relation to our limited faculties. Besides which, the two truth-realms are not distinct. They overlap in every direction. That $2+2=4$ is surely a natural truth; many would also pronounce it to be a universal truth, though philosophers like Mill would deny its universality. On the whole, a genuine truth-seeker cannot be too cautious in making his own personality and experience a criterion of truth, whether merely human or transcending human cognition. T. E. S. T. manifests a considerable amount of scientific acquirement and of original thought, and his book—though we regard its starting-point as unphilosophical—is certainly worth reading.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MISS AMELIA B. EDWARDS has left England this week for the Riviera, Italy, and Sicily—for the benefit of her health. We regret to say that she has never entirely recovered from the effects of the accident she met with, just a year ago, at the end of her lecturing tour in the United States.

MR. WILLIAM SHARP, after wintering at Rome, has now turned his face homewards; but proposes to spend a month in Provence and another in Paris, before returning to England. While at Rome, he passed much of his time in visiting the historic and picturesque scenes of the Agro Romano. As a record of his "memories and impressions," he composed a number of poems, which he has had printed on the spot in a little volume entitled *Sospiri di Roma*. Written from a frankly impressionistic point of view, their manner is also original in that rhyme has been deliberately abandoned for irregular rhythmical cadences. The book may be obtained from the author, care of Miss M. B. Sharp, 2, Coltbridge-terrace, Edinburgh. A limited number of copies will have, for frontispiece, a portrait etched by Mr. Charles Holroyd.

MR. W. CONNOR SYDNEY, having passed the proofs of his two volumes on England and the English of the Eighteenth Century, has at once begun writing his book on the social condition of the country between the Restoration in 1660 and the Revolution nearly thirty years later. He is gathering, from all accessible sources, illustrations of the manners and customs of the age. Some chapters of the work will appear in one of the monthlies, and the first article will be on "London before the Great Fire."

THE Rev. A. L. Mayhew has undertaken to prepare for the delegates of the Clarendon Press a new edition of the famous Early-English dictionary, *Promptorium Parvulorum*, formerly edited by the late Albert Way for the Camden Society. The work is so valuable that it ran out of print, and was so often asked for by students that Dr. Furnivall obtained the consent of the Camden Society to a new edition of it, and then the agreement of the Oxford delegates to appoint Mr. Mayhew the editor, and publish the revised work. He will bring the whole book up to date, while adding to the latter two-thirds of it the same fulness of illustration which Mr. Way gave to the first third, but was unable to continue.

Michael Villiers, Idealist, and other Poems, is the title of a volume by Miss Hickey, shortly to be published by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. are adding to their "Social Science Series" a volume of essays, entitled *The English Republic*, by Mr. W. J. Linton, the wood-engraver and poet, who was at one time associated closely with Mazzini and other exiles in this country. The essays have been selected from the pages of *The English Republic*, a serial issued by Mr. Linton during the years 1851 to 1855. They will appear, with the author's permission, under the editorship of Mr. Kington Parkes.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN's announcements for the spring season include *With Gordon in China*: being Letters from Lieutenant T. Lyster, R.E.; *The Real Japan*: Studies of Contemporary Japanese Manners, Morals, Administration, and Politics, by Mr. Henry Norman, with illustrations from photographs by the author; and *The Stream of Pleasure*: a Narrative of a Journey down the Thames from Oxford to London, by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, illustrated by the former.

MR. HENRY LING ROTH has just completed a translation of Crozet's *Voyage to Tasmania, New Zealand, the Ladrone Islands, and the Philippines*

in the Years 1871-72. It will be published very shortly by Messrs. Truslove & Shirley, with a preface by Mr. James R. Boose, librarian of the Royal Colonial Institute. The book will be uniform with Mr. Roth's *Aborigines of Tasmania*, and the edition will be limited to 500 copies.

UNDER the name of "The Westminster Library," Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. propose to issue, in handsome library form, some of the works of standard theology which have already appeared in their cheap series of *The Ancient and Modern Library of Theological Literature*. Among the earlier volumes will be the First and Second Prayer Books of Edward VI., the Confessions of St. Augustine, and the Prose Works of Bishop Ken.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. will publish immediately after Easter a novel in three volumes, by Maxwell Grey, entitled *In the Heart of the Storm: a Tale of Modern Chivalry*; also *There and Back*, by Dr. George Macdonald, in three volumes; *Bonnie Kate: a Story from a Woman's Point of View*, by Mrs. Leith Adams, in three volumes; and a new edition, in one volume, of *A Sensitive Plant*, by E. and D. Gerard.

THE next volume in Mr. Walter Scott's series of "Canterbury Poets," will be a Selection of *American Humorous Verse*, edited by Mr. James Barr.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish during next month *Old English Sports and Pastimes*, by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield, rector of Barkham, in Berks.

Historic Thanet is the title of a work by Mr. James Simpson, announced for early publication through Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE next volume of the new weekly issue of "Cassell's National Library" will consist of Sir A. Helps's *Friends in Council*, a book which has not hitherto appeared in the series.

MRS. HUMPHRY WARD's forthcoming novel *David*, as well as many other new works, will be published also by Baron Tauchnitz in his collection, which has now for fifty years contributed so much to the popularity of English authors on the Continent.

THE last Bulletin of the Boston Public Library contains a facsimile of what is known as the 1493 edition of the Latin version of the first letter of Columbus announcing the discovery of America. The copy in the Boston Library is the only one of this edition in America, having been purchased at the Barlow sale in February, 1890. Mr. Barlow had purchased it from Col. Thomas Aspinwall, some time American Consul in London; but its earlier history is unknown. The only other known copies of this edition are in the British Museum. The facsimile has been well reproduced by the heliotype process. Prefixed to it is the translation of Mr. R. H. Major, made for the Hakluyt Society.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have just completed their cheap edition of the Works of Charles Kingsley, by the issue of the posthumous volume entitled *All Saints' Day and other Sermons*. The whole now consists of twenty-nine volumes, at the price of 3s. 6d. each; whereas previously the twenty-eight volumes of the collected edition could only be obtained at 6s. each. The difference in the number of volumes is accounted for by the edition of the present posthumous volume. Otherwise, they run side by side, except that the numerous illustrations by Mr. Linley Sambourne to *The Water Babies* have superseded the two more familiar ones of Sir Noel Paton. The book-buyer will continue to prefer the Eversley edition of the novels and poems; for the million there is the re-issue of the sixpenny

edition of the novels; but we can imagine nothing more appropriate than this edition for a public, a school, or even a village library.

Corrections.—We were unfortunate last week in our proof-reading. The initials of Mr. S. R. Gardiner, the historian, were wrongly printed; and the editor of the *Register of Winchester Commoners* ought to have been given as Mr. Holgate. We may also mention that the price of that book to subscribers will be 7s. 6d.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE April number of the *Contemporary Review* will open with an elaborate article, communicated by a continental statesman, on the relations between Italy, France, and England, denouncing the Triple Alliance, and urging the re-constitution of a Western Alliance, in concert with the Vatican.

THE wide sphere of interest covered by the newly-named *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review and Oriental and Colonial Record* may be gathered from the titles of some of the articles to appear in the April number. General Teheng-ki-tong will write on "Chinese Culture as compared with European Standards," dealing specially with literature and commerce; Moulvi Rafi-uddin Ahmad will describe the condition of Muhammadan women, and a Brahmin official of the Hindu family, both emphasising the inferiority of Western civilisation; while General Légitime, ex-president of Hayti, will advocate the introduction of an English constitution into his native island. Anonymous articles will treat of railways in Kashmir, and the Emin relief expedition.

IN the April number of the *Antiquary* a paper will appear by Mr. Alfred Hudd, who is now at Luxor, on the most recent Egyptian explorations; Mr. Haverfield will give his quarterly paper on Roman Britain; and the Rev. J. Hirst will describe the "Limes Germanicus," and the intended operations of general investigation shortly to be commenced on that wonderful old Roman rampart by the representatives of five German governments.

THE *Reliquary* for April will contain the first of a series of papers on "Irish Cathedrals," beginning with the Province of Ulster; with illustrations of Armagh, Clogher, Connor, Derry, Dromore, Downpatrick, and Raphoe.

AN article on the "Salons of the Revolution and the Empire" will appear in the April number of the *Century Magazine*, illustrated with portraits of Mme. de Staël and Mme. Roland.

PROF. HERBERT E. RYLE, of Cambridge, has undertaken to contribute a series of articles on "Genesis" to *The Expository Time*. The first article, which will appear in the April number, deals with the origin of the Creation narrative.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE council at Cambridge have accepted an offer made by Mr. S. Sandars to place a series of statues in the empty niches on the exterior of the Divinity School. As agreed in consultation with the divinity professors, the statues will be: Archbishop Parker; Bishops Fisher, Andrewes, Jeremy Taylor, Pearson, and Lightfoot; Erasmus, Benjamin Whichcote, and Daniel Waterland.

THE Syndicate appointed last November to consider the question of agricultural education at Cambridge have reported in favour of establishing a special board for agricultural studies. It is proposed to found two readerships—in agricultural botany and agricultural chemistry—each at a yearly stipend of £450, with the

assistance of the Cambridgeshire county council; and to grant certificates in agricultural science and practical agriculture, after examinations open to candidates who are not members of the university.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have re-appointed Mr. Marr to be lecturer in geology for another term of five years.

THE library syndicate at Cambridge recommend that the annual grant from the chest towards the maintenance of the library be raised from £4000 to £5000. The estimated expenditure includes £2850 for salaries and wages; £1600 for purchase of books; and £650 for binding.

MR. MICHAEL E. SADLER, secretary to the Oxford delegates for university extension, has written a little pamphlet entitled *On the Eve of Change*, in which he formulates a plan for the establishment of provincial University Extension Colleges, formed by the combination of several towns, and manned by peripatetic teachers. He has worked out in some detail not only a syllabus of systematic instruction, but also a financial statement, in which fees are estimated to yield only £600 out of a total expenditure of £2000. The success of the plan seems to depend entirely upon the probability of obtaining a grant from the Treasury.

THE little volume of *Echoes from the "Oxford Magazine"* has now reached its third edition.

THE free evening lecture next Wednesday at University College will be delivered by Prof. R. S. Poole, who has taken for his subject "The Universities of Egypt: Heliopolis, Alexandria, and Cairo."

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE OLD BOAT.

A worn-out boat upon the shore,
The children's playground is it now,
The troubled deep it tempts no more,
It lies at rest like rusty plough.

And yet it basks in bright noontide,
It echoes gladly childish voices;
A sailor's wife leans here, and wide
Her outlook till her heart rejoices.

Here lovers meet when dusk draws near,
Their voyages have scarce begun;
Ah! may they keep vows true and dear,
Until their resting days are won.

For 'tis not every craft that lies
So calmly on a kindly shore;
And 'tis not every heart is wise
To cherish love when youth is o'er.

BEATRIX L. TOLLEMACHE.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE March number of *Folk-Lore* (David Nutt), which begins a second volume, contains two articles of general interest: the opening address of the president of the Folk-Lore Society for the current session, Mr. G. L. Gomme, in which he claims a very high rank for his study, urging that it should be allowed an independent section, by the side of anthropology, in the British Association; and a report on folk-tale research in 1889-90, by Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, in which he carefully distinguishes between stories taken down from oral tradition and those wrought up for literary purposes. The room for differences of opinion among folklorists is well exemplified by comparing Mr. Hartland's review of Mr. Joseph Jacobs and Mr. Jacobs's review of Mr. Hartland. Perhaps the most notable paper in the number is that by Dr. E. Gaster on "The Legend of the Grail." In opposition to those who would assign to it a mainly Celtic origin, he contends that the central idea of the quest

is to be found in the post-classical legend of Alexander the Great, and his attempt to force the gates of Paradise, as told by the Pseudo-Callisthenes. This central idea has, of course, been largely modified through the agency of Christian conceptions. Dr. Gaster will continue the subject in another number. We may also mention a note from Dr. Douglas Hyde, the Irish folklorist, who is now in New Brunswick, where he finds that many of the Indian stories are certainly derived from Gallic or French sources, probably through the Hudson Bay voyageurs.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CARTAUT, A. *Terres-cuites grecques*. Paris: Colin. 25 fr.
 CARTEON, R. *Souvenirs de la campagne du Tonkin*. Paris: Baudouin. 7 fr.
 CUINET, Vital. *La Turquie d'Asie: géographie administrative, etc.* Fasc. 1. Paris: Leroux. 4 fr.
 DU BLED, Victor. *Orateurs et tribuns 1789-1794*. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
 GIACOSA, A. *Nel paese dei turbanti. Viaggio in Dalmazia, Erzegovina e Bosnia*. Turin: Loescher. 4 fr.
 GREGOROVICUS, L. *Die Verwendung historischer Stoffe in der erzählenden Literatur*. München: Buchholz. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 HERZFELDER, J. *Goethe in der Schweiz*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M. 60 Pf.
 HUNER, le Comte de. *Une année de ma vie 1848-9*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 KOCH, J., u. F. SEITZ. *Das Heidelberger Schloss*. 5. u. 6. Lfg. 2. Abthg. Darmstadt: Bergsträsser. 40 M.
 NEUVIRTH, J. *Peter Parler v. Gmünd, Dombaumeister in Prag, u. seine Familie*. Prag: Calve. 6 M.
 RAHSTEDT, H. G. *Wanderungen durch die französische Literatur*. 1. Bd. Vincent Voiture 1597-1648. Oppeln: Franke. 4 M. 50 Pf.
 ROMÉ pendant la semaine sainte. Paris: Boussod. 40 fr.
 TRARY, R. *Essais de critique*. Paris: Colin. 3 fr. 50 c.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- ARAEIARD'S 1121 zu Soissons verurtheilter Tractatus de unitate et trinitate divina. Aufgefunden u. erstmals hg. v. R. Stölze. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Herder. 2 M. 80 Pf.
 HARNACK, A. *Grundriss der Dogmengeschichte*. 2. Hälfte. Die Entwicklg. d. Dogmas im Rahmen der abendländ. Kirche. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 3 M.
 ZATIN, Th. *Geschichte d. neustamentlichen Kanons*. 2. Bd. 2. Hälfte. 1. Abth. Leipzig: Deichert. 5 M. 70 Pf.

HISTORY.

- BELSER, J. *Zur diöketianischen Christenverfolgung*. Tübingen: Fues. 3 M.
 BOUCHARD. *Système financier de l'ancienne monarchie*. Paris: Guillaumin. 12 fr.
 D'ARBOIS DE JURAINVILLE, H. *Recherches sur l'origine des noms de lieux habités en France (périodes celtique et romaine)*. Paris: Thorin. 16 fr.
 FONTES rerum austriacarum. 2. Abth. Diplomataria et acta. 45. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Leipzig: Freytag. 9 M.
 HOLST, H. v. *Verfassungsgeschichte der Vereinigten Staaten v. Amerika seit der Administration Jackson's*. 4. Bd. 2. Hälfte. Berlin: Springer. 8 M.
 LORENZ, O. *Die Geschichtswissenschaft in Hauptrichtungen u. Aufgaben, kritisch erörtert*. 2. Thl. Leopold v. Ranke. Berlin: Besser. 8 M.
 QUETSCH, F. H. *Geschichte d. Verkehrswesens am Mittelrhein von den ältesten Zeiten bis zum Ausgang d. 18. Jahrh.* Freiburg-i.-Br.: Herder. 7 M.
 TERCIER, *Mémoires politiques et militaires du général, 1770-1816, p.p. C. de la Chansonie*. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
 WIESNER, L. *Le Régent, l'abbé Dubois et les Anglais, d'après les sources britanniques*. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
 ZELLER, J. *Histoire d'Allemagne*. T. VII. La Réforme: Jean Huss, Martin Luther. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE, PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- FIGUIER, L. *L'année scientifique et industrielle*. 1890. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
 KIESWETTER, C. *Geschichte d. neueren Occultismus. Geheimwissenschaftliche Systeme v. Agrippa v. Nettesheim bis zu Carl du Prel*. Leipzig: Friedr. 16 M.
 MEYER, H. *Anleitung zur Bearbeitung meteorologischer Beobachtungen f. die Klimatologie*. Berlin: Springer. 4 M.
 SILVA, R. D. *Traité d'analyse chimique*, p.p. M. Engel. Paris: Masson. 8 fr.
 WALTHER, J. *Die Denudation in der Wüste u. ihre geologische Bedeutung*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BRACKELMANN, J. *Les plus anciens chansonniers français (12e Siècle)*. Feuilles 1 à 14. Paris: Bouillon. 5 fr.
 CORNUTI artis rhetoricae epitome, ed. et commentatus est L. Graeven. Berlin: Weidmann. 4 M.
 DEIMLING, H. *Text-Gestalt u. Text-Kritik der Chester Plays*. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 LANGLOIS, E. *Origines et sources du Roman de la Rose*. Paris: Thorin. 5 fr.
 MEYER, W. *Die athenische Spruchrede d. Menander u. Philiston*. München: Franz. 2 M. 10 Pf.
 MONUMENTI inediti, publicati dall'Istituto di Correspondenza archeologica. Supplemento. Berlin: Reimer. 40 M.
 RAAB, C. *De Flavii Josephi elocutione quaestiones criticae*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 ROESCH, H. *Collectanea philologa*. Bremen: Heinsius. 7 M.

- SCHENK, R. *Observationes criticae in fabulas Aristophaneas*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 STUDIEN auf dem Gebiete d. archaischen Lateins, hrg. v. W. Studemund. 2. Bd. Berlin: Weidmann. 9 M.
 WAGNER, R. *Epitoma Vaticana ex Apollodori bibliotheca*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 6 M.
 WEISSBACH, F. H. *Anzanische Inschriften u. Vorarbeitung zu ihrer Entzifferung*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 3 M.
 WILCKEN, U. *Tabell zur älteren griechischen Palaeographie*. Leipzig: Giesecke. 10 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARY FITTON AGAIN.

London: March 11, 1890.

Out of the frost and fog of London, and in ulster and muffler, I went on Wednesday, February 25, into the bright sunshine at Nuneaton in Warwickshire. Leaving my traps at the "Newdegate Arms," I walked at a swinging pace through Stockingford, and soon got so hot that I had to take off my cap and unbutton my waistcoat. "Why, master, th' as'n't got th' at on," said a boy on the hill; and, soon after, a merry group of children broke into laughter as one said, "Oh, here's an old man without his 'at'!" I laughed back at them, and the little ones ran on with me, saying, "Put on thy 'at,'" "Why, he's got it in his 'and,'" "Put on thy 'at,'" &c., &c.; and so we went merrily trotting on to the North Lodge of Arbury Hall, where I bade the youngsters goodbye, and gave them sixpence for sweets. Another half-mile through the park—George Eliot's country it is, her nephew is agent for the Newdegate estate—brought me to the handsome stables (which I at first mistook for the Hall), and then to the Hall itself, where Mrs. Newdegate, the wife of the present Governor of the Bermudas, kindly welcomed me, and took me up to the picture gallery to see the two or three pictures of Mary Fitton among the heirlooms that had descended from Lady Anne Newdegate, Mary's sister.

We knew that Mary Fitton was the type of woman wanted as the original of the Dark Woman of Shakspeare's Sonnets; that is, she was a well-bred mistress of young William Herbert, and had a child by him in March 1601, soon after he was twenty-one and Earl of Pembroke. Did she answer the other requirements, so as to be the actual person? Was she the "Woman colour'd ill" of Sonnet 144, printed in 1599? Were her eyes the "raven black" of Sonnet 127? Had she no "red and white" in her cheeks, as in Sonnet 430?

"I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks,"

Were her "breasts dun" and her hair "black wires," as also in Sonnet 130?

To all these questions the Arbury portraits answered plainly "No." The first picture, dated 1592, is one of the two sisters, Lady Anne (then Mrs.) Newdegate at eighteen, and Mary Fitton at fifteen. Mary is a fair "red and white" girl, with brown hair and dark blue-grey eyes. The second portrait—which may be that of Mary Maxey, or any one else, but looks like Mary Fitton's—is older, but has still the same red and white complexion, brown hair, and blue-grey eyes; while the third—called by a later inscription the Countess of Macclesfield (which Mary was not) and the second daughter of Sir Ed. Fitton, and maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth (both of which Mary was)—is paler, but with the same blue-grey eyes and white breasts. We must, therefore, give up Mary Fitton as Shakspeare's lawless love, while keeping her as the type of that fascinating woman.

Coming down to the library, Mrs. Newdegate kindly showed me the family copies of the First Folio of Shakspeare's plays and his Sonnets. We hoped these had been Lady Anne's books, and that they would contain some contemporary MS. allusions to Mary Fitton; but, alas, they proved to have been bought by a later

Sir Richard Newdegate, while the Sonnets were the 1640 edition, not the original 1609. So we turned to the letters, and in them was plenty of proof of Mary's disgrace with Pembroke, and of the later scandal with Polwhele, whom she married about 1607; but no hint of any connexion with Shakspeare.

In the Calendar of the Carew MSS. is a postscript of Sir Robert Cecil's, dated February 5, 1601:

"We have no news but that there is a misfortune befallen Mistress Fitton, for she is proved with child, and the Earl of Pembroke, being examined, confesseth a fact [the guilt of being the father], but utterly renounceth all marriage. I fear they will both dwell in the Tower awhile, for the Queen hath vowed to send them thither" (Tyler, *Shakspeare's Sonnets*, p. 56).

Pembroke was sent to the Fleet, Mary Fitton probably somewhere else; and her father writes to Lady Anne Newdegate in one of his Arbury letters on April 22, 1601:

"I am in some hope of your sisters enlargement shortly; but what wilbe the end with the Erle, I cannot tell: so soone as [I] canne, you shall heare."

Mary was probably set at liberty soon after, for on May 24, 1601, her uncle, Sir Francis Fitton, writes to Lady Anne:

"I suppose your father by his stolne Jorne (journey) into Cheshyre (unknowne to me) hath acquainted you with some thinges consarnynge your sisters estate; howe true, I knowe not, for I fynd haltinge with me in theyr courses for her: God graunte all be for the beste!"

After this, I suppose Mary Fitton got into her second scrape, though, if her mother in the following letter alludes to Mary's boy by Pembroke directly after his birth, and before he was dead, by March 25 (Tyler, pp. 66-7), the prior trouble which the mother implies by "worse now than ever" may possibly have been one with a player, or some like person:

"I take no joye to heer of your sister, nere of that boy: if it hade plesed God, when I did bear her, that shee and I hade bine beried, it hade saved me from a grāt delle of sorow and gryffe, and her from shame, and such shame as never hade Cheshyre woman; worse now then evar: wright no meer to mee of her."

The mention of the "boy" prevents our supposing that this "misfortune" was the "two bastard daughters" by her cousin Sir Richard Lusan (or Levison), son of the Armada admiral, who took seven Spanish ships, noted in Lord de Tabley's Cheshire Genealogies. At any rate, Mary's first husband, according to the same authority, was a Capt. Polewhele (Tyler, p. 84), who, according to her mother, was a knave, and took her with all her disgrace on her, to prove that she was no better than herself. Says Lady Alice Fitton, about 1607, of her son, to Lady Ann Newdegate, he

"fell into rallyng agaynst you ffor spekyng agaynst the mareg of your sister to Poulewhyell: it was oute of your vmar [humour], and that hee was worthe her. my ladie Francis [Fitton, Mary's aunt] saed she was the vyles woman vnder the sun. . . . Poulwhyell is a veri k[n]ave, and taketh the disgrace off his wyff and all her fryndes, to make the world thynk hym worthy of her, and that she deservard no better."

Yet, just at this time, Mary's uncle, Sir Francis Fitton, wrote on February 4, 1606-7:

"Good Sir John Newdigate, you are verie moche behoulding to my cossen Polewhele for his diligent care and friendly diligens in labringe aboute your cause conteyned in the Lord Chancellors letter to you," &c.

And Sir Francis also mentions Polwhele favourably in his Will.

Admiral Sir Richard Levison has just three mentions of Mary Fitton in 1603-4; but, after 1610, when Francis Beaumont, of Stoughton,

Bedworth, &c., was writing enamoured letters to the widowed Lady Anne Newdegate, who afterwards refused him, he says of her sister, who must surely be Mary Fitton (then Mrs. Polwhele, aged thirty-three):

"Your most honorable and thriseworthy sister, as faire as beautie it selfe, more faire and prettie than sparke of vellett, and as wittie as Pallas, is (and so I long wishe shee may be) in verie good healthe. Worthy shee is to be loved of that wortheie Ladie that loves hir; and shee that loves hir, as worthly to be loved as any Ladie in the world. Of these two sisters I have vowed never to speake without some of their excellent embeliments: so I thinke I doo now, and so wil I ever doe hereafter."

This is doubtless the same Francis Beaumont of Coleorton whose letter about Chaucer is printed in Speght's edition (1599) and who died Master of the Charterhouse in 1624. Assuming that he used the word "sister" in its natural sense, and not in the vague one of friend or distant relative, Beaumont's letter testifies to the charm of the naughty Mary Fitton, who might well have conquered Shakspeare if she ever knew him. But, so far as our present evidence goes, she is not the "dark lady" of the Sonnets. Of the only letter of hers to her sister I have a copy, but it is a mere formal expression of regret that distance bars her from hearing from Lady Anne.

Mrs. Newdegate kindly promises to make further searches, on her next visit, in the Arbury Hall library and muniment-room for the presentation copy to Lady Anne N., of Kempe's *Wonder: A Nine Duties Dance from London to Norwich*, and for other letters that may mention Mary Fitton.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

THE FLEXIONAL INFINITIVE IN ENGLISH.

Oxford: March 16, 1891.

Mr. Mayhew appears quite unconscious of the fact that he has advanced no argument whatever in support of his confident assertion that I am wrong in claiming for the living English language a flexional infinitive. In his first letter he asserted that I had made a confusion between form and function, but he offered no proof of the assertion. He then exhibited the series of descending forms from *lufian* to "love," in a manner as if he thought that somehow was an argument. But it does not come into more than superficial contact with the question in debate. Under this head I admit all he says in the most absolute manner, and I do not see that my flexional infinitive is shaken. That when a new form "love" comes in, the old form *loven* must immediately disappear, is an assertion, not an argument.

This recapitulation was necessary, because Mr. Mayhew, in his second letter, proceeds like one in the position of a debater who had made good his footing by antecedent proof. He indulges in a confident expectation that I shall soon recant, because some years ago I made a mistake, and found out my error and corrected it. What an argument is here! Because when wrong I took the earliest opportunity of correcting my error, therefore now I shall presently acknowledge my error. Does not Mr. Mayhew see that in this fling of rhetoric he is assuming the point at issue.

But Mr. Mayhew forthwith claims the victory; he decrees himself an ovation, and riots in all the petulancies of a Roman holiday. In the exuberance of his glee, he challenges me to say whether in the phrase "The rapture of hunting the Snark" the word *hunting* is an infinitive. Because, if so, he warns me, this word is a different part of speech in this place from what it is in another phrase, such as "The hunting of the Snark." And this, Mr. Mayhew evidently thinks, is an argument invincible. Such as it is, it is the only thing of the nature

of an argument in his two letters, dressed as they are in the superficial semblance of argumentative phraseology.

He answers his own question. "Of course the true doctrine is, that there is here no change in the grammatical or formal character of the word *hunting*, and that the construction is equivalent to 'the rapture of the hunting of the Snark.'" Of course, indeed! In setting myself to reply to this answer which he gives to his own question, my hands seem almost as if they would hang down and refuse to work, for lack of hope to persuade. I have heard this before from other persons professing to be thinkers; and I apprehend that there are a good many persons, even cultivated persons, to whom the rough and ready plausibility of this "of course" will appear reasonable enough if not quite satisfactory. Therefore I will content myself with saying that, though there is no change in the formal character of the word, there is a change in the grammatical character, and that the one phrase is not the equivalent of the other, in the sense that it furnishes the grammatical argument required.

This is a psychological question; it cannot be answered by the new instruments of the exact phoneticians. This is the pivot of the whole issue, for this is the predicate of the proposition in debate. Certain words in *-ing* are before us. The question is, Can we, or can we not, in a given case of *-ing*, in such and such a connexion, say that it is a verb in the infinitive mood? In order to put this question, we ought first be agreed what constitutes an infinitive. Mr. Mayhew seems to attach this idea to a traditional set of forms. I think of it as independent of the form, and I think of the form secondarily, as the vestment of the idea. Herein I fear we are not upon common ground. The word "hunting" in one sentence may be a participle, and in another a substantive; in all that there is nothing to hinder but that in a third it may be a verb in the infinitive mood.

What the three learned Germans who are brought into court against me have to do with it I cannot make out; and, moreover, this was the place for proof and not for authority. There are places where an ounce of evidence is worth a pound of authority, and this is one of them. And I will add that these passages are of the sort which is of the lightest account. My experience of German learning says to me: Use their details and honour their industry; but be shy of their doctrine, and especially mistrust them when they get upon the high horse of big generalisation.

That *-en* passes into *-ing* is too well known to need proof. But I am newly in possession of some good illustrations from Prof. Edward Allen, of the University of Missouri, which I give here as much for their own interest as for their utility to my contention. The title of his article is: "The Origin in Literature of Vulgarisms." *Garden* becomes *garding*, which is found in Coverdale; and Dunbar in "The Thistle and the Rose" has *gairding*: "And enterit in a lusty gairding gent." Prof. Allen thinks the ending *-ing* for *-en* is an inheritance from the northern dialect, and he illustrates this opinion by the following examples. From Sir David Lindsay, "All those quhill *funding* (FUNDEN, found) bene on lyve." From King James: "And some were eke that *fallyng* (fallen) had so sore." From Henry the Minstrel: "This gud knyght said: deyr *cusing* (cousin) pray I the." It survives in: "I am much *beholding* (beholden) to you," which occurs in Roger Ascham: "Lady Jane Grey to whom I was exceedinge moche *beholdinge*." I call attention to the fact that the past participle *-en* became *-ing*, and that in one instance, at least, it is still current. I think this helps to make it easier to admit that *-en* infinitival may have done the same in a certain group of locutions.

Controversy is dreary without a fundamental harmony as to the value of terms and the method of argument. It was like an oasis in a sandy wilderness, when we reached "The Hunting of the Snark." Here is verdure, and water, and birds, and the sound of the wind in the trees. From *Alice in Wonderland* down to the last booklet of this genial writer, entitled *How to Write a Letter*, all is full of kindness and winking humour. Here is that touch of nature which makes the whole world kin. These are the true *litterae humaniores*. There are moments when one would cry: Rather a booklet of his than all the tons of learning in Leipzig fair. Long may that happy pen retain its cunning.

J. EARLE.

THE NEW FRAGMENT OF EURIPIDES.

St. Andrews University, N.B.: March 14, 1891.

In reply to Mr. Housman's stricture, I trust I may be believed when I say that I had taken the correction of *διαφερουμένη* (*sic*) to be too much a matter of course to be worth mentioning, and had at once marked it in my copy of *Hermathena*. Dr. Mayor will bear me out in saying that the same thing happened about the confusion of *στρατεία* and *στρατιά* in the *Athenian Constitution*, until I saw that it had been gravely noted by some one else. It so happened that the line was not one of those which I wrote out. If it had been so, I should have "jumped" with Mr. Housman. The time for "sober criticism" can hardly arrive until the promised photographic facsimile is before the world.

Meanwhile, shall I be adding sin to sin if I make one or two further suggestions?

B. li. 18-22—

Lyc. ió. *Cho.* λόκος πάρεστι, κ.τ.λ.

Lyc. ποῦσθ' ἦν λέγουσι τήνδε προσβήναι πέτραν
δρασμοῖς φυγοῦσαν; τίς δ' ἔρ' ἦν ἥδε στεγῇ;
τίνας δὲ γαίους [ιν] ὄντες ἐκ πολὺς πάτρας;
σήμενε τὸν δίκαιον Ἄρεα, τί πρόσσετον.

A. (Left col.) l. 14—

ἐκτός μένοντες, κἂν τι καὶνὸν ᾖ, δόμων.

C (right col.) 65 and C (left col. 33) (in place of my previous guess)—

γυναικα θάψας, τῇσδ' ὅπως γαίουςσα γῆς
γύας, τρέφουσα τοὺς ἔνοντας ἐκ Διός.

For the blank in C (left col.), l. 30, I had imagined as a link something like

ἀρετῆς ἑκατὶ καὶ φηῖς ἰθαγενέως.

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

THE OSSIANIC SAGA.

University College, Liverpool: March 10, 1891.

Prof. Zimmer's new theory of the Scandinavian origin of the elements of the Ossianic Saga turns wholly on his etymology of the Irish words *fiann* and *féne*. I, for one, cannot accept any of the arguments, linguistic or other, which Prof. Zimmer advances to show that *fiann* and *féne* are Norse loan-words. Mr. Whitley Stokes has sufficiently vindicated the native origin of these words. It would take up too much of your space to discuss the points that Prof. Zimmer has raised to establish his theory. I will only touch a few of the simplest.

A genuine derivative of *féne* is *fénechas*. It occurs, e.g. (in Cormac and in the commentary on the *Amra Columáin* (Chille), in a quotation that speaks for itself: *Is fás fénechas oc ferbaib Dé*, "the Irish law is void beside the words of God." This important word is never once mentioned by Prof. Zimmer. But he has tried to evade its discussion in a manner which, in his own phrase, is instructive. This is what he says on page 84 of his paper:

"Da man nun annahm, dieses durch Patrick und

die Neumercommission,* festgestellte irische Volksrecht sei ans der *bírla fine*, d. h. dem Irisehen vor Patrick's Zeit, umgeschrieben, so bildete man albern Weise nach *senchas* ein wort *fenchas* zur Bezeichnung des vorpatricianischen Rechtsbuches der Iren."

Here Prof. Zimmer is at pains to make his public believe that *fenchas* was the common word used to denote the Irish laws. Yet *fenchas* is not Irish at all, nor ever was, but, if anything, is Shelta!

As to *teim lægda* and Prof. Zimmer's explanation by an imaginary Norse *teimur lægðir*, I may add to Mr. Stokes's remarks that not only does this phrase never occur in Old Norse, but that *lægja* could never have been used in the sense that Prof. Zimmer gives to it. It means "to lower," "niedrig machen."

In order to make an Irish *Rus mac Trichim* into some unknown Scandinavian *Rus Tryggvasonr*, Prof. Zimmer selects the most convenient form, which happens to be the worst spelt. *Trichim* is the genitive of *Trechma*.

Lastly, one word about *Finnuill*, the Irish name for the Norwegians. Prof. Zimmer adduces no evidence whatever that *Heiti* was a frequent by-name among the first Scandinavian invaders of Ireland. It is unfortunate that when this by-name does occur, it is never translated by the Irish *Finn*, but is taken over as *Finn* (J.L. 205^b, 48, *Finn* LL. 172^a, 7, *sfitt* LL. 205^b, 58=*shrítr*) adapted duly to Irish lips. Down to the end of the eighth century *Gaill* denoted the foreigners of the South-western continent. These were no doubt by that time dark in hair and complexion. When the first Norsemen—an extremely blond type—appeared on their shores, it seems natural that the Irish should have called them *Finnuill*, "fair foreigners."

KUNO MEYER.

THE NAME OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RUNE p.

Ghent, Belgium: Feb. 28, 1891.

Independently of each other, Profs. Cosyn and Sievers have recently proved* that the old name of this rune was *wyn*, as actually stated in a Salzburg MS., and not always *wen*, as was hitherto generally assumed.

An additional testimony to this theory may be of interest. The 99th Psalm of the Oxford interlinear version (MS. Junius 27) glosses the first word *Jubilat*, not, as the greater part of the other early English Psalters, by *wynsumiath*, but by *p. sumiath(ze)*. There can be no doubt that we here have a case in point.

I may add that in many other places of the same MS. the forms *wynsumiath*, &c., occur written out in full, and that all *u*-mutations in the MS. are found as *y*. The Late Kentish and Late West-Saxon peculiarity of *e* instead of this *y* (Sweet, *H. E. S.*, §478), which would destroy the force of our argument, does not seem to obtain.

H. LOGEMAN.

TUNIP AND DINHABA.

Weston-super-Mare: March 16, 1891.

On reading my friend Dr. Neubauer's interesting letter in the ACADEMY of last week two things struck me at once: 1. That he was right in identifying the name Tennib, or Tinnab (Tunip, or Dunip of old time) with the D-n-h-h-h of Gen. xxxvi. 32; 1 Chron. i. 43; LXX. Δαναβᾶ; Vulg. Denaba, the capital of B'ela, son of B'eor (LXX. Βαλᾶκ). 2. That it must be a second or third Dunip, not possibly the place in Northern Syria, nor near Pethor on the Sajir.

* See *Anglia*, vol. xiii., pp. 3-7, and Cosyn's "Cynwulf's Runicverzen" in the *Verslagen en Mededeelingen der Koninklijke Akademie van Wetenschappen* (te Amsterdam), Afdeling Letterkunde, 34^e Reeks, Deel vii., pp. 54-64.

I found that in Mr. Armstrong's book *Names and Places*, &c., it is marked as not identified, and I had little hope of finding in the Eastern Edom across Jordan any such name. But on looking at Tristram's *Land of Moab*, and his map, I found our Tennib at once in the best possible position; and his account is most apposite. It is evidently Thenib, east of Ele'aleh, west of the great Hajj road. From Kustul Canon Tristram

"rode on due north, and an hour's quick ride [says he] brought us to Thenib. The buildings of Thenib cover the whole area of an isolated hill, and are much more dilapidated and ruder than those we had recently been visiting. . . . From Thenib and from Kustul I had the finest views of the Belka, as this country is officially called, which we had yet enjoyed." (*Land of Moab*, p. 222).

In the Palestine Exploration Fund new map of Palestine with the ancient names inserted, I find the place marked as Hodbat et-Toneih, but without identification of any ancient site. This then was the capital Dinhabah, and here dwelt Balak, son of Be'or, whose name I suppose survives in the Belka of these days. I must not dwell on his name further than to ask whether Be'or and Pe'or may be identical. Balak seems a dynastic name. The capital is only some dozen miles eastward of the old Piggah, Nebo, &c.

I have not yet seen the map and memoirs of Major Conder's 500 square miles survey; therefore I cannot tell whether he has already identified Dinhabah with Thenib. But it is one more most interesting link between Naharina, Bala'am's land of the sons of 'Ammo, or 'Ammon (as many Hebrew MSS. read it, as well as the Samaritan, and the Syriac, and Vulgate versions) and the Southern 'Ammon; and I fancy our Dunip name may be rightly expressed in the form given in Genesis, and that it may be an Aramaic name. Bala'am also was one of the sons of Be'or, perhaps a clan-name. But I must not linger in this attractive jungle, and I write in haste.

May I take this occasion of saying that I have several good sparkles of light to throw on Dr. Neubauer's valuable *Géographie du Talmud*, as regards places on the Euphrates and in Northern Syria.

For instance (p. 387), Avirid may be Avyareth on the Euphrates; (p. 388) Be-Tarbo, Tereb, south-west of Aleppo; (p. 398) Tuab must be the Tuab of the Thothmes List, Keft Töb, near Hamah; (p. 418) Terbenth is evidently the interesting Terbentha of the Karnak List, No. 217; excellently identified by Prof. Maspero with the fortified village between Aleppo and Antioch Dér Benât, the Castrum Puellarum of mediaeval record.

HENRY GEORGE TOMKINS.

THE EAGLE OF ETAN-GILGAMOS AND HIS KINDRED IN FOLKLORE.

New York: Feb. 5, 1891.

The interesting translation given by Prof. Harper, in the ACADEMY of January 17, of the Chaldean story of the Eagle and the Serpent, in connexion with Mr. Sayce's identification of Gisdhubar with Gilgames, the youth who was carried to a place of safety by a friendly eagle, in Aelian's *History of Animals* (xii. 21), opens up a new mine of research for the student of folklore. While Aelian compares it with the Persens legend, we cannot help thinking of the prominent part played by the bird Simurgh in the Persian legendary lives of Sal, Rustem, &c. But who would expect to find the Chaldean eagle carrying a man in an oxhide in a late Hebrew legend? Yet such is the case. In Buber's edition of Midrasch Tanchumim (1885, I., p. 136) the following tale is given, after an old manuscript:

King Solomon had a beautiful daughter,

Learning from her horoscope that she was fated to marry a poor Israelite of low birth, he built a very high tower with no entrance thereto; and, after providing a large store of victuals, locked her up there. After some time, a poor youth, exhausted from long travel, sought shelter for the night in the carcass of an ox; and, when he had fallen asleep, a large bird alighted upon the carcass and carried it up to the roof of the tower. When the youth awoke and found himself, to his great surprise, in that elevated position, he soon made the acquaintance of the princess. But, being as chaste as he is fair, he writes a marriage contract with his own blood, calling God and the angels Michael and Gabriel for witnesses, before he marries her.

A similar story about King Solomon, though lacking the characteristic features of the Chaldean original, is recorded by Peterman in his *Reisen im Orient* (ii. 110), as from the Mandaean. The question whether man can counteract destiny is illustrated by a heavenly voice challenging Solomon to prevent a prince in the East from marrying a princess of the distant West destined to be his mate. Simurg, the royal bird, sets out on the great task, and carries the ten-year-old princess of the West high up to an inaccessible mountain peak, where none but he can reach her and take care of her. Some years afterwards, however, at the time when the bird had gone back to Solomon's court, the Eastern prince suffers shipwreck near that very rock where the princess resides. She, on beholding the youth, forthwith becomes enamoured of him, and manages to have him hidden in a hollow trunk, and thus be carried by the wise bird Simurg to her mountain-dwelling, where they become united, as destiny had decreed.

There are a number of other Mandaean legends, given by Peterman, which form interesting links between Eastern and Western folklore, and to which I desire to call the attention of students.

K. KOHLER.

"THE LAST DREAM OF JULIUS ROY."

London: March 16, 1891.

Mr. Byrrne shows such a pretty faculty of paraphrase in his version of my short story, "The Last Dream of Julius Roy," in last week's ACADEMY, that I am sorry to have to discourage him in the ingenious art of finding resemblances betwixt his own and other people's stories. Until his letter of last week I had supposed the *Newbery House Magazine* to be a theological review—a very good reason for not going to its pages for fiction. In fact, I had never seen either the magazine or his story. But the suspicion of plagiarism, like that of heresy, is not easily upset; and, supposing my story to have been written after the publication of his, Mr. Byrrne would probably still retain his doubts. So I hasten to add that "The Last Dream of Julius Roy" was written first early in 1889, was read in MS. by various friends during that year, and was eventually sent to the editor of *Macmillan's Magazine* before July, 1890, the date when Mr. Byrrne tells us his story appeared.

ERNEST RHYS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, March 22, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Brahminism," by Sir M. Monier-Williams.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Moral Basis of Social Reconstruction," by Mr. J. H. Muirhead.
3 p.m. East India Association: "The Further Admission of Natives to the Indian Civil Service," by Mr. A. K. Connell.
MONDAY, March 23, 5 p.m. London Institution: "The Orientation of Ancient Temples," by Prof. Norman Lockyer.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "Photographic Chemistry," III., by Prof. R. Meldola.

S p.m. Richmond Athenæum: "Exhibitions," by Mr. H. M. Cundall.
 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Travel and Ascents in the Basardjusi District, Daghestan," by Mr. G. P. Baker; "Exploration and Photography in the Caucasus in 1890," by Mr. Douglas W. Freshfield.
 TUESDAY, March 24, 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Reception and Storage of Petroleum Oil in Bulk," by Mr. W. T. H. Carrington.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Uses of Cloisonné for Decoration in Ancient and Modern Times," by Mr. Clement Heaton.
 WEDNESDAY, March 25, 8 p.m. Geological: "Nautili and Ammonites," by Mr. S. S. Buckman; "The Drifts of Flamborough Head," by Mr. G. W. Lamplugh; "A Phosphatized Chalk with *Belemnites quadrata* at Taplow," by Mr. A. Strahan.
 8 p.m. Chemical: Anniversary Meeting.
 8.30 p.m. University College: "The Universities of Egypt: Heliopolis, Alexandria, and Cairo," by Prof. R. Stuart Poole.

SCIENCE.

Plauti Rudens. Edited by E. A. Sonnenschein. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

MANY English students of Plautus can remember the days when Ritschl had suspended the publication of his critical edition, feeling the need of a far more thorough study of early Latin than had as yet been made before a sure basis for Plautine criticism could be laid, and when there was no help available but the very poor edition of Weise, and for three plays the fuller but far from satisfactory edition of Lindemann. English scholars had done nothing to supply the lack, with the exception of Hildyard's vigorous but antiquated editions of two plays. It is just a quarter of a century since Ritschl's investigations were made more generally accessible in Dr. Wagner's edition of the *Aulularia*, to which many an English student owes his first introduction to sounder methods of Plautine criticism; and since that time, both in England and in Germany, helpful commentaries have followed one another apace. Among these, two editions by Prof. Sonnenschein, of Birmingham, have already obtained well-deserved recognition. The *Captivi* was so largely drawn from Brix as to be useful rather than striking; the *Mostellaria* was much more original in its matter, and a more valuable contribution to the criticism of the play. And now we have an excellent edition of that delightful play the *Rudens*, which cannot fail to raise still higher Prof. Sonnenschein's high reputation among English Latinists.

In settling the text, which is in too many places seriously corrupt, the editor has had the great advantage of using Schöll's edition, with its elaborate conspectus of readings, and full *appendix critica*, which leaves nothing of importance unnoticed which had appeared up to so recent a date as 1887. He has also had the benefit of Studemund's "Apograph" of the Ambrosian codex, although in this play less is to be derived from this source than in some others,* and has been fortunate enough to be able to publish, for the first time, a number of emendations by Prof. Seyffert of Berlin. Prof. Sonnenschein has also offered a certain number of corrections of his own, so that the book claims to make distinct contribu-

tions to the criticism of the play. With regard to the emendations of Prof. Seyffert, the editor would probably have done better to relegate more of them to the foot of the page, and not place them in the text. He has some just remarks in his proface (p. ix.) on the shifting results of slashing criticism, and the good service done by defending the reading of the MSS.; but can *me mactat* be said to be impossible in v. 96; and is Seyffert's *mandatumst*, neat as it is, quite suited to the context? In 106 his insertion of *quam* is not certain enough to be the only one mentioned out of the various attempts to mend the line. In 210, *neque etiamdum* for *nec dice* is violent; and, in 215, *omnia* perhaps not indefensible. In 243 the insertion of *em* is hardly necessary. In 282, Seyffert's reading seems no improvement on Hermann's. In 399 *sic* may well mean, "as you tell me, she is doing." In 468 we have the tolerably certain emendation *metuis* for *metius*, and in 481 *exi* is obviously right. In 687 *is* is apparently inserted to avoid the hiatus, which is introduced in 684 by an excellent correction. The transposition in 818 is neat, and so are *atque* for *quae* in 910, and the insertion of *mi* in 930, and of *nunc* in 946. In 960 *etiam plus* is rightly welcomed; in 977 *itane* is hardly so good as Leo's *esne*. In 997 the change of punctuation is very attractive. In 1138 the reading *inuis merum* is too bold to deserve a place in the text; in 1195 the emendation is possible, but far from certain; and in 1248 it is confessedly only an attempt of despair. The ingenious *tetrachuma Philippa* of 1314 is very ably supported, but is perhaps not to be preferred to Langen's *auri minae Philippi*; in 1316 *hercle ego* is decidedly good. In 1345 *si quid* is hardly as good as Schöll's *si qui*. In 1401 there is apparently some confusion between two readings: Seyffert can hardly mean us to scan *hercle* (when it does not immediately follow an accented syllable), yet this is the only way of making out the metre; in *Aul.* 831 which he quotes, it has its normal pronunciation; and in *Bach.* 902 *vél hercle* certainly calls for correction. On the whole, it will probably be thought that Prof. Sonnenschein has been somewhat too ready to accept the suggestions of the Berlin scholar.

His own contributions to the text are less numerous, but in one or two cases noteworthy. In v. 2 *Joris* is certainly better than *eius*, though perhaps not to be preferred to *eius ego*. In 189 the verse scans just as well without the addition of *esse me*, if written in Schöll's fashion. In 321 *ornatus* for *natus* is excellent. In 376 *facere* is really too bold; it could hardly have perished without a trace in any grammarian: Schöll's *facere ero* is better than any of the alternatives which Prof. Sonnenschein mentions. In 579, where *A* agrees with the reading of *M*, as the editor has failed to note, he inserts *hodie* to avoid hiatus before a final cretic. The instances of this are so numerous and varied that I cannot help thinking it must come to be recognised as one of the lawful cases. In 528-537 the six instances are doubtless to be explained by the broken speech of the shivering and half-drowned Labrax: but I doubt very much whether Prof. Sonnenschein

can be right in printing the chattering in his text as *al-alges, ut-uterer*, and the like. In *Most.* 319, 331, which he quotes as parallel, there are clear traces of a drunken stammer in the MSS.: here he prints *nine* reduplicated syllables, without evidence for a letter of them. On 676 and 678 it would have been well to note the reading of *M*. In 766 *lignum* for *ignem* cannot be regarded as so good as Brix's *ligna*, until we have a parallel for this use of the singular. In reading *semel bibi* in 884 for *semel bibo*, Prof. Sonnenschein seems to have overlooked the objection to the MS. reading; for his suggestion equally offends against Luchs's canon. In 905 Schöll seems better advised in omitting *sua* from *auris sua uniloquentia* than Prof. Sonnenschein in transposing it; and in 935-6 Schöll's trochaics are nearer the MSS. than Prof. Sonnenschein's anapaests. In 1040 *eo* for *ibo* is attractive, and suits the sense better than *eibo*. In 1052-3 the text seems much more awkward than that of Brix, given in the appendix (with an accent misplaced, by the way): *abi hinc sis* is not a scansion to be lightly adopted. The alteration in 1152 from *te* into *tuom* is not probable, and spoils such point as there is. In 1275 it seems needless to interfere with *etiamne* of the MSS. In 1311 *sine* for *si non hoc*, taking *non hoc* as a gloss in the following *aliud*, is clever; but was anyone likely to explain *aliud*? Spengel does better to keep *sine hoc*.

This minute examination, which could not have been considered worth while in an edition of less importance, may perhaps be regarded as leading to the conclusion that there is not much at once new and convincing. But even if this were the case, which I should be sorry to assert, this might still fairly claim to be the best text yet issued, showing great improvement upon Fleckeisen or Ussing, and much more sobriety than Schöll.

In the explanation of the text Prof. Sonnenschein has found less helpful predecessors. No one can regard Ussing as satisfactory; and besides him, with the exception of Benoist, whom Mr. Sonnenschein has apparently overlooked, there is nothing of recent date. But a thorough attempt has been made to deal with all difficulties. It is indeed hard always to draw the line between the needs of the student and the teacher. Mr. Sonnenschein seems to have kept both in view; and the consequence is, that while the latter may be inclined to regard him as over-liberal, the former will feel that there is much which is not intended for him, and something omitted which he might expect. This last is the case with regard to metrical difficulties. It is hard for an editor to be expected to repeat himself; yet a sketch of Plautine prosody, such as that prefixed to his *Captivi*, followed by an account of the metres like that in the *Mostellaria*, but adapted to the *Rudens*, would have been very welcome to many, and would have saved space in the end. As it is, sometimes difficulties are passed over (e.g., *perdidit* in 222, *atque* in 227: so in 849, 951, 953, 1401). Sometimes remarks are made, needless to anyone who has mastered the rudiments of Plautine scansion (e.g. in

* Mr. W. M. Lindsay's language in the ACADEMY of February 7 would leave the impression that the certain restoration of *Mil. Gl.* 50 was due to the publication of this Apograph. As a fact, it was given in the first volume of *Hermes* twenty years ago.

103). A student beginning his Plautus with the *Rudens* would need to possess the two other plays besides. It is very rarely that one is tempted to differ from the editor's views on scansion; but neither *innocens* nor *indignus* is necessary in 642, and none of the examples quite justifies *clau'tor* in 805.

Perhaps the strength of the commentary may be considered to be in its mastery of Plautine idiom and syntax. There it is at least a worthy companion to the plays edited by Brix and Lorenz. Mr. Sonnenschein's full collections would often have been supplemented with advantage by a reference to Roby's Grammar. Nothing is better for the student than to be guided to a thorough knowledge of such a storehouse; and he would have learnt to enrich it from such notes as those in 247, 349, 403, &c., while the note in 509 would have been strengthened by a reference to Roby, § 482.

A few points may be noted for additions or reconsideration in another edition. *Gn.* (v. 2) is hardly a legitimate Latin abbreviation. *Concinnare* (96) is hardly "put in order" when used of mud; it seems to be the Yankee "fix" or the Lancashire "fettle." It is hard to see why *gravatus* (260) should be separated from *gravor*. On 362 there should be a reference to Prof. Nettleship's conclusive discussion of *invito*. On 420 the Plautine use of *quid ais*? needs a note. On 424, Catull. lxxvii. 8 and *Mil. G.* 93 would be better references than that to Gellius. The note on 496 surely needs limitation. I am afraid that the interpretation of *concha* in 704, given by Forcellini, is too strongly supported to be ignored. In 730 "dressing" seems better than "expression" for *ornatum*. On 753 Key's arguments for *fērumen* might well have been noted. In 883 we have an excellent example of the shifted accent in a disyllabic word. On *volupe* it might have been well to refer to Ritschl's discussion (*Op.* ii. 450), and to Eunius *Ann.* 303 (Müller). *Redducere* (909) is well established for Terence as well as for Plautus. On 1007 does Mr. Sonnenschein take *colaphos* for "fists"? The meaning seems to be always "cuffs," which can hardly "disappear." On 1010 the quantity of *pōlypus* might be explained.

The mature work of a scholar like Prof. Sonnenschein cannot be passed over with a few words of conventional praise. It is so certain to become a standard authority that suggestions for its improvement, even if comparatively trivial, furnish the only legitimate way in which it can be commended. But the purpose of this notice will be mistaken, if it has not made it evident that it is a really valuable contribution to scholarship, and one sure to raise the reputation of its distinguished editor, alike for judgment and for learning.

A. S. WILKINS.

OBITUARY.

FRANZ MIKLOSICH.

Oxford: March 14, 1891.

ON March 7 died, at Vienna, the celebrated Slavist Franz Miklosich, at one time professor in the university of that city.

Miklosich was born in the village of Rado-

merščak (Pichelberg), in Lower Syria, on November 20, 1813, and was thus in his seventy-eighth year at the time of his decease. He entered the University of Gratz in 1830, and took the degree of doctor of philosophy there. In 1838 he went to Vienna, where he made the acquaintance of Bartholomew Kopitar, then the greatest living Slavonic scholar—Dobrowsky having died in 1829. It was Kopitar who first induced Miklosich to devote himself to Slavonic philology; but he had already, in his native province, been familiar with Murko, the author of the Slavonic Grammar and Dictionary, and Stanko Vraz, one of the leaders of the so-called Illyrian movement. In the year 1844 he obtained a post in the Hofbibliothek, but had the misfortune soon afterwards to lose his friend and master Kopitar.

The first work of Miklosich appeared at Leipzig in 1845, and was entitled *Radices lingue Slovenicæ veteris Dialecti*. The productions of this indefatigable worker now followed with great rapidity, and it will only be possible for us here to name the most prominent of them. In 1850 he published his *Lexicon lingue Slovenicæ veteris Dialecti*, dedicated to Prince Michael Obrenovich, of Serbia, whose acquaintance he had made at Vienna—of this work a second edition, much enlarged, appeared in 1862-5. In the same year Miklosich was appointed professor of the Slavonic languages and literature in the University of Vienna.

Among his other great works may be mentioned his *Vergleichende Grammatik der Slavischen Sprachen* (1852-1875), a work of colossal learning, in which, supplementing the labours of Dobrowsky and Kopitar, he first put the Slavonic languages upon a scientific basis; *Etymologisches Wörterbuch der Slavischen Sprachen* (1886); *Dictionnaire Abrégé de Six Langues—Russe, Vieux-Slave, Bulgare, Serbe, Tchèque, et Polonais* (1885). His contributions to the *Denkschriften* of the Vienna Academy are numerous and of great value. He also published some communications in the *Transactions* of the Academy of Agram. Noteworthy among the former are his papers on the Slavonic words in the Hungarian language, and on the Oriental words found among the Southern Slavs. He also wrote upon Albanian and Rumanian philology, and was the greatest authority on the language and traditions of the gypsies.

In 1883 Miklosich retired from his professorial duties at the university, and was presented with a gold medal by his admirers and pupils. He was succeeded by Prof. Jagić, well known as the author of many valuable works, and the editor of the *Archiv für Slavische Philologie*.

Miklosich held the opinion that the old Slavonic or Church Language, as it is sometimes called, was old Slovenish—i.e., the older form of the language now spoken in Styria, Carinthia, and a part of Southern Hungary. The same view was adopted by Kopitar; whereas others (including Profs. J. Schmidt and Leskien) consider it to be Old Bulgarian.

Miklosich was a man of strong physique, and was engaged on literary work to the last, having published several valuable books since his retirement from the professorship. He has left two sons.

W. R. M.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

GEOLOGICAL.—(Annual General Meeting, Friday, Feb. 20.)

DR. A. GEIKIE, president, in the chair.—The secretaries read the reports of the council and of the library and museum committee for the year 1890. In the former the council once more congratulated the fellows upon the continued prosperity of the society, as evinced by its increasing number and by the satisfactory condition of its finances.

The council's report also referred to the publication of the late Mr. Ormerod's Third Supplement to his Index to the Publications of the Society, to the editing of Nos. 183 and 184 of the Journal by Prof. T. Rupert Jones, to the deaths of the late foreign secretary and the late assistant secretary, and in conclusion enumerated the awards of the various medals and proceeds of donation funds in the gift of the society. The report of the library and museum committee included a list of the additions made during the past year to the society's library, and announced the completion of the glazing of the inner museum.—After the presentation of the medals and the balance of the Wollaston fund and the Murchison and Lyell geological funds, the president read his anniversary address, in which he first gave obituary notices of several fellows, foreign members, and foreign correspondents deceased since the last annual meeting, including the late foreign secretary, Sir Warrington W. Smyth, the late assistant-secretary, Mr. W. S. Dallas, M. Edmond Hébert and M. Alphonse Favre (foreign members, both elected in 1874), Mr. W. M. Davies, Mr. Robert W. Mylne, Mr. Samuel Beekes, Dr. H. B. Brady, Mr. Samuel Adamson, and Prof. Antonio Stoppani (foreign correspondent, elected in 1889). He then dealt with the history of volcanic action in Britain during the earlier ages of geological time. He proposed to confine the term "Archaean" to the most ancient gneisses and their accompaniments, and showed that these rocks, so far as we know them in this country, are essentially of eruptive origin, though no trace has yet been found of the original discharge of any portion of them at the surface. Passing to the younger crystalline schists, which he classes under the term "Dalradian," he pointed to the evidence of included volcanic products in them throughout the Central Islands of Scotland and the North of Ireland. The Urieian series of Dr. Callaway he regarded as a volcanic group, probably much older than the recognised fossiliferous Cambrian rocks of this country. The Cambrian system he showed to be eminently marked by contemporaneous volcanic materials, and he discussed at some length the so-called pre-Cambrian rocks of North Wales. He reviewed the successive phases of eruptivity during the Arenig and Bala periods, and described the extraordinary group of volcanoes in Northern Anglesey during the latter time. The volcanoes of the Lake District were next treated of, and reference was made to the recent discovery by the Geological Survey that an important volcanic group underlies most of the visible Lower Silurian rocks in the South of Scotland. The last portion of the address was devoted to an account of the volcanoes of Silurian time in Ireland; and it was shown that during the Bala period a chain of submarine volcanic vents existed along the East of Ireland from County Down to beyond the shores of Waterford, while in Upper Silurian time there were at least two active centres of eruption in the extreme west of Kerry and in Mayo.—The ballot for the council and officers was taken, and the following were duly elected for the ensuing year:—Council: Prof. J. F. Blake, W. T. Blanford, Prof. T. G. Bonney, James Carter, James W. Davies, John Evans, L. Fletcher, C. Le Neve Foster, A. Geikie, A. Harker, J. C. Hawkshaw, H. Hicks, G. J. Hinde, W. H. Hudleston, Prof. T. McKenny Hughes, J. W. Hulke, J. E. Marr, H. W. Monckton, F. W. Rudler, J. J. H. Teall, W. Topley, Prof. T. Wiltshire, H. Woodward. Officers:—President: A. Geikie; vice-presidents: W. T. Blanford, Prof. T. G. Bonney, L. Fletcher, W. H. Hudleston; secretaries: H. Hicks, J. E. Marr; foreign secretary: J. W. Hulke; treasurer: Prof. T. Wiltshire. The thanks of the fellows were unanimously voted to the retiring members of council: Prof. A. H. Green, Rev. Edwin Hill, Major-general C. A. MacMahon, E. T. Newton, and Rev. G. F. Whidborne.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, March 2.)

PROF. C. C. BARNETON, in the chair.—Mr. Rhodes exhibited, and presented to the society, a small bronze medal found last month in his garden, bearing on the obverse the legend—

ERSKINE AND GIBBS AND TRIAL BY JURY and on the reverse the names of Hardy, Horne,

Tooke, Thelwall and the other conspirators, and the date 1794: Sir Vicary Gibbs was elected member for this University in 1806.—Prof. Hughes, in exhibiting some antiquities lately found at Great Thurlow, first gave a sketch of the line of country at the base of the chalk hills by Haverhill, Bartlow and Linton, along which Roman remains were not uncommon. He showed that the Romans had followed the valley from Haverhill to Great Thurlow, and probably on by Wood-Ditton to Newmarket, pointing out the exact positions in that valley in which other remains of Neolithic and Roman date had been found. He owed the acquisition of the interesting collection exhibited to the generosity of Mr. Wootten of Great Thurlow, who came upon the pit in which they occurred when draining a field, and informed him of the discovery in time to enable him to see the pit open and examine the mode of occurrence of the relics. The pit was situated on the upper part of the slope near the level of the plateau, north-west of Great Thurlow. The surface of the plateau consisted of boulder clay with patches of gravel and a clayey wash, especially on the brow of the hill; on the eastern slope, near the top, the pit was crossed. He saw evidence of two more similar pits a little lower down. The pit was proved to a depth of some six feet or so. It was filled with earth, layers of broken pottery, bones, shells, and various household refuse, containing a good deal of organic matter. There was black and grey pottery of well-known, and some of rarer, form and ornamentation. Handles of *amphorae*, and necks of earthen flasks, *mortaria*, and so on. But the pit was remarkable for the quantity and variety of the Samian ware found in it. It was not of the best class of paste, being rather soft and porous, but the exterior appearance was very good and the ornamentation rich: there was the usual loop-and-tassel border, and the beautiful radially marked margin, like the rim of some sea-shells. Some pieces of pottery had symmetrically twined leaves and fruit, which might be mulberry or alder; on another was a leopard, easily recognised by its slim form and spots. The potter's marks were generally obscure, as if the stamps had been worn and broken—OF ALBI was the only one which he could read, and the L of that was doubtful. There were many large rusty nails, probably from the wood of which charred remains occurred all through the mass. Oyster-shells were common, and bones of pig, sheep, and red deer, and of a small short-horned ox. There were pieces of Niedermendig lava, of which millstones were so commonly made then as now; a plain bronze *fibula* and bits of wire, and a bronze triangular embossed ornament, such as might have formed part of a short sword-scabard, and a small brass coin on which "Claudius Caes" (*Claudius Gethicus*) were the only legible figures. The most interesting object, however, was a small stumpy figure, draped in long straight-falling robes, and holding a long knife in one hand and a bag or purse in the other. It was carved in chalk and stood about three inches high, but the head was unfortunately lost (probably a Vertumnus-Mercury). On making inquiries as to whether there were traces of a camp or villa known anywhere near, or suggested by local names, he could hear of none except that the small channel which ran down the hill-side close by was known as "Castle ditch."—Two communications were read by Mr. R. F. Scott of St. John's College. (1) A letter from Sir Chr. Wren to Dr. Gower, Master of St. John's, relating to the old stone bridge, and two letters from Nicholas Hawksmoor on the same subject. (2) Letters relating to the controversy between Trinity College and St. John's College respecting the enclosure of Garret-Hostel Green. The letters in question are preserved in the "Treasury" of St. John's College. I.—The old stone bridge of St. John's replaced an earlier wooden structure, which is shown in Loggan's view of the college. Sir Chr. Wren proposed: "to turn the River in a direct Chanell over your own grounds, and to make the Bridge directly in the middle vисто of your Quadrangles, and to raise a new but shorter walk as far as your grounds goe, which may terminate in a Seat Statue somehouse or some agreeable object, and returne off to the other walks." He proposed that a new channel, 700 feet long, 50 feet broad, and 8 feet deep, should be dug, the earth wheeled in heaps to the bank of

the old river to be filled in when the new bridge had been built and the new channel opened. "The convenience of all this is a *parterre* to the River, a better access to the walks and a more beautiful disposition of the whole ground. You must excuse the Architect (if his opinion be asked) who gives the designs he judges most proper as an Artist: but this ought still to be with submission to the circumstances of your own affairs of which you are best Judges." The letter is dated from Whitehall, March 31, 1697. Apparently the college shrank from the expense of diverting the river; and in Hawksmoor's letters, written in May and June, 1698, it is assumed that the bridge is to be built abutting on the third court in a line with the central line of the courts. Hawksmoor observes that the bridge would then lie obliquely to the river front of the college, but replies that this is the least fault to be chosen of several. II.—In 1599 Trinity College made an arrangement with the town of Cambridge whereby the college was to be allowed to enclose part of Garret-Hostel Green, and in return to lay out what is now called Parker's Piece for the benefit of the town. St. John's College claimed (Cole MSS. *Brit. Mus. Addl.* 5842. p. 320): "That time out of mind they have used the said waste for walking and other exercises; and their tenants cattle have fed on it, and they have impounded other cattle." The case for Trinity was hotly pressed by Archbishop Whitgift, while Sir Robert Cecil and Thomas Sackville, Lord Buckhurst, took the side of their own college. Archbishop Whitgift wrote to Dr. Clayton, master of St. John's: "Your unkinde and vnneighbourly dealing wth Trinitie College in so small a matter is come to her Maties knowledge together with my endeavour on that Colleges behalf, and I doo assure you that in the hearing of diverse persons her Highness expressed in some vehemencie her dislyke of yo^r frowardnesse in so necessary and reasonable a matter, towards so great and worthie a College of her Fathers foundation." Henry Alvey, the noted Puritan, paid a visit to the Archbishop at Lambeth to lay the case for St. John's before him, and in a very lengthy letter gives an account of his interview to Dr. Clayton. It appears from this that St. John's held that under their statute *De bonis et possessionibus Collegii non alienandis* they were precluded from consenting to the enclosure; while the Archbishop maintained that this did not extend to rights of common. It is not easy to understand how much land Trinity College wished to enclose; in one of Whitgift's letters it is described as "that portion of ground which lyeth beyond the river and behind the College," which seems to include more than what was then known as Garret-Hostel Green. Several letters were read from Robert Bouth or Booth, at one time bursar of the college, but then living with the Countess of Shrewsbury in London. He was willing to compromise the matter by accepting an annual acknowledgment from Trinity College and a branch-pipe from the Trinity conduit, so that a fountain might be set up in the second court of St. John's, which was then in course of erection.

NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 13.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—Miss Emma Phipson read a paper on "Shakspeare's References to Natural Phenomena," and began by noting how especially rich the play of "Edward III." was in these references. While most poets only found Nature useful for purposes of comparison, Shakspeare was in the habit of finding and expressing some sympathy between Nature and man, as in the description of the situation of Macbeth's castle, on Duncan's approach; or in the daring idea of "the air, which, but for vacancy, had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too." In this wealth of references to Nature, Drayton (also a Warwickshire lad) came nearest to him; and Chapman followed close. Peele and Greene were artificial, and Marlowe almost entirely classical. To be sure, England's climate gave a poet a great chance; it would be hard if he could not find something to say about the weather. Shakspeare seemed to have been a lover of the sun, which with him represented the spirit of good in the world, and to hate the night; we do not even find him praising it, as every modern poet does, for its gift of rest. It seemed probable that Shakspeare was a bad

sleepers, he seemed so thoroughly to understand the value of repose. The Sonnets were one long wall of sleeplessness, and Caliban alone found delight in dreams. Again, he seemed to have known too well the appearance of first early dawn. What an astrological play "All's Well" proved to be! Both clouds and wind were favourite subjects with Shakspeare for varied treatment. There was no clear evidence that he had ever made a sea-voyage, and even a residence near the sea was not shown by any allusion to the common objects of the shore. It was probably by a slip that Shakspeare made the tide serve only once a day. He must, as a Londoner, have been familiar enough with the actual facts. In conclusion, there was an absence, throughout, of real mountain scenery.

FINE ART.

THE PREPARATION OF DRAWINGS FOR PHOTOGRAPHIC REPRODUCTION.

Practical Notes on the Preparation of Drawings for Photographic Reproduction: with a Sketch of the Principal Photo-mechanical Printing Processes. By Colonel J. Waterhouse. (Kegan Paul & Co.) Photography has of late years been very largely applied to the reproduction in facsimile of drawings of all sorts, whether required for technical or artistic purposes. For this it has the great advantage of being the simplest of all processes for altering the scale, either by enlargement or reduction, with the most absolute accuracy; and, as a rule, it is much cheaper and more speedy of execution than the older methods of lithography and engraving. Lithography is rapidly disappearing before the cheaper photo-lithography; and wood-engraving is fast being superseded for all ordinary purposes by "process blocks." These new applications have largely helped on the increase and popularity of illustrated books, which is so marked a feature of the present day. So extensively are the many new processes now employed dependent on photography that neither authors nor publishers of illustrated works can quite dispense with a knowledge of the various photo-mechanical methods, or of the suitability of each for the satisfactory reproduction of materials of different kinds. And, for the artist whose drawings are to be reproduced, it is of the utmost importance to know how they ought to be prepared and finished so as to reproduce to the greatest advantage by the process to be used, without unnecessary expense for re-drawing or correcting. To meet this growing want, Colonel Waterhouse's *Practical Notes* have been prepared. In wood-engraving and lithography, however roughly drawn or highly coloured the original might be, the skilled engraver or lithographic draftsman could at once put it into satisfactory form; but when such a drawing is put into the hands of the photographer, he can only produce a facsimile of it with all its defects—heightened, perhaps, by the unsuitableness of the original for reproduction by the process employed. To point out clearly all that requires attention in the preparation of drawings, so as not to entail alteration and touching up before printing—which cause delay and expense, and frequently seriously injure the work—is the main object of this handbook. The author's long experience and mastery of the different processes in the offices of the Survey of India at Calcutta, where he has had to reproduce great numbers of plans, drawings, views, &c., by photo-lithography, photo-engraving, photo-collotype, and similar processes, enable him to speak as a practical expert on the subject. The results of this experience are here put at the service of all interested in this department of applied science. The work does not discuss the minutiae of manipulation of the different processes, beyond giving such an outline as

will make them intelligible, though there are remarks even on this matter that may be useful to the workman; but the suitability of each process for the reproduction of different kinds of work, and how the work should be finished in every detail to fit it for the process, is carefully discussed, with detailed instructions, in this most useful little book.

J. B.

OBITUARY.

GIOVANNI MORELLI.

THE death, on the first day of this month, of Senatore Giovanni Morelli, of Milan (Ivan Lermolieff), deprives Europe of the most gifted of her art critics and art historians. He had long been ailing, but had preserved throughout his illness so great a semblance of health and so fine a presence, considering his ripe age of seventy-five years, that his friends were accustomed to look upon him as something of a *malade imaginaire*. He himself until the last scarcely suspected the gravity of his malady; for he cherished the project of visiting England again in this summer, in order to overhaul once more the great collection of drawings at Windsor, Oxford, the British Museum, and Chatsworth, in connexion with the last volume—as yet unpublished—of his much-developed and altered *Kunst-Kritische Studien der Italienischen Malerei*.

It is stated, on the excellent authority of his devoted friend and fellow-worker, Sir Henry Layard, that his last thoughts, his last words, were inspired by his favourite studies, and that almost his final request was that the former should examine a picture in the Accademia delle Belle Arti of Venice, which Morelli suspected to be a copy of a lost Giorgione.

Giovanni Morelli was born at Verona in 1816, and came of a Protestant family, originally of French origin, but long since settled in Switzerland. He was, however, brought up by his widowed mother at Bergamo, which he took pleasure in regarding as his native city. He was educated as a physician—chiefly at Munich and Paris—and to his scientific education owed no doubt the peculiar direction which his artistic studies afterwards took; but he never practically followed his profession. He was an ardent patriot, and took an active part in the war with Austria in 1848, besides being delegated by the Provisional Government of Lombardy to represent them at the Diet of Frankfurt. Although he never played a very prominent rôle in public affairs, he enjoyed the high esteem of his party, his advice in matters of high policy being very frequently sought by the principal statesmen of the Right, Minghetti, Visconti-Venosta, and others.

First coming into prominent notice as a student and critic of an Italian art in consequence of a series of studies, based on the paintings in the Borghese Gallery, which appeared from 1874 to 1876 in the *Zeitschrift für bildende Kunst*, he took the world of art by storm in 1880 with his now famous and in the true sense of the word “epoch-making” work, *Die Werke Italienischer Meister in den Galerien von München, Dresden, und Berlin*, which excited in some quarters the greatest enthusiasm, in others the most vehement opposition. This, like all Lermolieff’s works, appeared originally in German, which language he wrote with singular ease and perfection; there being, as he was reluctantly compelled to confess, no sufficient market for such books if composed in the Italian tongue. It was, however, shortly afterwards translated into English by Mrs. Richter—the wife of the art-historian, Dr. Jean Paul Richter—and later, with some additions and alterations, appeared in an Italian dress. In 1889 Lermolieff published the very important work on the Borghese and Doria-Panfilii Galleries at Rome, which was reviewed at consider-

able length in the ACADEMY at the time. Still more recently—at the commencement of the present year—appeared in entirely altered shape, and with so many improvements and corrections as to make it practically a new book, his last volume, dealing, on the same general lines as his former book, with the Galleries of Munich and Dresden. This contains much new and valuable matter as to the minor painters of the Milanese schools, and with regard to the art of Giorgione, Correggio, Cariani, and Domenico Campagnola. The searching and severe criticism which Morelli brings to bear on the so-called Leonardo da Vinci, a “Madonna and Child” recently acquired by the Gallery of Munich, is in his best, and at the same time his most characteristically militant, style.

It is unnecessary on the present occasion—especially in the ACADEMY—to restate Morelli’s guiding principles in the appreciation of works by the early Italian masters. None but the most ungenerous of detractors would deny the vast influence which he has exercised on the whole body of serious art literature brought forth during the last ten years, or the important revolution of which he has been the pioneer in the methods of approaching, the criticism and demarcation of schools, styles, and individual masters. It is not necessary even for Morelli’s most ardent adherents to accept *en bloc* all his judgments; and indeed he himself, so far from laying claim to infallibility, unhesitatingly recanted those statements of the unsoundness of which he afterwards became convinced. His chief and crowning merit, however, is to have imparted his vivifying influence to the whole subject with which he so genially dealt; to have placed matters on such a basis, through precept and example, that any return to a pre-Morellian state of things, even on the part of his most determined adversaries, would be impossible. Too eager perhaps to take the offensive against his opponents in art matters, he found in the learned, if a trifle ponderous, critics of the North German school, foemen worthy of his steel, who, however vehemently they might combat his conclusions, never dreamt for a moment of denying his artistic position or his commanding influence. Only in certain quarters in England has a childish and incomprehensible spite been shown in the appreciation, or rather the depreciation, of Lermolieff’s life-work. He was prompt enough to rebut attacks made by those whom he deemed worthy of notice, often crushing and overwhelming the over-bold invader; but at such pin-pricks as these he smiled—not even the smile of contempt, but the smile of amusement. It is only fair to add that the great majority of serious students of art in England—including many authorities of recognised weight whose names must be familiar to all interested in the subject—are fully sensible of the immense impetus given to the study of Italian art by Ivan Lermolieff.

It has already been hinted that a last volume, dealing with the Gallery of Berlin, and including much new matter, remains incomplete. It is hoped, however, that this may ultimately see the light under the editorship of Dr. Gustavo Frizzoni, the trusted friend and pupil of the deceased writer, and himself, it need hardly be said, a writer of considerable eminence.

The most fitting way in which Italy—never behindhand in recognising the services of her children—could mark her sense of the irreparable loss which she has sustained would surely be by adopting, in the great galleries of the Uffizi, the Pitti, the Accademia of Florence, and in the public galleries generally, those among the innumerable re-christenings of Lermolieff which have been consecrated by the approval of the great majority of competent and unbiased judges. This course has long

since been adopted in the great galleries of Munich and Dresden, and, to a great extent, also in the Brera of Milan.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRENCH REVIVAL OF ETCHING.

Burlington Fine Arts Club: March 17, 1891.

THE ACADEMY is read so widely by connoisseurs of art that it is in its columns that I would most of all crave permission to do an act of justice in a little artistic matter.

Much credit has been given to me, personally, in the newspapers for the share I have had in selecting and arranging the exhibition of prints illustrative of the French revival of etching at the Burlington Fine Arts Club.

I should like it to be known that Mr. Deprez, of the firm of Deprez and Gutekunst—whose knowledge of etching and etchers is exact and minute—substantially and very kindly aided me in this business; and if the Catalogue had not been obliged to go to press in a hurry, while Mr. Monkhouse, who had done one part of it, and I, who had done another, were separated by a couple of hundred miles, it would have contained that acknowledgment of thanks to Mr. Deprez which both of us felt was due.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF EGYPT.

80, Eccleston-square, S.W.: March 17, 1891.

All those interested in the archaeological survey of Egypt, undertaken by the Egypt Exploration Fund, will doubtless remember Mr. Villiers Stuart’s offer, made in the *Times* of October 7, to give £50 to the expenses of the work, provided that forty-nine other persons would do the same. I am happy to say that I have received from a lady—the first of the forty-nine to come forward—a cheque for £50 in response to this appeal, and we hope many others may follow her example.

The survey work has been going on at Beni Hassan since December under the care of Mr. G. Fraser, a skilled engineer and explorer, and Mr. Percy Newberry, a specially trained student. They have been lately joined by Mr. Blackden, an artist, who is engaged in colouring full-sized drawings of the bas-reliefs. Both the officers of the survey are acting with the approval and support of the director of the Ghizeh Museum.

M. L. McCURE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MESSRS. EDGAR BUNDY, Arnold Priestman, and W. Peter Watson have been elected members of the Royal Society of British Artists, in view of the exhibition that will open next Monday.

THERE will also be on view next week, at the Royal Arcade Gallery, Old Bond-street, a series of sketches by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, entitled “From Antwerp to the Lower Danube.”

MR. RALPH NEVILL—whose *Old Cottage and Domestic Architecture in South-West Surrey* (1889) has already passed into a second edition—announces a companion volume dealing with the Golden Valley of Gloucestershire, which has Stroud for its centre. The domestic architecture is here represented by a characteristic style of stone buildings, which will be fully described in the text and illustrated by more than fifty views, besides cuts of details. As in the former volume, topographical and historical notes are added, and there will be a reproduction of Ogilby’s *Book of the Roads* (1675), and other maps. The subscription price is ten shillings; and subscribers should address them-

selves to the author, Rolls Chambers, Chancery-lane.

PROF. NORMAN LOCKYER, who has lately returned from studying the subject in Egypt and the Levant, will deliver a lecture on "The Orientation of Ancient Temples," at the London Institution, on Monday next.

THE Stationers Company having placed their Hall at the disposal of Messrs. Cassell & Co. for the distribution of the prizes gained at the recent *Work* exhibition, the awards—consisting of medals, book prizes, and certificates—will be presented to the successful competitors on Tuesday next, March 24.

THE November and December numbers of the *Proceedings* of the Asiatic Society of Bengal, each contain communications of more than usual interest. One describes a birch-bark MS. brought back by Lient. Bower from Kuehar in Kashgaria, which had been dug out of subterranean mud-structures locally associated with the name of Afrasiab. Some coins were also exhibited, but no description of these is given, beyond that they came from the sands of the Gobi desert. The MS. is written in characters that correspond partly with the ancient Newari, after which the Tibetan writing was shaped in the seventh century. But the Tibetan scholar, Babu Sarat Chandra Das, has failed to decipher it. A facsimile of two leaves of it are here reproduced. The other paper describes a monolith in Purniah district, which is not mentioned in Hunter's *Statistical Account of Bengal*. It is a granite column, at present twenty feet in length, with a hole at the top, which according to local tradition, originally bore the figure of a lion. When excavated, it was found to be entirely destitute of any inscription; but immediately under the base was found a gold coin, of the Indo-Scythic type, bearing the name of Bazodeo (Vasudeva), which is assigned to the second century A.D. It would thus appear to be the oldest known monument in Lower Bengal.

THE STAGE.

"LE MAGE."

Paris: March 17, 1891.

THE *première* of M. Massenet's new opera, "*Le Mage*," took place last night at the Grand Opera. The author of the libretto is the poet, M. Richepin, who has succeeded in imparting interest and poetry to what may generally be considered the most uninteresting, if not the most absurd, of literary productions—an opera book.

"*Le Mage*" is a poetical version of the legend of the foundation of "Mazdeism" some twenty-five centuries before our era. Zarâstra, the great warrior of Iran, has conquered the people of Turan, and returns to Bakhdi laden with spoil and followed by many prisoners, including Anahita, Queen of the Turanians. Among those who first greet the return of the hero is Varedha, daughter of Amru, high priest of Jahi, the goddess of voluptuousness. Varedha, herself a priestess, is passionately in love with Zarâstra, who, on the other hand, loves his prisoner, the fair Queen Anahita. In a fit of frantic jealousy Varedha, in order to prevent the marriage of Anahita and Zarâstra, declares before the king and the assembled people that the latter has sworn eternal fidelity to her before the altar of the goddess. Zarâstra denies the impeachment; but the king, the priests, the people, and Anahita herself, take the part of Varedha, and Zarâstra, heart-broken and indignant, bids farewell to the "land of falsehood," and retires to the Holy Mountain. After undergoing certain mystic ordeals, he is initiated a Magian, and becomes the high priest of Ahura-Mazda, the god of fire. Varedha discovers his retreat, and comes

to tempt him; but he resists. She then reveals to him that Anahita has forgotten her old love, and is about to marry the king. This is Varedha's revenge. The fourth act is set in the gorgeous temple of Jahi, where a splendid entertainment and dances are given in honour of the marriage of the King of Iran and the captive Queen of Turan. At the last moment, Anahita falls prostrate before the king and implores him to set her free, since her old love for Zarâstra is stronger than ever.

"Vers le steppe aux fleurs d'or,
Laisse-moi prendre l'essor!
Laisse-moi voir encor
Mon beau ciel pâle.

"Où la neige en neigeant,
Sous la lune à l'œil changeant,
Fait germer dans l'argent
Des fleurs d'opale."

But the king is deaf to her prayers. She is dragged to the altar, and the sacred gong announces that Amru has united them. At that very moment cries of "Death to all!" resound from outside, and the temple is enveloped in flames; the Turanians have come to rescue their queen. The king, Amru, the priests, the guards, are all massacred, while the Turanian war-song is heard on all sides:

"Par les monts, par les vaux,
Pour trouver des cieux nouveaux,
Au roulis des chevaux
La tribu passe.

Lâ, leïâ, leïâ, leïâ, leïâ, â, â!

"Où va-t-elle en rêvant?
Où s'en va la poudre au vent.
Mais toujours de l'avant
Et vers l'espace.

Lâ, leïâ, leïâ, leïâ, leïâ, â, â!"

The picture of the smouldering ruins of the temple of Jahi, with its vista of the desolated plain beyond, and the star-sprinkled sky above, in the midst of which the fifth act takes place, is one of the finest pieces of scenic decoration we have seen on the stage of the Grand Opera House. Zarâstra slowly surveys the scene of horror and desolation, and in a beautiful lament deplores the ruin of his native land, the death of the King of Amru, and of his daughter Varedha, who lies apparently lifeless beside a broken column. He trembles at the thought that Anahita may also be among the slain, but suddenly the stillness of the night is broken by the trumpet call of the Turanian warriors—Anahita lives! The two lovers are re-united; but the scene of reconciliation is interrupted by the dying Varedha, who rises before them, and in her jealous hatred appeals for revenge to the statue of Jahi, which alone remains standing amid the ruins of the temple. Once more flames arise on all sides, the huge statue falls with a crash to the ground, and the lovers are imprisoned in a circle of fire, fragments of stone, and clouds of smoke. Zarâstra calls upon Ahura-Mazda to save them. Immediately the flames die out, the atmosphere is cleared, and Zarâstra leads Anahita from the midst of the burning ruins to safety, while Varedha dies, uttering a wild shriek of baffled vengeance. The curtain falls to the loud strains of the Mazdean hymn. Such is a too brief summary of one of the most poetical and well-written libretti we have heard, which has afforded M. Massenet numerous opportunities for displaying to the best advantage his various talents as a composer.

The score of the "*Mage*" contains no less than fifty-two numbers, the merit of some of which will be contested; but one and all are written with that consummate knowledge of the resources of modern orchestra and the wealth of melody—at times a little too evanescent—possessed by the composer of "*Hérodiade*," "*Le Roi de Lahore*," and "*Esclarmonde*." Shortly, it may be said that the first and second acts and the first part of the

third are the best; the fourth has several weak points (*des trous*, as the French say); while the fifth is principally made up of cleverly transposed reminiscences of the "leit-motives" already heard in the first and second acts. The "representative theme" of the first act is the song of the Turanian prisoners, with its characteristic chorus for tenors, soprano, contralto, and basses: "Lâ, leïâ . . ." Then follow the Amru (M. Delmas) and Varedha (Mme. Fierens) themes; the beautiful *motif* of the love of Zarâstra (M. Vergnet) and Anahita (Mme. Escalais), and the first part of the Jahi incantation. The first tableau of the second act opens with a very effective air sung by the priestess Varedha, "Encore plus bas dans les ténèbres." The duet with Amru which follows is too long. In the second tableau is heard the gem of the opera, an *arioso* sung by the tenor, "Soulève l'ombre de ces voiles," addressed to the veiled figure of Anahita. A magnificent *ensemble*, sung by Amru and his priests, "Par les Dévas gardiens de tout serment prêté," and a noble finale. This act is a remarkable example of dramatic and impassioned music, of magnificent scenery, of costly and strange costumes, and of the latest innovations in stage decoration and carpentry. The first part of the third act is taken up entirely with the various phases of the Mazdean initiation and rites, which are preceded by a storm with dazzling realistic effects of lightning, thunder, and wind, to which must be added loud and weird trumpet calls. The prayer "Ô ciel d'Ahura," sung by Zarâstra, the Magians, and worshippers, is a truly grand composition. But M. Vergnet's melodious voice was severely tried by the formidable outbursts of the orchestral accompaniment; and in the duet with Varedha which follows he was scarcely equal to the occasion. The ballet of the fourth act (the most important item in the eyes of the *abonnés*) consists of seven numbers, the best of which are the first, fourth, and fifth, and a voluptuous waltz exquisitely danced by Mlle. Mauri. A beautiful *andante* with a dream-like ending, a sweet transposition of a *motif* in the second act, was beautifully sung by Mme. Escalais; and the act ends in the noise and uproar of battle and a scene of carnage. The fifth act consists principally of reminiscences of the first and second, ably transposed to be in unison with the dramatic termination of the melodrama.

Cecil Nicholson.

STAGE NOTES.

THE first performance of Mr. Lumley's long farce, or farcical comedy, "*The Volcano*," at the Court, gave rise to little expectation that the piece would have a great run. A *succès d'estime* seemed to be all that was accorded it. Yet the piece has some excellent notions in it. The character of the Duke, who becomes the possessor of what is called a Society newspaper, is funny; and the lady journalist—or lady reporter, rather—the mere feather-brain, who bustles about and takes a cheerful view of everything, and is enthusiastic on the slightest provocation, and to whom the mediocre appears to be the exquisite—she also is an entertaining person, without quite knowing it, and is a familiar type to boot. But these people—Duke and interviewer—might perhaps both have been made yet more telling than they are, through Mr. Lumley's work at the Court Theatre, where Mrs. John Wood, Miss Carlotta Leclercq, Mr. Arthur Cecil, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith do not produce altogether their usual effect. We doubt whether the successes of "*Aunt Jack*" and "*The Cabinet Minister*"—in both of which the players were fitted so well with their parts—will be matched by the new "*Volcano*."

The New Olympic Theatre¹⁰ is now very busy. "*Ben my Chree*" was given lately at a

matinée; and, while "The Lights o' London" continues to be played at night—along with Mrs. Willard's bright little "Tommy," in which Miss Lillie Belmore is so good—a new piece by Mr. Charles Hudson, the actor, was announced for Thursday afternoon. This was "Father Buonaparte." The cast was to include Mr. Wilson Barrett, Mr. Austin Melford, and Miss Winifred Emery.

ONE night last week Mr. Grein—who seems to be the chief promoter—inaugurated at the Royalty Theatre the performances of an English "Théâtre-Libre." He made the deep mistake of starting with the representation of Ibsen's putrid play called "Ghosts," which no person of sure and exquisite taste could listen to without loathing, and which that great artist and sufficiently tolerant person, Sarah Bernhardt, described truly in a sense, yet even too kindly, as a clinical lecture. There may be moments, conceivably, when it is desirable to read "Ghosts," but on the stage the thing is intolerable. It is ugly; it is disgusting; it is unrelieved by humour; it is without a touch of fine pathos or a line of beauty. That its performance, like that of "Rosmersholm," has been condemned so very frankly and strongly by nearly every organ of authority would be a credit to English journalism, were it not, indeed, entirely obvious that the piece must be repellent alike to every man of plain sense and every serious artist in writing. Mr. Frank Lindo, Miss Edith Kenward, and the other players—we really forget their names—who took part in it, are by this time, it is to be presumed, regretful that they gave it their assistance; for if their assistance was given for money, the money cannot have been worth earning in so loathsome an enterprise; and if their assistance was given for nothing, so much the worse for their taste. The result, in any case, is that the performance has put the literary public—and the cultured general public, we need hardly add—quite out of sympathy, for the time being, at all events, with the aims of the English "Théâtre Libre." Yet Mr. Grein, we fully believe, means well in his undertaking. Before now he has shown his sympathy with manly and original and healthy work. Let him, at all events at the Théâtre Libre, do something that is worth doing. Perhaps if he gave us the promised performance of the "Sœur Philomène" of the De Goncourts, he might purge himself of his contempt.

"EMINENT ACTORS."—*Thomas Betterton*. By Robert Lowe. (Kegan Paul & Co.) The series to be devoted to "Eminent Actors" is coming out but slowly. Many months ago the "Macready" was reviewed in these columns. It is followed at length by "Betterton," a subject which had been confided to Mr. Robert Lowe, who has been known hitherto chiefly by his contributions to the bibliography of the stage, and not as an original writer. To such a student—a man of research, rather than a man of letters—there would however have been no foolishness in confiding such a subject as Betterton. Research was before all things that which was required to justify the appearance of a volume on an actor of Betterton's remote time. But let us say at once that Mr. Lowe—unlike many of the amassers of facts—has of late rather improved than deteriorated as a writer. It would be too much to exact that he should be able to utter a very personal note. That is the province of the pure writer who writes like nobody else, and not of the student who writes with correctness and with just sufficient ease. A pure writer's effects and resources—humour, pathos, earnestness, irony—are not in this book; but a mass of fact, well enough stated, for the careful reader an illumination of Betterton's stage. For, after all, it is rather of the stage of Betterton's period,

than of the estimable actor and worthy man, that Mr. Lowe treats. He has brought his material from all sorts of holes and corners. He is deeply read in these stage matters, and we are put comfortably enough into possession of the results of his reading. His chapters called "The Stage before the Restoration" and the "Restoration Theatre" form a couple of valuable essays dealing, at first hand, so to speak, with their subjects. Mr. Lowe, though he has been known to be dry, is never superficial. His investigations are never perfunctory, and his well established methods are such that we confess we are generally disposed to accept his facts without question. The book will be successful. Even to the ordinary reader of memoirs there is no reason why a volume of stage biography should not be fairly attractive—no reason whatever, except that it happens, in this case (and, for the period of what it treats, this is a rarity) not to be a *chronique scandaleuse*—while to the student of the theatre it will be a welcome addition to such bookshelves as may be stored already with the record of dramatic achievement. We trust no long interval will elapse before the appearance of the succeeding volume of the series.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

MISS AGNES ZIMMERMANN gave her pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 12; and if the programme was not remarkable for novelty, it was, at any rate, well selected and well arranged. It opened with Beethoven's Sonata in D minor (Op. 31, No. 2), but of this we can only notice the Finale, which was rendered in a neat and able manner. Bach was represented by a Fugue in A minor, of early date, of which Spitta says that it "sounds like a Scherzo of Mendelssohn, anticipated by about a hundred years." This was given with much charm. An "Arietta," by Leonardo Leo, the famous Neapolitan composer of the early part of the eighteenth century, of delicate beauty, was charmingly interpreted. Miss Zimmermann's reading of the Schumann "Études Symphoniques" was correct, though somewhat cold. Some modern fugitive pieces, beginning with Chopin and ending with Rubinstein, ended the programme. There was a large audience.

Mlle. Janotha's concert programme on Friday, March 13, included a cycle of songs by Lady Tennyson. The poems by the Poet Laureate are mostly familiar, and some of them have been already set to music. Lady Tennyson has tried to interpret and intensify the meaning of the words, and expresses herself with a certain freedom. Mlle. Janotha, who helped in arranging the pianoforte accompaniments, has certainly added to the effect of the songs. "Airy, fairy Lilian," sung by Miss Carlotta Elliot, was the one which pleased us most. The others were interpreted by Mme. de Swiatlowsky and Mr. Bispham; and Mlle. Janotha was an able and sympathetic accompanist. She was also heard in some solos. Her two showy Gavottes were much applauded. She also played Chopin's Nocturne in C sharp minor, and the same composer's Berceuse; but why did she hurry both of them so? Her best performance of the evening was the Fantasia on Polish airs (Op. 13) by Chopin. This is a graceful, if not great, work, and it was interpreted with charm and delicacy. Mendelssohn's "Melusine" Overture, and other short pieces, were played by the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, under the direction of Mr. Mount.

The instrumental portion of the programme of the Saturday Popular Concert was selected from the works of Beethoven, and St. James's Hall was filled in every part. Beethoven and Wagner! these are the two names which have

the power thus to draw the public; but, of the latter, Mr. Chappell can make no trial. The works were all selected from the master's so-called second period, and included No. 3 in C of the Rasounowsky Quartets, the Kreutzer Sonata, the Romance in F for violin, and the Variations on a theme from the "Eroica" Symphony. These last were rendered by Mr. L. Berwick with marked skill, although his tone was at times dry. Herr Joachim was in his best form. Mr. Norman Salmond, the vocalist, sang songs by Righini, Brahms, and Gounod with good effect.

The programme on Monday evening included Beethoven's strikingly original Quartet in F minor (Op. 95). Miss Fanny Davies and Signor Piatti played Mendelssohn's Sonata in D (Op. 58). The former did not display her usual vigour. Herr Joachim gave, as he has so often done, a fine performance of Tartini's "Il Trillo del Diavolo." Mr. Plunket Greene sang in a most delightful manner Schubert's "Litanie." He was also heard, though not to equal advantage, in three Irish songs by Dr. Stanford. The second, "The lament for Owen Roe O'Neill," has noble character, and sounds like an improvisation of one of the ancient bards.

Mlle. Jeanne Douste gave her seventh and last pianoforte recital at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme included some short drawing-room music, some pianoforte duets of a light character, and some Liszt pieces. The famous virtuoso is certainly a prominent feature of pianoforte literature; but, why, it may be asked, was Liszt's name printed in larger type than Bach, Beethoven, or Chopin? We think Mlle. Douste might have made a better selection of modern compositions; and the next time she gives a similar course of historical recitals, she will do well to include Em. Bach and Schubert, to give greater prominence to Mozart and Weber, and not to include transcriptions in a Chopin programme. On Wednesday Mlle. Douste was heard to advantage in pieces by Pfeiffer, Moskowski, and Wieniawski.

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave a concert on Wednesday evening at Westminster Town Hall. An interesting feature of the programme was Schubert's Symphony in B flat No. 5, which, we believe, has not been heard since it was given at the Crystal Palace in 1881. It was written in the composer's twentieth year; and, although his individuality is revealed in the music, it has not that romantic melancholy which pervades the works of later years. There are indeed many passages which remind one of Haydn in one of his more cheerful moods. The Westminster orchestra, under the direction of Mr. C. S. Macpherson, gave a very good account of itself. The work was well received, and perhaps the Society may feel tempted to try some of the other symphonies of Schubert. Mr. F. Cliffe conducted his orchestral picture "Cloud and Sunshine." Mr. W. C. Hann played successfully two movements from Cottermann's cello Concerto in B minor. Miss H. Saunders and Mr. Braxton Smith were the vocalists. The hall was crowded. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Musical Guild, founded in 1889, has made arrangements to give four concerts this summer—on May 6 and 20, and June 2 and 9. The programmes will include Spohr's Nonet, Brahms's Quintet in G (Op. 111), C. Wood's Quintet in F (Wind), G. Henschel's String Quartet in E flat, Brahms's "Liebeslieder," Haydn's String Quartet (No. 14) in C, Mozart's String Quartet in B flat, Beethoven's Piano Trio in B flat (Op. 97), Brahms's Horn Trio (Op. 40) in E flat.

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LITERATURE.

The Light of the World. By Sir Edwin Arnold. (Longmans.)

HAD Sir Edwin Arnold never written *The Light of Asia*, he would probably never have written this poem; but, having written the former, this was no longer an improbability, it was impossible. One can well understand the temptation, mainly suggested to him, no doubt, by much obtuse Christian criticism, which would persist in proclaiming his Buddha as really Christ under another name, missing, in the large correspondence between the two figures, the very essential differentiation. Many seem to have been so absorbed in the consideration of that great world-pity which filled the hearts of each alike, that they seem not to have marked how diverse indeed was "the secret of deliverance" brought by the two teachers: one with the drug of a spiritual euthanasia in his hand, looking out across the world with eyes that saw no comfort save in "the sleep eternal"; and the other bringing the bread of an "eternal life," and assurance of "a very present help in time of trouble."

But, great as the distinction is, it is not of the kind to make a poem; it has no dramatic value, and it leaves the correspondence between the main outlines of the two figures unaffected, the outlines of the typical Messiah. Sir Edwin Arnold chose, and wisely, to take Buddha as the archetype; but in doing so he exhausted the dramatic capabilities of the theme. Had he chosen Christ instead, the result might have been more satisfying than the present poem, though one must doubt even that; for, first or last, there is the one grand difficulty in the imaginative treatment of the story of Christ—the fact of our long familiarity with the great vivid figure which the Gospels, in their inspired simplicity, have given to us.

In the case of Buddha, it was, of course, quite different. The Western mind was in possession of no such picture of him; and *The Light of Asia* came to many as a discovery, its charm for all being the presentment of a story in many respects so like that of the New Testament, under other conditions and with a new background. Yet, however close a correspondence the figure of Siddhartha seemed to bear to Jesus, our imaginative sense was not disturbed; one found pleasure in noting the resemblances, they helped our realisation of him. However like Christ, it was not he, but another. Our minds were virgin to any impressions the poet wished to make. But in the case of Jesus it is all very different; and the poet who should give us a figure to replace that already

so vital in our imaginations would need to be great indeed. Even the genius of Milton made no such attempt; for "the Saviour" of *Paradise Regained* is simply transferred from the Gospels, and the Temptation re-enacted for the sake of a few fine passages. For him even there was no figure to paint because it had already been painted; no story to tell, after the simple sentences of St. Luke. But Milton enjoyed an advantage denied to the poet of to-day who would essay the theme, for he lived in an age when men had not yet left off painting the Magi in the dress of the period, and Mary still wept at the foot of the cross in ruff and farthingale; and he was able, therefore, to retain also the essentially English scenery of the New Testament.

With our present historic sense, however, such a treatment would be obviously impossible; and for the modern poet there remains no alternative save that of presenting an Oriental Christ, amid all the customs and various environment of the East—an appeal almost hopeless to minds so deeply possessed by that great English mediæval type. Of course, it is not impossible that in the hands of a very great poet such Oriental type might be made convincing; but, meanwhile, it is no disparagement of Sir Edwin Arnold to say that he has failed where none of his contemporaries could well have succeeded. I have endeavoured to measure his work by the great standards of poetic aim—such an attempt challenges no less a consideration, Sir Edwin Arnold would ask no less—but, judged by the smaller ideal of mere literary workmanship, there is, within the broad failure, much of charming and strenuous success, many vivid pictures, beautiful lines, and strongly expressed thought.

After a prologue re-telling the birth at Bethlehem, the singing of the angels, and the adoration of the Magi, we are introduced to Mary Magdalene, unfamiliar in our ears throughout as "Miriam of Magdala," who is represented as living on, after the crucifixion, in pious retirement in her native town; and whom, by the way, Sir Edwin accepts as identical with Mary of Bethany. Thence the story is conducted to the end in imaginary conversations, the first being between Mary and Pilate, whom we behold wildly regretful of his fateful indecision, and the rest between Mary and an old Buddhist, one of the Magi returned from India,

"to learn
The setting of that Star of Men, whose rise
His 'younger eyes beheld.'"

Such a plan smacks of modern ingenuity; but it certainly was calculated to display a strong treatment of the only opportunity that was left in the theme for the poet of *The Light of Asia*, the expression of that essential variation between the gospels of Buddha and Christ referred to above.

The fifth book of the poem, "The Love of God and Man," proves that he has been equal to the opportunity; and it is the finest in the poem, because it was really the only one in which he had a free hand. To the new version of the familiar narrative of which the other books are composed it is

perhaps hardly possible to do justice; for it is inevitable that the old accustomed phrases cling about one's ears as one reads, and its Oriental exactness affords but another proof that literalness and truth of impression are by no means the same. One had the same difficulty in taking kindly to the new names which Sir Richard Burton gave to the Arabian heroes of our boyhood, but in the present instance it is a difficulty much greater in degree. We can reconcile ourselves to any possible variation of Aladdin before our ears can become accustomed to "Miriam of Magdala," or recognise the familiar Lazarus in "El'Azar"; while surely Sir Edwin Arnold pushes exactitude perilously near to pedantry when he tells how Mary, following in Christ's train to Capernaum, having cast aside the wanton attire of her former living,

"put on the *mitpachath*,
Ridid and tsaph, dressed as our peasants use
Along the Lake,"

or when for—"and they stripped him and put on him a scarlet robe"—he substitutes,

"and, o'er His back
Some evil-witted Hebrew flung, in spite,
A red paludamentum-laticlave
To robe His sovereignty."

Great poets have made such slips before; but it should be easy for a modern to avoid them, especially since Milton has furnished so terrible an example as his proverbial "tame, villatic fowl."

Sir Edwin Arnold's conception of Christ is that human one which can, of course, be alone acceptable to-day.

"That one supreme, consummate, faultless life,
It was a human life, begun with us,
Continued 'midst us, ended as we end
In woe and weakness, thence emerged to be
A glory sitting equal in the sky
With God's own glory, everlastingly.
That by which we are judged, and that whereby
The race of Man claims place and patrimony..."

Of the theological distortions of him and his mission, he has the following vigorous passage:

"It may be there shall come in after days—
When this Good Spell is spread—some later
scribes,
Some far-off Pharisees, will take His law—
Written with Love's light fingers on the heart,
Not stamped on stone 'mid glare of lightning-
fork—
Will take, and make its code incorporate;
And from its grace write grim phylacteries
To deck the head of dressed Authority;
And from its golden mysteries forgo keys
To jingle in the belt of pious pride:
And change its heavenly cherishing tenderness
To warrant for the sword, the chain, the flame,
Lending hard Hate the sacred seals of Love,
And crying: 'Who believes not, perishes.'
It may be some that heard Him day by day,
Lacking the ears to hear, or losing hold
Of larger thought—perplexed interpreters—
Shall, in the times to be, do Him much wrong
With right intent; saying our sweet Lord
taught
Dark tangled schemes of sad salvation; God
Making Earth ill; which went awry; was lost
For sin; was forfeit to the wrath of Heaven;
Which—for it must exact a victim!—slew
The Son of Heaven Himself, willing and free;
And by His blood, self-shed and innocent,
Washes Earth's sins away, propitiates
That hungry anger of the offended Law.
So I have known some teach—nay, faithful
ones—"

The occasional comments of the Buddhist, as Mary proceeds, very forcibly distinguish

the sad Asian ascetic, for whom this world and the glory thereof was but Maya, and whose gospel was, after all, a selfish mortification of self, from the robust, glad-souled optimist, who came eating and drinking, and loving no less this world than the next.

"Now do these lucent words kindle a lamp
Brighter than what we took from Buddha's lore;
He bade us spurn Self, set the Self aside—
Ahankara—seek always to sink back
Safe to the Infinite; and, for such end,
Break from the sense, with all its sorceries;
Forego delights, disdain what most men prize,
Life's light allurements, tender things of Time,
Soft lips of love, sweet lisp of little ones
Making heart's music in the house; praise, fame,
Wealth, domination. But thou showest us
The subtle spirit, making good its way
From world of sense and self to selfless world,
Not by hard stress of lone philosophies,
Nor scorn of joys, nor sad disparagement
Of life and living things as shadows vain;
But—nearer road and new!—by heart to see
Heaven closest in this earth we walk upon,
God plainest in the brother whom we pass,
Best solitudes 'mid busy multitudes,
Passions o'ercome, when master-passion springs
To serve and love and succour."

I think I have quoted enough to show that in his fifth book Sir Edwin Arnold preaches a true gospel in good poetry. May he see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

"RULERS OF INDIA."—*The Earl of Mayo*.
By Sir W. W. Hunter. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

RICHARD SOUTHWELL BOURKE was a good sample of a class which has done the state some service in its day—though that day has gone. When one thinks of Edmund Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Castlereagh, the Wellesleys, one sees of what the Anglo-Irish gentry were capable, with their combination of English ability and something more racy and genial. Yet these, perhaps, were only happy developments—the general tone was not of that pitch; and, what with their own faults and what with the faults of the English, a noble race is perishing at the hand of that unpropitiable avenger who waits on secular misconduct.

The subject of the present notice was born at Dublin in 1822; the eldest child of a country squire, member of a family recently ennobled for political services, but long known for attachment to the soil and the sons of its adopted country. He passed his boyhood at a country house in County Meath, educated with his brothers by a domestic tutor, and promising more distinction of body than of mind. His education was completed by a short visit to France; and he appears to have graduated at the Dublin University without honours and without residence in college. In 1843 he made his appearance in London society, and soon after made a tour in Russia, an account of which was published by Colburn in 1846.

So far, the young Mr. Bourke was but a normal type of the "English of the pale," gay, chivalrous, and not devoid of mental activity. But in 1847 he entered the House of Commons as junior member for County Kildare; and having, in the following year, taken to wife a daughter of Mr. Wyndham (since Lord Leconfield), he became a figure

in the politics and society of London. "He established for himself," according to a quotation—apparently from a private letter—given at p. 38 of the volume before us, "the position of a sensible country gentleman"; and, *qualis ab incepto*, that continued fundamentally his character. In 1852 he became chief secretary in Lord Derby's first ministry, the Earl of Eglinton being lord-lieutenant. Failing to obtain re-election at Kildare, he entered next time as member for Cockermouth, an English borough at that time influenced by his wife's family; and for the rest of his parliamentary career he continued to be an English representative, though, upon occasion, an Irish administrator. He was now known as Lord Naas, his father having succeeded to the earldom.

The Derby Dilly only ran for ten months; and it was six full years before Naas got back to his office. In the meantime, Irish affairs had assumed a sterner aspect; and it next fell to his unenvied lot to cope with the outrageous conduct of the Fenians, the extreme left of the malcontent Hibernians. In 1867 he lost his father, and became Earl of Mayo; but the promotion was only titular; like Lord Palmerston, he retained his seat as a commoner. On March 10, 1868, it became his duty to encounter Mr. Maguire's motion, "That the House resolve itself into a committee, to take the condition of Ireland into immediate consideration." In his reply, Mayo declared the policy of his Government. It was found to include considerable concessions to popular demand; the question of the Church was admitted to be in need of consideration, but the prediction was hazarded that its fall would inflict incalculable injury on the country; the Catholics were to have a university, which Bright—supporting Maguire—called "a Bill against the earthquake." Sir William Hunter admits that his hero's speech on this occasion was "not successful as a parliamentary utterance."

The fact appears to be that Mayo was more of an administrator than a man for party politics. In that case it was well that the astute professor of white magic who then disposed of British affairs about this time conceived the happy thought of sending his Irish Secretary to succeed John Lawrence in India. The appointment excited general ridicule, which was not justified by the result. People in England did not know what was the precise nature of Indian administration, or what it did and what it did not require. In such employment it is of less importance to have an original genius than not to make mistakes; nor need the mind be very complicated or high-wrought that has to be made up fifty times in a day. It is enough if a man have honesty, industry, good judgment, and a prompt determination. All these qualities Mayo had, together with that massive but manly presence which unconsciously inspires confidence and awe. The Anglo-Indians were naturally inclined to take their cue from the London journalists. To the last some of them laughed at the locomotive ruler who rode everywhere on horseback and looked at bridges and barracks instead of contenting himself with written reports. He was called "the headless horseman," and was said to have every-

thing done for him by two distinguished brothers, whose ability was more believed in than their discretion. But after events brought people to think that the exertions of these eminent Dioscuri were by no means essential to victory, and the extracts from the Governor-General's writings now made public by Sir William Hunter go far to confirm the opinion. Not merely do they show intelligence and judgment, but they crackle with light pleasantry quite unusual in such documents, and not to be looked for in a man expressing the views of others.

There were three departments of Indian business which had got into disorder, and Mayo devoted himself with much success to each in turn. The treasury was in chronic hæmorrhage, dying, it might seem, of slow but hopeless depletion. Not only did he boldly apply temporary styptics, but by a simple measure of common sense he turned deficit into permanent surplus. By the system then in force expenditure was centralised under a purely illusory control. The house-surgeon of an infirmary two thousand miles from Calcutta could not add a sweeper on four rupees a month to his staff without an order from the Government of India; while at the same time all the local governments were engaged in a perpetual competition as to which should get the most out of the imperial budget. By Mayo's "decentralisation" each was guaranteed a special annual grant, in spending which each was unfettered, on the condition that it must be made to suffice. The next matter that engaged the attention of Lord Mayo was diplomatic policy, which in those days meant "masterly inactivity" towards foreign states and small punitive excursions on the frontiers. Mayo reduced the latter to a minimum, laying down a plain useful rule upon the subject which has more or less guided the best of his successors. In regard to native states a consistent policy was adopted. Those which were feudatory were made to feel the directing hand of the paramount power—those which were regarded as independent were unmolested. Towards the Amir of Cabul he showed a friendly but dignified attitude; and, though fettered by an unfriendly Home Government, continued to impress Sher Ali by personal qualities, while avoiding extremes either of concession or intimidation. The third trouble was with public works, where much bad building had resulted from dishonest contractors carelessly supervised; and where the "guaranteed" system of railways had degenerated into an investment at 5 per cent. on the security of a government which could borrow elsewhere at four. All such abuses met with due remedial treatment; and a great impulse was given not only to railways but to canals.

How, amid all these peaceful triumphs, the strong unwearied man was laid low by the sudden impulse of a vindictive felon must be fresh in most memories. In the beginning of 1872 Lord Mayo was assassinated while on a visit of humanity to the penal settlement on the Andaman islands; and the mournful tidings were received with a shudder of horrified sorrow throughout the civilised world.

In telling this story in the monograph

before us, Sir William Hunter has combined his well-known literary skill with an earnest sympathy and a fullness of knowledge which are worthy of all commendation. Mayo cannot be compared with the greatest of Indian rulers, with Akbar, Dalhousie, and the two Hastings, men whose work seems meant for eternity. But he was a good, brave, and just man; and the world is indebted to the author for a fit and attractive record of what was eminently a noble life.

H. G. KEENE.

The Book of Ecclesiastes. With a new Translation. By Samuel Cox, D.D. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

WHATEVER judgment may, in some respects, be passed upon the present work, there is good reason for assenting to Dr. Cox's opinion that Ecclesiastes has, in the grave questions which it discusses, a special adaptation to the age in which we live. Ecclesiastes, says Dr. Cox,

"is a book which can never lose its interest for men until the last conflict in the long strife of doubt has led to the final victory of faith; and seems, in especial, to adapt itself to the conditions and wants of the present age. It deals with the very questions which are in all our minds."

And the answer to these questions, though not precisely what Dr. Cox thinks, is entirely in accordance with certain tendencies of our own times. With the optimism of our eighteenth-century ancestors, who imagined that they could discern in the world a general scheme for rewarding virtue and punishing vice, and who anticipated that a sort of millennium would result from the removal of restraints on human selfishness, the author of Ecclesiastes appears to have had no sympathy. His book does not even allow that we can see in the world "a stream of tendency working for righteousness." In our manhood we learn to discredit the old optimism; but, as Dr. Cox observes, youth must still submit to its sedulous inculcation:

"Nearly all our story-books have a similar moral: it is always, or almost always, the good young man who gets the beautiful wife and large estate, while the bad young man comes to a bad end." But, "as life passes on, we discover that it is the bad boy who often gets the plum-cake, and the good boy who goes to the rod; that bad men often have beautiful wives and large estates, while good men fail of both; when we find the knave rising to place and authority, and honest Good-child in the workhouse or the *Gazette*, then there rise up in our hearts the very doubts and perplexities and eager painful questions which of old time troubled the Psalmist and the Prophet."

Then it is also that our feelings may find expression in the agnostic utterances of Ecclesiastes. The thought may rise within us: possibly, indeed, there may be a plan to which the world and human history are conformed; but

"a man cannot find out the work that is done under the sun, because, though a man labour to seek it out, yet he shall not find it; yea, further, though a wise man think to know it, yet shall he not be able to find it."

"All things come alike to all; there is one

event to the righteous and to the wicked" (Ecc. viii. 17; ix. 2).

The pessimistic tone of Ecclesiastes scarcely needs remark. Dr. Cox, however, maintains that, though there is "a prevailing ground-tone of sadness," yet the book is really "most consolatory and inspiring." This paradox may be left without further answer or refutation.

Ecclesiastes comes also into harmony with the thought of the present age by the decay of religious belief which it reflects. This decay is to be discerned clearly enough in the general contents of the book. It seems impossible to imagine that such a discussion as Ecclesiastes contains could owe its origin to an age of strong and living faith. Daniel and the pre-Christian apocryphal literature show that the Messianic hope was not dead, at least among a section of the Jewish people; but to this hope Ecclesiastes contains no allusion. The book does not even mention the proper name of the God of Israel, Jehovah. One probable reason for the decay of faith and for the pessimistic despair of Ecclesiastes is not very difficult to perceive. There was a marked contrast between the glowing anticipations of the Prophets and the actual condition of Israel after the Captivity. Instead of beautiful garments there was mean apparel. The promised glory had not shone upon Zion. The temple, as it rose again from ruin, was, as Haggai tells us, but "as nothing" in comparison with the house which had been destroyed. Haggai and Malachi still pointed forward to the future; but it was, from the nature of things, likely that there would be disappointment, despondency, and enfeebled faith. These, too, would tend to deepen and increase as generation after generation passed away, and the promise remained unfulfilled.

It is scarcely necessary to say that I have not forgotten the final verses of Ecclesiastes, which inculcate the fear of God and obedience to His commands, in expectation that what in the Divine dispensations appears hidden and mysterious will be revealed hereafter. These verses I regard as of extreme importance. They stand, however, in marked antithesis to the previous philosophical and sceptical discussion. This discussion, with its obvious contradictions, had shown that it is entirely beyond the power of man to find out what God is doing in the world or what He intends. The wearying of the flesh with much study (xii. 12) and the writing endless treatises on the moral government of the world was, therefore, worse than useless. Philosophy must bow to Authority and Faith. This, as I take it, is the lesson taught by the conclusion of Ecclesiastes. It is needless to observe how here again we may see anticipated a marked tendency of our own times.

Dr. Cox assents to the opinion that Ecclesiastes was written after the Captivity. He gives 486 B.C. as a *terminus a quo* for the period during which the book was composed, though he thinks it probable that the actual time was many years later. Evidence, entirely conclusive, as it seems to me, shows the marked influence on the book of the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies,

and places its origin about 200 B.C. The opinion that the influence of Greek thought is to be discerned in Ecclesiastes has found favour with distinguished scholars in this country, and has obtained wide recognition in Germany. Dr. Cox is pleased to allude to it, however, as "the moribund hypothesis of the ingenious Mr. Tyler." I am, of course, duly grateful to Dr. Cox for attributing to me an endowment so desirable as ingenuity. With the failing vitality of my "hypothesis" I was not previously acquainted; and even after reading Dr. Cox's announcement, I feel no very serious apprehensions. I am, moreover, less inclined to accept Dr. Cox's testimony on this matter when it appears from his own confession that his scholarship is not such as to enable him to express an independent opinion on the date of Ecclesiastes. "On such questions as these," he says, "we can only defer to the verdict of men who have made them the study of their lives." And, indeed, in Dr. Cox's New Translation the absence of adequate scholarship is sufficiently manifest. As to the principles which he has followed in translation and exegesis, he informs us:

"Whenever I have had to choose between rival renderings or meanings, I have made it a rule to prefer that which most conduced to the logical sequence of his work or carried the finer sense, deeming that at least so much as this was due to so great a master, and entertaining no fear that I could invent any meaning which would outrun his intention."

There is here some ambiguity in the transition from "choosing" to "inventing" which is scarcely re-assuring. When a translator or interpreter proceeds to select or invent words of "finer sense" it is likely enough that the result will be somewhat unsatisfactory. I may adduce as an example of "invention" a difficult place in the twelfth chapter (ver. 4), where, as it seems to me, the author of Ecclesiastes speaks of the failure of the power of song in old age, and also of the voice "turning again toward childish treble," "piping and whistling in its sound":

"And it becomes* the voice of a bird,
And all the daughters of song are brought low."

Dr. Cox gives:

"And the swallow fly shrieking to and fro,
And all the song birds drop silently into their nests."

A previous translator (Ginsburg) had rendered "the swallow shall rise to shriek." Whether this rendering is suitable or justifiable it is unnecessary now to consider. I would merely point out that Dr. Cox, in quest apparently of a "finer sense," has taken Ginsburg's translation, and has changed "rise to shriek" into "fly shrieking to and fro" without the slightest justification in the original text. Similarly the Hebrew has nothing at all answering to "silently into their nests." Or take x. 2, "A wise man's heart is at his right hand; but a fool's heart at his left."—A. V.

Dr. Cox, however, gives the curious rendering—

"Nevertheless the mind of the wise man turns toward his right hand,
But the mind of the fool to his left."

* Comp. especially the use of *yakim* in Psal. cvii. 29, "He causes the storm to become a calm."

And this, though the Hebrew neither gives nor implies the word "turns." A last example may be found in x. 10, which A.V. renders:

"If the iron be blunt, and he do not whet the edge, then must he put to more strength; but wisdom is profitable to direct."

Instead of the last clause Dr. Cox gives, "But wisdom should teach him to sharpen it." Whether this is to be considered a "finer sense," it is scarcely for me to say; but the original text has nothing like it. And to treat the work of "so great a master" as the author of Ecclesiastes after this fashion can scarcely be regarded as showing either reverence or respect.

What I have said may suffice to show that the student, anxious to penetrate to the meaning of this very difficult book, is little likely to find a trustworthy aid in Dr. Cox's New Translation. The exposition which accompanies the translation shows in parts considerable literary power, though it sometimes, as might be expected, leaves the true sense of the text far away. Ecclesiastes has, however, suffered many things at the hands of translators and expositors; and, notwithstanding faults such as I have mentioned, Dr. Cox's performance would probably compare not unfavourably with many of its predecessors. For homiletical purposes it may possibly have a value which it does not possess for the student or scholar. In the composition of sermons a strict and constant adherence to the meaning of Scripture is too often treated as of subordinate importance.

Dr. Cox is perhaps best known as formerly editor of the monthly theological journal, *The Expositor*. He is, however, the author of works on Job and Ruth, as well as various other productions. The present volume has for its basis a work published in 1867, and entitled *The Quest of the Chief Good*. But it appears that the matter has been entirely re-written; and accordingly the book now bears a new title.

THOMAS TYLER.

Essex Papers (1672-1679). Edited by Osmund Airy. Vol. I. (The Camden Society.)

ARTHUR CAPEL, eldest son of Arthur Lord Capel, created Viscount Malden and Earl of Essex after the Restoration, was appointed Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland in April, 1672, and continued in that office till 1677. A staunch royalist and a devoted adherent of the Anglican church, as his father had been before him, he nevertheless preferred to surrender his office than to prostitute the revenues of Ireland to the king's pleasures; and though a warm advocate of the Protestant interest, he strove his utmost to do impartial justice to Papist and Protestant alike.

"Possessing," says Mr. Airy, "in full measure precisely those qualities which were rarest in the prominent men of the reign of Charles II., he lived his life in the open light of day. He was poor, and yet he preserved complete independence and kept his hand clean of bribes. His family affections were deep, his life singularly pure, his religion unaffected."

On the other hand, he was vain, irascible, and self-opiniative. An ardent lover of field sport, he was nevertheless an indefatigable and industrious servant of the state. Of his public and private letters during the period of his viceroyalty there must be several hundreds in the British Museum, the Public Record Office, Kilkenny Castle, and in the library of the Marquis of Bath at Longleat, in Wiltshire. A volume of letters written by him in 1675 was published in 1772, and a second edition in 1773.

The present collection, which includes not only a selection of his own letters, but others of equal interest as regards the government of Ireland, addressed to him by Arlington, Clifford, Conway, Temple, his private secretary, William Harbord, and other correspondents in England, opens with a letter from Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, congratulating him on his appointment. His predecessor, Lord Berkeley, had been suspected of Romanising tendencies, and Essex's appointment was therefore hailed with much satisfaction by the Protestants generally. It was in the beginning of August, 1672, that Essex arrived in Ireland; and one of the first matters which attracted his attention, and upon which the documents here printed throw much additional light, was the regulation of the corporations of Ireland, and more particularly that of the city of Dublin. At the time of the outbreak of the Great Irish Rebellion the freemen of the corporations had been chiefly Roman Catholics, but during the Commonwealth the Catholics had been rigorously excluded and the corporations had passed almost entirely into the hands of the Protestants. At the Restoration the Catholics were restored to their ancient privileges so far, at least, as liberty to trade was concerned, but with a proviso prohibiting them serving as aldermen or common councillors. Nevertheless, so jealously did the Protestants continue to guard the privileges they had acquired as to render even this concession nugatory in a large measure. This was especially noticeable in the case of Cork, when the old Catholic freemen were compelled to live in the suburbs, and the trade of the city was absorbed only into the hands of the Protestants. But it was in Dublin that the efforts of the Catholics to regain their lost privileges attracted most attention. Since the Restoration Dublin had increased rapidly in size and population, so that at the outbreak of the Dutch War, which gave a great blow to its rising prosperity, it had almost doubled itself. The revenues of the city had, of course, increased enormously during this period; and the recorder and several aldermen seeing an opportunity of doing a good stroke of business on their own account, had endeavoured to obtain a farm of the revenues on a long lease. To this end they secured an Act of Parliament for what they called the better regulation of the corporation, which was calculated to "reduce the disposal of the city revenue into a few hands, and those such as would serve their turn"; and, in fact, they had already succeeded in obtaining Lord Berkeley's assent to a set of rules which would infallibly have effected their object, when their intention was discovered and

they were summarily ejected by their indignant fellow-councillors.

In the midst of the uproar and confusion that ensued, Essex arrived in Dublin. His first care was to order the restoration of the recorder and seven aldermen as having been illegally ejected, but at the same time he set about framing a set of rules for the future regulation of the city. These rules, which were intended to apply to the corporations of Ireland generally, were conceived in a liberal spirit and on the lines of the Act of Settlement: they would have enabled the Lord Lieutenant to dispense with the oath of supremacy in the case of any Roman Catholic who was returned, and who it was desirable should find a seat on the Council. Conformably with these rules, accordingly, thirty-three individuals, including ten or eleven Roman Catholics, were elected to serve on the common council. But three weeks later the lord mayor declared this election invalid, and proceeded to a fresh one in which all the Roman Catholics were omitted. Two days afterwards, however, he again found himself mistaken; and, having declared the second election valid, his decision was confirmed by Essex. This decision only served to make matters worse. The Protestants declined to acknowledge the Catholics, and having voted themselves an unlawful assembly refused to transact any business whatever. Further, they declared the rules themselves to be illegal, and demanded their abrogation. Such a step would have struck too deeply at Essex's reputation; and after threatening them with a *quo warranto*, which would have compelled them to surrender their charter, the matter was compromised by the king reversing his decision and declaring the second election, without the Roman Catholics, to be the only valid one. Elated with their victory, the Protestants, relying on the attitude of the English Parliament, struck another blow at the Catholics, which was intended to deprive them of their freedom to trade. This, however, was firmly resisted by Essex, who on this occasion was supported by Charles; and so the agitation shortly fell to the ground, but not without leaving a feeling of much bitterness behind.

Among the papers printed by Mr. Airy are several curiously illustrative of the effect which the prohibition of the exportation of cattle into England had on the growth of a contraband trade in wool with France and Flanders. One of the cleverest methods of eluding the vigilance of the customs officers was by "rolling up wool into great twist and so passing it as yarn, and when it arrives into foreign parts it is untwisted again and becomes wool." Indulgent in a remarkable degree towards the Roman Catholics, Essex was utterly remorseless in his endeavours to extirpate the Tories. His severity was censured by others besides the Irish; but the truth is Essex refused to see in these descendants of the ancient gentry of Ireland, who owed their existence mainly to the English plantations of the sixteenth and the confiscations of the seventeenth centuries, anything but marauding thieves, to be destroyed by whatsoever method possible. Mr. Airy aptly compares his attitude towards them with that of another humane

man, the Earl of Kincardine, towards the Highland "thieves." How little the conditions of social life in Ireland have altered during the last two centuries appears from the following paragraph in a letter from Essex to Arlington :

"I must acquaint your Lordship," he writes, "as a real truth, that there is no nation under heaven where the common people of the Romish religion are so absolutely led by their priests as in this kingdom, for 'tis most certain that in those corporations which are placed in countries inhabited for the generality by Papists, if there be anyone of that religion who sells any commodity, no Protestant of the same trade can subsist or live in the town with him, for the priests do enjoin the people not to buy anything but of those of their own religion. This may seem at first a little strange, but I do assure your Lordship of the verity of it."

There are other points in the present volume, which in a more extended notice would call for special attention, but to which I must here merely briefly allude: such, for example, as the farming of the revenue by Lord Ranelagh and his partners; Essex's conduct in the matter of the proposed gift of Phoenix Park to the Duchess of Cleveland; his criticism of Sir William Petty, than whom "there lives not a more grating man in the three kingdoms"; the publication of a second edition of Sir John Temple's book on the Irish Massacres of 1641, which Charles ordered to be immediately suppressed "as judging the times need rather remedy to reconcile the two parties than any way to exasperate them by the repetition of former hostilities," and which, we learn from a letter not printed by Mr. Airy, was published without Sir John's permission.

The volume, I may add, is on the whole well edited, though here and there I notice a few unimportant blunders which might have been corrected, especially one on p. 316, where the omission of the words "whereby those Papists who have not yet been admitted thereunto" renders the whole of the last paragraph unintelligible.

R. DUNLOP.

NEW NOVELS.

Janet. By Mrs. Oliphant. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Secret Mission. By E. Gerard. In 2 vols. (Blackwood.)

A Marriage at Sea. By W. Clark Russell. In 2 vols. (Methuen.)

Under Sentence. By Mary Cross. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Way She Won Him. By Mrs. Hous-
toun. In 2 vols. (White.)

The Quiet Mrs. Fleming. By Richard Pryce. (Methuen.)

MRS. OLIPHANT has written with distinction in several styles, but she is hardly to be congratulated upon the last she has chosen; for *Janet* is just an ordinary sensational novel. Yet nobody would suppose from the pretty Scotch name of the heroine, and the fact that she is a governess going out to her first situation, that the story would take the turn it does. Mrs. Oliphant herself, indeed,

seems to have been in doubt as to what she would do with Janet. At first we supposed she was going to be another Becky Sharp—a distant cousin of the immortal Becky. She behaves like a little minx in the opening chapter, but we find afterwards that there is less vice in her than variability. The part she plays in the story is really an accidental one. A good many things happen with which she has a good deal to do; but she is a novice all the time, and quite innocent of deep-laid schemes for bringing people into trouble. Characters are familiar on the stage who blunder into other people's secrets, and go on blundering until something dreadful happens. Janet is one of these. She finds herself in a household where, to all appearance, everything is as it should be. But there is a skeleton in the cupboard. She stumbles upon the cupboard, her childish imagination supplies the skeleton, and she does not rest till it is brought out. If it had been her curiosity only that led to the discovery of the skeleton there would have been less the matter. But her vanity had something to do with it. She was pretty, she turned one poor young man's head, and she fascinated another, whose attention flattered her. He did not lose his head, or his heart either, but he turned Janet's unsuspecting confidences to mischievous account. The incidents, as they develop, are exciting enough; and if startling incidents were what we wanted in a novel from Mrs. Oliphant, we should be satisfied. Perhaps an inveterate reader of fiction of that sort would complain of the pages of somewhat tepid reflections interposed between the more lively parts, but they can be readily skipped. Possibly they were meant to be a compensation to serious readers, but they are too obviously padding. There is much to be said, however, for the skill with which the characters are drawn. Janet herself is nothing to boast of, but she is what she was intended to be. In Mrs. Harwood, invalid though she is, it is impossible not to see the strong exceptional qualities which enabled her to bury her secret from everybody else, while keeping it ever before herself. Gussy, whose insipidity contrasts to her disadvantage to the end of the tale with Janet's brightness, reveals a strength of character at last which one is hardly prepared for. But Ju, Janet's pupil, is natural throughout—a self-willed, obstinate, unpleasant child, but with any amount of latent tenderness in her, and shrewdness enough to have kept the whole family out of its troubles if she had been older. There is not much to be said for the men. Dolf is rather a dolt; and either Meredith's dissembling and heartlessness are overdrawn, or he is too well treated. The ingenuity of the plot is all that could be wished—from the circulating library point of view—and nothing could be better managed than the mystery of the wing.

A sensational story, in which a political plot and the shifts and resources of diplomacy have much to do with the interest, is almost necessarily of a higher order than one which owes everything to a skeleton in the cupboard. *A Secret Mission* is of this kind. Miss Gerard has probably never done a more vigorous piece of work

than this tale. She gives us a very charming sketch—as idyllic as such a sketch could be—of Polish rural life. The scene afterwards shifts to Warsaw, and we get more than a glimpse of the gaieties of that city, and behind them the stern cruel ugliness of Russian rule. The political plot concerns Germany and Russia, though Polish hatred of the Muscovite is added as a natural ingredient. Love of course enters into the story—man's love, in the old form of infatuation to which all other interests yield; woman's love, as an intense passion to which external hatreds and antipathies give zest; and, last of all, brother's love, bravely unselfish, and accepting the hardest of fates in its true devotion. The characters are admirably grouped and contrasted. The two brothers Starowski are from first to last the chief figures. The almost paternal fondness of the elder seems for a time to lack the appreciation it deserved at the hands of the younger, but in the sequel Roman did nobly. The two sisters, Hala and Luba, make another pair—matched, however, rather than contrasted; both of them simple and rustic, but capable of heroism and self-abnegation when the stress comes. Biruta Massalowska stands alone, as a distinct portrait and a very powerful one. The presence of such a woman in a story could not fail to give the keenest interest to it, just as her crossing of a man's path must needs determine his destiny. *A Secret Mission* has already had many readers, in the serial form in which it was first published, but it deserves to have many more.

It is seldom that materials so slight as those out of which *A Marriage at Sea* is constructed are made to furnish forth two volumes. There is a certain skill in making much out of little; and it must be granted that Mr. Clark Russell's story—notwithstanding that it might all have been told in fifty pages—does not flag though it extends to nearly five hundred. But then it begins with an elopement and ends with a marriage, and the interest which attaches to the first event remains with the reader until that which belongs to the second event supervenes and carries him through. The hero and the heroine are nothing particular. She is his "pet"—a distinction which seems rather commonplace—and he is absorbed in her. They are only of consequence as the chief agents in an elopement and a wedding under difficulties. But the storm at sea, the perils of the "dandy yacht" in which the elopement is made, and the genuine heroism of old Caudel, the master of the little craft, who refuses to leave her when the pair of lovers are trans-shipped at sea—these were worth telling and are well told.

Miss Cross is to be congratulated on the pleasant surroundings of her story. There are some dolorous passages in *Under Sentence*, as may be supposed from that very ominous title; but at least it begins well, in a picturesque part of the Scotch Highlands, and with all the interest inseparable from a pair of lovers. The reader soon finds, however—as readers always do find in novels—that the course of true love runs anything but smoothly. If the lovers had

been left to themselves, they would presently have put up the banns—but then there would have been no story, and nobody would have been “under sentence.” The exigencies of the plot required that the marriage should not come off—at least not in a hurry. A more eligible match is wanted, and other people are brought upon the scene, who bring with them other possibilities of love-making, marrying, jealousy, and so forth. It is astonishing how important a part murder generally plays in novels. There are some plots which can only be worked out by a gun-shot or a dose of poison; after which, strangely enough, everything comes right. In this instance it is a gun that does the business, but in whose hands, and upon what victim, it is the author's privilege and not ours to reveal. Suffice it to say that the story ends as all sympathetic readers would have it end. Miss Cross has something to learn as to the manner of telling a story. Her people talk too scrappily. She perhaps thinks that this defect is made up for by the abundance of quotations with which she strews her pages. But the quotations are really an aggravation. One does not want to be bored, in reading a tale, with elegant extracts which the writer may have learnt at school.

The title of *The Way She Won Him* is probably meant to be descriptive of the story, though who are the “she” and the “him,” and what was the “way,” are matters which may be variously guessed. There is nothing very commendable about this book. The heroine is a good girl, about whose parentage there was a mystery. Under stress of circumstances she sings for a living at the music halls, and is exposed to many temptations. Eventually the secret of her birth is revealed; she is married soon afterwards; and then, though the tale runs on, the reader's interest does not. Ettie's married life is too tame for her enthusiastic temperament. Mrs. Houstoun's power of vivid delineation is not conspicuous when the music-hall period is passed. Her characters, with the exception of Ettie and her lover, Alston, are commonplace. The women are weak, though pretty and winning—far too easily won, in fact—and the men are either bad or empty. The tale has a tragic ending, and the disposal of large sums of money enters into the plot; but these doubtful attractions do not make up for poverty of invention.

Readers who have a liking for the mysterious, and whose keenest interest is aroused when there is a detective on the scent, will enjoy *The Quiet Mrs. Fleming*. The story opens pleasantly and mildly enough, with the unspoken affection of a butler for a parlourmaid on the other side of the street. But the parlourmaid leaves her situation to be married, and Smith, the butler, who has received a legacy from his departed master, consoles himself by marrying Susan, the cook. The couple, as such couples do, retire to a seaside town and let lodgings. Mrs. Fleming, who is particularly anxious for quiet rooms, goes to stay with them. The question of her identity, and her connexion with a

certain diamond robbery about which there are all the particulars in the story, will excite the reader's curiosity not a little. But while Mrs. Fleming is an interesting study, Smith and Susan are anything but ordinary people. Poor Smith, however, though he may have ruled the roast in the old butler days, finds a virtue in self-suppression. As for Susan, her ways and phrases are so quaint that the reader who pities Smith will still, like that unfortunate man, have to give in to her. The story is not too long to be read at a sitting, and it is too interesting to be laid down by any one who gets beyond the first page.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

An English Latin Gradus. Compiled by A. C. Ainger and H. G. Wintle. (John Murray.) A new Gradus is not, perhaps, an object upon which we should expect the scholarship of the present day to concentrate itself. Even in the ten years that have elapsed since the inception of this book—the delay being partly owing to the lamented death of Mr. Wintle—the Zeit-Geist seems to have been depreciating in his mysterious way that practice of Latin verse writing which a Gradus is designed to foster. In spite of Prof. Tyrrell's recent assurance that the art is still highly valued at Dublin, it is impossible to doubt that the ascent of Parnassus is becoming less and less trodden, and the view from the top is being enjoyed only by the few; and even they do not say so much about it as of old. There is a touch of Etonian optimism in the plea of the editors that Latin verse writing

“is an unrivalled form of drill for beginners, teaching them in all cases a good deal about the structure and powers of the Latin tongue, forcing them from the very first to think for themselves, and in some cases awakening a true poetic feeling, and a power of appreciating the best thoughts of the best men of all ages and countries.”

This is not quite so. It overrates the Latin poets as thinkers. Only Virgil and, perhaps, Horace can take such literary rank. It assumes, too, that appreciation can only be reached by imitation. But we entirely agree with the editors that the drill has its advantages, both for acquiring the Latin tongue and for developing a sense of poetry, as distinct from mere prosaic expression. Their method is simple and, in its way, thorough. The book is from English to Latin, not, like the old Gradus, from Latin to English. The weary old list of epithets is reduced to one or two English words, which can be looked out in turn; the double sense of many English words is carefully marked, and archaic or post-Augustan words are referred to the authors in which they occur; while those used by Virgil, Ovid, or Horace in *lyrics* stand without references, as beyond question. Here is a specimen, taken at random:

“Hind. subst.

(a) female deer, cerva I.

Ep. timid, woodland, &c.

(b) labourer, rusticus 2; agrestis 3; colonus 2; bubulcus 2; agricola 1; ruricola 1.

E. hardy, patient, &c.”

It is not perfect. “Hind,” in the first sense, often implies the youthful animal; *cerva* is not its only equivalent in Latin. Still, a great deal of essential information as to quantity, declension, and meaning is conveyed in a very manageable form; and by this treatment the whole book, including useful lists of proper and geographical names at the end, is compressed into 442 clearly-printed pages. We do not

quite agree with the authors' depreciation of Quicherat (Preface, p. v.), whose Gradus, though partly open to the objection they take to it, is in its own way a mine of literary wealth and resource.

An Elementary Latin Dictionary. By Charlton D. Lewis. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) This is described in the Preface as “substantially an abridgment of the author's *Latin Dictionary for Schools*,” which was reviewed in the ACADEMY for July 8, 1889. And, indeed, it stands in the same relation to that work as the “abridged” Liddell and Scott does to the “intermediate” Liddell and Scott. At the same time, it is right to notice that it contains some new features which better adapt it for use in English schools. Notably, the list of authors cited now includes Catullus, Tibullus, Propertius, and Tacitus (the *Annals*); but Plautus is still ignored, though he is read in this country at least as much as Terence. “Brief Helps for Latin Readers” have also been prefixed, giving concise information about certain important matters in history, archaeology, and literature. Prof. Lewis's name is a sufficient guarantee that the claims of philology have not been overlooked. Altogether, we have no hesitation in declaring that this latest work of the American scholar will not be superseded in English schools for many a year.

Aeschines in Ctesiphonta. Edited, with Notes and Indices, by T. Gwatkin and E. S. Shuckburgh. (Macmillan.) It has been the fate of Aeschines, not only to lose his case, but to have his speech overshadowed even in our schools by the greater work of his rival. Mr. Shuckburgh puts this neatly enough: “Aeschines was a man of brilliant natural gifts, who played a part in a great national crisis, perhaps not much less creditably than most of his contemporaries, but whose misfortune it has been to have been matched with a consummate artist, and to have left work which it is for ever impossible to view except in comparison with that of his greater rival. Thus, in spite of his natural facility, his vivid presentation of facts, and the strength of his denunciation, his oratory remains that of an amateur (ὁ πᾶν εὐρεχρος).” Demosthenes' oration *On the Crown* finds many readers for one who has the fairness to hear the other side and listen to the defeated statesman. In the matter of English editions, too, Aeschines has hitherto come off but badly. There is a very ingenious edition of the two speeches by the Messrs. Simcox; Mr. Edgar has published a spirited translation of the *In Ctesiphonta*; but beyond these, the student could not, till the present volume appeared, get much English help. The little volume—the very little volume—in which Mr. Drake dealt with both speeches was much too slight. So far from being (like Demosthenes' motion) μακρότερον τῆς Ἰαίδους, it was not nearly long enough. Mr. Shuckburgh has already successfully revised the Demosthenes-half of that volume; it was natural that he should take the rest in hand; and the scholastic public has reason to congratulate itself upon his having been able to complete the edition of *Aeschines in Ctesiphonta* which Mr. Gwatkin was prevented from finishing. The main strength of Mr. Shuckburgh's work lies, we think, in his excellent choice of illustrations, both for grammar and for matter. A passage of an ancient author is but half dealt with when it is explained. It still lacks parallels and illustrative matter; and these Mr. Shuckburgh supplies fully and judiciously. We might, however, have looked for a word of comment upon the use of παρὰ in § 77, τῶν κατασκήπων τῶν παρὰ Χαριδμῶν, “his spies who were with Charidemus.” Παρὰ with the genitive, idiomatic as it is, is so unlike what a boy who has just got an idea of the Greek pre-

positions would expect to find here, that explanation or illustration of the use would be very much in place. The reference in § 115 to Meidias, "whom Aeschines could, for many reasons, wish yet alive," seems to want clearing up. In § 9, *προκατελάβανον τὰς εὐθύνas*, Mr. Edgar's "smoothed the way for their scrutiny long beforehand" is better, because clearer, than Mr. Shuckburgh's "anticipated long beforehand."

The Cyropaedia of Xenophon. Books VI.-VIII. With Notes by H. A. Holden. (Cambridge: University Press.) Here is another good piece of work by Dr. Holden finished. We have watched its progress through three volumes, feeling that the excellence of the notes made up to us for some very heavy reading. It has been an enjoyment to see the editor correct impartially the slips of Liddell and Scott, of Goodwin, and of Watson, and point out Xenophon's deviations from the usage of Attica or the truth of Herodotus. We have endured the truisms, the misplaced jocoseness, and the occasional false taste of Xenophon's heaviest work. We have survived the regulation speeches of Chrysantas, and the disappointment of never seeing the ponderous generalship of Cyrus fail. That hero we have followed through his priggish life until at last, like Charles II., he takes a most unconscionable time at dying; but we feel that, like Cyrus himself, we have picked up a good deal of Greek by the way. These last three books of the romance are the most valuable from the point of view of history, since they describe to us the institutions of the founder of the Persian monarchy; but we should like to know Dr. Holden's opinion as to how far Xenophon is to be believed when he says that any of these institutions survived in the Persia of his day. The epilogue (Book 8, c. viii.), whoever wrote it, speaks more of moral than of political degeneracy. The editor's plan of annotation is the same as before, and it is carried out with his usual thoroughness. The vocabulary, however (which is, oddly enough, drawn up in two languages, *Canusini more bilinguis*), is not quite complete; it omits to give 7. i. 7, as a reference for *ἀναβαίνειν*. Such points are very small, but the gigantic industry of the editor both draws our attention to them and leaves us little else to criticise. In 7. i. 45, *ἀναγαγόν* wants further explanation. Why should Cyrus fall back after a victory? He could hardly do a worse thing before a barbarian enemy. In 8. 8. 14, *διαφθείρονται ὑπὸ φαρμάκων*, we do not understand Dr. Holden's note, "are ruined." How are people ruined by poisons? It is not = killed, for *ἀποθνήσκουσιν* has just preceded it. Very likely, therefore, Dindorf was right in making it mean *abortu pereunt*.

Herodotus. Book III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes. By G. C. Macaulay. (Macmillan.) It is probable Mr. Macaulay is right in thinking that the third book of Herodotus is as suitable as any to be read in school. It is of manageable length, and it contains some of its author's most interesting episodes. The adventures of Democedes, the pathetic story of Periandros, and the changeful fortunes of Polycrates are decidedly good reading. On the other hand, the reckoning of the tribute paid by the satrapies to Persia will be rather dull to anyone who does not approach it with historical or statistical interests. Indeed, it always reminds us of a celebrated Eastern tale—with a difference—"then there came another locust and brought another grain of corn." But if the book, interesting or uninteresting, is to be read with profit by young students, it must be furnished with adequate notes; and the commentary of Mr. Macaulay does not seem to us really adequate. It gives some of the most curt and meagre notes which

it ever fell to our fortune to peruse. Nor is there always even a short note where a note is wanted. The note on c. 58, l. 7, is so brief that it does not tell us what is to be supplied after *ἐνδρα* to mean "the power to govern," nor from what source in the context the missing word or words may be understood. It is safe to say that ten out of eleven schoolboys will look blank when they come to c. 58, and blanker still when they have turned to the commentary. The words in the same chapter, *μή τῷ κακῷ τὸ κακὸν ἰᾷ*, are dismissed with the information that this is a proverb, but no hint is given as to what are the two mischiefs. In c. 94 Mr. Macaulay's note is perhaps even a little misleading. The words are *Ἰνδῶν δὲ πλεῖστος τε πολλὰ πλείστον ἔστι... καὶ φόρον ἀπαγγέλλον πρὸς πάντας τοὺς ἄλλους ἐξήκοντα καὶ τρηκκόσια τάλαντα*; and Mr. Macaulay remarks—"greater than all the others," literally 'compared with all the others.' But surely this is a confusion of two ideas. *πρὸς* does mean "compared with;" but the idea of "greater than" is got, not from *πρὸς*, but by repeating *πλείστον* out of the first clause. We firmly believe that the writer of an excellent translation of Herodotus can make better notes to his author than these; and we are strengthened in our belief by finding how useful a little accident of Herodotean dialect he has drawn up in his introduction.

Livy. Book XXVII. With Introduction and Notes by H. M. Stephenson. (Cambridge: University Press.) No one who has to get up Book xxvii. for examination or has a genuine interest in the Punic Wars can be ungrateful to Mr. Stephenson. The former will find a due apparatus of useful notes; the latter will discover that the editor is sceptical with good reason about many of Livy's statements. It is probable that Livy's political wisdom has often been undervalued, owing to the great bulk of the story in which his wise sayings are embedded. There they are; they are not few, but they are far between and lost in commonplace. An anthology of Livy's wisdom would probably be small and surprisingly good. But his reflections are better than his facts; and wherever in his account of the second Punic War he has not based himself on Polybius, it is well very narrowly to scrutinise what he says. Mr. Stephenson follows Dr. Ihne in seeing the evil effects of a *laudatio* of Marcellus in the exaggerated stories of that hero's successes. Here no doubt Livy was misled by his authorities, and no one can say more than that he was not critical enough. But no authority need have misled him into making Hannibal march "from Bruttium and Lucania into the country of the Sallentini *per extremum finem agri Larinatis*"—an impossible route. Nor are Livy's facts by any means always consistent. The account of the incident at Mutina in Book xxvii. 21 does not (though the editor omits to mention this) seem consistent with that given in Book xxi. 25. Mr. Stephenson prints a comfortable-looking text of the old style.

"I have ventured," he says, "for the sake of younger scholars, but at the risk, I know, of being severely handled by more advanced schoolboys, to retain some old-fashioned spelling. In particular, following Madvig, I have printed *es* always in the third declension plurals."

Xenophon's Hellenica, Book I. With Analysis and Notes by L. D. Dowdall. (Bell.) Mr. Dowdall has followed up his edition of Book II., by a very serviceable little edition of Book I. of the *Hellenica* of Xenophon. No difficulty seems to be passed over, and the necessary explanations are given with clearness and simplicity. The notes are more compressed than those of Mr. Underhill, but we do not think that they are any the worse for their brevity. We hope that Mr. Dowdall may be induced to push on to the later books of

Xenophon's history. Here he will find no one (or no English writer) occupying the ground before him; and, if there are not yet many readers, the existence of a good commentary may create them. Mr. Dowdall has taken pains to give us a clear analysis of the general course of events; but the flagrant illegalities of the condemnation of the six generals after Arginusæ are not put so plainly in one conspectus as they might be. In c. 3, 17 we cannot imagine why the most obvious meaning of *ἐπιβάτης* is overlooked by Mr. Dowdall. He suggests two explanations of it, (a) it = *ἐπιστολεύς*, but for this there is no authority; (b) "a fellow passenger with Mindarus," but passengers have nothing to do with the matter. Surely *ἐπιβάτης* means that Agcsandridas had been a marine (or officer of marines) under Mindarus.

Livy. Book V. Edited by L. Whibley. (Cambridge: University Press.) The siege of Veii and the capture of Rome by the Gauls are stories which a boy should certainly read at firsthand, and we welcome, therefore, a handy and trustworthy edition of Livy's fifth book. "The text of this edition is based on that of the fifth annotated edition of Weissenborn and Müller." Mr. Whibley has fitted it with a number of clear and useful notes. He seems to know by instinct where younger readers will find a difficulty, and to take a pleasure in making that difficulty vanish. Especially is this the case with questions of grammar or construction, and he is very happy in enabling one to seize the exact thought of Livy—which is not always plain even when the construction of Livy's Latin has been mastered. On questions of usage or law, and on the large field of side-questions about the people, which must inevitably be opened up by every ancient book of history, he is not less accurate perhaps, but certainly less full. A few lines of notes upon *disciplina*, the technical term for the science or art of the Etruscan soothsayers (c. 15), or again upon the exact meaning of *jure vocatis* (c. 18), would not have been out of place.

"BIBLIOTHECA SCRIPTORUM GRAECORUM ET ROMANORUM." (Leipzig: Freytag.) We have received several more volumes of this useful series, which we may briefly notice. Prof. Causer's *Homeri Iliad* xiii.-xxiv. is based on the same principles as his edition of the first twelve books, which was favourably noticed in these columns. Dr. Zingerle's *Titi Livi Libri vi.-x.* is peculiarly welcome, for the second half of Livy's first decade has been rather overlooked by editors. The MS. evidence is of course the same, and no special critical difficulties arise. In the constitution of his text, Dr. Zingerle seems to be duly conservative; he is certainly more cautious and less "brilliant" than Madvig, as, perhaps, is natural. Friedrich Schubert's *Sophokles' Aias* is a good school text, furnished with introduction, illustrations, and a capital appendix on the Attic theatre, which seems to follow Dörpfeld in many points. The text is sensibly done, and there are few emendations; *δεινὸν τ' ἔημα πνευμάτων*, for instance, is allowed to stand in v. 674. Three similar school editions are Klouček's *Aeneis*, Biese's *Römische Elegiker*—a volume of selections—and Keil's *Isokrates' Panegyrikos*. All have introductions and indices; but only Biese's selections have any notes, and they are extremely brief. If an English schoolmaster wanted to read Isocrates or selections from Catullus, Tibullus, Ovid, and Propertius, he might do worse than think of using these texts. Lastly, we have to mention Nohl's *Ciceronis Philippicarum i.-iii.*, and to commend the printing and paper of the whole series. Not everyone likes to write on his book margins; but it is something to find a cheap German text where you can write if need be, and the typography is

admirable. The illustrations are less successful; but, considering the cheapness of the series, they are most creditable.

WE may also notice in this place an excellent Bilder-Atlas, to illustrate Caesar's *De Bello Gallico*, which has been prepared by Dr. Raimund Oehler (Leipzig: Schmidt & Günther). It consists of more than one hundred illustrations, taken from various sources, and seven plans of battles, sieges, &c. Prefixed is a brief but clear sketch of military affairs in Caesar's time, of the Gauls as well as of the Romans. The Commentaries have often before been the subject of pictorial illustration; but the present work is the most ambitious that we are acquainted with.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. S. R. GARDINER has sent to press the MS. of the third volume of his *History of the Great Civil War*. It brings the narrative down to the execution of Charles I., thus concluding the work.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. have ready for immediate publication a volume of *Essays on French Novelists*, by Mr. George Saintsbury. Besides an introductory essay on "The Present State of the French Novel," the authors dealt with are Anthony Hamilton, Alain René Lesage, Charles de Bernard, Alexandre Dumas, Théophile Gautier, Jules Sandeau, Octave Feuillet, Gustave Flaubert, Henry Murger, and Victor Cherbuliez.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has in the press a new edition of Prof. Villari's *The Life and Times of Machiavelli*, translated by Signora Villari, containing the author's latest revision and two new chapters.

MESSRS. JARROLD & SONS, of Norwich, announce for issue by subscription a companion volume by Mr. Mark Knights to his *Highways and Byways of Old Norwich*, dealing with ancient buildings and historic sites throughout the county. It will be entitled *Peeps at the Past*; or, *Rambles among Norfolk Antiquities*; and it will have thirteen illustrations from original drawings by Mr. Edward Pococke. The edition is limited to 250 copies, including fifty on large paper.

MESSRS. GILBERT AND RIVINGTON announce a work of considerable typographical interest—The Lord's Prayer, printed in three hundred different languages or dialects, together with an introduction by Dr. Reinhold Rost, the learned librarian at the India Office.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. will publish in a few days *Some Sketches of Indian Women*, by Mrs. E. F. Chapman, with a preface by the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava. The same publishers have also ready a Welsh story by Mr. Lewis Arnytage, entitled *Spindle and Shears*.

A NEW story by Mr. W. Westall, entitled *Back to Africa*, will be published next week by Messrs. Ward & Downey. In conjunction with Stepniak, Mr. Westall has completed the translation of a second work of Korolenko, whose *Blind Musician* they recently turned into English. It will be entitled *In Two Woods*, and will be ready in one volume in April.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. announce a volume entitled *Younger American Poets, 1830-1890*, edited by Mr. Douglas Sladen, with an appendix of Younger Canadian Poets, edited by Mr. G. B. Roberts, of St. John, New Brunswick.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHIEIN announce the publication of a drama, entitled "Rosmer of Rosmersholm," by an anonymous author, who is bold enough to write out at full the antecedent history of the characters in Ibsen's play.

THE two next volumes to appear in the "Adventure Series" are *Kleph and Warrior*, translated from the Greek by Mrs. Edwards, with an introduction by M. J. Gennadius, Hellenic minister at the court of St. James's; and *The Travels of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, the Portuguese adventurer, annotated by Prof. Arminius Vambéry.

THE first number of the new *London and Middlesex Note Book*, to be published on March 31, will contain an important article on the chief archaeological discoveries in the city of London during the last twenty-five years, by Mr. Charles Welch, librarian of the Guildhall Library.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have now extended their system of net prices to the *English Illustrated Magazine*, which is no longer supplied to booksellers, &c., on terms that will allow them to sell it at less than sixpence.

WE hear that Miss Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling's series of papers on "German Literature," which are appearing in the *Parent's Review*, has received the warmest praise from Dr. Max Koch, professor of German literature at Breslau, to whom was submitted the plan of the entire work, together with the first division of it, "What the Germans were doing in Literature up to the Beginning of the Crusades."

A PAPER by Mr. John Addington Symonds, on "The Relation of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* to the English Romantic Drama," will be read before the Elizabethan Society at Toynbee Hall on Wednesday next, April 1, at 8 p.m.

THE following are the lecture arrangements at the Royal Institution after Easter:—Mr. J. Scott Keltie, three lectures on "The Geography of Africa," with special reference to the exploration, commercial development, and political partition of the continent; Dr. E. E. Klein, three lectures on "Bacteria: their Nature and Functions" (the Tyndall Lectures); Mr. William Archer, four lectures on "Four Stages of Stage History" (the Betterton, the Cibber, the Garrick, and the Kemble periods); Prof. Dewar, six lectures on "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations"; Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, four lectures on "The Orchestra considered in connexion with the Development of the Overture"; Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson, four lectures on "The Dynamo"; Mr. H. Graham Harris, three lectures on "The Artificial Production of Cold"; Prof. A. H. Church, three lectures on "The Scientific Study of Decorative Colour." The Friday evening meetings will be resumed on April 10, when a discourse will be given by Sir William Thomson, on "Electric and Magnetic Screening"; succeeding discourses will probably be given by Prof. A. W. Rücker, Canon Ainger, Mr. J. E. Harting, Prof. W. Ramsay, Prof. G. D. Liveing, Prof. J. A. Ewing, Dr. David Gill, Prof. Harold Dixon, &c.

THE following have been specially elected by the committee to be members of the Athenaeum Club: Sir Stuart C. Bayley, of the India Office; Mr. Austin Dobson; and Prof. T. E. Thorpe, of the Royal College of Science.

MR. HJALMAR PETTERSEN, of the University Library, Christiania, has published a catalogue of anonymous and pseudonymous works in Norwegian literature from 1678 to 1890. He includes, (1) all works printed in Norway, whether written in Norse or other languages; (2) works of Norwegian authors printed abroad; (3) translations of Norse books; and (4) works in foreign languages about Norway and its authors. The total number of pieces here catalogued exceeds 2100; and for a large proportion of them the real names of the authors have been found. Altogether, this is a very laborious and no less useful piece of bibliographical work.

WE regret to record the death of Dr. Alexander Bennet M'Grigor, the head of the leading firm of solicitors at Glasgow. Besides taking an active interest in all learned and university questions, he was himself a high authority upon the topography of ancient Jerusalem, concerning which he contributed articles to the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and the *ACADEMY*. He had been in failing health for some time past, and he died at Glasgow on Sunday last, March 22, in his sixty-fourth year.

Correction.—In Dr. Kuno Meyer's letter on "The Osianic Saga" in the *ACADEMY* of last week, p. 284, col. 1, l. 32, for "sit" read "ift," and for "shvitr" read "thvitr."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Slavonic languages and literature at Oxford, has been elected corresponding member of the *Königlich Böhmische Gesellschaft der Wissenschaften* at Prague.

IN consideration of his archaeological work at Naukratis, and as director of the British School at Athens, Mr. Ernest Gardner's fellowship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, has been prolonged for a further term of three years.

PROF. F. Y. EDGEWORTH has resigned the Tooke chair of political economy at King's College, London, to which he was appointed last year on the resignation of the late Prof. Thorold Rogers, whom he has now succeeded also at Oxford.

PROF. HALES has just been presented with a very handsome testimonial from his old pupils at Bedford College, London, on his retirement from the post he has held there for so many years. It consists of a bronze Laocoon and some plate.

A SCHOLARSHIP of £30 a year for three years, or, under certain conditions, for four years, has been presented to Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, by Mrs. G. J. Romanes. The scholarship will be awarded in October next to a candidate who shall show proficiency either in theology or in classics.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN AND BOWES, the well-known booksellers at Cambridge, have just issued the first part of a Catalogue of Books printed at, or relating to, the University, Town, or County of Cambridge. It covers the early period, from 1521 to 1700; and is to be followed by two other parts, dealing with the eighteenth and the nineteenth centuries. Though it does not profess to be more than a bookseller's catalogue, containing only those books in the possession of the compilers, it may almost take rank as a *Bibliographia Cantabrigiensis*, from the number of volumes enumerated, the extreme rarity of not a few of them, and the minute details given. The entire collection is for sale—by preference, in one lot.

OLD Johnians will be interested to hear that the editors of the *Eagle* have in hand the printing of an Index to the first fifteen volumes of the magazine, which dates from 1858. It will give references to every name that occurs under the section headed "Our Chronicle," besides alphabetical lists of all those mentioned in connexion with the several clubs and societies, thus serving as a clue to the history of the college and its members for the last thirty-one years.

THE Union Society of Durham have acquired a series of drawings by "Cuthbert Bede," which originated *Verdant Green*. They represent scenes at University College, Durham, which were subsequently adapted to Oxford when the famous book was written. An autograph note by "Cuthbert Bede" gives a

curious account of the difficulties he had to surmount before he could get the sketches published. They were originally accepted for *Punch*, and some of them actually appeared in the *Illustrated London News*.

At the meeting of the Cymmroderion Society, to be held on Wednesday next, April 1, at 8 p.m., at Lonsdale Chambers, Chancery-lane, a paper will be read on "The Proposed University of Wales," by Prof. T. F. Roberts, of the University College of South Wales and Monmouthshire.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

HO! FOR THE ORIENT.

Ho! for the Orient in its glory,
Heedless let western shadows fall,
First in the east was told the story,
Peace and goodwill that brings to all.

Ho! for the rosy flush flamboyant,
Op'ning the eyelids of the world;
Eve's hues, though rich, are little joyant,
Ever in gathering darkness furled.

Hail to great Phoebus juvenescent!
Climbing the amber staircase bright,
While sinks the sad and frigid crescent,
Pale from the sorrows of the night.

Westward the star of empire travels,
Eastward the hopes of men are drawn,
Whate'er life's mystery unravels
Comes from the regions of the dawn.

Westward we gaze in ceaseless wonder,
Eastward our knees in reverence bend;
Here sounds the roll of Sinai's thunder,
There clink of coin and strife-cries blend.

Oh! for the happy days of boyhood,
With hope abounding once again;
Oh! for the thrill the tales of Troy could
Send through the eager heart and brain.

Oh! for the vine-draped slopes of Chios,
Oh! for the silv'ry Attic strand,
The flowery eradle-land of heroes,
Hellas! the proudly-templed land.

Worn by my work and very weary,
Nought glads me now that comes to pass;
Love-songs have in them something dreary,
As on a grave the bright, green grass.

Only the Orient in its splendour
Folds up the bat's phantasmal wing;
Only the Orient's voice so tender
Wakes birds their madrigals to sing.

Every fair ship that leaves our haven,
With white sails bulging to the east,
Beckons, and on my heart leaves graven,
The call that stirred the soldier-priest.

Oh! for the crystal dew of Hermon,
Oh! for the olive-girdled mount,
Where from His lips there fell the sermon
Of sweetness and of light the fount.

Ho! for the Orient in its glory,
Heedless let western shadows fall,
Think of the golden day before ye,
Dream not of night's star-spangled pall.

J. C.-B.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE February number of the *Indian Antiquary* (Kegan Paul & Co.) contains an extremely interesting article by Major R. C. Temple on "The Burmese System of Arithmetic," being, so far as we know, the first attempt that has been made to explain this subject. The Burmese system of arithmetic, which has as yet been scarcely at all affected by English education, seems to be in the main identical with that used in Tibet, and also by Hindu astrologers; whereas in India European methods have long been adopted for commercial purposes. The essential feature of it is that all processes—addition, subtraction, multiplication, and division—are begun in the reverse way to

the European processes, that is to say, with the highest not with the lowest ciphers. In fact, it is the natural method of mental calculation, though it is performed and taught on paper. After each stage in the process, the ciphers that have been dealt with are rubbed out, and the new result substituted, so that no means are left for verification. The whole system is made clear by Major Temple with the help of detailed examples, which throw light on the old problem—how the Romans did their sums. Finally, Major Temple suggests an origin for the system in the fact that the ordinary Burman still writes his numbers as he speaks them. Thus, for 1139 he will write 1000, 100, 30, 9. The actual words used, it may be added, are corruptions of the Pali numerals, though numerals of non-Hindu origin are likewise used for ordinary purposes, though not in arithmetic.

THE March number of the *Livre Moderne* opens with a very interesting article on that collection of designs for a never-completed edition of *Les Fleurs du Mal*, which fell the other day in Paris to an American buyer at the Champs Fleury, and all for some eighteen pounds, for which at least one Englishman, if he had known of it, would have tried to "see" that Yankee. M. Uzanne not only gives account of the importunities of Poulet-Malassis (who, whatsoever the failings on his part, was almost an ideal publisher) to MM. Braquemond and Rops to get his notions turned into black and white, but supplies a very handsome *hors texte* reproduction of one of the Braquemond etchings. It is *macabre* enough in all conscience—a skeleton-tree or tree-skeleton with unholy flowers round it. There is also a sketch of a simpler design of the same Traddlesian kind in the text. It is certainly a pity that the idea was not carried out; for the actual editions of what is really in its way an epoch-making book are far from worthy of it, though the first and second are both pretty. Besides this, which is a real possession, the number includes a budget of unpublished letters of divers people, one of M. Gausseron's very well-arranged and well-executed panoramic views not merely of French but of general current literature, and an omnibus article on matters of bibliophilist interest.

SLAVICA.

IN the pages of the leading Bulgarian review (*Periodichesko Spisanie*) Mr. John E. Geshoff has just published the tale of his sufferings while lying under sentence of death in the prison of Philippopolis in 1877. Condemned without any trial, and on the most trivial charges, he was incarcerated for more than two months in this filthy dungeon, a daily witness of the departure for execution of hundreds of his countrymen, and was only rescued from the same fate at the instance of the English Government. Finally, although the military commander of the district, Suleiman Pasha, thirsted for his blood, the great pressure put upon the Turks was successful; and his sentence was commuted into banishment to Aleppo. On October 28, 1877, the whole Geshoff family, including the writer, his father, his uncle and cousin, and the wives and children of those who were married, were sent, to the number of twenty-nine persons, to Constantinople. The Turkish authorities, however, angry at being compelled to release them, had hanged very early in the morning some of their fellow-captives in the streets through which the unhappy prisoners would have to go to the railway-station. Thus, as Mr. Geshoff continues, the last sight which he witnessed in Turkish Philippopolis was that of the agonies of these poor victims. When he returned, the city

was freed from its tyrants. At Constantinople the Geshoffs were again imprisoned; and, finally, owing to the persistent exertions of their English friends, they were allowed to live at the village of Kadi-Keui, under the surveillance of the police, pending the consideration of their sentence. They were all set free by the treaty of San Stephano.

Mr. Geshoff is a man of considerable intellectual power, conspicuous both as an author and a statesman, originally a pupil, we believe, of the Robert College, which has conferred such inestimable benefits on the Christian population of the Ottoman Empire. He has told this terrible story in simple but vigorous language. It ought to be read widely in the West. No comment upon it is needed: the mere narration of such brutalities furnishes the severest indictment against the Turkish Government.

W. R. M.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- ALLEMAGNE, H. R. d'. Histoire du luminaire depuis l'époque romaine jusqu'au 19e siècle. Paris: Picard. 40 fr.
CAUBERT, L. Souvenirs Chinois. Paris: Lib. des Bibliophiles. 10 fr.
CZIRIAK, E. v. Schlesische Gläser. Breslau: Museum schlesischer Altertümer. 8 M. 50 Pf.
DRUMONT, E. Le Testament d'un antisémite. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
GUILLAUMET, G. Tableaux algériens. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
ROSSEL, V. Histoire littéraire de la Suisse romande des origines à nos jours. T. 2. Paris: Fischbacher. 7 fr. 50 c.
ROVINSKI, D. L'œuvre gravé de Rembrandt. Paris: Rapilly. 400 fr.
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CORRESPONDENCE.

MARY FITTON AGAIN.

London: March 21, 1891.

Dr. Furnivall having kindly placed in my hands his note-book, containing the letters, extracts, and remarks on the portraits copied and written down by him at Arbury, I am in a position to reply to his letter in this day's ACADEMY.

He refers to certain portraits at Arbury as proof that Mary Fitton was not the dark lady of the Sonnets, though he regards her as "the type of that fascinating woman." I have not seen the pictures at Arbury, and I am, therefore, unable to say whether I should admit that they are all really portraits of Mary Fitton, especially having regard to the fact that, according to Dr. Furnivall, the inscriptions on some of them are false. I have seen the painted figure in Gawsworth Church, and there Mary's complexion, hair, eyebrows, and eyes are entirely suitable to her being the heroine of the Sonnets. It has been alleged that the figures on the Gawsworth tomb, which are certainly intended to represent life, have been repainted. I should doubt the truth of this allegation. But if the re-painting ever occurred, it must have been very long ago, for the point on the face of Lady Newdigate, Mary Fitton's sister, was so much decayed that it was impossible to make out accurately the colour of her complexion. Supposing, however, that the figures on the tomb were long since re-painted, it may be maintained with some confidence that the colours used would resemble as nearly as possible those at first employed. From Dr. Furnivall's notes I find that the second (or third) portrait of Mary Fitton, which represents her at, I suppose, just about the age required for the Sonnets, depicts her with "brown hair darker, face a little darker and paler," and with "dark shadows," such as are not to be seen on her sister's portrait. Here, then, a lady is so depicted as to make an obvious approach to the dark lady of the Sonnets. That there should be considerable change in perhaps six or seven years from the girl of fifteen (or fourteen) with "mischievous look," "dark blue-grey eyes (almost sapphire blue)," "hazel-brown hair," and "white and red face" is in no way wonderful. Such change might have been expected, even if the portraits were literal transcripts of nature. But it may very well be doubted whether the portraits are at all probably literal transcripts. The standard of female beauty in this country three hundred years ago was set by the Queen herself, with light or reddish hair and pink and white face. To be like the lady of "incomparable beauty," as Herbert describes the Queen, would be an object of general desire. And so, by "false painting," or otherwise, "each hand," Shakspeare tells us:

" . . . hath put on Nature's power,
Fairing the foul with Art's false borrowed face."

Under these circumstances, it is scarcely to be supposed that artists would conform to strict literality in portraying ladies with characteristics deviating from the recognised standard. Taking these considerations into account, and keeping in view the portrait with the dark shadows, the pictures at Arbury, as described by Dr. Furnivall, present exceedingly little difficulty in the way of our continuing to recognise in Mary Fitton the dark lady of the Sonnets. The considerations just adduced may enable us also to account for the dark-painted figure at Gawsworth. The tomb to which it pertains was not erected till Elizabeth had been dead a good while, and it is not likely that the peculiarities once so highly esteemed were still regarded with equal favour. There was no

longer the same motive for modifying or falsifying the facts.

If we turn now from the portraits to the letters found by Dr. Furnivall at Arbury, we have before us matter of very great interest and importance. The letter from Sir Francis Fitton which tells of Mary Fitton and her father making a "stolen journey" into Cheshire, and which evidently hints that certain unpleasant facts affecting Mrs. Fitton's character had come to light—"how true," he says, "I know not"—and had made some of her friends cease their efforts on her behalf—all this is strictly in accordance with the inferences I drew from an ambiguously-worded letter of Sir Edward Fitton's in the possession of Lord Salisbury (*Sonnets*, pp. 89-92). As to the "boy" of whom Lady Alice Fitton, Mary Fitton's mother, "took no joy to hear," this was not the illegitimate child attributed to Pembroke, whom, apparently, he refused to recognise as certainly his. This last-mentioned boy was born in February or March, 1601, and died immediately or shortly afterwards. But there are, in Lady Fitton's letter, indications that it was written not very long before Christmas (year uncertain). The "boy," therefore, would seem to be another illegitimate child of Mary Fitton's, of which previously we had no information; or she may have had some amorous adventure with a boy, which could be described as an affair "new worse than ever." The description of Mary Fitton as "the vilest woman under the sun" is entirely in agreement with certain passages in the Sonnets, which I need not quote.

The extract which Dr. Furnivall gives from the letter of Francis Beaumont (not the dramatist) is exceedingly curious. I agree with him in thinking that the allusion is to Mary Fitton, who is described in an inflated manner, not only as being "witty as Pallas," but also as like "beautie itself, more faire and prettie than sparke of vellet." This last comparison is very remarkable and difficult. The word "spark" seems to be employed here of a woman, though it is more commonly used of a showy, pretentious man. "Vellet" is, of course, "velvet"; and the "sparke of vellet" would thus be a woman attired in showy velvet. The comparison would appear to imply covertly that Mary Fitton's surpassing charms were not of a conspicuous and showy character. I should doubt whether Mary Fitton was Mrs. Polwhele, thirty-three years of age, when Beaumont wrote this letter. There is nothing in Dr. Furnivall's extract to show that Beaumont was at the time courting Lady Newdigate as a widow. He ends with "As occasion serves your ladiship shall heare from me again," and subscribes himself "Your good ladishippes most dutifullie bound."

Dr. Furnivall speaks of there being only one letter from Mary Fitton to her sister at Arbury. Some others which he has copied are ascribed to her; and on examination of his copies I believe the ascription to be right. They are, no doubt, signed in a curious manner, but Lady Newdigate is addressed as the writer's "dear sister" and "sweet sister."

If a presentation copy of Kempe's *Nine Daies Wonder* was sent in 1600 to Arbury, it is of course desirable that this copy should be found, though there appears to be no record of its existence. But, however this may be, the letters copied by Dr. Furnivall tend strongly to confirm the opinion accepted by the Rev. W. A. Harrison and myself, after Dyce, that Elizabeth had no maid of honour Anne Fitton in 1600, and that there is a mistake in the name as given in Kempe's Dedication. Lady Newdigate (who had been married thirteen years before at the age of twelve) is never called by her maiden name; but what is more important is, that there is clear indication of

her having other affairs to occupy her attention. Writing on April 22, 1601, her mother, Lady Fitton, says "God blesse your lytle ones."

THOMAS TYLER.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

London: March 21, 1891.

P. 20, 3, Διφίλου 'Ανθεμίω τῆρδ' ἀνέθηκε θεοῖς,
θητηκοῦ ὄντι τέλους ἱππῶδ' ἀμειψόμενος.

The problem here is (1) to restore the hexameter by supplying a feminine noun in agreement with τῆρδ, and (2) to show how the present corruption arose. I think the solution is to be found in the insertion of εἰκόνα after τῆρδ.

Διφίλου 'Ανθεμίω τῆρδ' εἰκόν' ἔθηκε θεοῖσιν.

A scribe would naturally change the letters ἀνέθηκε into the familiar ἀνέθηκε, leaving the unmeaning εἰκ to be dropped by the next copyist, who would also be likely to complete the change to a pentameter by reading θεοῖς.

P. 46, 9, ὅθεν καὶ ἡ πρὸς τοὺς Ἀργεῖους ἐνέστη φιλία, καὶ συνεμαχέσαστο χίλιοι τὴν ἐν Παλληνίδι μάχην Πεισιστράτου κομισάντος. I think anyone who considers the situation will feel that the bare κομισάντος is an unsuitable word to be used of the leader and head of the expedition. It may be rightly used of the services of a friend or subordinate, as it is by Herodotus (i. 61), in reference to this very matter, Λόγδοις προθυμὴν πλείστην πορεύετο κομίσας καὶ χρήματα καὶ ἄνδρας. Of Pisistratus we should have expected a word of more definite meaning, such as πείσαντος or μισθωσαμένου; or else to have heard of a visit to Argos, but there is no hint of this. To give an illustration from the religious wars of the Netherlands, we might say, "Hence arose the friendship with England, and English troops fought at Nieupoort, Sir Francis Vere having brought them"; but not "Maurice having brought them," unless we had just heard of a visit of Maurice to England. A very slight change of name, Ἡ γη σιστρατου for Π εἰσιστράτου, will, I think, give exactly what we want. Hegesistratus, as we read above, was son of P. by his Argive wife Timonassa, and would therefore be a likely person to induce the Argives to join in restoring the tyranny. The only question is as to his age at the time, as he is said (i. 17) to have been much younger than Hipparchus. We learn, however, from Herodotus (v. 94) that he was placed in charge of Sigeum by his father, and fought successfully in its defence against the Mytilenaeans. According to Mr. Kenyon's chronology, this must have been within eight years after the battle of Pallene (535 B.C.). Another clue to his age may be found in the statement (i. 10) that P. was married to Timonassa during his first exile (555-551 B.C.). Both statements would be consistent with the supposition that Hegesistratus was about sixteen years of age when the battle of Pallene was fought. As we are told by Herodotus (i. 61) that Pisistratus had sons who were young men at the time of his marriage with the daughter of Megacles in 551 B.C., this would make Hegesistratus some ten or fifteen years younger than Hipparchus.

J. B. MAYOR.

Florence: March 16, 1891.

I find that I was mistaken (ACADEMY, March 14) in supposing that the date of the battle of the Eurymedon was not a matter of dispute; as Busolt, followed by Holm, assigns it to the year 467. But this, if true, makes the case against Aristotle's chronology still stronger.

A. W. BENN.

THE NEW FRAGMENT OF EURIPIDES.

London: March 22, 1891.

If Prof. Campbell will turn to v. 1100 of the *Aias* of Sophocles, he will see what comes of assuming that any correction, however trivial, can be "too much a matter of course to be worth mentioning." He will find that he and his brother-editors — Dindorf, Wunder, Schneidewin, Nauck, Jebb, Blaydes, Wecklein, Paley, and, in short, the whole goodly fellowship—have printed in that verse the non-existent word *λεών*. They mean it for the gen. plur. of *λέως*; but the gen. plur. of *λέως* is *λεών*. And it looks as if another false accentuation were about to gain a foothold in our fragment of Euripides. The text is given in *Hermathena* without accents or breathings, but Frag. B has been twice invested with these perhaps superfluous ornaments—in the *Athenaeum* of January 31, and again by Prof. Campbell in the *Classical Review* for March; and in both places v. 4 begins with *ἵκται*. Now *ἵκται* is the nom. plur. of *ἵκται*, and makes no sense whatever: the word meant is *ἵκται*. The reason why I do not descend so far as to correct the spelling of vv. 40 and 57 in Frag. C is that Nauck or Wecklein, whichever gets hold of the fragment first, can be trusted not to miss the chance of observing "*ἑστως* scripsi" and "*εὐνατήριον* scripsi," and they derive more pleasure from these achievements than I do.

The further fragments of Prof. Campbell's *Antiope* (a drama which I much admire and hope to see completed), published in last week's ACADEMY, have been slightly corrupted by the scribes, and I would venture to restore the poet's hand by the following emendations: for *ποῦσθ'* read *ποῦ 'σθ'*, for *στεγῇ* read *στέρῃ*, for *ἐνόντας* read *ἐνόντας*, and for *ἰθαγένους* read *ἰθαγενούς*.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

LIVES OF SAINTS FROM THE BOOK OF LISMORE.

London: March 16, 1891.

I have read the paper in the *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, to which Dr. MacCarthy refers at the end of his letter in the ACADEMY of February 21, 1891. That paper is entitled *Anecdota Oxoniensis*, and contains twelve pages, interesting as a specimen of the kind of literature which receives the *imprimatur* of an Irish archbishop, but, from the scientific point of view, hardly worthy of a Todd professor of the Celtic languages. The following list of corrigenda contains the result of all the criticisms contained in that paper which seem to me of any value:

P. lxxiii., col. 1, dele the article *caisel*.

„ lxxvii., col. 1, l. 12, for "ministerium 'credence-table,'" read "ministerium 'sacrorum vasorum . . . congeries et apparatus,'" Ducange, v. 399, col. 2.

„ cvii., l. 20, for *paten*, read *chalice*.

„ 170, ll. 15, 16, for "I . . . even," read "pilgrimage and exile is the world to me even."

Note 2.—For *per mundum*, read *patres mei*.

„ 174, l. 21, for *relics and shrines*, read *reliquaries and service-sets*.

„ 193, l. 8, for *be blessed*, read *greet*.

„ 207, l. 17, for *reflected (?) that*, read *neglected him till*.

„ 219, l. 27, *after to*, insert *my mother*.

„ 250, l. 5, for *curse whoever brought thee here*; read *take (my) curse*. What brought thee here?

„ 287, ll. 4, 5, for *the clerics . . . not*, read *they sought the clerics of the province of Connaught, to banish it from them, and they found none*.

„ 1. 31, for *he raises up*, read *uprose*.

P. 378, col. 1, the twenty-fifth entry should stand thus: *Druim Sailech* 165 = *Dorsum Salicis*, Book of Armagh, 6^o 1, an old name for the site of Armagh.

To the above I may add a corrigendum and three addenda which lately occurred to me.

Luch, "mouse," is a *t*-stem, as we see from the acc. pl. *lochtha*, Book of Leinster, 289^o 17. Therefore, in lines 3744, 3746, for *lochait*, read *lochaid*. A corresponding change is needed in p. lviii., where *luch* is wrongly treated as a stem in *nt*.

For the prep. *la*, meaning "by" (*i.e.*, begotten by),* there is a good *belegstelle* in the Book of Leinster, 287^o: "In *la* Core in mac, a ben?" or Fergus, "Is leis," ar in ben.

Two instances of the gen. sg. of *uathad* with an ordinal† are contained in the *Leabar Brecc*, p. 90: *Aile uathaid esci Mártai in dómnach* is *nessom*, and *Cethrumad uathaid esci Iúin in dómnach* is *nessom*.

The passage in the *Life of Senán* (*Lismore Lives*, l. 2080), where a bishop gets up from his dinner with a thighbone in his hand, is illustrated by the following quotation from Posidonius' account of the Gaulish Celts:

Προσφέρονται δὲ ταῦτα καθαίρων μὲν, λεονταῶς δὲ, τοῖς ἑρσὶν ἀμφοτέροις αἰρῶντες ὅλα μέλη, καὶ ἀποδάκνουντες.

This is one of the proofs that the Gauls of the first century before Christ, and the Irish of the sixth century after Christ, were in nearly the same stage of civilisation.

WHITLEY STOKES.

DEFOE AND MARY ASTELL.

Norwood: March 16, 1891.

In the ACADEMY for March 14, Herr Karl D. Bülbring takes up the cudgels for Mary Astell against Daniel Defoe. As a Presbyterian, I am interested in Defoe; and I certainly think it improbable that he would affirm the priority of his own scheme, had "Mary Astell's book caused Defoe to write his chapter." I immediately referred to the two authorities quoted by Herr Bülbring (*The Dictionary of National Biography* and *Defoe's Essay on Projects*), and I cannot help disagreeing with his conclusions, though I do so with diffidence, being a mere amateur in literary questions.

Herr Bülbring has singled out one point of coincidence—more apparent than real—and has overlooked the fact that the whole aim and character of Mary Astell's institution were very different from those of Defoe's, as indeed Defoe himself pointed out. Mary Astell's proposal was named by herself a "Religious Retirement," and this was evidently the essence of it; in fact, it was "a retreat from the world," and she only refrained from calling it a "monastery" because she realised that such a name would be at once fatal to its success. An institution where the services were performed daily in the cathedral manner, and the Holy Eucharist was celebrated at least once every week, where all the fasts of the Church was observed, must have been primarily religious. So far as the account in the *National Dictionary of Biography* goes, no direct evidence is given of the reason which led its author to allow inmates to leave whenever they wished. However, the mention of the "fear of reproach" certainly suggests that this was due to her perception of the fact that the state of mind fitted for such a life of religious celibacy might, in the course of time, pass away; and that in such a case, it was a praiseworthy course to give up this life, and no one acting thus should feel any fear of reproach.

* See the ACADEMY for February 7, 1891, p. 139, col. 1, note 3.

† *Ibid*, note 6.

Defoe's institution, on the other hand, was due to his feeling that "we deny the advantages of learning to women," and that this was "one of the most barbarous customs in the world." And he goes on to say (as Herr Bülbring quotes in part):

"I mean both the model, the teaching, and the government different from what is proposed by that ingenious lady. . . . Wherefore, the Academy I propose should differ little from public schools, wherein such ladies as are willing to study should have all the advantages of learning suitable to their genius. But since some severities of discipline more than ordinary would be absolutely necessary to preserve the reputation of the house, that persons of quality and fortune might not be afraid to venture their children thither, I shall venture to make a small scheme by way of essay."

His second regulation, which is the point of Herr Bülbring's letter, is one of the means he uses to attain this end, and for this end alone it is introduced. The work of the inmates of his Academy comprises

"all sorts of breeding suitable to both their genius and their quality, and in particular music and dancing"; "besides this, they should be taught languages, as particularly French and Italian"; "they should, as a particular study, be taught all the graces of speech and all the necessary air of conversation"; "they should be taught to read books, and especially history."

"In short," says Defoe, at the end of his project, "I would have men take women for companions, and educate them to befit for it"; and he goes on to quote as a warning a lady who "had been cloistered up all her time."

Mary Astell may have formally and decidedly advocated the educational rights of her sex, as I hope Herr Bülbring will succeed in proving in the *Journal of Education*. But that fact hardly entitles us to look on Defoe, in the face of his express denial, as a plagiarist, especially when a consideration of the character of the two schemes tends to show that they are really independent, and that the one common point was reached by their authors by quite different paths.

S. W. CARRUTHERS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

WEDNESDAY, April 1, 8 p.m. Cymyrodorion: "The Proposed University for Wales," by Prof. T. F. Roberts.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Relation of Painter's Palace of Pleasure to the English Romantic Drama," by Mr. J. A. Symonds.

THURSDAY, April 2, 8 p.m. Linnean: "Variations in the Floral Symmetry of certain Plants having Irregular Corollas," by Mr. W. Bateson and Miss Anna Bateson; "Two New Genera of Orchids from the East Indies," by Mr. H. N. Ridley.

FRIDAY, April 3, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association.

SCIENCE.

THE BEGINNINGS OF CLASSICAL SANSKRIT POETRY.

Die Indischen Inschriften und das Alter der Indischen Kunstpoesie. By Georg Bühler. (Vienna.)

THIS brilliant essay will arrest the attention of all students of the history of Sanskrit literature. Fergusson was the author of the ingenious but perverse theory, according to which Vikramāditya, of the era named after him, which runs from 56 B.C., really lived in 544 A.D. According to Fergusson, the Brahmins, who in or about 1000 A.D. "invented" the Vikramāditya era, through hatred of a current Buddhist mode of reckoning, chose as the eponymous hero of the new era, a sovereign who defeated the barbarians in 544 A.D., but, for convenience of reckoning,

put him in the year 601 instead of the year 1 of his own era. By and by this odd detail dropped out of memory; and the consequence was that a whole body of literary tradition, which centred round Vikramāditya, was shifted back 600 years, to the utter confusion of the whole subject.

This was the theory to which Prof. Max Müller gave a provisional assent, and on which his own theory of a renaissance of Sanskrit literature (*India, What can it Teach Us?* p. 281 ff.) in the middle of the sixth century A.D. is to a great extent based. Throughout a paper full, as was to be expected, of matter that will always be valuable, Max Müller set himself to show that there was nothing in the facts accessible to us inconsistent with a Vikramāditya reigning in the year A.D. 544, patron of Kālidāsa and other great lights of Sanskrit classical literature. A literary interregnum of some six centuries was put down to invasions of the barbarians.

When Fergusson and Max Müller wrote, it was the fact that no inscription or document of any kind dated in the Vikramāditya era prior to A.D. 544 was known to exist. Too much importance was perhaps attached to that. Inscriptions or documents of any kind are comparatively rare for that early period. Even now we cannot quote any prior to A.D. 544, which are dated in the Vikramāditya era *co nomine*. But the discovery of the Mandasor inscription (427 A.D.) and the identification of the "era of the Mālavās," in which it is dated, with the Vikramāditya era, had already put it beyond doubt that the era was in common use before the year to which Fergusson referred it. The significance of the Mandasor inscription was first pointed out by the present writer. B.B., R.A.S. xviii., p. 381. The question, however, rested here. Attention was drawn to the fact that Patanjali's Mahābhāṣya contained, among other poetical quotations, one from a poet who must have lived after Kālidāsa; and Kielhorn has very recently shown good reason for believing that the author of the Mandasor inscription was familiar with one of Kālidāsa's works. But Müller's theory still held the field.

In the present paper Bühler reviews the whole question, with the aid of eighteen of Fleet's inscriptions (two of which he examines in detail) and of some earlier ones. It would be impossible to speak too highly of the way in which the task is performed. The paper is a brilliant example of what can be done by one who is at once a good epigraphist and a good Sanskritist, in the way of utilising the material which the energy of Mr. Fleet and the liberality of the Government of India have now made accessible. Particulars could not be easily given here to any advantage. It is enough to say that the results arrived at render the "renaissance of Sanskrit literature" theory no longer tenable. The existence of Sanskrit poetry, and of well-known and opposing schools of that poetry, is here traced from the fifth century, through the fourth and third, back to the second of our era. The paper gives a fresh start which was sorely wanted. All future writing on the subject will have to reckon with the

demonstration it affords, that it is to the centuries before our era, and not to the sixth century, A.D., that we must look for the beginnings of classical Sanskrit poetry.

PETER PETERSON.

SOME BOOKS ON CHEMISTRY.

The Meteoritic Hypothesis. By J. Norman Lockyer. (Macmillan.) In this volume are presented the author's most recent experiments and arguments as to the meteoritic origin of stars, comets, and nebulae. The work is crowded with original observations; and no review, however elaborate, could convey a fair idea of the refined experiments and ingenious discussions which Mr. Norman Lockyer here offers to the scientific reader, be he chemist, physicist, or astronomer. The complexity of the subject may be gauged by referring to the headings of the nine parts into which the volume is divided. These are the Fall and Nature of Meteorites, the Spectroscopy of Meteorites, Meteorites in the Air, Meteor-Swarms and Comets, Meteorites in Space, New Grouping of Cosmical Bodies, the Origin of Binary and Multiple Systems, and the Variability in Light and Colour of Cosmical Bodies. The last part contains a summary of the meteoritic hypothesis, and takes the form of twenty-seven "General Conclusions." These strongly support the fundamental idea of a general unity of origin and development in all cosmical bodies. Chemical considerations constitute so large a part of the author's arguments that we are justified in including the volume before us under this heading, and in speaking of it as a very valuable addition to the literature of chemistry.

Elementary Systematic Chemistry. By W. Ramsay. (J. & A. Churchill.) The professor of chemistry in University College, London, has contrived to present, in 350 small pages, a clear account of the leading facts and theories of chemical physics, of the chief elements and their more important inorganic compounds, and even of the main foundations of organic chemistry. To the chemistry of carbon compounds 140 pages are allotted—a larger allowance than usual in elementary manuals of general chemistry having a scope similar to that of the book before us. We may safely say that the entire volume presents a clearly-defined sketch of the science, and should serve, as the author remarks in his preface, to demonstrate the value of chemical study as a training in classification, and as a means of developing the reasoning powers. The only part of the book to which we can take exception consists of the last two pages (343 and 344), in which the author attempts to deal with a whole crowd of organic substances of "unknown constitution." These two pages require searching revision. We cannot endorse the statement that chlorophyll "appears to contain no nitrogen, but iron." Some of the remarks about fibrin, legumin, and haemoglobin are also open to criticism.

"HEINEMANN'S SCIENTIFIC HANDBOOKS,"—*Manual of Assaying Gold, Silver, Copper and Lead Ores.* By W. L. Brown. (Heinemann.) Practically this is a student's handbook for the assay of gold and silver only, as but six pages are given to copper and no more than eight to lead. The volume is, according to a recent protest from the author, an unauthorised English reprint, with some insignificant alterations and additions, of a well-known and—we may without hesitation say—meritorious American Manual. It certainly ought not to bear on its cover and as its short title two authors' names. The editor, Mr. A. B. Griffiths, has done little more than add a chapter of twenty-four pages on the assay of

fuel. The book is calculated to serve the somewhat limited purpose for which, we presume, the original work was prepared. The illustrations in the text are, for the most part, blurred and black. The index has the rare fault of being too full, for many of the entries therein, notably those of the majority of the elements and of a large number of minerals, give references to pages of the Manual where nothing can be found but a name—no further information, in fact, than that afforded by the bare mention made in the index itself.

A Treatise on Chemistry. By Sir H. E. Roscoe and C. Schorlemmer. Vol. III. — Organic Chemistry. Part III. New Edition. (Macmillan.) During the five years which have elapsed since the first edition of this section of the Treatise was published very great progress has been made in the study of the aromatic compounds. The authors have rewritten the volume, and increased its bulk by something like fifty pages. The latest discussions on the constitution of benzene, and an account of all the more important of its recently-discovered derivatives, have been incorporated with the text. That wonderfully fertile conception of the "benzene ring" is fully and clearly developed in the revised edition before us.

"ENCYCLOPÆDIE DER NATURWISSENSCHAFTEN."—*Handwörterbuch der Chemie.* Herausgegeben von Dr. A. Ladenburg, 40 und 41 Lief. (Breslau: Treves.) In these two parts of the great German Dictionary of Chemistry, the eighth volume is completed and the ninth begun. The articles comprised in the two numbers are — Phenanthren and the Xanthon group; Phenazin; Phenols; Phenolic acids, and Phosphorus. We are glad to find a large number of structural formulæ in the text, for, even in an abbreviated form, they are of signal service in elucidating the relationships of some of the more complex bodies under discussion. On the whole, we have nothing but praise for this laborious and useful compilation.

SCIENCE NOTES.

MR. WILLIAM ANDERSON has been elected professor of anatomy at the Royal Academy, in succession to the late John Marshall.

THE publication is announced of a German translation of Mr. Lennox Browne's monograph on *Koch's Remedy, in relation specially to Throat Consumption*. Simultaneously a French translation of his work on *The Throat and Nose and their Diseases* will appear in Paris.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AFTER the excitement caused by the publication of the "New Aristotle," it seems strange to find no reference to it in the *Journal of Philology* (Macmillan), which is edited by two of our best Aristotelian scholars. Some of the articles, however, are of exceptional interest. The longest, and perhaps the most important, is that by the Rev. Jos. M. Cotterill, in which he seems to prove decisively the spuriousness of the Epistle to the Philippians attributed to Polycarp, by tracing its contents back to the Homilies of Antiochus Palaestinus, whom he is disposed to regard as himself the author of the Epistle. Next in value we should be disposed to place the statistical investigation of the augment in Homer by Mr. Arthur Platt. His conclusions are: (1) That the augment has been largely added to our text (though also occasionally dropped), since the poems were composed; (2) that the more correct usage is for the gnomic and perfect aorists to have the

augment, not the other aorists, still less the imperfect, and still less again the pluperfect; (3) that the augment was a method of emphasizing, and not purely a sign of past time. Mr. H. E. Malden and Prof. W. Ridgeway continue their discussion upon Caesar's invasion of Britain, the latter reiterating his arguments that Caesar started on both occasions from Cape Grisez and landed in Pevensey Bay. Mr. Robinson Ellis contributes *Adversaria* on various Greek and Latin authors, and Prof. Nettleship continues his notes on the Vatican Glossary 3321.

No less than thirty-six columns of the *Classical Review* are occupied with notes on the text of "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens," some of which are taken from the ACADEMY and others from papers read before the Cambridge Philological Society; and a further list of similar notes is promised for the April number. A noteworthy feature is that Mr. Kenyon has compared the emendations offered with the papyrus, and himself added a note where they are confirmed by the MS. reading. In a separate article, W. G. Rutherford points out the bearing of the papyrus on some cardinal points in textual criticism, from the point of view of the school of Cobet. Mr. J. B. Mayor gives a list of un-Aristotelian words and phrases contained in the work, in support of the impression, produced on his mind by the general tone of thought and language, that Aristotle was certainly not the author. The fragments of the "Antiope" of Euripides, published by Prof. Mahaffy in *Hermathena*, also come in for emendation at the hands of Prof. Lewis Campbell and Dr. Rutherford. Mr. F. F. Abbott, of Yale University, sends a note upon the etymology of Italian *osteria*, in opposition to the received view that it preserves the old Latin confusion of *hostis*=*hospes*.

THE *Revue Critique* for March 9 opens with a review of "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens," by M. Haussoullier. It is mainly devoted to a summary of its contents, from the point of view of historic interest. But we may quote the following passage:—

"Le livre est admirablement imprimé, avec ces beaux caractères gros et gras que nous devrions bien emprunter à l'Angleterre. Si je voulais chercher chicane à M. Kenyon, je lui dirais que les fautes d'accent abondent * * * Mais je veux être plus généreux que ses compatriotes qui le malmenent si fort et je lui renouvelle tous mes remerciements."

The next article in the same number is a review of Prof. Ramsay's "Historical Geography of Asia Minor," by M. Salomon Reinach.

M. BARTHÉLEMY SAINT-HILAIRE contributes to the *Revue Bleue* for March 21 the first instalment of a review of the "Constitution of Athens." This review is likewise historical, in the main; but it is worthy of mention that the Nestor of Aristotelian scholars pronounces unhesitatingly in favour of the authenticity of the treatise.

WE have received a copy of the third edition of *Demosthenes De Corona*, by Gabriel Sophocles, of Athens. Three points about it seem worthy of notice. It is published at Athens by a German publisher (Barth & Von Hirst). It is described as being "revised according to the latest European editions." This calls to mind Sir R. F. Burton's epigram, that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe "made a prodigious reputation in Europe—by living out of it"; to which some wisacre retorted that Constantinople is *not* out of Europe. Thirdly, it bears on the verso of the title-page the following legend, duly signed with the autograph of the editor:—

Πάν ἀντίσπον μὴ φέρον τὴν ἰδίῃ χειρὶ ὑπογραφήν μου
δίδεται κατὰ τοὺς περὶ τύπου νόμους ὡς κλοπιμαίον—

from which it may be inferred that the Greek law of copyright does not contemplate editions running into tens of thousands.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 6.)

TALFOURD ELY, Esq., in the chair.—Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie read a paper on the "Non-Chinese writings of China and Central Asia." The most remarkable of these writings is the Chinese writing itself, whose origin is now clearly shown to have been foreign. The proofs put forward as decisive on the subject belong to four classes: (1) manifest derivation of the oldest Chinese characters, not only in the case of single signs, but also in that of complex symbols, inclusive of the signs for several metals and the cardinal points, from the actual forms assumed by the written characters of Babylonia and Elam at the time of Gudea (2500 B.C.); (2) Souvenirs in the Chinese legends of the cuneiform writing; (3) Cuneitic shapes of some ancient Chinese characters; (4) No traces whatever of a hieroglyphic period of writing in China. The sole traces of a script, should it be so called, before the immigration of the Bak families, civilisers of China, were the cup-marks, found by the latter on the cliffs of the Ho and Loh rivers, which gave rise to the legends of the Ho-T'u and Loh Shu. The Buddhist missionaries, Tse-Kao in 221 and Li Fang in 219 B.C., Kasyapa Mantanga and Gohberana in 67 A.D., and others afterwards, introduced the Sanskrit writing, which, however, was confined to themselves alone. In the fifth century an alphabet of thirteen letters was extensively used at the court of the Wei Tartars, then ruling over Northern China. It was called the Si Yü Hu Shu, and is described as in use as far as Kiu-tze, Kao-tchang, and among the Tuh Kiu-huns; eastwards it formed most probably the Korean writing, and it was apparently a simplification by the Buddhists of a richer alphabet, adapted to the limited exigencies of the Tartar dialects. West of this, in the Tarym basin, at Kashgar, Oeh, Khazandha, Akin, Kutche, and Aksu, the writing closely resembled the Sanskrit character. It is represented by the MS. on birch bark brought back lately from one of the buried cities near Kuchar by Lieut. Bower. And in Tokharistan an alphabet of twenty-five letters from left to right, apparently not Indian in origin, was employed. All this about 630 A.D., according to the statements of the Buddhist pilgrim Hiuen-Tsang. North of the Hu and of the preceding was the Suljek writing, composed of thirty odd characters, spoken of by the same pilgrim. This is perhaps the same as that of the Ienissei and Karakorum inscriptions, which were in use in the latter country in the eighth century, A.D., and is now trying the sagacity of several scholars. This curious script, which is not without resemblances to both the Indo-Bactrian and the Runic characters, was superseded in the following century by the Nestorian writing of Syriac origin, introduced into China in 635 A.D., shown by the celebrated inscription of Si-ngan-fu. From this Semitic writing were derived successively the Uigur so-called, and in 1251-1311 the Mongol, the latter giving birth, in 1599, to the Mandshu, and afterwards to the Kalnuick characters. The northern frontagers of China and its part-conquerors had special writings made for themselves. In 920 the K'ital or Liao Tartars invented several thousand large characters, and also some smaller ones. In 1030 the Tangutans or Si-Hia invented a writing rather complicated, which is represented on some coins and the seventh version of the Kew-yung Kwan inscription. In 1119 the Jurchen or Kiu Tartars invented about a thousand characters, represented by the inscription of Liang-Kium Salikhau; in 1145 the same Tartars invented another writing represented by the Yen-t'ai inscription and a vocabulary of 881 words lately discovered. And in 1269 the Yuen Mongols invented the Bashpa characters, forty-one in number; but these were little used, and disappeared entirely after eighty-five years. In the South-west of China the non-Chinese tribes have had and still have writings of their own. The most remarkable is that of the Lolos, which existed as early as 9 A.D.

in N. E. Yunman and was called the Tsuan writing. Manuscripts have come to Europe which show the number of characters to be at least 450, and a vocabulary is in preparation by a missionary. The Miao-tze of Kueitchou had in 1650 a writing of their own, a specimen of which is preserved by Luh Tze Yuen, a Chinese author of the period. The Shui-Kia or Pu-Shui of S. W. Kueitchou have a special writing, apparently derived from the Chinese Li character; it is represented by a MS. in the British Museum. The Mossos or Nashi have a sort of writing, partly pictorial, and chiefly in use for purposes of witchcraft. It is mentioned by the Chinese in the beginning of the last century; there are manuscripts in London and in Paris. Another writing of about 200 signs, mixed in character, many of them being corruptions of Chinese, is illustrated by a bilingual MS. in the Musée du Trocadéro at Paris; the other writing is Mossos. The Pah-y or Chinese Shans have also a writing of their own, represented by texts from the Ming dynasty downwards, which may be derived from Tibetan. Specimens of twenty-three writings out of the twenty-six mentioned in the paper were exhibited at the meeting.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 13.)

DR. J. S. MACKAY in the chair.—Dr. William Peddie discussed the use of dimensional equations in physics; Mr. A. J. Pressland read a paper on some relations between the median and orthic triangles; and a note was submitted from Mr. William Renton on an expansion in the differential calculus.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, March 13.)

THE REV. MARK WILKS in the chair.—Mr. William White, curator of the Ruskin Museum at Sheffield, read a paper on the history and contents of that institution. He stated that the museum, as originally formed at Walkley, near Sheffield, was established by Mr. Ruskin in order to carry out some of the objects of St. George's Guild. The question has often been asked why Sheffield was chosen. The reasons have been clearly stated by Mr. Ruskin himself, one being that it is the centre of iron art industry, in which English work was the most masterful; another reason was that it is not far from some of the finest specimens of architectural work, such as York, Lincoln, Fountains Abbey, &c., &c. In consequence of the inaccessibility of the museum at Walkley, the corporation of Sheffield, when securing Meersbrook Hall, were anxious that the Ruskin Museum should be removed thither. After some delay the present building was formally opened, amid considerable enthusiasm, on April 15 of last year by the Earl of Carlisle. Here are stored the valuable objects which Mr. Ruskin has given to the Guild or bought out of its contributed funds. The contents are for the most part unique examples selected by Mr. Ruskin or specially produced under his direction for a particular purpose, namely study, not of a superficial but of an advanced kind. Mr. White mentioned the splendid collection of minerals and precious stones (so far as individual specimens were concerned, many of them are unrivalled), and the collection of casts taken by Mr. Ruskin himself in Rouen and Venice illustrating ancient Gothic art. There are also specimens of the Italian masters most admired by Mr. Ruskin, many of them illustrating the pictures mentioned in his works. The library contains many valuable volumes—illuminated missals, black-letter books. The number of admissions to the museum has exceeded expectation; the average daily attendance (including the period of three hours opening on Sunday afternoons) during the latter half of last year reached 348.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, March 16.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. R. J. Ryle read a paper on "The Philosophy of Roger Bacon." The published works of Roger Bacon deal chiefly with his scientific doctrines. These works do not contain more than a popular discussion of the philosophical questions of his day. His doctrine of "Offendicula," or

hindrances to the discovery of truth, are only in a loose and general way comparable with the more comprehensive and systematic *Idola* of Francis Bacon. He insists on language as the first gateway to wisdom, at least for the Latins who have to learn all the sciences from writings in foreign tongues. After language he places mathematics as being indispensable for all other sciences, and as being necessary for the accurate study of all kinds of actions and re-actions. He discusses the various modes of propagation of "Impressions" from one point to another; and in dealing with the controversy as to the origin of "diversity," he combats the view that "form" is the only source of it, as at once unphilosophical and heretical. On similar grounds he opposes the doctrine of the Infinitude of the World. Throughout his writings he regards Aristotle as the greatest of philosophers, and ranks Averroes and Avicenna next after him. On the great mediæval question of Universals he takes the side of individuals as to priority and worth in the system of the world, while he maintains the existence of Universals to be in individuals only. He gives practical proof of his own appreciation of inductive enquiry in many branches of science, more especially in astronomy and optics. His treatise "De Perspectivis" on the latter subject held a position of well recognised authority till the sixteenth century, though the rest of his works were almost lost in oblivion. His chapter "De Scientia Experimentalis," analysed by Whewell in the *History of Inductive Sciences*, is in many parts worthy of comparison with Francis Bacon's *Novum Organon*; but the resemblances of his doctrines to those of later time are often verbal rather than real. His philosophical position was in the main that of the Schoolmen of his age, as appears from his habitual neglect of the distinction between the "sensible" and the "logical," as well as from his treatment of authority and of experience. The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

ART BOOKS.

Hints to Amateurs: a Handbook on Art. By Louise Jopling. (Chapman & Hall.) This is a very kind book. Amateurs are sadly in want of hints, and it is not every artist who will take the trouble to give the sort of hints that they want. Most of them probably could not do so if they chose. "Put yourself in his place" is difficult for those who have never been there; and the condition of the untrained aspirant who wants to get on, but has started in every path except the right one, is more or less unknown to the ordinary professional, who has gone through the schools as a serious student. To say that Mrs. Jopling is eminently calculated to direct the amateur is in no way uncomplimentary. She has long passed "the slough of despond," of which she speaks so sympathetically. But if there is no trace of the amateur in her workmanship, it retains the freshness, the freak, in a word, the light-heartedness, which one so often misses in the "professor"; and she has evidently a lively and imaginative sympathy with the struggles of the untrained. Her preface is marked by sound advice, but this is mixed with such cheerful encouragement that it will dissipate the clouds from many a disheartened and anxious face. She can write, too, as well as paint. Her reminder that the "amateur" signifies the "lover" is excellently in place; and happy, indeed, is her distinction between the professional who "very often has made his start in life with a lack of money" and the amateur who has been "burdened with too much." Nor is there any want of brightness in her lessons. They are quite good to read "by themselves," so to speak, and their doctrine is excellent. What, for instance, can be better or more needed just now than this: "In painting a head you must never forget that you are drawing it, although you do it in colour instead of in black and white.

The latter is but modelling in one colour, and the former in many." No amateur that is wise will neglect to acquire this little book.

How to Shade from Models. By W. E. Sparkes. (Cassell.) This is a clearly-planned and intelligently-written manual of instruction on a very important branch of elementary art-training. No doubt the use of the stump has been abused, and too much has been made of neatly-elaborated execution in the drawings sent in for competition for prizes at art schools; but the laws of light and shade are eternal, and a thorough comprehension of them is one of the most necessary equipments of an artist. Mr. W. E. Sparkes teaches theory and practice at the same time, and in the simplest manner; and his book may be recommended to the attention of those who draw, and of those who wish to know how to appreciate the drawings of others.

A Manual of Wood Carving. By Charles G. Leland. (Whitaker.) "Good wine needs no bush," and we hope that "publishers' notes" like that with which the present volume is prefaced are not about to become general. Let publishers, if they think the practice a fair one, continue to advertise a few words out of an adverse review which, divorced from their context, give the impression of a favourable one—let them even, as at least one publisher does, follow the announcement of their new books with criticisms of their own composition; but the pages of the volume itself are usually left for the author to fill, and we think on the whole that this practice is a good one. Otherwise there is little fault to be found with this Manual, which describes the process of wood engraving with praiseworthy clearness.

VERE FOSTER'S WATER-COLOUR SERIES.—*Landscap and Animal Painting in England.* By W. J. Loftie and Stephen T. Dadd. (Blackie.) This is one of a series so well known that it is almost superfluous to say more about it than that it is quite up to the usual level. The care and taste of the Introduction, by Mr. Loftie, are, however, noteworthy; and Mr. Dadd's directions for painting are clear and simple. The merit of some of the reproductions is more open to question.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE publication is announced of an important work on the late Alfred Stevens, the sculptor, by his pupil and friend, Mr. Hugh Stannus. It will be called *Alfred Stevens and His Work*, and will contain a brief memoir and an account of his principal productions. Notwithstanding Mr. Walter Armstrong's careful study of the artist, published some years ago, Mr. Stannus's book will supply a distinct want; and, in spite of the exhibition of the artist's productions at the winter exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1889, much yet remains to be done before due honour is paid to the memory of perhaps the greatest sculptor of the English school. The book will be published by the Autotype Company, who have been assisted in their reproductions by all the possessors of Stevens's most important works, including the dean and chapter of St. Paul's, Mr. Robert S. Holford, Sir Frederick Leighton, Mr. Hamo Thornycroft, and the Corporation of Liverpool. The subscription price of the book is six guineas, and the edition will be limited to 150 copies.

A CORRESPONDENCE has been published between Mr. T. Humphry Ward and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which the latter accepts on behalf of the Government an offer made by an anonymous friend of the latter to build a gallery for British art, at his own expense, and at a cost not exceeding £80,000, on a specified site at South Kensington, of which the area is almost as large as that

covered by the National Gallery. It is stipulated, however, that the management is to be entirely separate from the Science and Art Department.

It has been finally decided that the receiving-days for pictures, drawings, &c., at the Royal Academy shall be Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday, March 28, 30, and 31; and for sculpture, Wednesday, April 1.

AT last we are to have an authoritative description of the magnificent sarcophagi discovered some three years ago at Sidon by Hamdi Bey, the director of the imperial museum at Constantinople. It is written in French, with the collaboration of M. Théodore Reinach; and will be published in a superb folio volume, at the subscription price of 160 frs. It will consist of about 250 pages of letterpress, illustrated with fifty plates in heliogravure, and ten in chromolithography, besides a large plan and cuts in the text.

UNDER the title of *Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries*, Messrs. Macmillan will publish shortly a series of eight lectures delivered a year ago at the Lowell Institute by Mr. Louis Dyer, late assistant-professor at Harvard, and also a graduate of Balliol college. The temples treated of are those of Apollo at Delphi and Delos, of Demeter at Cnidos and Eleusis, of Dionysus in Thrace and Attica, of Aesculapius at Epidauros, and of Aphrodite at Paphos. The volume will be illustrated with Dr. Dörpfeld's plan of the temple of Eleusis and Mr. Elsey-Smith's plans of Patmos.

THE corporation of Birmingham have concluded arrangements for the purchase of two famous pictures: a "Beata Beatrix," by Rossetti, closely resembling that of the same name presented by the late Lord Mount-Temple to the National Gallery; and Mr. Ford Maddox Browne's early work "The Last of England."

A GENTLEMAN who is content to describe himself as "the father of a foundation scholar," but who is understood to be Dr. Collinson Morley, has presented to St. Paul's School a magnificent series of fifty-nine framed engravings, representing former alumni. The portraits are now hung up along the sides of the hall, with particulars of the personal history printed beneath each. Among them is an engraving of Milton on vellum, and a miniature of Major André.

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. de Mély read a paper upon certain episcopal vestments, which are preserved at Lisieux, and are there ascribed to Thomas a Becket. On a close examination of them, M. de Mély ascertained that both the form and the material belong rather to the thirteenth than to the twelfth century, and also that they are emblazoned with armorial bearings, a kind of ornamentation not in use in the time of Becket. A mediæval parchment kept with them contains only the words "St. Thomas de C." Now, there was in the thirteenth century another English prelate, with the same Christian name as Becket, who likewise obtained the honour of canonisation. This was St. Thomas de Canteloup or Cantilupe, Bishop of Hereford (1275-1282), and for a short time chancellor under Henry III. He belonged to the family of Gournay, and was allied to that of Bockenhams; and it appears that the armorial bearings on the vestments are precisely those which English heralds assign to these two families.

THE most recent discovery at Rome, made by Monsignor Wilpert, chaplain of the Campo Santo at the Vatican, is that of a new chamber in the catacomb of Saints Peter and Marcellinus. The arch of the chamber is ornamented with paintings of the middle of the third century,

representing Christ in judgment, surrounded by the elect; the annunciation; the adoration of the Magi and the Magi beholding the star; and the healing of the man born blind. At the angles of the arch are figures in prayer.

THE STAGE.

"DIAMOND DENE" AT THE VAUDEVILLE.

THE author of "Diamond Dene" is a writer new to stage-writing. Mr. Dam is an American journalist, established, as one hears, in London. He has caught the ear of the Vaudeville management; and Mr. Thorne on Wednesday week produced his four-act play, which has the support of a cast of almost unusual strength, Miss Jessie Millward and a new American actress, Miss Dorothy Dorr, having joined the company.

"Diamond Dene" is not the work of a writer with an individual view of life or character. It is not the work of a very keen observer of human nature or of a master of epigrammatic or graceful style. Yet it is written not at all incompetently; and, in certain points it lacks probability, it manages to sustain interest. This is, in part, by reason of its author having known how dexterously to provide it with at least two strong curtains; in part, because it has a story which, on the whole, is firmly knit; and, in part too, because the Vaudeville interpretation of the piece gives it every chance that it is possible for it to have. I am not disposed to tell its story at any length, for to do so is an especial function of the morning papers. I will proceed with promptitude to what in the present case is the main matter—the acting and the opportunities for acting; and in treating these, however briefly, we shall gather something of the actual tale.

Mr. Thomas Thorne gives, by no means for the first time, an admirable example of an actor-manager's capacity to play with studious care a secondary rôle. He impersonates a divine, a tolerant, sweet-natured, nineteenth-century Vicar of Wakefield. He would appear from his frequent references to Whitby to be a benefited clergyman somewhere in the North Riding; but he makes his appearance only in the town-house of a certain Mr. and Mrs. Dennison, and has little to do beyond being a general mediator, and delivering, in season and out of season, to the willing and the unwilling, whether they will hear or whether they will forbear, somewhat diluted versions of the Sermon on the Mount. After the stage-clergyman of Scandinavian origin, who is presented to us as quite the foolish and quite the commonplace person in a company otherwise composed of free-thinking heroes and free-thinking sinners, he is, it is possible, a relief. He is, indeed, a little nearer the truth; and he is endowed by his impersonator with a measure of charm. But he has too little variety—and it may be even too little novelty—to be exceedingly effective. There are occasions in the course of the play on which his words might be spared. Still Mr. Thorne speaks his words persuasively, and makes a picturesque and always sympathetic figure. The Mr. Dennison, whose stage existence has already been made known, is played by Mr. H. B.

Conway. The author has not been kind to him. He is supposed to be a politician of some weight, an agreeable member of society, and a person whose domestic relations are not altogether blameworthy. Of his good qualities, however, he shows us but little. He is oppressed—almost from the moment he is *en scène* to almost the moment that the curtain falls on him finally—with the hideous burden of jealousy. On the slightest provocation, just as readily as on the greatest, he believes the worst things of the pretty blonde lady whose limpid simplicity of character—along with a little reasonable liking for flirtation—he ought to have been the first to understand. This gentleman, as presented by Mr. Conway, is sulky and morose; nor is Mr. Conway wrong in so picturing him. At last, in one act only—in the strong third act—he has an opportunity of arousing our sympathy. Things look bad against his wife, and he is very fond of her. He has his chance, he uses it, and it is over. I have seen Mr. Conway, as I have seen Mr. Thorne, in a part that has fitted him far better. Mr. Dennison's brother, Robert Dennison of the Blues, is played excellently by Mr. Scott Buist. Mr. Buist is both earnest and simple. Mr. D'Orsay represents a certain Lord Sheldon, who is supposed to unite the manner of Mayfair with the morals of the Burlington Arcade. Mr. Blythe is good as a detective whom the Home Office appears to have invested with fuller powers than is usual. He is not shown to be immensely ingenious, but he is shown to be immensely successful. I could wish to see Mr. Frederick Thorne in a part more proportioned to his talent and long experience than that of the commonest type of stage-butler.

The main interest must really rest with the two women—the woman who, having a very innocent secret, is accused of having a guilty one; and the woman who, having been a good nurse and an accomplished thief, a genial companion and a plotter as deep as Vautrin, impersonates her employer to receive a cheque, and is mistaken for Mrs. Dennison on the staircase of a restaurant to which Mrs. Dennison would only with reluctance have repaired. One of these women is quite good, but a very little foolish, since the courage of entire frankness is denied her; the other is not quite good by any means, but there are so many things—poverty and *l'hérédité* too (most popular of excuses)—to make it very difficult for her not to be wicked. The first of these two women is played by Miss Dorr, with quiet, sympathetic power and reticent art—a pleasant personality, one of elegance and refinement, of course greatly aiding the effect. The second is played by Miss Jessie Millward, who has now a robustness of passion and a range of understanding never revealed in the old days at the Lyceum or the Adelphi. A long soliloquy is delivered by her with feeling, as well as with tact. She holds the stage, and everyone wishes the adventuress whom she personates—the famous Diamond Dene herself—well out of her difficulties.

I do not know that one is warranted in prophesying a very long run for Mr. Dam's

drama; but it has interest, it is strongly acted, and so is worth a visit.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

"MARIAGE BLANC."

Paris: March 23, 1891.

A CURIOUS incident has marked the recent production at the Comédie Française of M. Jules Lemaitre's drama, "Mariage Blanc." The general rehearsal of a new play given specially for the press is generally supposed to be the last and definite version of the author's work; and this is more particularly the case at the Comédie Française, where the strictest attention is paid to every detail, as well as to the *ensemble* of the dramatic performances. It is therefore taken for granted that when Messieurs les Sociétaires invite the critics to a Répétition Générale everything is *à point*, that we can write our articles on the new play as we have seen it on this occasion, and that, should any alterations be made in the text at the last moment, they will not be of vital importance. Now it happened that, in the course of the general rehearsal of "Mariage Blanc," we were most of us struck with the utter repulsiveness of certain scenes; but the drama was so cleverly written and so admirably acted that we expected that both author and actors would risk the game and give the play as it stood. But it appears that immediately after the rehearsal M. Lemaitre and M. Fèvre, who plays the leading part in "Mariage Blanc," set to work to re-cast certain scenes considered "trop scabreux," and, at the same time, gave a dash of whitewash to the hero. The result of these changes was that the drama presented to the public on the occasion of the *première* was very different from the version given at the general rehearsal; in consequence, almost all the accounts and criticisms which appeared in the newspapers on Saturday last were faulty and have misled public opinion with regard to the new piece. This embroglio is explained by M. Lemaitre, this morning, in his "Semaine dramatique" in the *Journal des Débats*. The indignant confusion of the critics is a comedy in itself, and the whole affair will form an amusing episode in the dramatic annals of the current year. Now for the play as it was acted on and after the first night.

Mme. Aubert (Mme. Pierson), a widow, and her two daughters are staying at Mentone in the hope of prolonging the life of Simone (Mlle. Reichenberg), the youngest daughter, who is in the last stage of consumption. Martha (Mlle. Marsy), the eldest daughter by a former marriage, offers a striking contrast; for she is a tall and handsome self-willed girl who has been somewhat neglected in favour of her sister, and at times resents her mother's neglect of her. The three women lead a retired life, entirely devoted to taking care of the invalid. Their only visitor is a good-natured philosopher, Dr. Doliveux (M. Laroche), who, in an evil hour, introduces a wolf into the fold in the person of the Comte de Thière (M. Fèvre), a rich bachelor of forty-five, who, under the outward appearance of a man of the most polished and fascinating manners, conceals the heartlessness of a cynic and a *viveur*, combined with the greatest contempt for mankind in general and for himself in particular. One morning M. de Thière, while strolling past the Auberts' villa, overhears poor little Simone lamenting her sad fate; but it is not so much the fear of approaching death that causes her grief, as the idea that she will have to quit this happy world without having known the bliss of being loved and loving in return; she can never be a wife or a mother, and at these thoughts she bursts into tears. It suddenly occurs to M. de Thière that this is a fine oppor-

tunity for doing a good action, of making himself at once useful and agreeable. So, with the easy fatuity of a Frenchman, he resolves to make love to Simone, win her heart, and even marry her, "for she cannot live more than a month or two, can she, doctor?" he cynically asks Dr. Deliveux, to whom he explains his charitable intentions. He will play the comedy of real love so well that Simone shall enjoy the sweet illusion and die happy. So the heartless Don Juan plays his part and soon wins the heart of Simone, but, need I add, he is, at the same time, caught in his own trap; for by the side of the sweet, artless girl he learns, for the first time, how to love purely and devotedly. So far the pleasure of the spectator has only been marred by a little too much of the false sentimentality dear to French audiences: Simone is really a little too goody-goody, and her innocence is extraordinary. But the third act changes the state of affairs, M. de Thievre has actually proposed been accepted, and the dying girl is now Comtesse de Thievre. Love which is stronger than death has worked a miracle in a few days. Simone basking in the sunshine of happiness is, apparently, much better; she dreams of coming happy days, she smiles at the phantasmagoria of bliss which lies before her, and forgets that she is standing on the brink of the grave. But her sister Martha, who thought that M. de Thievre came to see them for the purpose of paying his addresses to her, is driven almost mad with jealousy when she finds out her mistake. She becomes frantic, and in a most painful scene accuses Simone of having robbed her, first of her mother's affection, then of the heart of the man she loves, and tells her that she hates her beyond expression. Simone, aghast at this revelation, has a relapse, and is carried fainting out of the room. M. de Thievre returns to upbraid Martha for her unjust and cruel conduct; but the latter in passionate tones tells him of all the disappointments she has endured—of her youth and beauty wasting in despair, of the love she feels for him, and, almost in hysterics, falls into his arms. M. de Thievre is at first quite taken aback at this unexpected outburst; gradually, however, the sensualist awakens, he finds that his sister-in-law is "pas banale du tout," and finally promises to meet her that evening. During this scene, Simone has entered the room on tiptoe; she slowly creeps up to her husband's side, and on hearing him say "à ce soir!" to her sister, she sinks on the floor like a wounded bird. The culprits have neither seen nor heard her; but as her husband turns round he stumbles over the corpse of "petite Simone," who, from the altar to the nuptial chamber, and from the nuptial chamber to the grave, has remained as fair and spotless as the orange blossoms of her bridal wreath.

Such is the brief summary of "Mariage Blanc," which has proved neither a success nor a failure. The general tone of the play is artificial and morbid. The character of de Thievre is an attempt to produce on the stage a personification of one of those psychological studies of moral depravity dear to the Stendhalist school of literature and M. Bourget. It is to be regretted that so much talent, *esprit*, and exquisite dialogue should have been wasted on so poor a plot.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

EVERYTHING comes to him who waits. Mr. Charles E. Stephens wrote a Symphony seventeen years ago, and yet it was only heard for the first time in London last week at the second

Philharmonic Concert. A composer nowadays must work either on the lines fixed by the great masters or enter upon the tempting, though dangerous, path of programme music. Mr. Stephens resolved on the former course, and he has produced a work in which the thematic material is clearly set forth and cleverly developed. The influence of Mozart is felt, especially in the two middle movements (Adagio and Menuetto), but this can scarcely be a subject for reproach; it is surely safer to follow Mozart than Wagner. Mr. Stephens conducted his own Symphony, and must have been pleased with the cordial reception given to him at the close. Mr. Leonard Borwick played Schumann's Introduction and Allegro Appassionato in G (Op. 92) with his accustomed skill, and with more than his accustomed feeling and vigour. His solos were Mendelssohn's Prelude (Op. 104, No. 1) and Chopin's Ballade in G minor. The latter was well rendered, yet with a little too much German sentiment. Mr. Borwick played as encore Chopin's Prelude in B flat minor. Mr. Hollman gave Bruch's "Kol Nidrei" as 'cello solo in his best manner. Mme. Valda sang Mendelssohn's "Infelice" and an air from Rubinstein's "Demon." The latter suited her the better of the two, and enabled her to show to advantage a thoroughly well-trained voice. Mr. Cowen was, as usual, a careful conductor. The concert opened with Berlioz's "Carneval Romain," and closed with Beethoven's "Egmont."

There was an interesting concert given by the students of the Royal Academy of Music at St. James's Hall last Friday week. The "Tantum ergo" and "Offertorium" of Schubert, recently produced at the Bach concert, were effectively rendered by soloists and choir. Mr. Gerald Walenn, a young but promising violinist, and his brother Herbert played with courage and with no small success Brahms's difficult Double Concerto for violin and 'cello. Miss Margaret Ormerod, in the "Jewel" song, and Mr. Ernest Delsart, in Verdi's "Madamina," both deserve honourable mention. Miss Kate Goodson played the Romance and Rondo from Chopin's Concerto in E minor with neat technique and much taste. Dr. A. C. Mackenzie conducted the concert.

A new work of Grieg's or, at any rate, one newly published, was produced for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday. The composer has set to music three scenes from Björnson's drama "Olav Trygvason." In these is depicted the conflict that arose when the Norwegian king attempted to convert his people to Christianity. The action is supposed to take place in an ancient Norse temple towards the end of the tenth century. The scenes deal only with the anger stirred up in the hearts of the sturdy old Northmen by this zealous missionary for the new faith. Hence the element of contrast is wanting. There is a certain rugged power and picturesqueness about the music, and admirers of Grieg will meet with many a characteristic figure and quaint harmony; but when not heard on the stage, the effect produced is certainly unsatisfactory. In the third scene, with its various temple dances, there is evidently as much intended for the eye as for the ear. Grieg himself, in order to avoid monotony, has marked certain cuts and abbreviations for a concert performance of his work; but, curiously enough, Mr. Manns gave the music in full. The solo vocal parts were taken by Mme. Emily Squire and Mr. W. H. Brereton. The former sang fairly, but the part requires a voice of greater power. The lady was far more successful in an air from Mozart's "Titus." The Crystal Palace choir sang well. M. Ysayé, the Belgian violinist, played Wienrawski's Concerto in D, and solos by Bach and Saint-Saëns. His tone

is wonderfully rich and pure, and his technique irreproachable. He obtained a brilliant success. The concert commenced with the "Rienzi" Overture, admirably played by Mr. Manns's orchestra.

The thirty-third season of the Popular Concerts closed on Monday evening. The Brahms Quintet in G (Op. 111) was repeated, and a fresh hearing of the work helps one better to grasp its meaning and appreciate its beauties. The two middle movements are unquestionably above criticism. The opening Allegro improves on acquaintance, but the Finale still appears to us to lack inspiration. The performance, under Herr Joachim's leadership, was exceptionally fine. A "Serenata" for two violoncellos, by Signor Piatti—a melodious composition, and, as may be expected, effectively written for the instruments—was successfully performed by the composer and Mr. Whitehouse. Herr Joachim and Miss Fanny Davies played four of the Brahms-Joachim Hungarian Dances, and the audience, as a last favour, persuaded them to add two more. Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist, and her own graceful song, "Printemps d'Avril," was encored. The concert concluded with Schumann's Quintet, with Miss Fanny Davies at the pianoforte.

The season of Popular Concerts just concluded is noticeable for the Brahms novelties introduced. They include the Sonata in C (Op. 1), the Quintet in G (Op. 3), and the new version of the B minor pianoforte Trio (Op. 8). An improvement in the choice of pianoforte solos deserves mention. A few seasons back it was the rule to give fugitive pieces. There has been an improvement. Last season eleven programmes contained pianoforte Sonatas, but this year fifteen, and indeed one might almost say sixteen, for Schumann's Op. 17 might almost be considered one. We think Mr. Chappell ought to set his face against transcriptions of Bach organ fugues. Last Saturday one arranged by Liszt was given. Bach has written very many for the pianoforte, of which all have not yet been heard at these concerts.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

THE Handel Triennial Festival will be held in June at the Crystal Palace. The "Messiah" and "Israel" will be given on the Monday and Friday (June 22 and 26). The programme of the Selection (June 24) will include, as novelties, four numbers from the 95th Psalm, written by Handel at Cannons, one being a sonata for orchestra; the Overtures to "Semele" and "Giustino"; a Minuet for strings from "Berenice"; and a Bourrée from the "Water Music." The principal vocalists engaged are Mme. Albani, Miss Macintyre, Mme. Nordica, Mme. Belle Cole, and Messrs. Lloyd and Santley. Mr. Best will be organist, and Mr. Manns, as usual, conductor. The chorus and orchestra will number 4000 performers.

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SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

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LITERATURE.

Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman during his Life in the English Church. With a brief Autobiography. Edited by Anne Mozley. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

(Second Notice.)

WE find in these volumes many passages in which mention is made of Dr. Arnold of Rugby. By putting these together we shall be able to form a tolerably correct idea of his relations with the future Cardinal; and it is pleasing to see that, though they certainly did anathematise each other's theological opinions in language which to an ordinary layman appears exaggerated, and which we have no intention of reproducing here, yet each (with one apparent exception) was willing to acknowledge the other's real excellences, and that the personal hostility between them was less than bitter is commonly supposed. In order to secure impartiality, it is better that this sketch should be undertaken by one of the very few persons now living (probably only two or three) who had the privilege of being personally acquainted with both of these eminent men.

Arnold left Oxford and settled at Laleham in 1819, and Newman was not elected fellow of Oriel till 1822, so that they were not contemporaries at the university. The first time they met was in 1828, when Arnold, who had just been elected head master of Rugby, wished to take his B.D. degree, and Newman disputed with him in the Divinity School, this public disputation being in those days a necessary preliminary step. Probably this matter was arranged by the provost of Oriel (Hawkins), who presided at the disputation, March 27, and invited Newman to meet Arnold at dinner the next day (vol. i., pp. 180, 182).

In 1831 we find Bonamy Price, then a junior master at Rugby, consulting Newman (with Arnold's knowledge and sanction) about the qualifications of an Oriel fellow to succeed one of the Rugby masters who had sent in his resignation (i. 247).

Newman was busily employed in tuition at Oriel and in preaching at St. Mary's; and he gave up his tutorship because his endeavours to obtain more moral and religious influence over his pupils were thwarted by the provost. Arnold was continuing his efforts to Christianise a great public school. He had published two volumes of Sermons, the first addressed to ordinary congregations, the second to his pupils in the school chapel. The former volume Newman lent to Dr. Ogilvie,

"who returned it with an expression of much

satisfaction and agreeable surprise. Some sermons," continues Newman (i. 220), "of course he objected to; but the impression was decidedly favourable. I have read some more of them; one cannot but agree with Ogilvie in opinion."

To the second volume of his Sermons Arnold appended an essay on "The right interpretation and understanding of the Scriptures," which, "according to his own belief, exposed him to more misunderstanding than any other of his writings" (Stanley's *Life*, chap. vi.). He had also been striving (but without success) to introduce a more religious spirit into the *Penny Magazine*, and the other popular works issued by the Useful Knowledge Society.

While these two good men were thus engaged most zealously in serving God, each in his own sphere and method, occurred a painful incident, which is thus noticed in a letter, dated October 4, 1833, from Dean Stanley, then a boy at Rugby, nearly at the head of the school, to an undergraduate friend at Oxford:

"I have got into another scrape from telling second-hand stories (though you need not mention it to anyone), viz., what I think I told you about Newman's denying Arnold to be a Christian—which got to Price, and from him to Arnold—who was exceedingly hurt about it, and wished to write to Newman directly. He is, however, to write first (or has already written) to my original authority, Julius Hare,* and if the case is so, will probably write to Newman about it."

This story was at first supposed to be an exaggeration, but it turned out to be almost literally true. Newman's own account of the matter is as follows:

"At that time I was specially annoyed with Dr. Arnold, though it did not last into later years. Some one, I think, asked in conversation at Rome, whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian? It was answered that Dr. Arnold took it; I interposed, 'But is he a Christian?' The subject went out of my head at once; when afterwards I was taxed with it, I could say no more in explanation than (what I believe was the fact) that I must have had in mind some free views of Dr. Arnold about the Old Testament. I thought I must have meant 'Arnold answers for that interpretation, but who is to answer for Arnold?'" (*Apologia pro Vita sua*, p. 33, quoted in *Letters*, vol. ii. p. 47.)

Neither Arnold's letter nor Newman's answer has been preserved. Newman says that Arnold "taxed him with it sharply" (vol. ii. p. 402), which is not altogether unlikely or inexcusable, and may remind us of Newman's own "sharp" answers to Mr. Kingsley and Lord Malmesbury (*Daily News*, Oct. 13 and 28, 1884), though neither of them went so far as to refuse him the name of a Christian. If Arnold's letter to Grant (mentioned vol. i. p. 417) refers to this matter, "he accused Newman among others of identifying high excellence with certain peculiarities of his own, i.e. preaching himself"; but this is a very much less serious charge than the denying his Christianity. We can gather something of the style of

* Afterwards Archdeacon Hare, brother of Augustus W. Hare, who was Stanley's uncle, and who may have heard the story at Rome, where he died, 1834.

Newman's answer from a letter of Hurrell Froude's (vol. i. p. 492), in which he says:—

"First, let me congratulate you on your letter of yesterday. You have done it in style. Polonius would give you most credit for the word 'respond.' Which, of course, has its praise 'is capital.'"

When we bear in mind Froude's especial dislike of Arnold, it must be confessed that this extract is anything but pleasant; nor is our uncomfortable feeling lessened by finding Newman nine years later, in September 1842, just after Arnold's death, writing, "which [viz. the speech at Rome?] I really cannot reproach myself with" (vol. ii. p. 402).

They never met again nor had any direct communication with each other till about four months before Arnold's death, when he went to Oxford to deliver his lectures as professor of modern history, and passed there three weeks of great enjoyment. In a letter written in prospect of his residence in Oxford, Arnold says:—

"In this way [viz. by personal contact] I hope that my opinion of many, very many, of the men who hold Newman's views may become greatly more favourable than it is now, because I shall see their better parts as well as their bad ones; and in the same way I trust that many of them will learn to think more favourably of me." (Stanley's *Life of Arnold*, vol. ii., chap. x., p. 281).

Of this meeting Newman gives the following amusing and interesting account in a letter to his sister, Mrs. J. Mozley, October 31, 1844 (vol. ii. p. 440).

"The second of February, as you know, is our great Gaudy of the year. The provost dines in hall at the top of the table; and in the common-room, to which the party adjourn, sits at the right-hand of the dean, as being the guest of the fellows. Eden was dean, and was taken ill, I think, when the news came that Arnold was coming with the provost, and I, being senior fellow, must take the dean's place. My first feeling was to shirk. 'It is not my place,' I said, 'to take the office upon me. It is nothing to me. I am not bound to entertain Arnold,' &c. However, I thought it would be cowardly, so after all I went, knowing that both in hall and common-room the trio at the top of the table would be provost, Arnold, and I, and that in the common-room I should sit at the top between them as the entertainer.

"The provost came into hall with Arnold and Baden Powell (who made a fourth), I being already in my place at table, waiting for them. The provost came up in a brisk, smart way, as if to cut through an awkward beginning, and said quickly, 'Arnold, I don't think you know Newman;' on which Arnold and I bowed, and I spoke. I was most absolutely cool, or rather calm and unconcerned, all through the meeting, from beginning to end. . . . So, when the provost said, 'I don't think, Arnold, you know Newman,' I was sly enough to say, very gently and clearly, that I had before then had the pleasure of meeting Dr. Arnold, for I had disputed with him in the Divinity School before his B.D. degree, when he was appointed to Rugby. At which Baden-Powell laughed, and Arnold seemed a little awkward, and said, 'Oh, I thought it had been Pusey.' You must know that in the said disputation I was doing him a favour, for he could get no one to go in with him when I volunteered, though in the event it turned to my advantage, for I had not to dispute before Hampden when I actually took my degree [in 1836].

"We then sat down to table, and I thought of all the matters possible which it was safe to talk on. I recollected he had travelled with William Churton, and that made one topic. Others equally felicitous I forget.

"In the common-room I had to take a still more prominent part, and the contrast was very marked between Arnold and the provost—the provost so dry and unbending, and seeming to shrink from whatever I said, and Arnold, who was natural and easy, at least to all appearance. I was told afterwards that on one occasion—made some irreverent remark, and people were amused to see how both Arnold and myself in different ways, as far as manner was concerned, retired from it. At last the provost and Arnold rose up to go, and I held out my hand, which he took, and we parted.

"I never saw him again; he died the June [June 12, 1842] after."

In this extract we have omitted several sentences of minute self-inspection as to his being "absolutely calm and unconcerned all through the meeting." At the end Newman says, "For myself, I don't think I was desirous of pleasing him or not" (p. 442); but why he should take such pains to impress this feeling upon his sister (to whom the letter was written) is not very plain. Arnold also mentioned this meeting very briefly in his Journal, thus: "Febr. 2, Wedn. Dined in Hall at Oriol, and met Newman. Evening at Hawkins's" (Stanley's *Life*, chap. x., vol. ii., p. 286). If he had written another sentence, we might imagine it to have been something like this: "Tried to make myself pleasant, and I have no doubt Newman did the same; so all went off very well." They were probably mutually pleased with each other, and perhaps this feeling was a little surprise to both. Newman himself was ready to subscribe to the Arnold Memorial, thus differing from Keble and Pusey (vol. ii., pp. 401, 2) and says in a letter to Keble (p. 434), "It is very pleasant to think that his [Arnold's] work has been so good a one—the reformation of public schools. This seems to have been blessed, and will survive him." Other passages to the same effect, as intimating an appreciation of Arnold's influence for good, may be found in these volumes, expressed in more or less laudatory terms. Nor was Arnold latterly behind him in this generous feeling, for at the end of the Introduction to the fourth volume of his Sermons, after arguing strenuously against the Tractarian movement (1841), he adds:

"Finally, in naming Mr. Newman as the chief author of the system which I have been considering, I have in no degree wished to make the question personal; but . . . as I have never had any personal acquaintance with him, I could mention his name with no shock to any private feelings either in him or in myself. But I have spoken of him simply as the maintainer of certain doctrines, not as maintaining them in any particular manner, far less as actuated by any particular motives. . . . On the other hand, I will not be tempted to confound the authors of the system with the system itself; for I . . . nothing doubt that there are many points in Mr. Newman in which I might learn truth from his teaching, and should be glad if I could come near him in his practice."

At the same time there is no doubt that Newman's unfortunate words at Rome, and his quasi-justification of them when asked for an explanation, did deeply wound Arnold's

feelings, and are enough to account for his notion (mentioned by Newman himself, vol. ii. p. 442) that he (Newman) was "particularly hostile to him." It must also be borne in mind that we have only Newman's account of the matter, and do not know what might have been said on Arnold's side.

The controversies of good and holy men have always, from the days of Jerome downwards, been painful reading; but in the case of Arnold and Newman (as in many others) may we not believe, that, as they are now removed from misunderstanding and strife, so, even while on earth, they were in reality nearer to each other in all matters of vital importance than either of them would have been willing to allow?

W. A. GREENHILL.

Modern Customs and Ancient Laws of Russia.
The Ilchester Lectures for 1889-90. By Maxime Kovalevsky, ex-Professor of Jurisprudence in the University of Moscow. (David Nutt.)

AMONG the lectures which have been delivered upon the Ilchester foundation in the university of Oxford, those of Prof. Kovalevsky, which are now published, must always occupy an honourable place. The subjects of which they treat are by no means familiar to English readers, and they are subjects upon which Prof. Kovalevsky is pre-eminently fitted to speak. He is already known as the author of a work on the Communal Possession of Land (*Obstchinnoye Zemeladenie*, Moscow, 1879), and, more recently, Law and Custom in the Caucasus (*Zakon i Obichai na Kavkazé*, Moscow, 1890), to say nothing of other writings. The lectures are dedicated with peculiar appropriateness to the memory of Sir Henry Maine, whose name is held in reverence throughout the continent, and especially, we may add, in Russia, as shown by the tribute to his memory from Prof. Sigel, of Warsaw.

It is only on the village community and the serf question that the ordinary English reader can be said to have had any special information up to the present time, and for this he is indebted to the excellent work of Sir Mackenzie Wallace. Prof. Kovalevsky devotes his first chapter to the old marriage laws of the Slavs, the great freedom enjoyed by women in the earliest times being a prominent characteristic of their institutions. This is borne out by many passages in the *bilini*; and even so late as the latter part of the seventeenth century it was to be found among the Cossacks, as Beauplan, the French engineer, tells us in his interesting book. He says: "In the Ukraine, contrary to the custom of all other nations, the husbands do not choose their wives, but are themselves chosen by their future consorts." But the position of women underwent a great deterioration as time advanced, to judge from the *Domostroi* of Sylvester—if it be really his—of the sixteenth century, and also from what is told us by Kotoshikhin, writing at the close of the seventeenth. Herberstein gives us the story of the German Jordan settled in Russia, whose wife complained that he did not love her, because he never beat her.

Prof. Kovalevsky's second lecture treats of the house-communities, an important institution among the Slavs, which has also been the subject of some interesting articles by Mr. Geshov in the *Peridichesko Spisanie* of Sofia. The third lecture is devoted to a consideration of the Russian *mir*, or village community, which has of late been much discussed among us, especially since Sir Mackenzie Wallace wrote about it. Prof. Kovalevsky speaks of it as on the decline, but more hopeful views are taken by the writer in Reclus' *Géographie Universelle*. It is evidently not regarded with favour by the Ilchester lecturer, who criticises it as follows:—

"It encourages, no doubt to a much greater degree than the system of private holdings, the feeling of mutual interdependence and the inclination to mutual help, without which no society can exist. But it is a manifest error to speak of this system as a serious barrier to pauperism. For, although the commoner is prevented by law from alienating his share, he may, and often does, dispose of it in favour of some rich neighbour, who in time of want has offered to pay the amount of the commoner's taxes on condition of having the use of his land. If the Slavophiles were right in their opinion that, thanks to the system of the *mir*, pauperism was impossible in Russia, we should certainly not hear daily of the so-called Koulaks eating up the *mir*, or, what comes to the same thing, sacrificing the interests of the community to their own. The economic disadvantages which the system presents are so evident that I need scarcely insist upon them" (p. 114).

The chapters on the old Russian folk-motes and parliaments are of the highest interest. The *veches*, or public assemblies, which existed at Novgorod and Pskov and became celebrated in Russian history, have been shown by Prof. Sergueievich and others to have existed in various cities throughout the country. We thus find the Russians in their earlier period in much about the same state of political development as other European countries. The centralising measures of Ivan III. and Ivan IV. did much to destroy this condition of things, and upon the ruin was erected the great autocracy. It is curious to find that this political change was aided a great deal by the Tatar subjugation of the country. The Tsars were not obliged to call a *Sobor* for the discussion of national questions, for their political action depended upon their Mongolian conquerors. We remember that the Spanish provinces lost their privileges because, when the sovereigns had the command of the vast American mines, they had no need to summon the Cortes to raise money. The *Sobor*, or parliament of Russia, was never called after 1698. Something might have been done for it by Peter the Great; but Prof. Kovalevsky remarks with truth that when the reforming Tsar of Russia went on his travels he found constitutions and popular governments at a low ebb throughout Europe. There was little to stimulate him in the path of parliamentary government. Perhaps, however, he might have learned something in England; and William III., when for hours he chatted in Dutch with the clever stranger, might have taught him something. The *Sobor*, therefore, like the summoning of the *tiers état* in France, remained in abeyance throughout

the eighteenth century. Attempts were made to revive it in the reign of Alexander I., a benevolent sovereign; and he was aided by his minister Speranski, whose name is still remembered with gratitude throughout Russia. These wise plans, however, were not carried out; partly, no doubt, owing to the terror caused by the conspiracies which were rife throughout Russia in the latter days of that monarch. The reign of Nicholas was not favourable to reform. Alexander II. had determined to revive the *Sobor*; and, to quote the words of Prof. Kovalevsky, "the transformation of the mediæval state into one that answered to the requirements of modern civilisation would have been completed, if the liberator of millions had not been slaughtered on the very day on which he had undertaken to give a constitution to his people"! We thus see that the murder of Alexander was not merely a great crime, but a great blunder.

Prof. Kovalevsky gives us a clear account of the condition of the serfs from their original free condition, often as *polovniki* or *métayers* down to the days of Boris Godunov, who forbade them to leave their masters on St. George's Day (November 26), the time which had been originally fixed for them to do so, so as to interfere as little as possible with agricultural arrangements. This enactment was made completely binding in 1649 by a clause in the *Ulozhenie* or great codification of the laws made in the reign of the Tsar Alexis. Their condition gradually grew worse, though Alexander I. began its amelioration and Nicholas was always eager for it, but was apprehensive of its economic consequences. This great measure, as all know, was carried by Alexander II., who firmly held to the doctrine that the serfs, when emancipated, should be provided with land and not set free without it, as many of the selfish nobles were anxious to bring about. Prof. Kovalevsky says:

"It will be to the eternal glory of Alexander to have answered the requests of the Lithuanian nobility by a decree in which, while allowing the establishment of local committees for the elaboration of measures which might achieve the emancipation in view, he plainly declared that the liberated serfs ought to be secured at least in the possession of their homesteads and of the land belonging to these homesteads (*usadbnia zemlia*)."

Prof. Kovalevsky throws a flood of light upon these matters. He is familiar with all the latest works in Russian literature which treat of them, to mention only such books as Kluchevski's *Boyarshaya Duma* (Council of the Boyars) and that of Sergueievich's *Russkiya Yuridicheska Drernosti* (Russian Legal Antiquities). It is about these matters that sensible people in England want to learn something, and not to be regaled for the thousandth time with silly anecdotes about Catherine II., Paul, and Nicholas, most of which are either untrue or grossly exaggerated, and are only circulated with the view of holding up Russia and her institutions to contempt.

We feel disposed to make some remarks on a few points. When Strahlenberg is quoted on the subject of the coronation oath of Michael Romanov, which, if we remember rightly, one of the editors of Kotshikhin

tries to explain away, it is to be regretted that mention was not made of the English translation (London, 1738) of that book, which would be more serviceable to our countrymen than the somewhat uncouth German of the original. Prof. Kovalevsky says nothing of the attempt to obtain from the Empress Anne some concessions in the way of constitutional government when she was invited to ascend the throne. It is invidious to point out slips in this most interesting and valuable book; but we must call attention to the error by which Sophia (originally Zoe) Palaeologa is styled the sister of the last Byzantine Emperor, whereas she was really the niece, being the daughter of his brother Thomas, who took up his residence at Rome after the fall of Constantinople in 1453. This fact ought to have been more than ever stereotyped in the memory by the interesting work of Father Pierling, who, from a careful study of the Italian archives, has told us of the negotiations for the marriage and the journey of the bride to her new home. We are also grieved to see our old friend Horsey (Sir Jerome), the writer of the graphic and most ungrammatical diary, metamorphosed into Hoarsay! Some of the other names also are a little *estropiés*, as the French would say. These, however, are but trifling slips, in no way interfering with the value of this learned and suggestive work.

W. R. MORFILL.

The Light that Failed. By Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.)

"'GOOD Lord! who can account for the fathomless folly of the public?' 'They're a remarkably sensible people.' 'They're subject to fits, if that's what you mean; and you happen to be the object of the latest fit among those who are interested in what they call art. Just now you're a fashion, a phenomenon, or whatever you please.'"

This is part of a conversation between Dick Heldar, a young artist whose work has taken the public, and his best friend Torpenhow. Mr. Kipling will not think me discourteous, if I confess that these wise words bear for me a second application to himself. Thanks to the incessant criticism, panegyric, detraction, and talk, inflicted upon his work in the last year, one feels an unreasoning desire, either to defer the study of Mr. Kipling till the hubbub die down, or to assume an indifference towards him, in the name of sober sense. Either course would be foolish, and neither is possible. Whatever else be true of Mr. Kipling, it is the first truth about him, that he has power: not a clever trick, nor an happy knack, nor a flashy style, but real intrinsic power. The reader of contemporary books, driven mad by the distracting affectations, the contemptible pettiness, of so much modern work, feels his whole heart go out towards a writer with mind and muscle in him, not only nerves and sentiment. To get into the grip of a new writer; not to saunter arm in arm with him, listening to his tedious and familiar elegancies: that is what we want. Style, the perfection of workmanship, we cannot do without that; but still less can we endure the dexterous

and polished imitation of that. It is easy enough to find fault with Mr. Kipling, to deplore certain technical failures, to cry out against his lack of grace; but perfect workmanship is the last good gift, and granted only to the faithful and the laborious in literature. A writer whose first books have flesh and blood, mind and meaning in them, has the right to hope for all things. But the public is less kind than uncritical, when it admires "achieved perfection" in writings that have achieved much else that is good, but not yet that.

The present volume gives us the story "as it was originally conceived by the writer," not as it appeared in *Lippincott's Magazine*. There, as most of us know, the story has a pleasant and conventional close, with a marriage of the consolatory sort, familiar to English readers. It is difficult to think well of Mr. Kipling in this matter; such a conclusion was impossible, upon the stated premises. But the book in its true form is finely and desperately logical. Briefly expressed, this is the idea:—A boy and a girl, brought up together not too happily, part as children, when the boy's sentiment of mere companionship begins to deepen into love, of a childish sort indeed, yet perfectly real. The boy leads a rough adventurous life about the world, and after the most varied experiences, wins a sudden and perhaps precarious success in art. His life has been that of an Elizabethan adventurer, in the altered manner of this century: a life of the reckless sort, wild and free, with all the virtues of *camaraderie*, and with few of the more decorous moral excellences. Settled, more or less, in London, he meets the girl again, whom he has never forgotten; she, too, is an artist, full of ambition, eager for recognition, and singularly selfish. She refuses to think of love and marriage; and he devotes himself, half in hope, half in despair, to her service in art. From the effect of an early wound he grows blind; and the culminating point of interest is reached when the question presents itself to the girl, whom he has loved and served, whether now, in mere compassion and self-respect, she will marry him, and so pay back his devotion by an act of willing self-denial. In sheer selfishness, perfectly natural and immensely strong, she prefers her freedom and her foolish dreams of fame. He cannot endure the idle agony of his life, cut off from all the best things in the world; and he makes his way out to the Soudan, the old scene of his early life, and is there killed, dying in his friend's arms.

The story has a double interest: the interest of character in Maisie the heroine, and the interest of dramatic life and action in Dick the hero and in his friends. Hero and heroine are not the right words, but let that pass. Now, the first thought that occurs to one well acquainted with Mr. Kipling's work, upon reading this, his longest book, is of this sort: why is the interest of character so slight and the interest of action and of life so strong? Scenes of superb vigour and animation, passages of wonderful force and movement, these have struck us and taken hold upon us; but the characters, emotions, the mind and soul, of Maisie and of Dick have not

been felt, and do not remain with us. We remember how they looked, talked, bore themselves in various situations; we still hear their characteristic phrases, we still see their attitudes and motions; but themselves, their inner reality, for all the power and mind of the book, are strange to us. Perhaps this may be the reason. Mr. Kipling, before all things, is an observer, not a thinker. Certainly no one can observe life without colouring or shaping his observations by his thoughts: each has his own way of observing life, according to his own habit and cast of mind. But it is not so much the reflections upon life, as the reflections of life, that Mr. Kipling values; and he leaves the bare facts, in all their intensity and vividness, to create the impression which he desires us to receive. There must be no waste of words, no flow of sentiment, no dwelling upon motives: take the facts, he seems to say, as lifelike as I can show them, and make what you can of them. This may be called cynicism, but it need not be that. Without question it is an effective literary method; but, and here is the difficulty, it is a method of very limited application. It will excellently serve for a brilliant sketch of certain scenes, where the men and women act and speak in character, with all the appropriate peculiarities of manner and speech. A third-class smoking-carriage full of soldiers, labourers, and city clerks, each with his personal or professional dialect and style, and with that curious force and energy which belong to the less cultured, Mr. Kipling's manner serves perfectly to give us that. But a drawing-room full of more sophisticated and of less intelligible persons, all possessing the complicated emotions and using the subtle language of a life externally refined: what will his robust method make of that? Here we turn to Mr. Henry James. He will in twenty pages bring home to us the passion or the intellect at work in that room, perhaps during one hour only; yet each word will be essential and indispensable. If Mr. James try his hand upon coarser material, he fails at once: witness many pages of the *Princess Casamassima*. Hitherto, Mr. Kipling has been successful when dealing with life of a certain vehement intensity, not only in the emotions of it, but in the outward manner: his soldiers, with all their heartiness, or roughness, or swagger, or strength, men "of strange oaths," full of experience, yet children after all in many things; these are admirable. Or his natives of India, whose circumstances, sordid or picturesque, dignified or pathetic, are felt to be impressive; these he can present to us in perfection. But in whatever he handles well, there must be salient points rather than delicate shades. "One crowded hour of glorious life," splendid and intoxicating, he can render into words of marvellous intensity; some scene of touching pitifulness, quite simple and human, he can draw with touches absolutely true and right. He is master of human nature in the rough, in its primitive or unconventional manifestations. His rapid sketches, carefully as they are designed, give an impression rather of an immense capacity of

eye than of a fineness of sympathy and understanding. His work of this "coloured and figured" sort is unrivalled, and stands alone; no one has done anything quite like it. But Mr. Kipling is, or seems to be, so fascinated by these lively effects, that he wishes to treat everything in the same way, which is irritating. He appears almost to despise whatever is not vivid and impressive; to look at everything from the standpoint of a man who knows camps and barracks, wild countries and native quarters. He attempts to play Othello to his ignorant reader's Desdemona, in a manner almost ludicrous. A writer may be intimate with Valparaíso and Zanzibar, without being superior to the reader, who knows only Bloomsbury and Kensington, or Oxford and Manchester. It is impossible to take English life of all kinds by storm, for literary purposes, with the methods applicable to military stations in India. And so, whilst in this book, the scenes in the Soudan, and the riotous humours of special correspondents, are convincing and true to the inexperienced reader, there is a great deal which rings false. Torpenhow's warning comes into our mind, "take care, Dick: remember, this isn't the Soudan." When Mr. Kipling is concerned with Maisie's character, and the less obvious emotions of life, we are constantly thinking, take care: remember, this isn't an Irish private. One striking fact illustrates this comparative incapacity for treating delicate or sophisticated sentiments: we cannot remember the phrases used. Professional terms, technical slang, all varieties of masculine dialect and expression, are easily remembered by Mr. Kipling's readers: everything forcible and boisterous. But of Dick's conversation with Maisie, of the sentiment and psychological description, we can quote not one word. Take away from Mr. Kipling his salient points and lively effects, and then his style becomes merely commonplace. And even in his best passages, the strained expression, the unrelaxed determination to be vigorous, grows wearisome. Contrast with Mr. Kipling the enchanting style of Pierre Loti: that strangely ironical and gentle style, so caressing and unforgettable. For *Les trois Dames de la Kasbah*, we would give many a Plain Tale from the Hills. And, ultimately, Mr. Kipling's incessant vigilance, lest he fall into the hackneyed and the tame, produces an effect of brilliant vulgarity: an effect wholly unjust to Mr. Kipling, yet an inevitable result of his method, when carried to excess. Surely, one protests, we do not want special correspondence, even composed with genius.

Apart from this mannerism, Mr. Kipling's work has innumerable good qualities. Restraint, a dislike of the superfluous, how rare is that just now! To take one small instance: Mr. Kipling makes Dick quote Emerson and Marvell, but he does not mention them by name. In actual life, we do not mention the authors of our quotations: we quote what we suppose familiar to our companions. But in books there seems to come upon the writer a desire to exhibit his reading: he mentions Emerson and Marvell. It is an infinitely small matter, but it is precisely characteristic of

Mr. Kipling. Directness, also; only Mr. Meredith, Mr. Hardy, and Mr. Stevenson, to name three very varied writers, can so give us the absolutely right and infallible phrase. Mr. Kipling, with "his eye on the object," is astounding; with no accumulation of detail, no tiresome minuteness, he brings before us the very reality of life and of character, so far as character can be shown in sketches of talk and action. For there are these limitations to Mr. Kipling's art; within them I recognise with gratitude and admiration a fine writer. But, outside them, I seem to see, if I may make a vigorous quotation in Mr. Kipling's manner, "another good man gone wrong." Let us hope for the best, and enjoy what is already in so great a measure so excellent.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

Historic Oddities. Second Series. By S. Baring-Gould. (Methuen.)

MR. BARING-GOULD can hardly escape the charge of book-making, however original his work in fiction may be, so far as concerns his *Historic Oddities*, of which he has now issued the second series. His procedure largely consists in unearthing curious episodes in history, and paraphrasing the original and often forgotten authorities; but there is no attempt to put the episodes in their proper perspective or to criticise their relations to other events.

This method is conspicuous in Mr. Baring-Gould's treatment of the Anabaptist outbreak in Munster, which occupies nearly half the present volume. He confines himself to retelling the story, and a gruesome one it is, of the Anabaptist Saturnalia as narrated by Kerssenbroeck, who, as a young man, was an eye-witness of the scenes he described. Yet Kerssenbroeck, though he has no pretensions to be more than a chronicler, incidentally throws considerable light on the causes which gave the movement in Munster such unenviable pre-eminence. The so-called Anabaptist movement was, indeed, the result of the extreme development of the Lutheran doctrines, and as such was viewed with peculiar reprobation by the Lutherans themselves, while it was connected in the past with the heresies of the Waldenses and Albigenses. It was in its inception an attempt to establish an ideal Christian commonwealth, with complete equality and community of goods. Such an attempt was naturally welcome to those who resented the feudal and industrial oppression of the days; and in Munster and other towns where Anabaptism took root, a strong repugnance existed among an active-minded population of artisans against the burden of religious houses. Kerssenbroeck incidentally tells us that, even before the Anabaptist doctrines had developed themselves, the guilds in Munster had clamoured against the industrial occupations carried on in the religious houses, who undersold the ordinary artisans in the market. The destruction of looms, &c., in the religious houses was one of the first acts of the new sect, and enabled it to secure control, first of the guilds, and then through the guilds of the entire organisation of the town.

It is equally significant that the Prince Bishop at first connived in this action, from a desire to break up the Catholic establishments and convert the bishopric, as in many other instances in Germany, into a secular principality for his family. But the Prince Bishop soon found he had unchained a tiger. The irresolute policy adopted towards the Anabaptists only emboldened them; and their success attracted daring and fanatical spirits from the Low Countries, who found themselves hopelessly coerced in their native towns by the iron despotism of Spain. It was from these recruits that the real leader of the outbreak was drawn—a tailor called Bockelson, or, as he is generally known from his native place, John of Leyden. But the story of the Anabaptist domination in the fatal city may be left to Mr. Baring-Gould, or rather to Kerksenbroeck. The narrative is a ghastly one, and it is sufficient to notice that the movement ran through all the phases of religious and moral anarchy until its extinction in blood. The visions by which John of Leyden maintained his authority over the Anabaptists, the cruelties by which he enforced his authority, the despotism which his adherents and the believers in the new programme of equality and paternity allowed their king, his assumption of regal titles and extravagance, and the inevitable development of religious into sexual licence—all contribute a melancholy page to history and fixed a lasting stigma on the Reformation.

Mr. Baring-Gould devotes another essay to describing the part which the fanaticism of the Patarines contributed in enabling the Vatican to carry out Gregory the Great's momentous policy of enforcing celibacy on the priests in Milan, where the married clergy cited the example of St. Ambrosius on their side with peculiar force. The Patarine mob, which held doctrines that were possibly ultimately derived from the Gnostic heretics, were certainly enrolled on the side of the Vatican, and afford one of the first instances, but by no means the last, where popular fanaticism has been used by the Church to further an important measure. But the success of one of the cruel struggles which necessarily attended Hildebrand's great reform was as much, if not more, due to the local jealousies and episcopal factions than to the fanaticism of the sectaries, who are credited with having given a name to a quarter of "fair Milan."

Turning to more modern history, Mr. Baring-Gould gives at some length an account of the murder of Father Thomas in 1840, at Damascus, a murder which gave rise to the most general outburst of feeling against the Jews that Europe has witnessed in this century. Such an incident leads by easy transition to a catalogue of the various charges brought in the Dark Ages against the Jews. The topic would seem congenial to Mr. Baring-Gould. He loves, at any rate in this volume, to linger among the unclean shades of religious mania, self-deception, and frenzy, and to dwell upon diseased imaginings. He exhumes for a nineteenth-century episode, under the title of a Swiss Passion play, a case of religious mania ending in self-immolation and a parody of the crucifixion, which occurred not

far from the tourist-haunted Falls of Schaffhausen. Mr. Baring-Gould appears to regard this horror as a natural result of religious frenzy among the Swiss, and suggests that the recollection of it may have influenced the Swiss Government in excluding the Salvation Army from the Cantons. But such horrors belong to no age and to no country, though they may at times break forth in epidemics; and perhaps they are better buried in oblivion than dragged up into the light.

C. E. DAWKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

Stephen Ellicott's Daughter. By Mrs. J. H. Needell. In 3 vols. (Frederick Warne.)

He Fell among Thieves. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

A Bitter Birthright. By Dora Russell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

That Affair. By Annie Thomas (Mrs. Pender Cudlip.) In 3 vols. (White.)

The Anglomaniacs. (Cassell.)

Paul Creighton. By Gertrude Carr Davison. (Digby & Long.)

READERS of *Julian Karlake's Secret* and *The Story of Philip Methuen* do not need to be told that Mrs. Needell has done good work before now; but it may be doubted whether she has done anything that will serve to prepare them for a novel exhibiting such a combination of vigour and beauty as is to be found in *Stephen Ellicott's Daughter*. Indeed, the immediate impression made by the book is so deep and sharp that the critic who has to move from the chair in which he reads to the chair in which he writes, and who cannot improvise a consciousness of aloofness from the object of his criticism, must needs feel the necessity of holding himself well in hand, lest in the record of this immediate experience he should do the injustice always done by effusiveness of indiscriminating eulogy. There are, indeed, certain apparent lapses from perfect imaginative realisation, which strike the reader more forcibly on a first perusal than they might strike him on a second. It seems hardly possible that the self-absorbed, morose, and repellent Stephen Ellicott—to whom we are introduced in the first chapter—should develop into the kindly, genial, sympathetic old man whom we learn to know later on; and one feels somehow that, in the story of the shameful career of Lancelot Henderson, there is a "similar apparent breach of imaginative continuity." Mrs. Needell does not exaggerate his possibilities of baseness—his is one of the cases in which such exaggeration would be almost impossible; but it would seem as if her contempt for the miserable hound had tempted her into giving that baseness a somewhat unnatural manifestation. Such a man would have met the prospect of exposure, not with hard, outspoken defiance, but with coaxing, wheedling sophistry—the natural weapons of his tribe; and would not have resorted to the coarser implements of warfare until a time came when nothing

else would serve his turn. If, however, these are defects, they are finely atoned for. Anthony Glynne and Hester Ellicott are a hero and heroine who, though cast in an ideal mould, are full of flesh and blood humanity; while Winifred Henderson, with her indomitable pride, her keen sense of honour, her outward crust of cynical coldness, and her inner fire of passion, is a masterly study. It is hardly too much to say that Mrs. Needell's treatment of the relations between Anthony and Winifred has the touch of genius.

The experiences of the man upon the Jericho road who fell among thieves are to most of us not quite unfamiliar; but Harry Wynne, whose adventures are chronicled by Mr. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman, was an exceptionally unlucky young dog. Indeed, had another title been wanted for the record of his misfortunes, it might have been found in the proverbial phrase "Out of the frying-pan into the fire." Captain Heaton, the gambling club proprietor, Mr. Herbert Whale, professional card-player and amateur money-lender, and their precious ally, Mr. Butterfield, the fashionable jeweller, are certainly people into whose clutches it is not desirable to fall; but they seem dovelike creatures when compared with Mr. William Reid, who is the cleverest swindler in Europe, and Mr. Gilead Gilfoil, who, in spite of his paralysed frame, is equal to either bank-note forgery or scientific murder. Mr. Harry Wynne begins his career as a pleasant, manly, easy-going young gentleman of almost incredible folly, and it is difficult to say whether his getting into the frying-pan or his getting out of it displays the greater amount of idiocy; but by the time he finds himself well in the fire he is in possession of his rather late-developed wits, and proves himself not merely a man, but a man who is unmistakably wide-awake. Though Mr. Christie Murray's name has certainly appeared on the title-pages of novels which represent a higher class of imaginative work than is to be found in *He Fell among Thieves*, the new book has the merit of being a really good story of its kind. It is, as a matter of course, capitally written, and—save in a few chapters in the middle of the book—the continuity of narrative interest is sustained without a break. Even Harry's Bulgarian experiences are related with real spirit, and the record of them is in itself by no means bad reading; the misfortune is that it is, for the most part, pure padding, and even the skill of the writer does not suffice to disguise its true character. Then again, it is surely rather a strain upon the probabilities that a man in Mr. Butterfield's position, who is making a handsome income by a form of scoundrelism not positively dangerous, should put himself within the reach of the criminal law in the manner described in the story; while the employment of that terribly hackneyed plot *motif*, the singular likeness between the hero and the principal villain is unworthy of constructors of the rank of Messrs. Murray and Herman. If, however, novels are made to read, as the razors in the old humorous poem were made to sell, *He Fell among Thieves* fulfils the end of its being, for it is eminently readable.

A Bitter Birthright tells the story of the consequences of a crime, or, to speak with perfect accuracy, the consequences of a repentance; for had Lady Gilmore only let sleeping dogs lie, she might have ended her life in perfect comfort, and left Miss Dora Russell, like the needy knife-grinder, with no story to tell. The deceased Lord Gilmore, who belonged to a handsome race, had a natural prejudice in favour of a handsome heir, and when his first-born proved to be a hunchback he was accordingly much annoyed, his irritation being increased rather than diminished by the birth of a second son whose lines and proportions were all that could be desired. In order, therefore, that family comfort may be restored, Lady Gilmore and a trusted nurse take the heir, ostensibly for the sake of his health, to a secluded village in the north of Scotland, whence the mother returns, bringing with her a small coffin, which, being supposed to contain his body, is consigned to the family vault. The second son, Hugh, thereupon reigns in his elder brother's stead, and in due course succeeds to the title and estates, possession of which he would doubtless have retained to the end of the chapter had he not spoiled his mother's schemes by marrying his sister's penniless governess. This act of rebellion serves to awaken the feminine conscience which has been quietly sleeping for a quarter of a century, and Lady Gilmore is not the first person who has found wonderful satisfaction in an act of virtue, which is also an act of spite. The hunchback, who has grown into a stalwart and not ill-looking young farmer, is brought back, the rebel is deposed, and then the story begins to be lively, with a liveliness imparted by envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, battle, murder, and sudden death, with paralysis, adultery, and more or less of intoxication thrown in as makeweights. Walt Whitman thinks it would be better if we were all like the beasts, who "do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins"; but it seems to need a multiplicity of horrors to enforce the moral that repentance is a mistake.

The constituents of *That Affair* are luscious sentimentality, crude humour, doubtful English, still more doubtful French, and general commonplace of conception and handling. On the whole, the sentimental passages which are meant to be taken seriously provide more amusement than those which seem to have a deliberately humorous intent; but, unfortunately, these are the very passages which the practised novel-reader will skip, because, as he will say, he knows all about them, and they have nothing to do with the story—two pleas which cannot possibly be controverted. The principal personages are mainly distinguished by remarkable eyes, with which they perform feats, physical and psychical, not to be rivalled even by Sam Weller's "patent double million glass magnifier." Those of the hero are very brilliant—differing in this respect from their owner—but in the course of ordinary conversation they "soften curiously," and, when fully softened, are wont to turn upon people "with the power of an electric search-

light." The heroine, on the other hand, has eyes with which, even when they are fixed upon the floor, she sees, "in some occult way, every movement and line of his [the hero's] grand, manly figure; every feature and expression of his splendidly-handsome face." Everyone knows the kind of incident that, as the milliners say, "goes with" this sort of description; but, indeed, there is no lavish profusion of incident of any kind, and, until the third volume, which is rather brisker than its predecessors, both "that" affair and all the other affairs move along rather slowly. In fact, the book can be read with profit only by those who are anxious to enlarge their vocabulary. In curiosities and novelties of language it is decidedly rich.

The design on the cover of *The Anglomaniacs*—a bleeding heart surmounted by an earl's coronet—promises just such a pleasing combination of the aristocratic and lachrymose elements as is commonly to be found in the works of the imitators of Ouida. This promise is, however, unfulfilled; for, though some members of the English Brahmin caste are introduced, they fail to live up to their titles in the approved fashion; and, while the book is not deficient in little touches of genuine pathos, the anonymous writer makes no attempt to be harrowing. Indeed, the most obvious as well as the pleasantest feature of *The Anglomaniacs* is the bright humour which plays over every page. The book is a sketch, evidently studied from the life, of the Transatlantic plutocrats who are, like Mrs. Boffin, "high-flyers at fashion," or, to speak more precisely, at rank; and the story deals with the attempts of Mrs. Floyd-Curtis and her subsidised ally, Mrs. Clay, to transform the pretty, vivacious, Lily Floyd-Curtis into Lady Melrose. Lily, with her thin veneer of cynical worldliness and her clear brain and warm heart underneath, is charming company, and the feminine schemers are a delicious couple. How they fare must not be revealed; for the book, which is full of good things, and not wanting in really brilliant things, ought to be read.

It would be gratuitously cruel, and would serve no useful purpose, to tell the whole truth about *Paul Creighton*. It may suffice to say that it is apparently the work of a very young lady, who is absolutely devoid of literary experience, and who has studied the worst possible models. The story and the telling of it are almost incredibly grotesque.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Essays, Scientific, Political, and Speculative. By Herbert Spencer. In 3 vols. (Williams & Norgate). Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Essays* have long been accessible in three series, published at intervals between 1857 and 1874; and those who are curious in matters of bibliography must have noticed that they were printed from American types. The truth is that Mr. Spencer, like De Quincey, has been more honoured during his life-time in the United States than in his own country. It was otherwise with Darwin, not one of whose works, we believe, have ever been reprinted in America down to this day. Mr. Spencer wisely accepted the inevitable.

Through the good offices of his friend, the late Prof. Youmans, he was not only able to derive some profit from the American sale, but also to import into the country of origin sheets printed from the American plates—a fact worthy of consideration in the present state of the copyright question. Now, however, the improved state of his health has permitted him to subject all his miscellaneous writings to a thorough revision, to add several not previously reprinted, and to re-arrange the whole in a definite edition. Seven new essays are here given, including the famous address to "The Americans," after his visit to that country; and at the same time references are supplied to as many more magazine articles, which he has not thought it necessary to republish. The original order of the essays, which was largely chronological, has also been recast. The first volume now contains those dealing primarily with the scientific aspects of evolution, beginning with the brief paper on "The Development Hypothesis," which he contributed to the *Leader* in 1852, seven years before *The Origin of Species*. The second volume contains those treating of philosophical and aesthetic questions, including the famous criticism of Comte's classification of the sciences (which has also been published separately), and the postscript to the essay on "The Origin and Function of Music," in reply to the views of Darwin and Mr. Gurney, which appeared only last year in *Mind*. The third volume contains the ethical, political, and social essays, which are by no means the least interesting class, especially when we observe the rigid consistency which animates alike the "Railway Morals" of 1854, and the "From Freedom to Bondage" of 1891. In short, the philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer may be learnt from these collected essays as clearly as from any of his more systematic works. We must not omit to mention that the third volume ends with a copious subject-index to all three, compiled by Mr. F. Howard Collins.

The Letters of S. G. O. Edited by Arnold White. In 2 vols. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) For more than forty years—1844-1888—Lord Sidney Godolphin Osborne enjoyed the privilege of using the columns of the *Times* as the channel for expressing his opinions on most social and political matters. Unless his letters had possessed some rare qualities, they would never have gained this almost unique distinction. What those qualities were it is not difficult to see. He had the command of a vigorous pen, and, standing aloof from party, delighted in exposing the shortcomings and inconsistencies of statesmen and administrators, while for the sufferers he expressed so warm a sympathy as to rouse that emotion in the hearts of others. Naturally combative, he never shrank from controversy: but it seems to have been always unselfish in its aim and generally free from personal bitterness. It is true that, in drawing public attention to the condition of the poor in his own county (Dorset), the first subject which engaged his active mind, he could not help exciting the wrath of the neighbouring squires and farmers; and the Home Secretary of the day—Sir James Graham—stigmatised him as a "popularity-hunting parson." But, looking at the matter nearly fifty years afterwards, we must not only acquit him of all blame, but recognise the value of the services which he rendered then, and on many other occasions, to a class which sorely needed a champion. His letters on Ireland are worth studying at the present time, and their general tone may be inferred from the intimacy of their writer with Mr. Walter. In ecclesiastical matters S. G. O. shows himself to less advantage. He writes, indeed, with his usual force, but not with his usual fairness. He is excellent in denouncing abuses, and sometimes in suggesting practical reforms; but his Protestantism

is of a type which has almost ceased to be. Himself a clergyman, he was singularly anti-clerical in his habit of thought, and altogether failed to comprehend the revival of Church life that was taking place around him. Yet, even so, his criticisms are not without their use, and contribute towards making these volumes a valuable commentary upon the chief public events and social questions of the past half century.

Black is White. By The Prig. (Kegan Paul & Co.) "The Prig," as his four or five little volumes tell us, is one of those who hold with Horace and with Milton that

"Joking decides great things,
Better and stronger oft than earnest can."

Perhaps there is something rather mediaeval, or of the Renaissance humour, about his method of controversy by satire: he indulges the broader, Gothic spirit of downright jesting, like those old parodists of holy hymns, or that rare clerical buffoon, Walter de Mapes. Again, he reminds us of Ulrich von Hutten, and his *Epistolae Obscurorum Virorum*, which set all the humanists and friars by the ears. "The Prig's" one aim is to laugh Anglicans, more especially the "Ritualists," out of their theological attitude; to save Rome by ridicule. It cannot be denied, unless by his victims, that he jests with infinite wit, and not a little serious learning underneath the cap and bells. Yet we cannot wholly applaud his present effort. He grows ponderous and far-fetched in his satire. His book is an attempt to reproduce the Reformation in England, under modern conditions, and to show how quibbling and vain are the Anglican pretensions to continue the Catholic Church of Old England, by describing a second Reformation and a second Establishment, with all their consequences. He imagines a Bill brought before Parliament and carried, making a new settlement of religion, by including in the Established Church all religions whatsoever that will join it: the creeds, articles, canons, dogma and discipline, are all reduced to a dead level of agreement with everything. The amusing part of this *jeu d'esprit* lies in its picture of the latitudinarian clergy, the perplexed prelates, the gradual growth of secession and nonconformity. The old Established Church is, of course, considered schismatical by the new; and the old history repeats itself. Clergy of the new Establishments ape those of the old, in "Ritualist" fashion; distinguished persons "go over" to the old body. And so the farce continues. The moral is obvious: the Roman Church alone has the logic of facts on her side; once leave her, and anything may happen—any political vagary may change the very creeds of an Establishment. The idea of bringing the nature of the English Reformation home to men's minds in this fashion is good; but "The Prig's" satire is not so delicate as it used to be. This book is caricature of the broadest type, and therefore not half so effective as, for example, that delightful work, *The Prig's Bede*. In the present book we have satire of this kind; the Marriage Service of the new Establishment runs thus:

"I, M, take thee, N, to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love and to cherish till death or a decree nisi us do part, and thereto I plight thee my troth."

This would be more pointed had the Established Church ever given the slightest signs of toleration for divorce in its corporate capacity. None the less, all who have "The Prig's" cause at heart will wish him well in his battle of pleasant wit against dubious wisdom.

SEVEN years ago Mr. Lionel Tollemache printed two volumes of essays, entitled, *Safe*

Studies and Stones of Stumbling, together with some verses by his wife, whose poetical gift is known to readers of the ACADEMY. The volumes were "for private circulation" only, in the sense that they could not be obtained for money; but the edition was not a limited one, and the author was so generous in his distribution that they may be found in the libraries of most public institutions. He has now determined to publish them in the usual way, but at cost price; that is to say, the two volumes, containing more than 670 pages of letterpress, may be obtained from Mr. William Rice, 86, Fleet-street (who is also, most appropriately, the publisher of the *Journal of Education*) for a total expenditure of 7s. 6d. As the essays were reviewed at the time in the ACADEMY (January 10, 1885), we must content ourselves now with calling attention to the new matter, which is mainly contained in an appendix to *Stones of Stumbling*. This includes the "Recollections of [Mark] Pattison," which attracted so much attention on their first appearance in the *Journal of Education*. Together with the notice of Charles Austin (in *Safe Studies*), it must always possess a permanent value, as an unrivalled example of Boswellian portraiture—with the added interest that, in recording the traits of his friends, the author is half-unconsciously revealing some of his own. We take the liberty of quoting part of the (new) dedication of the essays to the late Lord Tollemache.

"Ignoscas, si quis priscae pietatis amorem
Spreverit, hen, genitor ter venerande, tuum.
Quae paupertatis fuerit tua cura levandae,
Testantur nitidae laeta per arva casae,
Exemplum dominis dederas, et certa colonis
Rura tuis. Quis non, te meriente, delet?"

MR. JOHN R. RUSSELL, of Kirkwall, has been at the pains of reprinting, in a limited edition of 250 copies, the pamphlet in which Defoe tells the story of the pirate Gow, the original of Captain Cleveland in Scott's *Pirate*. Apparently, only a single copy of the original is known to exist, that in the British Museum. Like most of the buccaneers whose names have entered into romance, Gow seems to have been a poor creature; and nothing can exceed the feebleness of the resistance which he and his crew offered to capture. In fact, it is just this absence of attractive colours which, in our judgment, attests the authorship of Defoe. The work belongs to the *Captain Singleton* and *Jack Sheppard* period, when Defoe was employed to write for John Applebee, the semi-official Newgate printer, by whom this pamphlet was published. The present editor has added a few notes, tending to identify Gow from local information. His father seems to have come from Scrabster in Caithness; and a few relics of him are still preserved in the Orkneys. The book, which is a very creditable example of Kirkwall printing, may be obtained in London from Messrs. H. Sotheran & Co. Neither the original nor the reprint bears a date on the title-page.

THE Open Court Publishing Company, of Chicago—which we have been accustomed to regard as an organ for the dissemination of philosophy—has sent us, through Messrs. Brentano, a handsome translation, in two volumes, of Gustav Freytag's early novel, *The Lost Manuscript*, "Die Verlorene Handschrift." The name of the translator is not given; but that it appears with the author's sanction may be inferred from the fact that he has himself sent the following graceful motto, which is prefixed to it in a facsimile of his no less graceful handwriting:

"Ein tüchtiges Menschenleben endet auf Erden nicht mit dem Tode; es dauert in Gemuth und Thun der Freunde, wie in den Gedanken und der Arbeit des Volkes."

The book is an admirable specimen of American typography, which, when at its best, possesses the additional attraction of strangeness to English eyes. Though we recognise the feeling that has induced the publishers to enshrine every page in a coloured border, we cannot say that we approve of such a fancy dress for a novel. The head-piece to the second volume also leaves something to be desired. The binding has the double merits of stoutness and elegance. Altogether, this is a worthy compliment to the veteran author, whose Reminiscences also have lately appeared in English.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. HEINEMANN has at last ready for issue the long-promised *De Quincey Memorials*, in two volumes. The delay in publication was caused partly by the difficulty in reproducing the portraits with which the work is adorned. The volumes include not only a large mass of correspondence between De Quincey and members of his family, notably his mother, brothers "Pink," and his two sisters, but also letters between himself and Coleridge, the Wordsworths, Hannah More, Christopher North, &c. The Memorials will be followed shortly by the first instalment of De Quincey's Posthumous Works.

UNDER the brief but emphatic title of *War*, Messrs. Macmillan will shortly publish a revision of the article contributed to the *Encyclopædia Britannica* by Colonel J. Frederick Maurice, R.A., to which is now added a list of books on modern wars and the military art in all languages, with notes to assist students in selection.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. will publish next week a *Short History of Greek Philosophy*, for students and general readers, by Dr. John Marshall, rector of the Royal High School, Edinburgh. The main purpose of this book is to present an account of Greek philosophy which, within strict limits of brevity, shall be at once authentic and interesting—authentic, as being based on the original works themselves; interesting, as presenting to the ordinary English reader the great thoughts of the greatest men of antiquity, on problems of permanent significance and value, in language freed from technicality and abstruseness.

THE Rev. Dr. Atkinson's book, *Forty Years in a Moorland Parish: Reminiscences and Researches in Danby in Cleveland*, will be published by Messrs. Macmillan in about a fortnight. Anyone who has had the good fortune to tramp the Yorkshire moors with Dr. Atkinson, and hear him pour forth his stores of observations on the geology, archaeology, folklore, and history of his district, mixed with anecdotes of the quaint manly folk among whom he has lived and worked, knows what an interesting volume the record of all he has seen, heard, and thought should make.

MR. GEORGE MEREDITH's novel, *One of Our Conquerors*, will be published this month, in three-volume form, by Messrs. Chapman and Hall.

MR. ROBERT BUCHANAN's prose book, *The Coming Terror*, is to be issued by Mr. William Heinemann early next week. It consists, to no little extent, of controversial matter on subjects of the day, its chief object being to protest against over-legislation, especially in matters moral and literary, while showing at the same time that the modern gospel of self-culture may be injurious to society.

THE second volume of the *Talleyrand Memoirs* will be published in England by Messrs. Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh, and in America by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, at

the end of the present week. The third volume will appear simultaneously with the French edition on July 1.

Kilmallie is the title of a new novel by the author of *The Chronicles of Glenbuckie*, which will be published next month, in two volumes, by Messrs. Ward & Downey.

THE first volume of the *Economic Journal*, to be published by Messrs. Macmillan next week, will open with an account of the objects, &c., of the British Economic Association, written by the editor, Prof. F. Y. Edgeworth. Among the other contents will be:—"Some Points in French Economic History," by Mr. F. Seebohm; "Economic Doctrine in England during the Eighteenth Century," by the Rev. Dr. Cunningham; "The Fall in Silver," by Mr. H. Hicks Gibbs; and "Difficulties of Socialism," by Mr. Leonard Courtney. There will also be notes and memoranda, reviews, and a list of recent books and articles in periodicals.

THE forthcoming number of the *Religious Review of Reviews*, to be published on April 8, will contain an article entitled, "Christ or Anti-Christ: Is Mr. W. J. Stead a Representative of Christianity?"

THE publishing firm of Messrs. Walter Smith and Innes, in Bedford-street, will henceforth be known by the style of A. D. Innes and Co., Mr. Walter Smith having finally withdrawn from the business, and Mr. T. Slingsby Tanner having become a partner.

THE date of the Folk-lore Congress, to be held in London this autumn, has been slightly advanced. The first meeting will be held on Thursday, October 1, in the rooms of the Society of Antiquaries. A number of foreign folk-lorists have expressed their intention of attending the Congress, some coming from as far as Russia and Finland—both countries to which our own Folk-Lore Society has paid special attention.

At the Royal Institution, Mr. J. Scott Keltie will, on Tuesday next, April 7, begin a course of three lectures on "The Geography of Africa"; Prof. Dewar will, on Thursday next, April 9, begin a course of six lectures on "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations"; and Prof. Sylvanus P. Thompson will, on Saturday next, April 11, begin a course of four lectures on "The Dynamo." The Friday evening meetings will be resumed on April 10, when Sir William Thomson will give a discourse on "Electric and Magnetic Screening."

MR. BADEN-POWELL, C.I.E., the author of a standard treatise on the land-tenures of the Punjab, will read a paper at the Society of Arts on Thursday next, April 9, at 4.30 p.m., upon "The Indian Village Community, with special reference to Modern Investigation." The chair will be taken by Sir Steuart Bayley, political secretary at the India Office.

A PAPER on "Shelley, and his Relations to Christian Dogma," will be read by Dr. A. H. Japp, at the meeting of the Shelley Society, to be held at University College, Gower-street, on Wednesday next, April 8, at 8 p.m.

DURING Wednesday and Thursday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling a large collection of autograph letters and MSS., brought together from various sources. Perhaps the most notable lot is a series of verses, notes, &c., addressed by Goethe to Caroline Gräfin von Egloffstein. There are also interesting letters of Dr. Johnson, Burke, Burns, Coleridge, Lamb (unpublished), Shelley, Dickens, and Thackeray; and we may specially mention one from Byron to his sister Augusta, in which he is said to give a "complete history" of his relations with the Countess Guiccioli.

UNIVERSITY-JOTTINGS.

THREE courses of lectures will be delivered at University Hall, Gordon-square, during April and May—on Sundays, at 3.30 p.m., by Dr. James Martineau, on "The Gospel of Luke"; on Wednesdays, at 8 p.m., by the Rev. Charles Hargrove on "The Fourth Gospel"; on Fridays, at 3 p.m., by Miss Beatrice Potter, on "The Co-Operative Movement in Great Britain." The fee for each of the two latter courses is 5s., and for members of workmen's clubs, 1s. Application for tickets should be made to the warden, the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed.

MR. R. T. WRIGHT, law lecturer at St John's College, has been appointed editor of the *Cambridge University Reporter*, in succession to Prof. G. F. Browne, now canon of St. Paul's.

PROF. W. H. BENNETT, of Hackney College, and formerly fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, has been temporarily appointed to the chair of Hebrew at New College, London, vacant by the death of Dr. Evans.

A PARAPHRASE of some of the late Prof. Emslie's Sermons, by Miss M. S. Wright, is announced for publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE March number of the *Eagle*, a magazine supported by members of St. John's College, Cambridge, contains an interesting article on "The College Days of William Wordsworth," who took his degree exactly one hundred years ago. It appears that the set of rooms, or rather the single room, which he seems to have occupied during his whole undergraduate course, is now utilised as a store-room in connexion with the kitchen. Another article prints letters from Archbishop Whitgift and others concerning the opposition of St. John's to the enclosure of Garret Hostel Green by Trinity College in 1600.

WE have received the first issues of *Publications of the University of Pennsylvania* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.), which are to consist of monographs in philology, literature, and archaeology. The series is opened with a learned essay on "Poetic and Verse Criticism in the Reign of Elizabeth," by Felix E. Schelling, assistant professor of English literature. He here deals with the treatises of George Gascoyne, King James, Gabriel Harvey, William Webbe, Puttenham, Gosson, Lodge, and Sir Philip Sidney; and promises hereafter to devote a special study to the life and writings of Gascoyne. Dr. Morris Jastrow, junior, professor of Arabic, describes a stray tablet from the library of Asurnasirbal, which has found its way to America. Besides an excellent facsimile of both sides of the tablet, reproduced by the levitytype process, he gives a transliteration and translation, and shows that it is a fragment of the Babylonian epic of Dilmarru. Incidentally he adduces reason for assigning it to a non-Semitic source. Finally, Mr. Stewart Culin, secretary of the museum of archaeology—who has already written curious treatises on the same subject—describes, with illustrations, two gambling games of the Chinese in America; *fán t'án*, or "repeatedly spreading out"; and *pák káp piú*, or "white pigeon ticket." The series is to be continued by Prof. W. A. Lamberton, Prof. Daniel G. Brinton, Dr. H. H. Furness, and others.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. Samuel Savage Lewis, fellow of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, which took place, very suddenly, on Tuesday, March 31. Mr. Lewis, as our readers know, was a most devoted antiquary, and for many years past the energetic secretary of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society. Only last winter he paid a visit of archaeological research to Asia Minor, whence he wrote a letter to the ACADEMY (January 17, 1891),

describing a hitherto unrecorded Greek inscription. He will be greatly missed in many circles at Cambridge.

TRANSLATION.

"EIN GLEICHES"—A PARALLEL.

(Lines written by Goethe, in 1783, on a solitary wooden hut situated on the loftiest point among the pine woods at Ilmenau.)

Beyond all heights

Is peace.

In the tops of the trees

Stirreth no breeze;

Silent the birds in the wood.

Thou hast but to wait,

Soon shalt thou, too, know rest.

H. SCHÜTZ WILSON.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for April contains two interesting philological articles. Prof. Marshall makes it clearer than before that he does not claim to have solved the problem of getting back to any great extent to the original Aramaic of Jesus Christ's discourses. The thesis which he now hopes to have established is, "that the divergences in our synoptic Gospels are in some cases due to a variant translation of one and the same Aramaic word." It would be strange indeed if this were not the case; but we fear that only the very simplest of Prof. Marshall's instances are provable. He still seems to us to deal too mechanically with his problem. Prof. Sanday continues his survey of the "synoptic" question in a lucid and popular style. Only on one point he seems obscure; does he draw the natural inference from the facts of language referred to on p. 313, viz., that the fourth of the Beatitudes in Matt. v. is not original? If not, what is the Aramaic original of "meek" in Matt. v. 5? Of the other articles, the correspondence between Delitzsch and Hofmann, on the Descent of Christ into Hades, has a doctrinal interest.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE du Musée Royal d'Amsterdam. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 225 fr.
DUBOIS, Ch. Le Bois de Vincennes et les communes environnantes. Paris: Jannati. 40 fr.
HERMANOWSKI, P. Die deutsche Götterlehre u. ihre Verwertung in Kunst u. Dichtung. Berlin: Nicolai. 7 M. 50 Pf.
LANO, P. de. L'Impératrice Eugénie. Paris: Victor-Havard. 3 fr. 50 c.
SEELIG, M. Die dichterische Sprache in Heines "Buch der Lieder." Leipzig: Fock. 2 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

AYROLES, J. B. J. La Pucelle devant l'église de son temps: documents nouveaux. Paris: Gaume. 15 fr.
HÜNER, le Comte de. Une année de ma vie (1848-9). Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
MORIZOT-THIBAUDAT, Ch. Des Droits des Chambres hautes ou Sénats en matière de lois de finances. Paris: Rousseau. 8 fr.
RANDACCIO, C. Storia navale universale antica e moderna. Vol. I. Turin: Loescher. 5 fr.
SCHRAMMER, C. Il Diritto di guerra e dei trattati negli stati a governo rappresentativo. Turin: Loescher. 5 fr.
SELLO, G. Beiträge zur Geschichte d. Landes Würden. Oldenburg: Stallung. 2 M. 40 Pf.
THOMAS, le général. Le Maréchal Lannes. Paris: Calmann-Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
VRAIE ET FAUSSE SCIENCE DES ARMOIRIES: ou, l'Indice armorial de feu Maître Lowan Geliot, augmenté par P. Palliot. Réimpression fac-simile. Paris: Rue de Seine 78. 100 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

FRÉMY, E. Synthèse du rmbis. Paris: Dunod. 25 fr.
GANSER, A. Die Freiheit d. Willens, die Moral u. das Uebel. Graz: Leuschner. 1 M. 40 Pf.
MEYER, A. B. u. A. SCHADENBERG. Album v. Philippinen-Typen. Nord-Luzon. Berlin: Friedländer. 40 M.
ROSWAG, C. L'argent et l'or: production, consommation et circulation des métaux précieux. Paris: Dunod. 50 fr.
SACCARO, P. A. Chromotaxia seu nomenclator colorum polyglottus. Berlin: Friedländer. 2 M.
VOSS, W. Mycologia carniolica. 3. Thl. Ascomycetes. Berlin: Friedländer. 1 M. 50 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- BIELEH, J. Ueb. die Echtheit d. Lucianischen Dialogs Cynicus. Leipzig: Fock. 90 Pf.
 DOMINGO DE SANTO THOMAS. Arte de la lengua Quichua, publicada de nuevo por J. Platzmann. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.
 GROSSE, H. Beiträge zur Syntax d. griechischen Mediums u. Passivums. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 SCHULITZ, C. Beiträge zur Erklärung der Rede d. Sokrates in Platons Symposium. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER AT WORK.

Christ's College, Cambridge: March 14, 1891.

It is interesting to watch Chaucer's method of making a translation. His Tale of Melibous enables us to observe some of his difficulties, and how he attempted to overcome them. It is not easy for us to put ourselves in his place. We must bear in mind that in translating from the French he had no dictionary to refer to, and he had to work from an MS. original, which, as we can plainly see, was either not very legible or else contained mistakes. We may think that some of his blunders are rather singular, but I doubt if many of us, under all the circumstances, would have avoided them.

I now proceed to give examples of his mode of procedure. My references are to Group B, as numbered in the Six-text edition.

In 2187 Chaucer says: "Right as motthes in the shepes flees anyoeth to the clothes," &c. As a matter of fact, he is merely giving a sentence from the Vulgate version of Prov. xxv. 20, which has, "sicut tineæ vestimento," a clause not found in our English version. But he had not the Latin before him. What he had was the French version—viz., "la tigne, ou lartuison, nuit a la robe." Of course, we can easily discover that *lartuison* (see *artison* in Cotgrave) is a mere equivalent to, or gloss upon, the word *tigne*, or the Latin *tineæ*; but Chaucer had no means of discovering this. Perhaps his MS. was miswritten; at any rate, all that he could make of it was *en la toison*, which he promptly turned, correctly enough, into "in the shepes flees." It is rather a desperate solution of the difficulty; but he had to face it, and he was not to be daunted.

In 2515 he tells us that "the litel *wesel* wol slee the grete boie and the wilde hert." As a fact, this represents a line in Ovid, *Remed. Amoris*, 421—

"Parua necat morsu spatiosum *uipera* taurum."

But he had not the Latin before him; he had only the French version: "la petite *viere* occist le grant torel." Unluckily he did not know the sense of *viere*, but he had to say something; so he took it to represent the Latin *uiuerra*, a ferret; and, as the word "ferret" had not, at that date, been adopted into our language, the only available word for him to use was necessarily "*wesel*."

In 2627 we find: "For Senek seith thus; that *maister*, he seith, is good that proveth shrewes." Seneca uses no such word as "*maister*"; he merely says, "Bonis nocet, qui malis parit." And we observe that, in Chaucer's version, *nocet* disappears. The reason is, once more, because all he had before him was the French version: "Cellui *nuist* aux bons, qui espargne les mauvais." Clearly, his MS. was either illegible or faulty; and he read *nuist* *aux* as *maistre*. Or perhaps his MS. had *nuist* *au bon*, or else *maistre bon*. Any way, we see how very easily the mistake arose; *nuist* *aux* represents "*maister*"; and *bons*, or *bon*, represents "is good." Moreover, the word *proveth* points to an MS. reading *esproute*, for *esparne* or *espargne*.

In 2754 we have: "and therefore elepeeth Cassidore poverté the moder of ruine." But Cassiodorus calls poverty "*mater criminum*"; and the French text has "*mere des crimes*,"

Either his MS. was corrupt or illegible; and so *crimes* became *ruines*. Write out these words in medieval letters, and observe how slight is the difference.

In 2866 we have: "For seint Iame seith in his epistles," &c. The editors turn "epistles" into "epistle," on the ground that St. James only wrote *one* epistle; which only shows how little they understand their business. For the French text has: "*Senecques dist en ses escripts*"; and it is notorious that the number of Seneca's letters is considerably more than one. The error is in another place. Chaucer, or his MS., has turned *senecques* or *senecues* into *seint iacques* or *seint iagues*. Here, again, those who are best acquainted with MSS. will most easily see why.

I think we may draw much much instruction from these examples. They show us clearly what sort of difficulties beset our old authors, and to what desperate shifts they were driven in their attempts to overcome them. It would be grossly unfair to jest at their errors, for their difficulties were enormous; and I doubt if modern editors are invariably their betters. Let us rather admire their invincible courage.

WALTER W. SKEAT.

MARY FITTON AGAIN.

London: March 28, 1891.

As I have seen the portraits of Mary Fitton at Arbury Hall, and as Mrs. Newdegate, who has lived with them, agrees with me that they do not correspond with Shakspeare's description of his dark mistress, I think your readers will do well to trust us, who have no theory to support, rather than Mr. Tyler, who has not seen the pictures, and naturally inclines to his own theory. He has not either seen the letters of "M. Ma," or "M. Maxey," which he thinks are Mary Fitton's. I have, and they certainly are not in Mary Fitton's hand. Moreover, though they do call Lady Anne Newdegate "sister," one of them says:—

"So, sweet sister, desiring you to continue me in your love, and remember your pore sister, hoo will always love you as *one of my dere friendes*";

and as I do not think that this is the way in which one sister by blood would write to another, I conclude that M. Maxey used the word "sister" in a general sense, more affectionate than that in which "cousin" was so often employed.

The postscript to the letter quoted above is:—

"Good sister, let me intret you to remember me to sir edwarde fitten and my lady, and to send this letter to my sister fitten, if you send vnto her."

Possibly this "sister fitten" meant Mary Fitton. What we have to do is to search and wait for further information. Whether it may become our painful duty to burn the present Lord Pembroke, and Wilton, if, as dread report says, his lately-bought Mytens portrait of his ancestor, William Herbert, proves swarthy—as he is reported to have said it is—instead of fair, I leave for further consideration. One earl and one house cannot, of course, be allowed to stand in the way of our doctrine, that W. H. is the Pembroke of 1601. The late Dr. Rimbault told me that an inconvenient entry in a Tudor MS. stood in the way of the theory of William Chappell and a friend of his, that Dr. Bull wrote the music to "God Save the King." They clubbed together, bought the MS., and solemnly burnt it, with the pious ejaculation:—"Thank God, we've got rid of that objection!"

But I have asked Lord Pembroke to let me go down and see his picture—as I want an excuse for riding over to Woodyates, to see the changed home of Browning's footman—

ancestor;—and if I see both picture and house I will report on them to your readers.

J. G. FURNIVALL.

March 30, 1891.

P.S.—Lord Pembroke writes to me, under date of March 28:

"The Mytens portrait in my possession makes W. H. possess a *rich* sort of complexion, inclining to swarthy. The Vandyck portrait (according to tradition, not painted from life) gives him, perhaps, a more ruddy but less swarthy look. The Mytens portrait, which I bought, is, perhaps, of doubtful origin; it is not identical with the Mytens portrait, from which the well-known engraving is taken, and which seems from certain curious and exact resemblances to have been used by Van Dyck, as well as the statue now at Cambridge."

THE NEW FRAGMENT OF EURIPIDES.

Kilman, St. Andrews, N.B.: March 28, 1891.

I am far from undervaluing such minutiae as those to which Mr. Housman refers, though half a lifetime spent in elementary teaching has made me weary of insisting upon them. Had I been callous to the distinction between *διαφέρω* and *διαφορῶ*, I should not have written to defend myself.

I am only too well aware of *errata* in my books, as well as in my hasty *jeu d'esprit*. These last may partly be excused by hurry in revision. Certainly, if not following suit, I should have written *ἵκται*; and had I thought twice, I should have remembered that *ἔχρη* does not occur in tragedy. This may well be an accident—just as *ἔφαρ* occurs four times in the *Trachiniae* and nowhere else in Sophocles. But *ἔσπε* would have equally suited my purpose, which was not, of course, to restore at a breath "the hand of Euripides," but to contribute something towards future criticism by indicating the lines of conjecture which a first reading of the fragments had suggested to me. It was only after yielding to the temptation that I bethought me of Phæthon—and of Goethe.

There is only one point of principle, raised in this friendly correspondence, on which I care to dwell. Attempts have recently been made to elevate (?) the emendation of classical texts into an exact science; in other words, to reduce it to a mechanical operation. I do not believe in this, and the revelation in the Aristotelian papyrus, of the two readings of a line of Solon, may support my contention. If a critic had been found to conjecture *χρηῶς πυγόντας* for *χρησὸν λέγοντας*, would he have escaped censure?

LEWIS CAMPBELL.

THE EAGLE OF ETAN-GILGAMOS AND HIS KINDRED IN FOLKLORE.

Dedham, Essex: March 23, 1891.

Dr. K. Kohler, in the *ACADEMY* for March 21 (p. 284), in reference to the Chaldean story of "The Eagle and the Serpent," sees some connexion between it and the old Persian legends relating to Simurgh. The Sim-bird or Simurgh is the Avesta *Saena-meregha* (Skt. *cyena-mriga*), usually rendered by "eagle." Dr. West, in his Pahlavi texts ("Sacred Books of the East," vol. v., pt. i.), translates the Sim-bird by "griffon." In Bundahis xxiv. 11 we read that "first of all birds the griffon of three natures was created, not for this world."

The Simurgh seems to have some connexion with the Hindu *Garuda* or *Garuḍa*, the great enemy of serpents and snakes. In the Chaldaean legend the eagle is clearly described as at deadly enmity with the serpent.

According to Hindu tradition, the *Garuda*, the bird of Vishnu, was the king of the *Suparnas*, whose abode was said to be in the

Simbali forest. In Chinese Buddhist legends we find a reference to the Garuda as the devourer of the serpent-dragon, &c. The Great Rain asking Sūtra says:

"To the North of the great Ocean there is a large tree called Kūtasālmali; it is seven yojanas round at its root, and is embedded twenty yojanas in the ground. It grows one hundred yojanas high, and its branches spread fifty yojanas round.

"... The king of these Garuḍas, when he wishes to seize the dragons, flies up into the tree and looks down on the Ocean; then he flaps his wings and divides the waters to the distance of 1600 yojanas, on which he flies down and picks up the dragons just as he pleases and eats them" (*Iśal's Catena of Buddhist Scriptures*, p. 50).

The Sin-bird's resting-place was also said to be on a sacred tree (see note to Bn. xxiv. 11, in "Sacred Books of the East," vol. v., p. 89).

Gubernatis looks upon the mythological eagle of the Hindus as the winged solar horse; and he thinks that the first trace of the legendary and proverbial enmity between the bird of prey and the serpent is to be found in the contest between Indra, as a cyena or hawk, and Ahi (*Zoological Mythology*, ii., pp. 182, 183).

In the ACADEMY for October 18, 1890 (pp. 344-5), I have suggested that the fabulous Garuda or Suparna was borrowed by the Hindus from a non-Aryan mythology, most probably from the Dravidians through the Babylonians. The Chaldean story renders this supposition highly probable.
R. MORRIS.

"THE GOLDEN LAKE."

London: March 26, 1891.

In the review of my book, *The Golden Lake*, in the ACADEMY of March 21, your critic states that its leading features are identical with those of another Australian story, entitled *The Lost Explorer*, though he was kind enough to add that there was "sufficient difference in the treatment to exclude any suspicion" of my work being in any way indebted to the last named. I may, however, state that I have not read Mr. Hogan's book, that my story was accepted by Messrs. Trischler in last June, and that as *The Lost Explorer* did not appear till the September following, I could not very well have been guilty of appropriating its contents.
W. CARLTON DAWE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, April 6, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "The Apparent Cruelty of Nature," by the Rev. Theodore Wood.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Darwin and Hegel," by Mr. D. G. Ritchie.

8 p.m. Richmond Athenaeum: "Sound and Music," by Mr. A. R. Seunett.

TUESDAY, April 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Geography of Africa," I., by Mr. J. Scott Keltie.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "The Baal and Ashtoreth Altar discovered at Kanawat in Syria, now in the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge," by Mr. J. Pollard; "Ideograms common to Accadian and Chinese," by the Rev. C. J. Ball.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "The Cost of the Generation and Distribution of Electrical Energy," by Mr. E. E. B. Crompton.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Geographical Distribution of Snugs," by Mr. T. D. A. Cockerell; "The Anatomy of *Dolichotis patagonica*," by Mr. F. E. Beddard; "A Viviparous Bathylial Fish from the Bay of Bengal," by Dr. B. Alcock; "*Bathylaster veielijer*, Wyv. Thoms," by Prof. F. Jeffrey Bell.

WEDNESDAY, April 8, 8 p.m. Geological.

8 p.m. Shelley Society: "Shelley and his Relations to Christian Dogma," by Dr. A. H. Japp.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Durability of Pictures painted with Oils and Varnishes," by Mr. A. P. Laurie.

THURSDAY, April 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations," I., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "The Heraldry of the Cumberland Statesmen," by Chancellor Ferguson; "The Brasses in the London Museums," by Mr. Andrew Oliver; "Further Remarks on Jade," by Mr. James Hilton.

4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Indian Village Community, with special reference to Modern Investigation," by Mr. B. H. Baden-Powell.

8 p.m. Mathematical: "The Representation of Combinations of certain Electrical Quantities by means of the Analytical Forms called 'Trees,'" by Major Macmahon.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "The Design of Multipolar Dynamos," by Mr. W. B. Eason.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, April 10, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting, "Modern Locomotive Construction," by Mr. W. W. F. Pullen; "The Design of Locomotive Cylinders," by Mr. John H. Barker.

8 p.m. New Shakspeare Society: "Some Points, chiefly Metrical, in 'Julius Cæsar,'" by Mr. B. Dawson.

8 p.m. Ruskin Society: a Paper by Mr. Andrew M. J. Ogilvie.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Electric and Magnetic Screening," by Sir William Thomson.

SATURDAY, April 11, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Dynamo," I., by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

TWO ASTRONOMICAL BOOKS.

Tycho Brahe. By J. L. E. Dreyer. (A. & C. Black.)

The System of the Stars. By Agnes M. Clerke. (Longmans.)

ALTHOUGH Tycho Brahe is not the greatest name in astronomy, it may be said that without him the greatest would not have been. His observations were, to borrow a phrase of Carlyle's, the sunken column on which the far-shining generalisations of Kepler were reared. Yet in another way, like Copernicus, one may even say, like Bacon, he belonged less to the new than to the old order of thought. In preparing the foundations of modern discovery, he crowned the edifice of Greek astronomy. Living just before the invention of the telescope, he carried the methods of Hipparchus and Ptolemy as near perfection as they could be brought without its aid. He determined the places of standard stars to within a minute of arc, while Copernicus had looked on the reduction of errors of observation to eight minutes as an unattainable ideal of accuracy; and his estimate of the year's length is, according to Dr. Dreyer (p. 333), "only about a second too small"—although obtained without the help of a pendulum-clock. But Tycho, while he could observe and register phenomena with great precision, was little able to penetrate below their surface. In this respect he was a type of his whole age, the second half of the sixteenth century, which produced many excellent observers but only one great speculative genius, the ill-fated Giordano Bruno.

As is well known, the Danish astronomer rejected the Copernican system, so far as it involved the double movement of the earth. He seems to have been one of those worthy people who hold that truth lies between the two extreme opinions. The planets moved round the sun, and there Copernicus was right; but the sun moved round the earth, and there Ptolemy and common sense were right. Of course there were arguments against the earth's motion; but they were not insuperable, as Galileo showed without any assistance from the telescope. Dr. Dreyer thinks that religious bigotry had something to do with his hero's compromise. But the opinions of Luther and Melanchthon, which he quotes in this connexion as opposed to the Copernican theory on the ground of its incompatibility with Scripture, are scarcely relevant, seeing that Luther died in 1546,

the year of Tycho's birth, and Melanchthon in 1560, the year when his attention was first drawn to astronomy. Early in the seventeenth century, when the heliocentric system had been condemned by the Holy See, it could be held with perfect security in Germany, as we learn from a letter of Kepler's to Galileo. How sincere Tycho was in upholding the immobility of the earth is proved by his dying prayer that Kepler would interpret his observations in accordance with that theory. The difference between a mere observer and an observer who was also a great thinker is well shown by the circumstance that, while Tycho and Kepler discovered the moon's annual equation independently of one another, Tycho merely gave a mathematical expression of the fact, while Kepler, as Dr. Dreyer says,

"displayed his wonderful genius by suggesting that the moon might be retarded in its motion by a force emanating from the sun, which would be greatest in winter, when the moon and earth are nearer to the sun than they are in the summer" (p. 342).

although he subsequently abandoned this happy inspiration. It is true that Tycho was the first to establish one great fact in physical astronomy, by proving that comets were heavenly bodies moving beyond the orbit of the moon, and not, what Aristotle had supposed them to be, mere atmospheric exhalations. But this resulted directly from his observation that the comet of 1577 had no appreciable parallax; nor does he seem to have noticed that in thus dealing a blow to the Aristotelian physics, with their system of crystalline spheres, he was destroying the necessary condition of the diurnal rotation of the heavens.

Tycho has been accused of sharing the astrological superstitions of his age; and his public utterances on the subject certainly give countenance to the charge. But Dr. Dreyer has shown by the evidence of a private letter dated 1587 (pp. 384, *seq.*), that such expressions must not be taken too seriously. Tycho drew up his horoscopes rather as a return for the magnificent benefactions of his royal patron Frederick II. of Denmark than from any belief on his own part in the value of such forecasts.

Tycho Brahe was a most conscientious observer, but he seems to have been conscientious in no other way. He has been numbered among the "martyrs of science"; but, in truth, he has no more claim to the title than Bacon. Let me at once add that the haughty independence of the astronomer's character is not less markedly contrasted with the subservience, than are his sterling scientific merits with the presumption of the charlatan chancellor. But of genuine heroism there is little enough to be found in his life, nor was there need of much. The difficulties thrown in the way of his astronomical studies by the aristocratic prejudices of his family and order have been greatly exaggerated by popular biographies, and seem by Dr. Dreyer's account to have been only just enough to test the sincerity of his vocation. The romantic marriage with a peasant girl, about which so much used to be said, turns out to have been, in all probability, a rather dis-

creditable connexion, to which his friends might justly object, and which only long continuance converted, according to Danish custom, into a more legitimate union. At thirty, Tycho found himself more richly endowed for the work of research than had been the lot of any scientific inquirer since the time of the Alexandrian Museum. Thanks to the liberality of Frederick II., he was able to devote twenty years to celestial observations in Uraniborg, the fairy palace of astronomy that he built for himself in the island of Hveen; and if at the end of that time some of the royal benefactions were withdrawn by Frederick's successor, Christian IV., the catastrophe must not be attributed to a coalition of petty spites and jealousies, but to Tycho's own flagrant misconduct. Dr. Dreyer writes biography not only with the indefatigable diligence, but also with the inflexible veracity, of a man of science; and the facts which he relates are quite sufficient to destroy the popular legend which has so long circulated on the subject of the great astronomer's departure from Denmark. A manor was granted to Tycho, saddled with the obligation to keep up a lighthouse belonging to it. This duty he seems to have completely neglected, notwithstanding repeated remonstrances (pp. 108-9). He received a prebend, subject to the customary payment of a year's revenue to the widow of its previous holder; but, "with characteristic coolness," he declined to discharge the obligation until compelled to do so by a peremptory order from the king, and subsequently tried to indemnify himself by throwing on the heirs of his predecessor the cost of certain repairs for which he was himself responsible (pp. 110-11). At a subsequent period we find him persistently refusing to execute similar repairs, although the chapel attached to the prebend was threatened with ruin in consequence of his neglect (p. 221). He also appears to have been guilty of brutally unjust and oppressive conduct towards a tenant of the same prebend, conduct which, as Dr. Dreyer says, "certainly did not improve his credit with the young king, who throughout his life wished to act justly by everybody, irrespective of rank and social position" (p. 221). We can hardly wonder that the astronomer was at last deprived of the prebend, of his Norwegian estate, and of a yearly pension of 500 dalers. His defiant conduct cut off the possibility of a reconciliation with the Danish Government; and the few remaining years of his life were spent in the service of the Emperor Rudolph, whose combined passion for science and incapacity for politics vividly remind one of the royal astrologer in Calderon's most famous play.

Five years ago I had the pleasure of introducing Miss Agnes Clerke's *History of Astronomy in the Nineteenth Century* to the readers of the ACADEMY. Since then the merits of that work have received full recognition from the persons best qualified to speak on the subject; and her authority to discuss the profoundest questions raised in the science about which she writes may now be taken as admitted by all whom it may concern. Her new work addresses

itself to a more select public than her last; that is, it demands a greater familiarity with the subject to take up, and a greater power of sustained attention to read through. It is, indeed, a book which not only the best informed general reader, but also probably many specialists, may consult with profit. It is hard to imagine that everyone who can handle an equatorial or a spectroscope with dexterity carries in his head the enormous mass of facts and ideas relative to sidereal astronomy that Miss Clerke has sifted from piles of scientific archives—English, American, French, German, and Italian—and digested into a series of luminous dissertations: nor is there any other work of reference to which those who wish for the latest and completest instruction can turn with equal certainty that they will find their wants supplied.

To talk about the "System of the Stars" is, of course, a very different thing from talking about the solar system. By the latter is understood a definite group of objects, with whose relative positions, shapes, dimensions, masses, and movements we are perfectly acquainted. But of the sidereal universe, the most we can say with any approach to certainty is that it *does* form a system of finite, though vast, extent, embracing, so far as we can see, the whole sum of material existence, and roughly defined in one plane, even to the unaided eye, by the zone of the Milky Way.

Only a generation ago a different view was maintained by some high scientific authorities, who held that the nebulae constitute galaxies co-ordinate with our own, and succeeded by others without number through the infinitudes of space. But even then some philosophers were of a contrary opinion, and it is they who have turned out to be right. Beyond, or rather within, this most general fact our knowledge is meagre and fragmentary. But the fragments, such as they are, may be exhibited in a certain logical order, advancing from the particular to the general, from the simple to the complex, from the relatively clear to the relatively obscure; and this is the sort of System implied in the title of Miss Clerke's book. Much of it reproduces on a greatly enlarged scale what was rapidly outlined in the relative chapters of her *History of Astronomy*; but so important is the progress made in the last few years that much of it is entirely new. During that period the photographic camera has proved itself a potent instrument of discovery, as well as a veritable weapon of precision, in the hands of the astronomer. We sometimes hear of a dwarf on the shoulders of a giant; but the camera, when superadded to the telescope, is a giant on the shoulders of another giant. The light-gathering power of the one in space is even surpassed by the light-gathering power of the other in time. Prolonged exposure answers the same purpose as increased diameter of object-glass. In this manner myriads of new stars have been revealed, and not only revealed but charted with a hitherto unattainable accuracy. The Pleiades have, for the first time, been depicted for us as they really exist, and as they may be seen in the beautiful frontispiece of this volume—that is to

say, swathed in delicate wreaths of nebulous light; and the great nebula in Andromeda has been shown to present that very configuration of rings condensing round a central nucleus which was demanded by the hypothesis of Kant. In combination with the spectroscope the camera has also supplied what Miss Clerke, not without reason, calls "one of the most remarkable verifications of theory on record" (p. 137) by demonstrating, what was before surmised, that the curious variation of Algol is due to the revolution round it of an enormous but feebly luminous satellite. The same potent combination of instruments working by a different method has analysed Spica Virginis, Vega, and other stars into doubles so close that their components will probably never be seen apart by any human eye. And here, at the risk of exposing his own ignorance, the present writer must confess to a serious difficulty caused by one of Miss Clerke's statements. Certain stars, of which Arcturus is one, have been shown to move through space with a velocity varying from about 100 to 375 miles a second. Now, according to Prof. Newcomb, as quoted in this work (p. 344), such a speed would be

"uncontrollable by the combined attractive power of the entire sidereal universe. For his calculations show that the maximum velocity attainable by a body falling from infinity towards and through a system composed of 100,000,000 orbs, each five times as massive as our sun, and distributed over a disc-like space, 30,000 light years in extent, would be twenty-five miles a second. . . . Now the velocity producible by an attractive system is the limit of the velocity it can control—that is, bend into a closed curve,"

whence it is inferred that the stars alluded to cannot be permanent members of the sidereal system. But one would like to know how far the validity of this calculation depends on the diffusion of the attractive mass over an enormous space, and what is the limit to the velocity generated in a body falling towards another body from infinity or from some more moderate distance. For the components of Vega—which has been analysed since Miss Clerke's book passed through the press—are said to move round their common centre of gravity with a velocity of over 370 miles a second, which velocity nevertheless is self-evidently "controllable by gravitation" since they continue to move in a closed curve. And Miss Clerke herself supplies an instance which, though less extreme, is sufficient for the purpose. She gives Algol's satellite a velocity of 55.4 miles a second (p. 138). Now, any possible division of this amount between the tangential force and the centripetal force must make one or other of them greater than the twenty-five miles a second given as a maximum by Prof. Newcomb's calculation. At any rate, it seems premature to set down Arcturus and other swift stars as homeless and aimless vagabonds in the fields of space.

Let me conclude with a hope that Miss Clerke may be encouraged to follow up this admirable work with a companion volume on the solar system. We shall then possess in a completed and scientific form the latest results of that wonderful evolution, the

various branches of whose history she has already embraced, within the outlines of a single sketch.

ALFRED W. BENN.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. have added to their series of Oriental Catalogues a very useful *Bibliotheca Sanscrita*, or catalogue of new and second-hand books on Sanskrit literature, extending to sixty pages. It is classified into grammars, dictionaries, texts and translations, chrestomathies, bibliographies, catalogues of MSS., miscellaneous. The texts and translations are further subdivided in such a way that no less than five pages are given to Vedas, and nearly a page to translations from foreign languages into Sanskrit.

At a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. d'Arbois de Jubainville read a paper upon the passage in Livy (v. 34), which describes the original entry of the Gauls into Italy. The MSS. have "per Taurinos saltusque Juliae Alpīs," which is absurd; for Turin and the Julian Alps (Carniola) are situated at the two extreme ends of the Alpine chain. Gronovius (followed by Crevier) has "Taurino saltu invias Alpes"; Drakenborch reads "per Taurinos saltusque invias A."; Madvig conjectured "per T. saltus [vallem] que Duriæ Alpīs." M. d'Arbois would adopt none of these changes: for he contended that the responsibility for the blunder must be laid upon Livy himself, who, as appears from other passages in this chapter, had attempted to combine two inconsistent accounts. One of these—probably that of Timagenes, a contemporary of Livy—placed the entry of the Gauls into Italy two centuries before the capture of Rome, and derived them from modern France by the route of Turin; the other and more ancient one is that of an author who believed that their first arrival was very little earlier than the capture of Rome, and that they had previously occupied an immense tract of country east of the Rhine.

WE have received the *Transactions* of the American Philological Association for 1890 (Boston: Ginn). Besides the Proceedings of the twenty-second annual session, held at Norwich, Connecticut, last July, it contains four papers printed at length. Of the two first of these, we must be content to mention only the titles: "The Order of Words in Greek," by Thomas Dwight Goodell, assistant-professor at Yale; and "Homeric Wit and Humour," by W. Irving Hunt, also of Yale. The third paper is by Dr. R. F. Leighton, of Gloucester, Massachusetts, on "The Medicean MSS. of Cicero," returning to a subject he had before treated in 1878. In opposition to the received view—that these MSS., now in the Laurentian Library at Florence, were transcribed by Petrarch from the archetypes found by him at Verona and Vercelli—Dr. Leighton maintains (1) that Petrarch was altogether unacquainted with Cicero's letters *ad Fam.*, and that (2) the archetype of the Letters *ad Att.* is known to have existed in the Verona Library some years before Petrarch's alleged find.

"Petrarch's connexion with the rediscovery and circulation of Cicero's Letters is narrowed down to a small collection, which was found in his library after his death, and which he copied from a codex found perhaps at Verona, though the place where the find was made is by no means certain."

Finally, Dr. Leighton goes on to show, by cumulative evidence of great weight, that the Medicean MS. were really procured by Coluccio di Piero de' Salutato. The fourth paper is a translation, with notes, of the *Katha-Upanishad*, by Prof. Whitney, of Yale, which claims to have been "made with more conscientious liberalism, with greater independence of the native commentators, than its predecessors."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, Feb. 28.)

MISS FLORENCE HERAPATH, president, in the chair. —Mrs. C. I. Spencer read "A Criticism of 'The Duchess of Malfi,'" which took the form of a half-hour's conversation round the tea-table of a Devonshire country-house. The play was thus looked at from different points of view. But there was a general agreement that, whatever faults Webster may have had, he could not be accused, as some of his contemporaries might be, of dulness. In reference to the ample allowance of bloodshed, it was urged that this would not be objected to by a seventeenth-century audience, and that justice required the death of the two brothers and of Bosola. Webster's character as a critic was referred to, and his inadequate reference to Shakspeare considered to be proof of his incompetence as such, and yet his frequent imitation of Shakspeare, both in substance and expression, was evident. It was admitted that, notwithstanding that she was not always wise in little things, the character of the Duchess was drawn with great power, and that Webster deserved his place in the front rank of dramatists, for having carried out so ably such a lovely conception, and that the reader's sympathy is justified in going along with her through all the obloquy that followed her, and in all the horrors she had to endure. Of her two brothers it could not be denied that the Cardinal was the greater villain, and some excuse for Ferdinand was found in the probable intention of Webster to represent him from the beginning as having a vein of madness, and ample confirmation of this is to be obtained as the play goes on. It was shown that Bosola was a very complex character: and his combination of scholar and villain, with his occasional moments of remorse, proves Webster's genius in its delineation. The conclusion arrived at was that "The Duchess of Malfi" is a grand play, for the painfulness of it is made supportable by the noble characters of the Duchess and Antonio, by Delio's faithful friendship, and by the devotion of Cariola to her mistress: and justice is vindicated and conscience avenged.—Mr. John Taylor read "A Note on Mr. Swinburne's Statement of the case 'Euripides v. Webster.'" In *The Nineteenth Century*, June 1886, Mr. Swinburne wrote: "As there is no poet morally nobler than Webster, so there is no poet ignobler in the moral sense than Euripides; while as a dramatic artist—an artist in character, action, and motion—the degenerate tragedian of Athens compared to the second tragedian of England is as a mutilated monkey to a well-made man." It might have been thought wonderful even in a wilderness of monkeys to find one of that species so perfect as to be worthy to compare with Euripides; but that a mutilated monkey should be chosen for fit comparison with so consummate a delineator of passion and character as the author of the "Medea" when the writer of "The Duchess of Malfi" is placed beside him as a mental standard, is an estimate which would have surprised Euripides' own countrymen, could they have foreseen the curious criticism just cited. The judges of Euripides on the Attic stage had been the judges of Aeschylus and Sophocles; and though the first of these three had not the majestic manner of his two predecessors, it was surely no more than like the later overpowering of the genius of a Webster by the genius of a Shakspeare. The dismal strangulation scene in "The Duchess of Malfi" is of prosaic coarseness of conception compared with the death of the bride of Jason, and the magnificent exultation of the sorceress Medea is in passionate contrast with the brutal exclamations of the executioners of the Duchess. The pathetic fluctuations of Medea's affection in taking leave of her children are likewise in choice distinction to the utterance of the Duchess to Cariola before her violent death. Judged by the delineation of the Duchess of Malfi—his most interesting character in his best play—the ethical quality of Webster's work may also be easily found fault with.—Miss Herapath read a paper on "Characterisation in 'The Duchess of Malfi,'" saying that the high rank among English dramatists which has been awarded to Webster by competent critics is amply justified by the power of characterisation which he displays in "The Duchess of Malfi." Detailed consideration was then given to the

characters of the Cardinal, an embodiment of Satan, of Bosola, the incarnation of Envy, of the Duchess, an example of noble purity, of Ferdinand, led away by an overweening love of money, and of Pescara, the man of keen intellect; while the scenes in which Antonio and the Duchess are concerned exhibit Webster's power in delineating tender pathos, and altogether the beauties of the play are many and varied.—Mr. R. H. Warren read a paper on "Archæology and Folklore in 'The Duchess of Malfi.'" From the many medical and surgical references in the play, it may be imagined that Webster had a special training, if not actual practice, in the healing art, combining this, as in the case of William of Worcester, with an evident taste for antiquities. The various allusions on the subjects mentioned in the title of the paper were then passed in review, and frequently illustrated by passages from other writers.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, March 4.)

FREDERICK ROEBERS, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. Ernest Rhys read a paper on "Thomas Dekker." In the course of his paper Mr. Rhys remarked that his present notes upon Thomas Dekker were intended to complete his account in the "Mermaid" edition of Dekker's plays. Those members of the society who had made a close study of the plays and other writings of Dekker had no doubt realised him for the good-natured vagabond of letters that he really was, whose vagrant life enabled him to give glimpses of many things in Elizabethan times, such as no other dramatist gave so abundantly. Like Charles Dickens, whom he somewhat resembled, Dekker had a profound sense of the tragedy and comedy of what we call low life. He delighted in the unfashionable folk who go to people what might be called the East-End of literature. Dekker, perhaps the most original and most striking figure among the lesser known men of that brilliant array which follows Marlowe, is at the same time one of the most unfortunate in his life and its artistic outcome, judged by the standard of his own genius. It was as if Fortune, to take a figure from his own play, having first presented him with the gift which, as a poet of the time, he most desired—the playwright's great opportunity—then turned upon him and said:

"But now go dwell with cares, and quickly die." If, however, he lived with cares, he laughed at them, and he was too strong to let them kill him outright. But, nevertheless, there they were; they never perhaps quite upset that undaunted good-humour of his, but they defeated him as an artist, they allied themselves insidiously with his own natural weaknesses to defeat the consummation of a really great poetic faculty. Dekker, however, is one of those authors whose personal effect tends to outgo the purely artistic one. He has the rare gift of putting heart into everything he says; and because of this abounding heartiness of his, it is hard to measure him by the absolute standards of criticism. Indeed, after the endless shortcomings and disappointments of his verse and prose have been estimated and written against him, he remains, after all has been set down, still the same lovable, elusive being, a man of genius, a child of nature. For this reason it is disappointing that so little is to be actually learned of his life. As one reads his plays, and marks the strong individuality shown in them, the desire to know how he adjusted himself to the everyday life, and took its little defeats and encouragements, springs very strongly. It is the natural interest that one takes in men of his cordial humanity, and it is disappointing to be balked of its satisfaction. In summing up this strange life and its dramatic outcome, it is easily seen what may be said on the adverse side. Dekker had great defects. He was the type of the prodigal in literature, the kindhearted, irresponsible poet whom we all know, and love, and pardon seventy times seven. But it is sad to think that, with a little of the common talent which every successful man of affairs counts as part of his daily equipment, he might have left a different record. He never attained the serious conception of himself and his dignity as a worker which every poet, every artist, must have who would take effect proportionate to his genius. He never seemed to become conscious in any enduring way of his artistic function: and he constantly threw aside, under pressure of the moment, those standards of

excellence which none knew better than he how to estimate. But, after all has been said, Dekker remains, by his faults as well as by his faculties, one of the most individual, one of the most suggestive figures of the whole Elizabethan circle. Because of the breath of simple humanity in them, his works leave a sense of brightness and human encouragement whose charm lingers when many more careful monuments of literary effort are forgotten. His artistic sincerity has resulted in a picture of life as he saw it, unequalled for its sentiment, for its living spirit of tears and laughter, as well as for its outspoken truth. His homely realism brings before us all the everyday bustle of the Elizabethan streets, the craftsmen and 'prentices, the citizens at their shop doors, the gallants in the middle aisle of St. Paul's. The general feeling is that of a summer's morning in the pleasant Cheapside of those days—more like the street of a little market town than the Cheapside of to-day—where, in the clear sunny air, the alert cry of the 'prentices, "What do you lack?" rings out cheerily, and each small incident of the common life is touched with vivid colour. And if the night follows, dark and haunted by grim passions and sorrows, and the King's Bench waits for poor poets not far away, this poet who had known the night and the prison only too well sang so undauntedly that the terrors of them fell away at the sound. As he had this faith in the happy issue out of his own troubles, so Dekker looked unflinchingly as a poet upon the grim and dark side of human life, seeing it to emerge presently, bright in the higher vision of earth and heaven. Much that at first seems gratuitously obscene and terrible in his dramatic presentation may in this way be accepted in the same vigorous apprehension of the comedy and tragedy of life, which he himself showed. The whole justification of his life-work, indeed, is to be found in these words of his, from the dedicatory epistle to his "Dream," which we may well take as his parting behest:—"So in these of mine, though the Devil be in the one, God is in the other; nay, in both. What I send you may perhaps seem bitter, yet it is wholesome: your best physie is not a julep; sweet sauces leave rotten bodies. There is a hell named in our creed, and a heaven, and the hell comes before; if we look not into the first, we shall never live in the last." Mr. Rhys, in commenting on the singular "Dekker's Dream" at the conclusion of his paper, considered the preface one of the best pieces of prose that Dekker wrote, and most interesting, autobiographically, as seeming to point to Dekker having been driven at one time to a madhouse—a supposition further borne out by various scenes in his plays, describing the interior of such places. The discussion which followed was opened by the chairman, and continued by Mr. James Ernest Baker, Mr. W. H. Cowham, Mr. Frank Payne, Mr. Arthur Nicholson, and other members and friends of the society.

FINE ART.

"LES ARTISTES CÉLÈBRES."—*Turner*, par Philip Gilbert Hamerton; *Barye*, par Arsène Alexandre; *Hobbema*, par Emile Michel; *Madame Vigée Le Brun*, par Charles Pilet; *Jacob van Ruysdael*, par Emile Michel. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art.)

OF this excellent series of critical biographies some thirty or more have now been published, and it promises to become in itself a veritable "Librairie de l'Art." Its peculiar merit as a series, one that too clearly distinguishes it from a similar publication in this country, is that each artist has been treated by a writer of established authority as an art critic, and one, moreover, who has specially studied his particular subject or subjects.

To make a selection for the sake of brevity, and without any invidious comparison, the *Donatello* of Eugène Muntz, the *Rembrandt* of Emile Michel, the *Edelink* of Henri Delaborde, the *Phidias* of Maxime Collignon, the *Delacroix* of Eugène Véron, and the *Van der*

Meer of Henry Havard, are typical examples of that right association between author and subject which is indispensable to the production of valuable work, whether that work be "popular" or not. This excellent principle has not been departed from in the case of the last five biographies.

Among these is one of the greatest of English artists, Turner; and this has been written by one of the best of English critics, Mr. Philip Hamerton, whose special study of his subject is too well known to need emphasis here. He has abbreviated and to a certain extent re-written his English *Life of Turner*, and in doing so has been careful to make clear to the French reader the strange distinction hitherto drawn in England between painters in water-colour and painters in oil, and the attitude of our Royal Academy in this and other matters, which had so marked an influence on the career of the great landscape painters. The work on the whole is excellent, but on one or two small points he falls a prey to that inaccuracy which ever lies in wait for the most careful of writers. Turner's friends at Bristol were called Narraway, not Harraway; and Dr. Munro (of the Adelphi) and Mr. Munro (of Novar), were very different persons. The descendants of the former will be surprised to hear that "l'amabilité du docteur Munro pour le jeune artiste a fini par accumuler un trésor pour ses héritiers." It is to be regretted that the illustrations are so poor. We look in vain among them for "Crossing the Brook" or "Ulysses and Polyphemus" or "The Fighting Temeraire," or any other of Turner's finest and most characteristic pictures. About half of them are unsatisfactory reproductions of etchings for the *Liber Studiorum*.

No such complaint can be made with regard to the two volumes by M. Emile Michel on the Dutch landscape-painters. Van Goyen, the first of them in date, is admirably illustrated by his "View of Dordrecht," in the Louvre; and the brilliant "Haarlem Meer," in the Stadel Museum, at Frankfurt; which remind one of the recent appearance of a charming little picture by the artist in the National Gallery (Trafalgar-square) which has been hid away somewhere at South Kensington for many years. Even better represented are Solomon Ruysdael and his nephew Jacob; and of Hobbema we have the famous "Avenue," from the National Gallery, the "Watermill," from the Louvre, and several other of his masterpieces. Whether Jacob Ruysdael was, after Rembrandt, the greatest artist of Holland is a question upon which all will not agree with M. Emile Michel, although there are few whose opinion in the matter has more authority. On another question, the amount of Ruysdael's indebtedness to Everdingen for the subjects of his Norwegian pictures of forest and waterfall, his views are also well worthy of consideration. It is a point of scarcely less difficulty. Their force, their poetry, raise them far above the representations by Everdingen of similar scenes; and yet, with all their beauty, they have scarcely the freedom and spontaneity which mark his pictures of his own country. The first argument is not

perhaps of very great account, as Ruysdael, by his superior power of composition and finer artistic feeling, might easily—it might be said would infallibly—make more out of Everdingen's studies than Everdingen himself could; but the precision, the details, and the variety of the scenes depicted, make it probable that they were not painted without some personal familiarity. P. Melyn may have gone with him to Scandinavia, as M. Michel suggests; but it is not necessary to invent a companion for him. M. Michel's account of the extinction of Hobbema's fame till its revival, some fifty years ago, is interesting; but we think he has overestimated the decline of his fame so far as England is concerned. He was highly prized by Gainsborough; and the last words of "Old" Crome were "Hobbema, my dear Hobbema, how I have loved you." Crome died in 1821, and his art from the beginning may be said to have been founded on that of Hobbema. But the neglect of this fine painter and of his still finer forerunner, Jacob Ruysdael, is undoubted—both when alive and dead—and it would seem almost necessary for an artist not to rise far beyond the ordinary talent of the day if he wishes to secure both immediate recognition and an equal regard by posterity.

An unusually happy fate—at least, as regards her pictures—befel Madame Vigée le Brun, whose charm, slight and not altogether unartificial as it is, is not to be denied any more by us than by her contemporaries. Although there was one of the latter, a "horrid" Englishman, Hoppner by name, who dared to say ungallant and ungentle things about her art, her fame in life was constant, and even now does not need restoring by the pleasant pen of M. Charles Pilet. Concerning Fragonard we cannot speak so confidently; but, at least in France, the versatility, the grace, the decorative taste of Fragonard are, we hope, sufficiently recognised. It is somewhat different with Barye. His is a greater name, which, although now raised far above the almost complete obscurity into which it had sunk, is scarcely even now held in the honour it deserves. Though sentimentalists may look down upon an artist who concerned himself principally with brute life, and though the modern school of realistic sculptors may regard Barye as "too anatomical," his fame is secure as one of the greatest masters, not only of France, but of all time; for he united accuracy of knowledge with passionate imagination, essential truth with grandeur of style. The study of his life and work by M. Arsène Alexandre is one of the best, as it is one of the most important, of the series hitherto published.

CESMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE thirty-eighth annual exhibition of pictures by artists of the continental schools—which had been postponed through the death of Mr. Wallis—will open next week at the French Gallery, Pall Mall.

THE fifth annual conference of the Camera Club will be held on Tuesday and Wednesday of next week in the theatre of the Society of

Arts, while the usual exhibition of photographs by members will be on view in the new clubhouse, Charing Cross-road. Besides the presidential address by Capt. W. de W. Abney, papers are promised by Mr. Joseph Pennell on "Photography as a Hindrance and a Help in Art," by Major J. F. Nott on "Photography and Illustrated Journalism," and by Mr. C. V. Boys on "An Application of Photography." An exhibition of lantern-slides will be shown on the evening of Tuesday, and the annual club dinner will take place at the Criterion on Wednesday. All photographers, including ladies, are invited to the conference.

ON Tuesday next Messrs. Sotheby will sell the library of the late C. Roach Smith, which, besides many valuable works in archaeology and numismatics, includes a number of MS. collections, note-books, and letters from antiquarian friends.

THE Art Union of London has issued a pamphlet, entitled the *Art Union Album*, which contains, besides a brief sketch of the history and work of the society, phototype reproductions of some of the more notable engravings it has published during the last fifty years. The place of honour is given to Mac-lise's "Wellington and Blücher meeting after Waterloo" and "The Death of Nelson," which deserve their reputation as the two historical pictures most popular with the English nation. It appears that the oil paintings from which the plates were engraved, by Mr. Lumb Stocks and Mr. C. W. Sharpe, are still in the possession of the Art Union. Then follow some of the best known pictures of Turner, Stanfield, Landseer, and Frith, together with more modern artists. When looking even at these process-blocks, we admit the truth of the boast made in the preface—that "the Art Union may claim to have kept alive the grand art of line-engraving, which will probably become extinct at no distant period."

As if by way of contrast to the reflections suggested by the preceding, Messrs. Annan & Swan have sent us a large number of specimens of their photogravures, which are produced from negatives at the rate of so much per square inch. For certain kinds of book-illustration the method is, no doubt, very satisfactory—to which some will be tempted to add, "more's the pity." But we must resign ourselves to the inevitable, as the miniature-painters had to do when Daguerre and Fox Talbot first made photography successful.

A CORRESPONDENT writes from Mentone:

"The world of art in England, as well as in France, will learn with regret that Philippe Pady de Charentais died of consumption at Mentone on March 25, at the early age of thirty-four. Philippe Pady, as he always signed his pictures, was regarded by artists and connoisseurs as destined to be one of the foremost of *genre* painters; and his work was highly prized and eagerly sought after by English collectors, to whom he was well known, having passed some years in England. He was a pupil of Meissonier, and had, like his master, wonderful force and finish in detail, while for depth and richness of colour his own countrymen have likened him to Diaz."

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE inadequacy of Joseph Surface, as represented by Mr. Arthur Bourchier, is assigned by more than one theatrical expert as a prominent cause of the very dubious success attained by the long-looked-for revival of "The School for Scandal," at the Criterion Theatre, on Wednesday. To give that part to Mr. Bourchier, which is, as it were, the very backbone of the comedy, argued great confidence on Mr. Wyndham's part. either of the ability of a certainly

gifted actor to hold triumphantly a most important part, or of the capacity of the company generally to pull him through. The event appears to prove that Mr. Wyndham reckoned without his host; but in reality there were other causes which told on the result—and if we hint that the result was not satisfactory, let it not be concluded that the run of the piece will be very short. That does not follow at all, for the Criterion is an exceedingly popular theatre. Mrs. Bernard Beere was the Lady Teazle. Now Mrs. Bernard Beere is a very clever and a very courageous woman; but we must be allowed to say that she has been formed by nature and modified by art, not so much to play the heroines of comedy as the creatures of Parisian melodrama. She is not a genius of laughter: she is an exponent of piled-up agony and of somewhat theatrical passion. Her performance of Lady Teazle was bound to be a *tour de force*. One sighed for a smaller actress, who should ripple and be flexible—the Amy Fawsitt, say, of twenty years ago at the Vaudeville. Still Mrs. Bernard Beere was earnest and determined—a handsome enough lady, playing a juvenile heroine. The Sir Peter Teazle was Mr. William Farrer. He has become a classic in the part, and it was obviously Mr. Wyndham's business to engage him to play it. He is *facile princeps*. When he is to be had no one else is in it. But he has been happier in his own acting when happier in his associates. The Charles Surface was Mr. Charles Wyndham himself, and in his assumption of the part it is reasonable to look for the cause of the present revival of the comedy. Mr. Wyndham's view of Charles is in several particulars original, and it is embodied with skill. Charles will never be the character in which Mr. Wyndham's friends will most prefer to see him, but he will take rank among the highly creditable impersonations of a popular actor. "The School for Scandal," at the Criterion is not a pronounced failure; but we shall hardly have the audacity to say of it that it is a quite assured success.

MUSIC.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

George Alexander Macfarren. By Henry C. Banister. (Bell.)

THE subject of this memoir had his prejudices, and, like other mortals, his faults, but musicians will do well to note the strong sides of his character: his activity and his perseverance. To say nothing of the affliction which fell upon him even in youth and darkened the later years of his life, he had to put up with many disappointments and to contend against many difficulties; but he worked on and became one of the foremost men of his day. The sketch which he wrote of his father, and his early letters to his mother, show how he honoured his parents. To his father he was indebted for his first knowledge of music, and for much advice and assistance in after years.

There is no need to recount here the history of Macfarren's life, so fully and so impartially told by Mr. Banister. Though born only four years after the death of Haydn, he belongs to the immediate past; for it is not yet a decade since his last Oratorio "King David" was produced at Leeds.

But we would say a word or two about his intercourse with Mendelssohn and Dr. Day, and about his opinions of music and musicians. The first work by which Macfarren became known in Germany was his overture "Chevy Chase," which was given under Mendelssohn's direction at Leipzig in 1843. Macfarren's admiration for the German composer's "genius" was intense, and at times he expressed somewhat extravagant opinions regarding it. Shortly

after Mendelssohn's death he praised his works for their strong individuality, and declared that they show no mannerism, a statement which he thinks "can hardly be attributed to the collected works of any other musician." A somewhat startling *dictum*, as his biographer truly observes. But the following is even more astounding. In an article on Mendelssohn's posthumous compositions Macfarren wrote:

"I call upon the parties, be they whom they may, that hold this trust, in the name of the musical public of England, to leave the music of Bach [referring to the publications of the Bach Society]—which will not become any older or more obsolete for remaining a few years longer in obscurity—... and to give us, incontinent, all that they possess of what we at least esteem treasure above price."

In connexion with Dr. Day, whose theoretical views were so warmly espoused by Macfarren, an amusing tale is told, in which, by the way, Mendelssohn also plays a part. Macfarren had arranged a meeting between the composer and the theorist, so that the latter might have an opportunity of expounding his theory. But Macfarren told Mr. Banister that

"Before Dr. Day had proceeded far with his argumentative exposition, the face of Mendelssohn assumed an expression so suggestive of his having taken a dose of nauseous medicine, that to avoid a scene he [Macfarren] was compelled by bringing the discussion to an abrupt, if not untimely, end."

Throughout his life Macfarren sought "to uphold the claims of English music, to defend it from aspersion, and rescue it from neglect"; and now that the cause of English music is rapidly advancing, his efforts ought to be thankfully remembered. He it was who harmonised all the airs in W. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, and he also wrote articles and delivered lectures on the subject. Opinions may differ as to the merit of his own contributions to English art, but all will admit that they are noteworthy for their skill and earnestness. Macfarren reminds us of Handel, in that he commenced by writing for the stage, and in later life devoted himself almost exclusively to sacred compositions. With regard to his Oratorios produced at Bristol, Birmingham, and Leeds, his biographer quotes opinions favourable and otherwise, and adds a few sensible comments of his own.

Macfarren's hostility to Wagner is well known. It is indeed strange to read his description of Wagner as a composer "whose habit is ill, and whose gleams of light are but misleading." Let us turn from this prejudice, and note his intense admiration of Mozart, and his interesting remarks respecting that composer's pianoforte Concertos. Among other things, he remarks that pianoforte parts, as handed down to us, "present a mere skeleton of the composer's intentions." Cipriani Potter, on the authority of Attwood, Mozart's pupil, told Macfarren that Mozart "never played these Concertos twice alike." They were intended to be filled up according to the discretion and ability of the performer.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

THE YEAR OF REVOLUTION IN AUSTRIA.

Une Année de Ma Vie. 1848-1849. Par le Comte de Hübner, Ancien Ambassadeur d'Autriche à Paris et à Rome. (Paris: Hachette.)

Two friends talked together about the recollections of old men.

"They are usually," said the elder, "very unsatisfactory. The subject came up once at a house where I was, when both Lord Lyndhurst and Dr. Lushington were present: 'What,' I said, turning to the first, 'is the most interesting thing that you remember?' 'Beyond all comparison,' was the reply, 'the day I passed with Washington at Mount Vernon.' 'And you,' I asked, turning to the second, 'what is the most interesting thing that you remember?' 'Undoubtedly,' he answered, 'the week I spent with Burke at Beaconsfield.' 'Tell us something of what passed,' I rejoined. But, alas! neither could recall anything."

The most exacting of critics will never be able to bring any such charge against the author of this delightful book. Gifted with a memory "wax to receive and marble to retain," and having begun life very early under excellent auspices, he has been everywhere, met everybody, seen everything, and forgotten nothing; while he has, far from trusting exclusively to his powers of recollection, had the wisdom to write down from time to time things which he thought sufficiently important for him to be anxious to be minutely accurate about them.

It is to this habit that we owe the volume before us, which consists of the reproduction, often textual, of a journal kept through the stirring times to which it relates. To this Count de Hübner has added copious notes, together with some observations written quite recently and showing how things looked to him after the chances and changes of over forty years.

The work begins by an entry made at Leipzig on February 5, 1848, in these words: "A despatch from Prince Metternich calls me to Vienna. Why? It does not say." When M. de Hübner reached Vienna he found that his chief was desirous of sending some one to Milan for the purpose of representing the views of the Austrian Foreign Office in the Council consisting of the Archduke Renier, Marshal Radetzky, and Count Spaur, the Governor of Lombardy, which was then charged with the general supervision of Austrian interests in Italy. It was, having regard to the close relations between the Court of Vienna and the small Italian potentates, obviously desirable that some one well acquainted with diplomatic business should be on that Council. The man first thought of had

been Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, but the very anxious position of affairs at Naples made it undesirable that he should leave his duties there; and Prince Metternich's thoughts turned to M. de Hübner, who, although younger by more than a decade and occupying a much less exalted position in the service—that, namely, of Consul-General in Saxony—had already given proof that he possessed all the qualities which were desired.

The reader interested in European politics will examine with attention the record of the two interviews between the aged minister—still so powerful, though so near the end of his power—and his young envoy, which are given at some length. We must not, however, linger over these, but follow the latter to Milan, where he found himself on March 6. Very bright is the description of the society which gathered there, and on which the storm was so soon to break. In all that M. de Hübner writes there are touches of humour, which relieve the gloom of even the most tragic situations, and they are not wanting here; as, for example, in the passage in which he describes Radetzky and Gen. Wallmoden, between whom he sat one day at dinner, both octogenarians and profoundly jealous of each other. The first, in his desire to be particularly polite to the only civilian present in an assembly of paladins, kept helping M. de Hübner to good things with his rather trembling hand. "See how he shakes, he's getting old," said Wallmoden in a whisper, and then went sound asleep. "Look," said Radetzky with a wink, "he is still assiduous in paying his court to the ladies, and, nevertheless, snores in the middle of dinner!"

The news of the Revolution in Paris had reached M. de Hübner near the end of February, before he had his last conversation with Prince Metternich. He was made very anxious during the first ten days of his stay in Milan by receiving no communication from the minister, but it was not till March 17 that he heard of the outbreak at Vienna on the 13th of that month. The intelligence of that event was the spark which exploded the mine so long prepared in Lombardy, and on the 18th began the five days of the Milan revolution. The account of these is given very fully, and is reproduced almost exactly from the diary kept by M. de Hübner at, and shortly after, the time. For the composition of this he had the amplest leisure during the earlier days of his captivity in the hands of the insurgents, which lasted in all about three months and a half.

While the fighting was going on in the streets, he was shut up in the house of an Austrian employé who had provided for his own safety by leaving it and his wife at the commencement of the struggle. M. de Hübner took charge of both till the combat was over; and many, as well as strange, were the adventures through which he passed.

When things had calmed down a little, he surrendered perforce to the victorious party, and was entrusted to the charge of a very worthy man, who, born in the Italian Tyrol, had been the head of a department in one of the offices of account, but had

agreed to serve under the new government. He and his wife were extremely kind to their distinguished prisoner; and it is agreeable to learn, both that he was able to render some service to the husband, when the revolt in Lombardy had been put down, and that the wife, long years afterwards, left to M. de Hübner, when he had become one of the leading personages in the diplomacy of the world, the only thing of value which she possessed. The whole story of Philémon and Baucis, as he calls the pair, is about as pretty a piece of reading as one could easily come across. Early in his captivity he was asked by the Provisional Government whether he would undertake a mission to the camp of Radetzky, with a view to negotiate an exchange of hostages and prisoners, on the understanding that if this could not be effected he should return to Milan. He accepted the mission with alacrity; but in order to fulfil it he had to pass through Brescia, which, like Milan, was in full revolt, and where, unhappily, the worst elements of the population had the authorities, who had taken charge of the town when it was evacuated by the Imperial Army, almost entirely under their command. His visit to this place is described in full detail, and a most brilliant picture it forms at once of the grim and of the grotesque accompaniments of mob supremacy. M. de Hübner very narrowly escaped with his life; and probably not even his coolness and *savoir faire* would have saved him if the murders of Count Latour at Vienna, or of Count Lamberg, at Pesth, had taken place previously, and stimulated to the requisite point the passions of the populace.

Unable to carry into effect the mission with which he had been charged, and the success of which would have been of the greatest importance to the Milanese, having indeed only been got out of Brescia by the authorities there throwing dust in the eyes of the mob, M. de Hübner returned to his captivity, from which he was not released till the 4th of July. On that day he was informed that he would be conducted, along with other hostages, and protected by a good escort, to Coire. He protested against the escort, and begged to be allowed to travel in his own carriage, unattended by troops. "But," said the Duke of Litta, "we cannot send a separate escort with you, and your life will be in danger." "My life," he said, "will be as safe as possible; but I would advise *you* not to traverse the country between this and the Swiss frontier unprotected by soldiers." After letting fly this Parthian arrow, as he called it, which he discharged knowing that the peasantry along the frontier he was about to cross were well affected to the Austrians, he started next day, and was soon in neutral territory.

The reflections with which M. de Hübner closes the account of his sojourn at Milan in 1848 are a curious illustration of the charm which Italy has ever exercised over the Trans-Alpine mind. Neither the calamities of his country, nor his own individual troubles, availed to make him feel bitter against the race which had been the immediate cause of both. Of course he could not believe at that time in a unified

Italy. How many did forty-three years ago? In a paper, however, drawn up in 1890, he fully admits that in all camps, Conservative and Liberal, papal and free-thinking, throughout the peninsula, there is now a determination that Italy must be one. In that paper there is hardly anything, if, indeed, there is anything at all, with which English Liberals would not agree. Even upon the question of the sovereign power of the papacy, so thorny a subject for one who is at once, like M. de Hübnér, an experienced statesman and a convinced Catholic, his language is most moderate and reasonable. Surely some compromise, which would not in the slightest degree interfere with either the prestige or the interests of Italy, will sooner or later be within the reach of diplomacy. "Only through the spaces of time do we come to the centre of opportunity."

It would be unpardonable, before concluding our notice of the first of the two acts into which "*Une Année de ma Vie*" is divided, to omit calling attention to the numerous very beautiful little pictures which are to be found scattered through it in great abundance. Such are the description of the peasant girl transformed into a *Hecuba* at p. 76, of the parting of "*Hector and Andromache*" at p. 105, of the "*Madonna of the needle*" at p. 191, of the group of ladies at *Brescia* at p. 146, and of the sunrise on *Monte Rosa* at p. 232.

The curtain rises again on July 22, by which date M. de Hübnér found himself back in Vienna, whither the Archduke John had just come from Frankfort to open the Reichstag, and where a ministry composed of well-intentioned but not for the most part strong men was engaged in governmental functions mocked by the name of power. Sketches are given, which seem very life-like, of its leading members—of Bach, well and not too favourably known in later days; of Latour, destined to a tragic end; of Wessenberg, who was in charge of Foreign Affairs; and of Krauss, who presided over the Finances. The last two were the comic personages of the drama; and M. de Hübnér gives, in describing their works and ways, free course to the humour which, as we have said, never deserted him, even in the darkest hours.

Alarmed by the utter want of a ruling mind in the councils of the Emperor, the young diplomatist took a bold step, one which had eventually a most favourable influence on his own career, and which extricated Austria, not for long indeed, but still for an appreciable time, from the most imminent peril. He wrote to Italy, and urged Prince Félix Schwarzenberg to come to Vienna.

Meantime, revolutionary things took their natural course in that city. Confusion grew ever worse confounded. There were riots everywhere. In the brief space of six months the capital, which had so long slept under absolute rule, had passed from being in the hands of men whose political temperature was that of 1789, into those of others whose political temperature was that of 1793. At the very end of the month of September, M. de Hübnér was sitting in his room when a man suddenly appeared in the

doorway, whose features, as it was rather dark, he could not at first distinguish. The figure advanced—it was Prince Félix Schwarzenberg. He did not come an hour too soon for his friends. On the 6th of October the revolution had passed into the stage of armed insurrection; Latour was murdered, and Vienna was divided into two hostile camps.

Presently the Emperor and his family, escorted by a large body of troops, left Schoenbrunn and retired upon Olmütz. Prince Félix Schwarzenberg was summoned thither; but being the soul of the resistance to anarchy at Vienna he could not immediately obey the summons, and sent M. de Hübnér, who thoroughly shared his ideas as to what had to be done in the present and immediate future.

There follows a very curious account of what befel in the capital of Moravia and on the route thither. An extraordinary situation it was. The Government had survived the insurrection of October 6, but consisted only of two members, Wessenberg, who was at Olmütz, and Krauss, who was at Vienna, engaged in giving a little money to the Revolutionists to enable them to kill the Imperialists, and a much larger amount to the Imperialists to enable them to kill the Revolutionists.

The real minister, though absolutely without any legal title, was Prince Félix Schwarzenberg. His power, however, was interfered with by many outside influences, and, not least, by his near connection, Prince Windischgraetz, who was the head of the northern army, and who, full of excellent qualities as a soldier and a man, belonged to the race of those who, in politics, learn and forget nothing. Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, on the other hand, though not brought up to politics, and profoundly ignorant of most of the things which a statesman ought to know, had, at least, some comprehension of the world in which he was living, and saw that a return to the old state of things, pure and simple, was out of the question. It is the curse of such a system as that which prevailed in Austria, from the accession of the Emperor Francis onwards, that it rears those employed in the government to be mere clerks, turns the whole of the nobility into soldiers or idlers or both, and throws the professional and mercantile classes into chronic if silent opposition. When the hour of calamity comes, it is fortunate, indeed, if there is some strong-headed, strong-handed man to take the reins; for it is at least better to have a driver who drives indifferently, than to leave horses who are running-away to their own sweet will.

Before, however, the political knowledge, or want of it, in either of the two brothers-in-law could be a matter of much importance, Vienna had to be taken, and Prince Windischgraetz was the only person in a position to do that. M. de Hübnér was accordingly despatched to Prague to urge his marching on the capital. This he was quite ready to do, even with the slender force which was at his disposal, still more so when that force rose, as it shortly did, to the dimensions of a considerable army. The question was: Could the Imperialists arrive

in time to prevent the Hungarians, who were advancing rapidly from the eastward, joining hands with the revolutionary party at Vienna. Fortunately for the Imperial cause, the Ban Jellachich defeated them in an action fought so near that its varying fortunes could be followed with more or less accuracy—with less it would seem rather than more—by the insurgent commander Messenhauser, from an observatory in the spire of St. Stephen's. Their defeat enabled Windischgraetz to pursue his operations undisturbed; and on the 31st the city surrendered, after having tasted, happily only for a few hours, the delights of a reign of terror, and of having been within an ace of losing some of its finest buildings by the fire of the Imperial batteries. Anything more curious than the description of the headquarters at Hetzen-dorf, of the deputations which came to the Marshal from the town, of the gloomy dinner while Vienna was burning, and of the delight when its destruction had been averted by a fortunate storm, it would not be easy to find. We would particularly direct attention to the narrative which M. de Hübnér gives of his saving the life of a young man, who was about to be shot on the 1st November for having been engaged in giving money to corrupt the troops. He does not mention the fact, but it is an open secret, that that young man who so narrowly escaped death lived to be Prime Minister. Strango, indeed, has been the fate of the Emperor Francis Joseph, in many ways, but in none surely more than this—that he has had two successive Prime Ministers, M. de Haymerle and Count Andrassy, who, belonging to totally different races, and to totally different positions in society, had, under totally different circumstances, both been in early life condemned to die by his own tribunals, or by those of his immediate predecessor.

The remainder of the volume, although instructive in the highest degree to those who have followed the marvellous series of transformation scenes which have been presented to the world by the fortunes of the House of Hapsburg since the collapse of the Viennese insurrection in 1848, will be perhaps less attractive to the casual reader than its earlier portions; but he will find, amid much purely political matter, many passages of more general interest. Such are the description of the ceremonies which took place at the abdication of the Emperor Ferdinand and the accession of Francis Joseph; of the last interview between Baron Josika and Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, in which the former tried in vain to combat the ill-considered plans of his friend about Hungary; and of the mission of M. de Hübnér to the camp of Windischgraetz just before the battle of Kopolna. All through this period M. de Hübnér—while agreeing completely with the foreign policy of Prince F. Schwarzenberg, and agreeing also with his views in internal politics, as against the ideas of men who had been more influenced by constitutionalism as it was understood under Louis Philippe—was strongly opposed to the centralising projects to which his chief had become a convert, and which were most unwisely persevered in, till the salutary catas-

trophy of Königgrätz nearly eighteen years later gave to Deák and the reasonable portion of the Hungarians all, and more than all, they had ever asked. But alas! how much blood, how much treasure, and how bad a lesson as to the respective merits of violence and of policy, would have been saved if these ideas had prevailed a year before, instead of more than half a generation after, the outbreak of the Hungarian War!

The book closes with an account of the conversation which took place between Prince Schwarzenberg and its author, when he was told, to his own infinite surprise, that he was to be sent, not as he had asked, to Rio, but to Paris. To Paris he went, and passed there, as the representative of Austria, ten years, which must have been about as anxious as any which ever fell to the lot of a diplomatist. We should all gain much knowledge if only it were possible for him to tell their story, but alas! that must not be. "Scribantur hæc in generatione altera." Here and there the veil has been lifted, as, for instance, near the commencement of Senior's conversations with M. Thiers, where the latter describes the excitement of Louis Napoleon, when the news of the battle of Novara came to Paris, and when a rupture between France and Austria seemed only a question of hours. It will be seen from the conversation alluded to at the commencement of this paragraph that even Prince Félix Schwarzenberg, bold as he was, thought that a quarrel with France might, in the year 1849, mean the fall of the Austrian monarchy.

That the view of the events of the Year of Revolutions which commended itself at the time to M. de Hübnér should be the same as that which then or now was taken or could be taken by English politicians, who suck in constitutionalism with their mother's milk, was not to be expected. The marvel is that, having regard to all the circumstances of that tremendous time, he can be so merciful to his enemies, even to Lord Palmerston! He would not deny that the maintenance of the system of organised do-nothing, which was the leading characteristic of Austrian statesmanship for a long time previous to 1848, was quite hopeless; but he would urge, more strongly than we should, the great difficulties that had been caused in one direction by the over-precipitate legislation of Joseph II., in another by the natural horror inspired by the French Revolution. Undoubtedly, too, he would pass a far more lenient judgment upon some persons whose names figure in these pages than the historian looking at them "sine ira et studio" will ultimately do. We cannot, however, expect contemporaries to write "sine ira et studio." They would give us very bad materials for history if they did.

He must indeed be fanatically attached to his own opinion who, however much he may differ from the conclusions of M. de Hübnér, can resist the charm of this most fascinating work. We have already admitted the impossibility of the writer's giving to us the history of what befel him in the decade so fateful to his country which immediately followed the year he has described; but a man whose recollections go back to the time

when Montalembert and Lamennais went to Rome, about the affair of the *Avenir*, must have a good deal to tell of the years between 1832 and 1848, without trespassing upon departments of the *haute politique* as to which his lips are sealed. Possibly the same may be the case even with regard to the time which intervened between the outbreak of the campaign of Magenta and the first of those charmingly described journeys which, taken in connexion with his diplomatic, ministerial, political, and social experience, give him a better right, so far as we are aware, than any living man, to say with the Ulysses of Tennyson:

"I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honoured of them all;"

If the writer of the *Life of Sixtus V.*, of the *Promenade Round the World*, of *Fifty Thousand Miles through the British Empire*, and of the volume under review, has the happy idea of taking his contemporaries once more into his confidence, he may at least be well assured of their gratitude.

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

Canada and the Canadian Question. By Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.)

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S work was passing through the press just as the Canadian Dominion was in the turmoil of a general election. Some of the material of which it is composed and most of its leading ideas have appeared in other shapes. But considering the time chosen for its issue, it may, without offence, be described as a political pamphlet of three hundred pages. Yet it is a pamphlet which no publicist can neglect without the risk of remaining in ignorance of much which he ought to know. Even the "general" reader, whose interest in Canada is of a milder type, will be repaid—in spite of the absence of an index—for the time occupied in its study by the vigorous English and the trenchant criticism, which are the characteristics of this book, as they have been of all Mr. Goldwin Smith's previous writings. Unfortunately, however, for its present persuasiveness, it comes a day behind the feast. The arguments for the adoption of a particular course are clear, if not conclusive. Its arraignment of the Tory party in British North America is more truthful than polite; its demonstration that Canada ought to insist on unrestricted free trade with the United States, even though political union should follow, is so very logical that it is complimentary neither to the Canadians nor to Mr. Goldwin Smith's powers of advocacy to know that the people to whom these pages are addressed have declined to accept his advice. Yet they have decided to support Sir John Macdonald and Protection. Even the provinces which, according to Mr. Smith, would have been most likely to vote in a contrary direction, have returned the largest majority against any steps which might lead to their absorption in the neighbouring Republic.

The thesis which Mr. Goldwin Smith undertakes to defend is that the physical map of Canada does not correspond to the political map, and that the real difficulty of the Canadian question arises out of this lack of correspondence.

"The political map displays a vast and unbroken area of territory, extending from the boundary of the United States up to the North Pole, and equalling or surpassing the United States in magnitude. The physical map displays four separate projections of the cultivable or habitable parts of the continent in the Arctic waste. The four vary greatly in size, and one of them is very large. . . . The habitable and cultivable parts of these blocks of territory are not contiguous, but are divided from each other by great barriers of nature, wide and irreclaimable wildernesses or manifold chains of mountains. . . . Each of the blocks, on the other hand, is closely connected by nature, physically and economically, with that portion of the habitable and cultivable continent to the south of it which it immediately adjoins, and in which are its natural markets. . . . Between the two provinces of Old Canada, though there is no physical barrier, there is an ethnological barrier of the strongest kind, one being British, the other thoroughly French; while the antagonism of race is intensified by that of religion. Such is the real Canada. Whether the four blocks of territory constituting the Dominion can for ever be kept by political agencies united among themselves and separate from the continent of which geographically, economically, and, with the exception of Quebec, ethnologically, they are parts, is the Canadian Question" (p. 3).

The nine chapters which follow are devoted to the most lucid sketch which has yet been written of the political, social, and commercial relations of the Canadian provinces, and to the history of the country prior to confederation. With this portion of Mr. Goldwin Smith's volume no one except an extreme Chauvinist or a fanatical partisan can find serious fault. The same may be affirmed, though in a more qualified form, of the strictures he passes on the present form of government. It has not been an entire success, any more than the constitution of the United States has been; and he must have been a very ignorant optimist who imagined that there would not have been hitches here and there, and friction all along the line, until the discordant elements of rival little monarchies, such as the colonies actually were, got into working order. It took much longer for the United States to get over the colonial jealousies, if indeed they have ever done so. The "government by corruption"—the catching of votes, and the shutting of mouths by building public works where no public works are required, the low political morality which pervades all parties, the pandering to ignorance, or to powerful capitalists who provide election funds, by a needlessly high tariff, the entire lack of consistency when the Jesuit vote is to be angled for—these and a score of other blots in the system in vogue we admit and deplore, though it is not easy to see what other kind of management is possible if the Ottawa authorities are not prepared for disruption or at least for a subdued civil war. But similar drawbacks are notorious in the Australian colonies, and are part and parcel of the "machine" rule in the United States. They are known even nearer home.

Nor is there a word to be said against Mr. Goldwin Smith's contention that Imperial Federation of the kind advocated by theorists is only a dream. It might have been possible in earlier days, but our colonies grew up under no kind of fixed policy. Unlike Greece and Rome in ancient times and Spain and France in more recent periods, we never formulated any conditions for these dependencies, and perhaps to this freedom from leading-strings their lusty prosperity is now due. Everything in their growth was make-shift; opportunism was the only rule in Whitehall. Loyalty of the lip-service sort is as plentiful in Canada as in Australasia, especially among the agents sent to negotiate a loan, or the politicians who have hopes of an order. And, of course, there are always a stream of new-comers who are often more English than their relatives "at home." Among the vast number of colonists, however, there is no such feeling. They are full, no doubt, of a sort of "God-save-the-Queen"—"Rule-Britannia" kind of sentiment, which will not bear the strain of a call for the exercise of self-sacrifice, or as was the case in the old American Colonies—and Virginia was more loyal than any Canadian province until King George's statues were cast into bullets—a feeling that they are being made a convenience of by the mother country. This in a small way is what the Newfoundlanders are at present thinking, and what on a larger scale has more than once been the outcry of the Canadians during the negotiations between England and the United States on fishery questions.

Annexation is, nevertheless, an entirely different matter. The Canadians have pronounced against it, for the simple reason that they can if they choose gain all the advantages of being members of the Union without any of the drawbacks attaching to that connexion. Every geographical difficulty which Mr. Goldwin Smith signalises as a barrier to the political unity of the Dominion applies more or less to the United States. Alaska is entirely detached from the rest of the Republic territory. Dreadful deserts intervene between Texas and part of Arizona. The State of Nevada is, except for its rapidly exhausting mines, a mere sage-brush waste. The Great Basin is little better. Western Oregon is separated from the small portion of fertile land in Eastern Oregon by lava plains; and every range which divides our Pacific province from the rest of Canada acts as a wall of an even more formidable character between the Pacific States and those to the east of the Rocky Mountains. Still, many of these barriers will vanish as settlement proceeds, and in Canada the "wildernesses" which so appal our author must in time become dotted with farms, and logging camps, and mines. Two centuries ago there were worse obstacles between the North and the South of Scotland. Ethnologically, the Republic is quite as diversified as the Dominion. Louisiana is practically French and Roman Catholic. Utah is peopled by citizens nearly all of foreign birth and adherents of a persecuted creed. New Mexico, Lower California, and much of Florida and Texas are Spanish and

Roman Catholic;—all over the country the Irish and Italian feuds and the outcry for sectarian education are giving sore anxiety to thoughtful men; while the gigantic negro difficulty—almost as bad as slavery—which needs to be faced in the near future is not one of the perils which overshadow Canada. Nor does the political system and the antiquated constitution of the United States attract the Canadians. Mr. Goldwin Smith affirms the little provincial governments to be costly. But the State governments are quite as dear; while the impossibility of the people bringing an effective influence to bear upon their rulers except once in four years, and then only in so clumsy a fashion that a president may have a majority in the electoral college and yet be 175,000 in the minority of a popular vote, cannot be regarded as an improvement on the Canadian plan. Canadian opinion would, in any case, be swamped by that of the elder American States. There is, we know, a perfectly good feeling between the two peoples. But the Northern Dominion has no desire to unite with the Southern Republic; and the French Canadians are assuredly not likely to forsake a country in which their faith is endowed, and the influence of their clergy (secured by treaty) greater than that of the church of the *ancien régime* in France. This the United States could not tolerate.

Mr. Goldwin Smith advocates unrestricted commercial union, allowing the political one to come if need be. Theoretically, free trade all over the American continent is admirable; practically, the Canadians, after having once tried it with the United States, do not wish it, knowing that, with few exceptions, they would gain little by it. For the compact would cut both ways. They might have a market over the border. But the men over that border would also invade their market, with a result which would be ruinous. At best the Canadians could only deal with their immediate neighbours in the United States, and even then they would require to compete with the local farmers and manufacturers. They could not send to Colorado, or to Oregon, or to California. These parts of America are further from the Ontario producer than Great Britain, and the cost of despatching goods thither, even were there a large market, is infinitely greater than despatching them by sea to the unlimited buyers of London or Liverpool. We are therefore convinced that, though both are as yet not within the bounds of practical politics, independence will come before annexation, though neither ought to be possible unless the wisdom of English statesmen is reduced to a minimum.

The colonies have much to gain from us—defence, credit, influence; we have absolutely nothing to get from the greater number of them. For they buy from us only when we can sell cheaper than our rivals, and they would do so in any case. They are glad of our surplus population when it suits them, just as they would be glad of them under any circumstances; but the self-governing colonies keep their official patronage for their own sons. On the contrary, these dependencies are our weakness. For assuredly, in war-time the

necessity of detailing fleets to protect them would weaken our home defences; and there is no manner of doubt that, were it not for the covert threat of squeezing Canada, the United States would long ere this have been taught the meaning of a more "spirited foreign policy" than that which they have begun to regard as the normal temper of the British Lion. Mr. Goldwin Smith's thesis must, therefore, be considered inherently weak, though his defence is strong, his information ample, if one-sided, and his entire work as able as any of the previous volumes with which he has enriched our political literature.

ROBERT BROWN.

The Memoirs of Alexandre Dumas (Père).

Being extracts from the first five volumes of "Mes Mémoires," selected and translated by A. F. Davidson. (W. H. Allen.)

"For the rest the translation is a perfectly literal one," says Mr. Davidson, speaking of the manner in which he has "Englished" Dumas's Memoirs, or rather such portion of the Memoirs as are contained in these two volumes; and it may be a question whether the literalness is not almost too literal. In such phrases as the following, for instance, the English is scarcely more than a varnish—the grain of the French is distinctly visible beneath:

"The dogs howled piteously. They understood, poor animals, that in this kind of chase there was nothing for them to do." "Some decision by the University prevented him from keeping a college at his own house; he was, however, allowed to take pupils in the town." "Ah, me! the kings of 1827, like those of 1848, surely ought to have known that it is homage which blinds, and lessons which enlighten." "Imagine ruins inhabited by a people impassive and taking everything as it comes—a people who, pipe in mouth, have no other occupation than to lounge on a bench in front of their doors, and who pass their day like this, troubling themselves very little about their families or children." "The hairdresser required me for ten minutes."

And similar passages might be quoted *ad infinitum*.

No doubt Mr. Davidson has precedent. The standard of translation among us is not high. Few things are rarer than to find a book rendered into English artistically, and so as to give literary pleasure; and, it may be added, few things are a surer test of a feeling for style than the quality of a writer's translation. When Matthew Arnold quotes a passage from a foreign author, he takes the trouble *to-re-think* it into English, to put it before the reader in such a form as the original author would have adopted if writing in English. The many passages of translation in Mr. John Morley's studies of France in the eighteenth century are far less perfect. And the French, who, in what may be called the hack-work of literature, are distinctly better craftsmen than ourselves, translate, as a rule, to much better effect.

Lest these observations should seem harsh, let me hasten to add that in the difficult task of selecting the material for these volumes, and more especially in welding that material together, Mr. Davidson has shown discretion

and skill. He had, in truth, no light task to face. Alexandre Dumas, the great Alexandre—who was it called him one of “the forces of nature”?—had a large way with him, and not only—coadjutors helping—threw off book on book, but amplified his books, made them voluminous, comprehensive, all embracing. His *Memoirs* are in two series. They fill many tomes. They treat of things innumerable. They are historical, literary, biographical, autobiographical. They are the memoirs of Dumas's contemporaries as well as his own. They are the memoirs of his time. To pick and choose among them, keeping this and rejecting that, and yet not to convey an impression of fragmentariness, required some knowledge of the literary joiner's art.

That Mr. Davidson's selection will entirely satisfy those who care for the original *Memoirs* is scarcely to be expected, inasmuch as tastes differ. For myself, with all admiration for Dumas the romancer, I confess to having no excessive belief in Dumas the historian; and I should willingly have spared the relatively numerous pages in these volumes devoted to the career of Dumas's father, in order to have more of Dumas's own career. “It would be quite unpardonable,” says Mr. Davidson, pleading for the pages in question, “to omit altogether as graphic and thrilling a story as can be found anywhere in the range of the author's writings.” But here there is surely room for a *distinguo*. When reading of the three immortal Musqueteers, and d'Artagnan the invincible, or of Monte Cristo and his marvellous adventures, one need never be troubled at all by questions of literal accuracy and verisimilitude. Thanks to the narrator's admirable skill and lucidity, his power of grouping and marshalling facts, his unflagging good spirits, his bright qualities of style, and last, not least, his belief in his own creations—thanks to these, the reader is hurried along, interested, breathless; conscious, perhaps, when he comes to think about it, that what is passing before his mind's eye is only as the “baseless fabric of a vision,” yet still, for the time, more than content to take it all as a reality. When, however, Dumas is professing to record sober facts about his father, the “Horatius Coeles of the Tyrol,” it is not quite possible to maintain the same attitude of mind; and I confess that a doubt sometimes haunts me as to how far General Dumas's feats of arms, like those of General Hugo, may not owe much of their lustre to a son's imaginative power. Be that as it may, I prefer Dumas as the narrator of his own career, and that of his immediate contemporaries.

Here, with occasional doubts perhaps, one may enjoy his great gifts as a storyteller more freely. How, with the scantiest of education, and no advantages of birth or patronage, he battled his way to the front, and, as the author of “Henry III.,” stood forth as a leader and pioneer in the great Romantic movement, will be found recorded in the pages of this book. As to his fame, it may be said, on the whole, to have fared well in England. True, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, some eighteen years ago, wrote of him a bio-

graphy which is not a good biography—which Mr. Andrew Lang, indeed, does not scruple to describe as “one of the worst books that ever was written.” But Thackeray in the past did him almost obeisance; and now, in the present, his praises are uttered, and with fervour, by such influential “pressmen” as Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Henley, and by a writer so popular as Mr. Louis Stevenson. His work is surface work, if you like, but with what excellent qualities, and how effective!

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Studies in Jocular Literature. By W. Carew Hazlitt. (Elliot Stock.)

MR. HAZLITT's last addition to “The Book Lover's Library” is pleasant reading. Although there is little that is new in it, there is much which we must all be grateful to him for resuscitating. The author is himself struck by the want of originality displayed by the compilers of jest-books and by other professional joke-wrights. Like children and savages, who want the same stories told with as little variation as human frailty permits, the jest-loving public seems to resent all serious innovation in its facetiae. The same venerable repartees are fathered on classic Greeks and mediæval Italians, on eighteenth-century abbés and nineteenth-century reviewers. Tarleton and Swift, Sheridan and Sydney Smith, have been in turn putative fathers of jests which will in due time be transferred to professional pun-makers still in the flesh; and how a new Master of Trinity must shudder at the accumulation of *bon-mots* of which the next generation of undergraduates will at his expense relieve the memory of Whewell and Thompson! *Mutato nomine, de te fabula narratur.*

Some of Mr. Hazlitt's parallels in chaps. ix. and x. are very interesting. There is as much to be learned from variants in this department of study as in other branches of folk-lore; but the likeness sometimes seems less clear than our author imagines. He occasionally appears too much inclined to make the matter of the joke the determining factor rather than the form. But the form is usually of the essence of the joke, while the matter is a mere accident. Thus the Millerism, “‘When did you ever see such a winter?’ ‘Why, last summer,’” can hardly be described as an anticipation of Lamb's (or Coleridge's or Byron's), *not* that “summer has set in with its usual severity.”

Mr. Hazlitt is struck with the marked change in the style of jests and *bon-mots* which took place in the time of the early Georges. He holds that

“The appearance of *Joe Miller's Jest*, or the *Wit's Valet-mecum* under fortuitous [*sic*] circumstances, in the time of George II., marked the new era. It was as if the jest-books of all prior epochs had been gathered unexceptionally up, and burned by the common hangman, to let the British community start afresh. So broad was the line of demarcation between the old régime and the new; and it is not difficult to see that this truly marvellous change is an evolution from novel phases and developments of social life, and was just what was to be anticipated. In this special way, perhaps, a more complete alteration had taken place since the

Tudor period than has taken place between the last century and the present one; or, in other words, in the last hundred and fifty years. We cannot believe that an ordinary reader of Henry VIII.'s days would have had any relish or value for the fun of the earlier half of the eighteenth century; but an ordinary reader of the present time perfectly appreciates the anecdotes and humour—not exactly of the primitive lean *fasciculus* to which *Joe Miller* was at the outset limited, but of the wits who flourished under Walpole and side by side with Pope. This group of men—authors, actors, dandies, and *bons viveurs*—is the lineal ancestry of Sheridan and Matthews, Sydney Smith and Jerrold; and *mutatis mutandis*, the form, temper, and tone of the school have suffered no material variation, since its first rise into an immortal existence under the auspices of Miller within the genial precincts of Clare Market” (pp. 151-2).

Allowing for the obvious exaggeration this seems true in the main. But the change is dated too late. A little further on our author admits that the modern school goes back to the era of the Restoration; and it was no doubt the influence of French wit, then first felt, that drove out of fashion the somewhat crude and clumsy facetiae of the earlier type. The wit-combat in Shakspeare's comedies is related to the neat repartee in Molière's as a bout at quarter-staff is to a duel with rapiers. Brevity, neatness, precision, and polish became the qualities of the ideal jest during the latter half of the seventeenth century, and have continued so until our own time.

Mr. Hazlitt's book makes no claim to completeness of treatment; and many subjects which we might expect to find discussed by the editor of *Shakspeare Jest-Books* are left unnoticed. The suggestion of system and logical arrangement seems little better than a pleasant pretence. But while one readily forgives sins of this sort in a book of this sort, the reader has, I think, a right to complain of the constant omission of references.

F. RYLAND.

NEW NOVELS.

Urith. By S. Baring Gould. In 3 vols. (Methuen.)

Lady Delmar. By Thomas Terrell and T. L. White. (Trischler.)

A Winter's Tale. By Mary E. Mann. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

Friend Perditus. By Mary H. Tennyson. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Lady Merton. By J. C. Heywood. In 2 vols. (Burns & Oates.)

Bellerue. By W. M. L. Jay. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Flower de Hundred. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. (Cassell.)

For King and Country. By Jane A. Nutt. (Sonnenschein.)

MR. BARING GOULD is always clever and striking, and he is both in *Urith*. But the book is a disappointment, being suggestive of febrile rather than of natural strength, or of the flogging of a jaded horse. As an historical novel, it is a decided failure—how great a failure, whoever chooses to compare the last volume with those portions of *Lorna Doone*

which cover in effect the same period, as well as deal with the same district of England, will promptly discover for himself. Then, and above all things, *Urith* is intolerably long. Mr. Baring Gould, indeed, seems to invent fresh villainies for his rather wearisome scoundrel, Fox Crymes, merely to eke out his three volumes. Yet there are strong characters and strong scenes in *Urith*. The heroine herself and her luckless rival Julian, although they are placed too often under the lime-light, are attractive in their way, and have no counterparts even in Mr. Baring Gould's large gallery of fiction. But little can be said of her lover and husband. He is contemptibly weak where he ought to be strong. In some of the minor characters, however, especially old Squire Clevedon, Luke, and (in spite of his interminable songs) Uncle Sol, the author is seen at his best. That is a genuinely effective scene, too, in which *Urith* saves her lover Anthony, and accuses Fox of attempting to murder him.

The writers of *Lady Delmar*, who appear bent on rivalling the co-partnership of Besant and Rice, have certainly succeeded in providing a highly seasoned dish of modern sensations and "ideas"—London ruffianism, a too accurate presentiment of a tragedy, a murder, a Scotch marriage, an heiress in spite of herself, the ways of modern "masherdom," the Russian "cause," the New Socialism, and English Liberalism of to-day—or, at least, of last night. *Lady Delmar* is neither realistic nor idealistic; it is altogether improbable and unmitigatedly melodramatic. That, however, is neither hero nor there, for the book is as clever as it well can be, considering the materials at the disposal of the authors. Lord Delmar, in his character of selfish aristocrat, is an unpleasant caricature; Jess, with a good democratic lover at her elbow, would never have taken to such a fellow. But his murder, happening at the same time as his election to parliament, is as good a bit of melodrama as has been provided in fiction for a long time. Boron, the wonderful lapidary, fanatic, and revenger of dishonour, and the good young democratic, could hardly be surpassed in their own lines. Altogether, *Lady Delmar* suggests, above all things, that Mr. Sims had better look to his laurels.

Murder—or, at least, homicide—and madness play their parts in *A Winter's Tale*, and there is in it the usual amount of love-making of different sorts. But it is a study of character more than a novel. As such, it is rather provoking than quite satisfactory, much less quite unsatisfactory. There are four notable portraits in it—Erica Birch, Barty, Harcourt, and Shadrach Bush—and one's duty as a reader comes in effect to spending half-hours with each in succession. It is rather unfortunate under these circumstances, however, that one should find the artist perpetually touching up her work. Yet this is what the author of *A Winter's Tale* is found doing, more particularly with Barty. In the early chapters he figures as a rather selfish young fellow of the class that read sporting newspapers, and always fancy women have designs upon them. But the story is not half through before he changes

into a muscular and lovable Christian of the Kingsleyan type. Erica Birch, however, is a finished sketch of a thoroughly independent girl, who is conscious that she can command affection, and will not accept any inferior article that is offered her under that name; while the evolution of the selfish, dreaming, and sensual egotist, Harcourt, into a madman has nothing unnatural or strained about it. Some of the incidents in *A Winter's Tale*, too—in particular the death of Penelope, the hapless servant, and the escape of Erica from the mad Harcourt—are managed with a skill which speaks well for the future of the author of *A Winter's Tale* as a writer of sensational fiction.

It may at least be claimed for *Friend Perditus* that the plot is original, and as striking as it is original. John Sherwood, hurrying from India to England to seize and punish Lucien Guadella, who has robbed him of his good name, not to speak of property of another sort, which it is a fashion to consider as of secondary importance compared with a good name, is shipwrecked when on the point of hunting his quarry down. It is with difficulty that his life is saved. As things are, his brain is so seriously injured that when, thanks to surgical skill of a miraculous order, he comes nominally to himself, his memory is gone. He takes to his bosom, in the character of a step-brother, the man who has done him so much harm, and that man's mother as well. They for a time live upon him, plunder him right and left, and finally induce him to surrender to his enemy the girl on whom he has set his heart, and who has set her heart on him. *Friend Perditus*, as Sherwood is preposterously styled, gets disgusted with the character and conduct of his *quasi* mother, who is really a singer of the most vulgar music-hall order. The agitation he undergoes precipitates another physical crisis, as a result of which *Friend Perditus* is re-transformed into John Sherwood, and all ends well. The plot, in spite of its extravagant improbability, is admirably worked out from first to last. There are also several remarkable and finished portraits in *Friend Perditus*. The Guadellas, notwithstanding the brazen vulgarity of the mother, are good specimens of the modern conspirator class; while there could not be better foils to them than Ella Maclise and *Friend Perditus*'s good friends, the Halls. If it be conceded that everything that is artistic is also fair in fiction, then *Friend Perditus* must be accounted a strong and successful novel.

Lady Merton is full of Rome, and, more's the pity, theologically as well as topographically. It is written by a man who is evidently very much in earnest about the eternal controversies of which the Eternal City is still the centre, so much so that his book, able as it is in more respects than one, fails to achieve a success even in the sense in which Lord Beaconsfield's works are successful. And yet there are many things, even many incidents, in *Lady Merton* which, under other circumstances, would have gone to the making of a really good novel. There is the jealousy entertained for *Lady Merton* by her husband. There

is the mischief-making of *Lady Merton*'s step-daughter Vivy. There is the love-story of Nina and Hugh, complicated by the actions of Nina's hot-blooded Italian father. There is, above all things, the episode of the remarkably clever and well-drawn impostor the Hon. Frank Glyder. If Mr. Heywood would let theology alone, he would probably succeed in producing an effective story with a more than ordinarily effective plot. As things are, however, we seem here to be looking on, not at the play of life, but at the doings of an informal Oecumenical Council.

There is in *Bellerue* a good deal of the fine—and, worse still, of the "thoughtful"—writing, which somehow the inmates of rural parsonages are supposed to like. There are acres of such sentences as "The little city of Bellerue still sits among her green hills, with the beautiful river flowing at her feet, and the Delectable Mountains smiling upon her from over the way; and still she is fair." Apart from this—the leading feature of the book—it is a sufficiently readable story of a good young man whose career is a moral success, but who is socially ruined by the fact of his being falsely accused of a murder. This idea, however, is not original. So far as plot, at all events, is concerned, the novelty to be found in *Bellerue* lies in the virtual personation of the supposed murderer by a friend, who desires to clear the memory of the dead, and in the curious circumstance that the murder is not committed by the man whose interest it was to commit it. There is a great deal of love-making of the kind that is always more or less tinged with pathos, and that is always eminently "proper" if not even "genteel." For the rest, one would have liked Rolf Kenwood to have been a little more successful and a little less magnanimous. One feels, indeed, that Captain Murray would have made a better actor in the drama of *Bellerue* than Rolf Kenwood, instead of being merely a successful understudy.

Mrs. Burton Harrison gives, in *Flower de Hundred*, not so much a novel as a picture of a Virginia plantation and Virginian family life before and after the Civil War. Hers is not indeed the style of Thackeray, much less of the late E. P. Roe. Yet both are suggested in the one case by Mrs. Harrison's pictures of the Southern aristocracy—Miles Throckmorton recalls the Warringtons—and in the other by her representations of the blacks that lived and thrived on the plantation. The two leading figures in *Flower de Hundred* are Miles Throckmorton, a gallant young American soldier, who fights with Garibaldi for the unity of Italy, and with his fellow countrymen for the independence of the Confederacy; and his grandfather, whose affection for him is the sheet-anchor of his life. There is also an undercurrent of pleasant, though rather slow-going, love-making. How Miles contrived for so long to misunderstand Ursula's feelings towards him, it will puzzle most girl readers of *Flower de Hundred* to make out. The book is, however, so brightly written and so enjoyable in a variety of ways that it is not likely to be subjected to severe criticism.

For King and Country is, apart from the prologue and epilogue, neither of which is especially lively, a story of France in the period of the struggle between the Republic and La Vendée. The narrator is supposed to be a young French girl, full of piety and loyalty to the cause of monarchy in France, who ultimately finds shelter and chastened happiness in England. Her story is told in a sufficiently simple fashion, and the author aims at being historically accurate, in spite of a very evident bias. There are good things in this book, and one or two historical characters, such as Carrier on the one side, and Jean Chouan on the other, stand out in bold relief. But the story as a whole is portentously long and dull, and somehow leaves in the mouth the taste of Alison's *History of Europe*.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME VOLUMES OF TRANSLATION.

The Inspector: a Comedy. By Gogol. Translated from the Russian by T. Hart-Davies. (Thacker, Spink & Co.) The clever comedy of the great Russian novelist Gogol is almost unknown among us; and therefore Mr. Hart-Davies, who has previously ventured into the field of Slavonic literature by his translation of the poems of the Dekabrist Rileyev, has done a service by bringing it to the notice of the English public. Clever, however, as it is, we doubt very much whether it will be appreciated in this country, the state of society which it describes being so unfamiliar to us. Moreover, as Mr. Davies confesses in the preface to his translation, the characters are throughout too abject and servile to enlist our sympathy, with the exception, perhaps, of Osip (Joseph), the servant, who is a kind of Slavonic Sam Weller. The two women (mother and daughter), Anna and Maria, are thoroughly uninteresting persons—vain and vulgar. It is a great pity that Gogol did not add some characters more capable of winning our regard. The best scene is that of the *dénouement*, when the postmaster finds by opening a letter that the young man who has been living at free quarters among them is not, as they supposed, the Government inspector (in disguise) sent to pry into their malpractices, but a dissipated young coxcomb, who has thoroughly enjoyed and amused himself at their expense. The old prefect (*gorodnichy*) bursts into fits of rage on finding how completely he has been duped, having even allowed his daughter to be engaged to the adventurer. In his wrath, however, he only reflects upon the number of people he himself has cheated, and the fact that he has never been cheated before. He remains a rogue to the last. The comedy has been of great service to the cause of Russian morality, in purifying official life, and exposing to merciless ridicule the peculations and corruptions of the *Chinovniks*. Hence the great pleasure with which, as we are told, it was always welcomed by the Emperor Nicholas. Other satirists have successfully ventured into the same field—to take only one example, Saltikov, who wrote under the *nom-de-guerre* of Stchedrin, and whose "Provincial Sketches" (*Gubernskia Ocherki*), published about thirty years ago, created a great sensation in Russia. Mr. Hart-Davies has given a faithful and spirited version of the comedy. Of course, here and there he has been obliged to employ English equivalents for the untranslatable expressions of the original, especially in rendering the copious terms of abuse showered on each other by the enraged dupes. Just as they are at the height of their disgust, a gendarme announces to them that a *real* official has just

arrived from St. Petersburg. We do not always care for the slang he has introduced, as when he makes the ladies say, "Lor', here's a pretty scene!" "Lor', fancy that!" &c. A short life of Gogol is added, which, however, the reader who knows nothing about him before will be found somewhat inadequate. Hardly anything is said about his wonderful novels and tales. Allusion is just made to the "Dead Souls," and that is all. We hope Mr. Hart-Davies will give a fuller biography on a subsequent occasion: he has already shown himself well acquainted with Russian literature.

The Dramatic Works of Jean Racine: a Metrical English Version by Robert Bruce Boswell. Vol. ii. (Bell.) Mr. Boswell has now translated six more of Racine's dramas—viz., "Bajazet," "Mithridates," "Iphigenia," "Phaedra," "Esther," and "Athaliah." Practice, we think, has improved his blank verse: it is still too monotonous, but rather less stiff than it was in vol. i. It cannot be said, however, that Racine bears the transmutation into English blank verse without losing much of such charm as he possesses. Platitudes often pass muster for ideas, when put neatly and antithetically; but the illusion vanishes with the loss of the original form. Here, for instance, is a speech of Theramenes (Phaedra, Act i., sc. 1.) when Hippolytus has avowed his affection for Aricia. The position is a poetical opportunity; the result is as follows:

"The gods, dear prince, if once your hour is come,
Care little for the reasons that should guide us.
Wishing to shut your eyes, Theseus unseals
them;

His hatred, stirring a rebellious flame
Within you, leuds his enemy new charms,
And, after all, why should a guiltless passion
Alarm you? Dare you not essay its sweetness,
But follow rather a fastidious scruple?
Fear you to stray where Hercules has wander'd?
What heart so stout that Venus has not
vanquished?

Where would you be yourself, so long her foe,
Had your own mother, constant in her scorn
Of love, ne'er glow'd with tenderness for
Theseus?

What boots it to affect a pride you feel not?"
&c., &c.

It is not poetry, but mere argument, untouched with sympathy, unsalted with humour. It is serious, yet how hard it is to take it seriously! and more charm of style than Mr. Boswell possesses is necessary to enliven its flatness. He is better in the choric and hymnal passages of "Athaliah"; e.g., Act i. sc. 4, p. 341:

"Oh! mount of Sinai, let the memory stay
Of that for ever great and famous day,

When on thy flaming head,
In clouds conceal'd, the Lord reveal'd
To mortal eyes a ray from His own glory shed.
Tell us why glow'd those lightning fires up
there,

Why roll'd the smoke, why peal'd in troubled
air

Thunder and trumpet's blare?
Came He that, back to primal chaos hurl'd,
On its foundations of past ages whirl'd—
Came He to shake the world?"

We suppose that the instinct of rhyiming "whirl'd" and "world" is ineradicable. On the whole, we doubt if Mr. Boswell's task be one that can be achieved, to any real satisfaction. To the tiro in French it will be useful, but Racine himself stands in the way of his translator's effort to make his dramas interesting.

Campion: a Tragedy in a Prologue and Four Acts. By Rev. G. Longhaye, S.J. Translated into English blank verse by James Gillow Morgan. (Burns & Oates.) We have never seen the French original, of which the little volume before us is a translation. Edmund Campion was one of the Roman

Catholic sufferers who have recently been beatified by Leo XIII. To those of his own body Campion and his fellows in captivity, torture, and death, appear as martyrs: Protestant Englishmen regarded them at the time as traitors to their Queen and country. Their true position has been fought over with all the zeal that religious controversy never fails to call forth. Whatever may be thought of the cause for which Campion suffered, no one will call in question who knows his history that he risked his life and met a tragic death from motives that to him were holy. His life lends itself easily to dramatic composition; but Father Longhaye, as seen through the medium of Mr. Morgan, is not a poet of a high order. The verse is smooth, and no passage falls conspicuously below what we have a right to look for; but the whole composition is stiff and ungainly. When we think of what a great poet might have made of a theme so noble, we close the book with feelings of disappointment.

The Plays of Euripides. Translated into English Prose from the Text of Paley. By E. P. Coleridge. Vol. I. (Bell.) Mr. Coleridge has accomplished almost the moiety of a very considerable task. There is a particular difficulty in rendering Euripides into English—a less difficult, perhaps, than some which beset the translation of Aeschylus and Sophocles, but a special difficulty for all that. Aeschylus and Sophocles are never prosy; their translator must somehow reach a high level of poetical expression, and keep to it if he can. But Euripides is often, perhaps intentionally, prosy; shall the translator attempt to rise and fall with his original, or to preserve an agreeable flight in a sort of temperate zone? Euripides is doubtless more modern in tone than his great rivals—shall his translator deal freely in modernisms or no? These perplexities may seem light; they are, in reality, very serious, as anyone may find by trying; and anyone who, like Mr. Coleridge, sticks to his task through nine plays has fought a brave fight, whether he wins or loses. To us it appears that the style of the translation has been insufficiently revised. One defect, into which it is easy to fall, but from which it is also quite easy to escape by revision, is the allowing blank verse to intrude into prose. This occurs constantly in Mr. Coleridge's version—e.g., when her father finds Glauce perishing in the folds of the fatal robe (*Medea*, ll. 1204-1221), and clings to her dying form,

"He strove to rise, but she still held him back;"
and if ever he pulled with all his might,

"From off his bones his aged flesh he tore."

This is just sufficiently versified to spoil it as prose. The defect is one which seems to beset Mr. Coleridge more in the iambic than in the choric parts; the familiar form of Greek verse pushes him unconsciously into English verse, while the irregular and less-familiar choric metres allow him to think them out in prose, sometimes in graceful prose—e.g., the closing part of the celebrated chorus in the *Alcestis* (ἐγὼ καὶ διὰ Μούρας, κ.τ.λ.) is well turned. Yet even here, at the opening of the chorus, the translator falls straight into verse cadences:

"Myself have traced the Muses' path,
Have soared amid the stars,
Have laid my hold on many a theme," &c.

On the whole, we think Mr. Coleridge is happier in rendering Euripides than he was in essaying Apollonius Rhodius, yet surely the latter was the easier task for prose! He must get clear of his poetical cadences, however, and especially of his lapses into blank verse, before he can climb into the rank of elegant prose translators; above all, he must avoid the language of newspaper reports—such as "to crave an

interview" (*Medea*, l. 775). So superior is he to the old prose versions that he might well revise his work more thoroughly.

Die Tragödien des Aeschylus. Verdeutsch von B. Todt. (Wien & Prag: Tempsky; Leipzig: Freytag.) Herr Todt, like many an enthusiast for his own subject, is perturbed to see and hear Philistines openly disregarding it, or minimising its importance to the world. With a sigh he repeats, "'Der Hellenismus,' sagt man, 'hat seine Arbeit gethan, der Hellenismus kann gehen.'" But, really, this only proves, if proof were needed, that there are prigs in Germany as well as in England. It is but fair to remember, in such cases, how much triumphant priggishness ere now has been exhibited on the other side. Undeterred, however, by the shrewd remark of a distinguished critic, "Uebersetzungen geben stets nur die Kehrseite des Teppichs," Herr Todt has given us the whole of Aeschylus's seven plays in a readable and, so far as we can judge, a fairly correct form. We regret his decision to avoid all rhyming, "welcher dem ganzen einen zee modernen Austrich geben würde," because, in our view, a translation into a modern tongue is in the main an appeal to those who do not know the original, not to those who do; the "modern tincture" of rhyme makes appeal to their sense of poetry, and unless this be aroused the "cold correctness" of the version will leave its readers cold too. Greek choruses, in fact, lose much of their swing and rhythm by being treated too cautiously. For instance, the notable commencement of the chorus in the *Agamemnon*, l. 681 (τίς ποτ' ἀνέλασεν κ.τ.λ.) is truncated by Herr Todt on the ground that the "Wortspiel" at the beginning cannot satisfactorily be reproduced in German. He actually omits the first eight lines, and commences:

"Helena, die mit dem Speer geworh'ne,
Aus des Ehegemaches feiner Hülle
Fuhr sie hin mit günstigem Hauch des Westes.
Aber viele schilddbewehrte Jäger
Folgt'n ihren unsichtbaren Spuren
Um zu landen am Simois-strande,
Wo die grosse blutige Völkerfehde
Ganze Stämme ins Verderben stürzte."

The faint-hearted omission of the earlier lines, and the lack of rhyme, combine to make the version heavy just where vigour was required. In narrative passages the translation seems to us much more successful. As an example, take the lines (*Prom. Bound*, ll. 351-362):

"Und auch den Sohn der Erde aus den Höhlen
Kilikien, den hundertköpfigen Typhos,
Das stürmisch-wilde Ungeheuer, beklag ich,
Den nun Gewalt gebändiget. Allen Göttern
Trotzt er und schnob mit grimmen Zähnen Mord,
Und blitzte Feuer aus den wilden Augen,
Als wollt er Zeus von seinem Thron stürzen!
Allein ihm kam das wackere Geschoss
Des Zeus herab, der flammensprühende Strahl,
Der ihn aus seiner stolzen Prählerai
Herabwarf. Denn getroffen in das Herz
Vom Donnerkeil ward seine Kraft zu Staub."

This is not by any means a perfect version; the last line is but a pale show of ἐφελαῶν καὶ ἐβροντῇσιν ὁδῶς. But, as a whole, there is of the breath of Aeschylus wandering over it, while in the choric parts we feel the translation laboured—often good in its way, but seldom adequate or inspired. Perhaps an exception should be made for the version (*Choeph.* ll. 585-651) of πολλὰ μὲν γὰρ τριφεῖ κ.τ.λ., the whole of which, and especially the close, is finely rendered.

HERREN GEORG KAIBEL and ADOLF KIESLING have already published (Strassburg: Karl Trübner) a translation into German of "Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens." It forms a neat little volume, printed in Roman type, of 108 pages, with no notes, except an occasional

date inserted in the margin. In their preface, the translators pay a compliment to the work of the original editor, who has certainly thus far received better treatment from foreign critics than from his own countrymen.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WHATEVER may be the ultimate consequences of the new American law of copyright, the first effect will undoubtedly be to produce a stagnation in the English publishing trade during the next few months. It is already announced that the promised edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Poems* will be held back until after July 1, when the American statute comes into operation; and we hear that the issue of Mrs. Sutherland Orr's *Life of Browning* will probably be delayed with the same object. Our popular novelists, who are destined to derive the largest benefit from the American concession, will also certainly be advised to wait. Altogether, May and June will be bad months for the trade.

MEANWHILE, the practice begun by Messrs. Macmillan—of issuing more important books at a net price, so as to defeat the discount system—is rapidly extending. It has been adopted by Messrs. Griffith, Farran & Co. in the case of the *Talleyrand Memoirs*, and this week by Mr. W. Heinemann with the *De Quincey Memorials*.

THE next volume to appear in the series of "Rulers of India" will be *Lord Hardinge*, written by his son, the present Viscount, who was private secretary to his father when in India. No *Life of Lord Hardinge* has hitherto been published, and the memoir in the *Dictionary of National Biography* contains a number of inaccuracies. Though the larger portion of the book is devoted to his governor-generalship (1844-48), several incidents of the battles on the Sutlej being now for the first time made public, a sketch is also given of his entire career—how he helped to raise Sir John Moore when struck down at Corunna; how he gave the order which decided the bloody contest at Albuera; how he lost his right arm when riding in company with Blücher at Ligny; his twenty-four years' membership of the House of Commons, when among other offices he held that of Irish Secretary; and his succession to the Great Duke as commander-in-chief. The volume is dedicated, by special permission, to the Queen; and it will be illustrated with a reproduction of the portrait by Sir Francis Grant, which is perhaps less well known than the picture by the same artist representing him, with his two sons, on the battle-field of Ferozshah.

The Outcast: a Rhyme for the Time, by Mr. Robert Buchanan, will be published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus next week. The statement that this poem is another rhymed version of the life of Christ is, as readers of the ACADEMY have already been informed, quite without foundation. The *Outcast* is Vanderdecken, the Flying Dutchman, who is taken as incarnating the Modern Spirit in all its worst features of materialism, cynicism, and pessimism. The opening scene of the poem is London, and the time the present. The book will contain, besides vignettes, about a dozen full-page illustrations by Peter Maenab, Hume Nisbet, and Rudolf Blind. It is dedicated, in a prose letter, to "C. W. S., in Western America;" and readers may recognise, behind these initials, one of the most charming and original writers America has yet produced.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have in the press a new book by the Rev. Dr. Edwin A. Abbott, being a discussion of Cardinal Newman's essay on *Ecclesiastical Miracles*. It will be entitled, in

reminiscence of former works by the same author, *Philomythus: an Antidote against Credulity*.

Old Truths in Modern Lights is the title of a volume of sermons by the Rev. Prof. Bonney, which Messrs. Percival and Co. will publish next week. This volume comprises the Boyle Lectures for 1890 on the conflict of science and theology, together with other discourses bearing upon questions which at the present time are exercising the minds of thoughtful Christians.

THE Rev. Dr. Samuel Kinns, author of *Moses and Geology*, has in the press a companion volume, to be entitled "Graven in the Rock": or, the Historical Accuracy of the Bible confirmed by reference to the Assyrian and Egyptian Monuments in the British Museum. The book will be illustrated with a portrait of Sir Henry Rawlinson, and 170 other engravings. The publishers are Messrs. Cassell & Co.

MR. FISHER UNWIN has nearly ready for publication *The Sinless Conception of the Mother of God*, by the Rev. Dr. Frederick George Lee, with a preface by the Very Rev. Father Caesar Tondini De Quarenghi, Barnabite.

MESSRS. LONGMANS will publish in a few days *The Memoirs of the Tenth Hussars*, historical and social, by Colonel R. S. Liddell, with portraits and coloured illustrations by Mr. Oscar Norie.

MR. JOHN LANE—whose bibliography of Mr. George Meredith has recently earned the gratitude of bookmen—is engaged on a bibliography of the books illustrated by Mr. Walter Crane. Mr. Lane would be glad to hear from collectors of Mr. Crane's works—care of Mr. Elkin Mathews, Vigo-street.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN, OKEDEN, & WELSH are about to publish a shilling edition of the well-known *Household Prayers*, prefaced by the late Bishop Wilberforce.

A new and enlarged edition of *The Second-hand Booksellers' Directory* will be issued by Mr. Elliot Stock next week.

A FIFTH edition of *Mademoiselle Ise* is now in the press.

Paper and Press, a trade journal of Philadelphia, is about to publish a series of illustrated sketches on "Leading London Papers and their Editors," by Mr. W. Roberts. The first three will deal with the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Saturday Review*, and the *Daily Chronicle*.

IN next week's number of *Cassell's Saturday Journal* will be commenced a sensational story entitled "By Right, not Law," by Mr. Robert H. Sherard, illustrated by Mr. J. Finnemore.

THE Rev. John Owen, rector of East Anstey, will deliver a lecture at the South Place Institute, Finsbury, on Sunday, April 19, at 4 p.m., upon "Skeptics and Skepticism."

THE next meeting of the Library Association will be held in the Clapham Public Library, on Monday, April 13, at 8 p.m., when a paper on "The Formation and Working of the Library" will be read by the librarian, Mr. J. Reed Welch.

THE next meeting of the Ruskin Society will be held at the London Institution, on Friday next, April 17 (instead of April 10), when Mr. Andrew M. J. Ogilvie will read a paper entitled "A Review of Mr. Ruskin's Political Economy."

MESSRS. MACMILLAN are now adding to their cheap re-issue of Miss Charlotte M. Yonge's stories, which they published in about thirty volumes a year or so ago, three historical tales then omitted, which, to many boys at any rate, are not the least popular of her works. These are *The Little Duke*, *The Lances of Lynwood*, and *The Prince and the Page*, with the

familiar illustrations, which now appear, to our critical eyes, to have more merit as woodcuts than as drawings.

A SUPPLEMENT of the *Journal of Education* is almost entirely devoted to the memory of the late Robert Hebert Quick, author of that standard treatise on "Educational Reformers," who died at Cambridge, under somewhat painful circumstances, on March 9. The Master of Trinity, Prof. J. R. Seeley, the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, with others, contribute impressions of the man and of the influence that he exercised upon all with whom he came into contact. We miss, however, any precise record of biographical facts.

PUBLISHING SOCIETIES.

THE Early English Text Society has sent out its last book for 1890, and its first books for 1891: Part I. of "The Old English Version of Bede's Ecclesiastical History of the English People," edited by Dr. Thomas Miller, of Göttingen, in two sections, (1) for 1890, and (2) for 1891; "The Earliest English Prose Psalter," edited from its two MSS. by Dr. K. D. Buehling, Part I: these for the Original Series. For the Extra Series, 1891, Part. III. of Prof. Züpitza's edition of "Guy of Warwick," from two texts, the Auchinleck and Caius MSS., has been issued.

THE Chaucer Society has also just issued a few of its texts so long in arrear: (1 and 2), a Ryne-Index to the MS. texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, by Miss Isabel Marshall and Miss Lela Potter, with an Introduction by Prof. Skeat, both in quarto and octavo to match the Society's Parallel Text and One-Text editions of the Poems; (3) More Odd Texts of Chaucer's Minor Poems, from the Philipps and Bodleian Libraries, including a unique final stanza of the "Balade of Picke," edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall; (4) a very prettily printed and bound "Chaucer Birthday Book," compiled and presented by Mr. Waechten, of Richmond.

The Wyclif Society has ready for issue its volumes for 1891 and 1892: Dr. R. Beer's edition of Wyclif's *De Ente Prædicamentali* and *XIII. Questiones* (1891); and Prof. Loserth's edition of Wyclif's *De Eucharistia* (1892). Mr. M. H. Dziewicki's edition of *De Blasphemia* is just finishing for 1893, and his edition of Wyclif's *Logica* and *Logicae Continuatio* for 1894 is part printed. The Society sadly wants fresh subscribers.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE senate of Glasgow University have selected two of their former professors—Prof. R. C. Jebb, and Prof. John Nichol—for the honorary degree of LL.D., at the public graduation ceremony on April 24, which closes the annual session. Among those upon whom the degree of D.D. is to be conferred, we may mention the Rev. Joseph Agar Beet, professor of theology at the Wesleyan College, Richmond.

PROF. KARL PEARSON will deliver a further introductory course of four lectures at Gresham College next week on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, at 6 p.m., dealing with the geometry of motion, matter and force, and the classification of the sciences, of which last a table is appended to the syllabus. The lectures are free to the public, and the professor undertakes to answer written questions concerning difficulties that may suggest themselves to his hearers.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish very shortly the Hulsean Lectures delivered at Cambridge last year by the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, upon "Order and Progress as involved in the Spiritual Constitution of Society."

THE programme is now ready of the fourth summer meeting of university extension students, to be held at Oxford during August. The inaugural lecture will be delivered on July 31, by Mr. Frederic Harrison, who has taken for his subject "A Brief Survey of the Thirteenth Century." New features are the classes to be formed for the study of Homer, Herodotus, and Dante in the original, under the guidance of Messrs. Chambers, Montague, and York Powell; a special class in constitutional history, under Mr. Noel Richardson; and practical work in science at the University Museum and Observatory. Prof. Percy Gardner and Miss Jane Harrison will deliver lectures on Homeric archaeology and the Parthenon marbles. In theology, lectures will be given by Mr. Gore, the present Bampton Lecturer; by Dr. Fairbairn, principal of Mansfield College; and by Dr. Gladden, Ohio; while courses have also been arranged, for the first time, at Manchester New College. The regular courses fall into four groups: (1) medieval history, literature, architecture, and economics; (2) physical science; (3) early Greek history and literature; and (4) miscellaneous.

THE current number of the *Library* (Elliot Stock) opens with a brief article by the late S. S. Lewis, which must have been almost the last thing that he wrote, for it is dated March 19, only twelve days before his sudden death. It gives an account of the library under his charge at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, dealing specially with the fine collection of English and other MSS. bequeathed to the college by Archbishop Parker.

A NEW fellowship, with an endowment of 10,000 dollars, has been founded at Harvard, for research in connexion with the Peabody Museum of American Archaeology and Ethnology; and the first holder is a lady, Miss Alice C. Fletcher, who has already, as a special assistant of the Museum, done excellent work as an explorer among the North American Indians.

At the meeting of the Ethical Society, to be held at Essex Hall, Strand, on Sunday next, April 12, at 7.30 p.m., the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed, principal of University Hall, will deliver a lecture on "Two Views of the Old Testament: the Traditional and the Organic." Among future lecturers are Prof. John Nichol, Prof. Henry Nettleship, Mr. Bernard Bosanquet, and Mrs. Bryant.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TO MY WHEELED COUCH.

HYBRID of rack and of Procrustes' bed,
Thou thing of wood, of leather, and of steel,
Round which, by day and night, at head and heel,
Crouch shadowy Tormentors, dumb and dread;
Round which the wingless Hours, with feet of lead
For ever crawl, in spite of fierce appeal,
And the dark Terrors dance their silent reel;
What will they do with thee when I am dead?
Lest men should ask, who find thee stowed away
In some old lumber room, what wretch was he
Who used so strange an engine night and day,
Fain would I have thee shivered utterly;
For, please the Fates, no other son of clay
Will ever need so dire a bed as thee.

EUGENE LEE HAMILTON.

OBITUARY.

PROF. P. G. RJEDKIN.

Warsaw: April 3, 1891.

WE have to record the death of an eminent Russian scholar, at one time member of the Council of State—Peter Rjedkin, who passed away on March 7 at St. Petersburg.

Born in 1808 at Romni, in the province of Poltava, Rjedkin was educated at the Njejinski Gymnasium of Prince Besborodko (from 1821-1826, where among his school-fellows was the celebrated novelist Gogol) and at the Universities of Moscow and Dorpat. He finished his studies in Germany, whence he returned back a devoted metaphysician of the Hegelian school. Having taken his degree of Doctor of Laws, Rjedkin became the first professor of the *Cyclopedia of Law* at the University of Moscow, where he lectured from 1835 till 1849. In 1863 he was called as Professor Ordinarius to St. Petersburg. Death took him away when he was bringing out the last volume of his lectures on the History of the Philosophy of Law considered in connexion with the History of Philosophy (six vols., St. Petersburg, 1889-91). He used to tell his students that a lawyer must not be content to be a lawyer alone, but also a true son of liberty, for liberty has no natural, but only legitimate children. Unlike some others, Prof. Rjedkin was not a *chinovnik*, but a serious teacher, an excellent guide for his numerous pupils, dispersed through all Russia, who will not forget their "good shepherd."

B. ALEXANDRENKO.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

WE are always pleased to welcome *The Anti-quary*; for, although many of the papers tell but a twice-told tale, there is generally something in its columns that is new not only to that unsatisfactory person, the "general reader," but to the historical student also. This is true as to the number before us. The paper on cross-bows, by Mr. Cyril Humphreys-Davenport contains much valuable information. We apprehend that many persons make a mistake when they come across examples of this old species of "artillery." The existing cross-bows are most of them not war-engines at all, but have been made at a later time for shooting rooks. They have been used for this purpose in quite recent times. The arrows employed were not pointed, but had a blunt knob at the end; they did not pierce the young bird, but knocked it over. Mr. J. W. Clark's paper on the Augustinian priory of Barnwell, near Cambridge, has much local interest, but is too short. The same may be said of Mr. Frederick Ellis's account of the Romano-British village at Bampton, in Oxfordshire. Canon Scott Robertson has communicated a paper on Richard Thornden, second Bishop of Dover. He was one of the creatures of Thomas Cromwell, Henry VIII.'s vicar-general, a man of "wondrous and shameless plausibility," as the canon tells us. Such persons cross our path in all periods, but the historian is more pestered by them in the sixteenth century than at any other period, except sometimes when the Roman empire was in its long death-agony.

In the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia of March, F. Codera writes on the state of Murcia under Moorish viceroys about 1350. In "El tambor del Bruéh" Señor Puyol y Camps tells of the first Spanish guerrilla victory over the French, June 6, 1808; the success was greatly due to the beating of a drum, which made the French suppose that the peasants were supported by a regular force, and the retreat quickly became a rout. Padre F. Fita resumes his articles on the Usages of Barcelona; among other documents is a curious will of Bishop Guisilbert, December 5, 1062, and an unedited Bull of Sylvester II. (1003). Señor de Vandewalle attempts to fix the site of Santa Cruz de Mar Pequeña on the north-west coast of Africa. From Lima is announced the publication of memoirs of two of the Viceroys of Peru. The number concludes with a biography

of the late Marqués de Molins, and with the notices, which are rich in Roman inscriptions from Cantabria.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH HISTORY.

Appendiculae Historicae; or, Shreds of History hung on a Horn. By Fred. W. Lucas. (Stevens: Great Russell-street.)

PERHAPS the best possible instrument of popular education is history, especially the history of one's own country. The three R's must, of course, have universal precedence. Not even the least experienced and most supercilious of educational infallibilists would, I suppose, deny it, or pretend that the elementary school should begin with French or the piano-forte or chemistry, before reading, writing, and summing have become easy exercises of brain and eye and hand. But when that is conceded, all these extra subjects are to my mind of far less general consequence than an intelligent acquaintance with the history of one's own country. To train the children of the State into good citizens was an aim high enough for a Plato in the prime of his splendid powers; and I doubt if the most downright of the modern zealots of education, however sincere his contempt for Plato and for Greek, would find it easy to propose a better aim than this of the old Greek thinker. Now, to be a good citizen it is not necessary to know the French language; nor is a bad ear for harmony a fatal bar thereto (though, perhaps, on the latter point Plato may have had his Hellenic prejudice). But to be ill-taught in the history of England, to be insensible as a brute to the great deeds of our fathers, who made England and gave her this place among the nations, to be careless of that colossal empire which has been built up by English wisdom and courage and patience and fortitude, is either a supreme misfortune or an unpardonable fault; and, whether fault or misfortune, a serious hindrance to that good citizenship in which patriotic fervour is a principal ingredient. O you whose charge it is, teach boys and girls to be proud of their country; be ashamed to make premature sceptics and early-ripe prigs of them; use some natural reserve with tender souls defenceless against your cynicism, your irreverence, your shallow sneers at a past not understood; abhor the cowardly crime of blasting the natural enthusiasms of youth! It is a sorry consolation for your own disenchantment to damp the ardour and quench the faith of the spring of life. Where is the glory of being a missionary of unbelief, an apostle of despair? Will your educated languors, your cultured spiritlessness, your small dilettantism, your ridiculous self-consciousness, your immeasurable conceit, inoculate the coming race with a just hardness in the defence of their own rights, with a chivalrous regard for the rights of others, with courage to do and dare in the cause of honour and truth and purity? Are you rearing a nation of men, or of poor emaculate neuters, incapable of any strenuous exertion, of any noble ideal or noble endeavour?

I fell into this uncompromising vein after reading in Mr. Lucas's strong yet quiet narrative the story of the bygone struggles for the possession of that New World which, if common speech were not a mirror of the vulgar indifference to truth, might be called Columbia or Cabotia, but certainly not America. Let those who love their country, English or American, and those who can enjoy the ordered exposition of facts gathered in the leisure hours of years with the enthusiasm of the antiquary and the discriminative sense of the historian from all manner of rare and out-of-the-way sources, and those who find their pleasure heightened by large type and broad margins and tasteful

covers, buy this book and read it, and ponder the moral it points all the more powerfully because it does not directly proclaim it.

C. J. B.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- HEUWARD, A. *Rabelais: ses Voyages en Italie, son Exil à Metz.* Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 40 fr.
HIZZEL, L. *Wieland u. Martin u. Regula Künzli. Ungedruckte Briefe u. wiederaufgefundene Actenstücke.* Leipzig: Hizzel. 5 M.
LE ROUX, H. *Au Sahara.* Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50 c.
SCHLIEMANN, H. *Bericht üb. die Ausgrabungen in Troja im J. 1890.* Mit e. Vorwort v. S. Schliemann u. Beiträgen v. W. Dörpfeld. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 2 M. 50 Pf.
WISSMANN, H. v. *Meine zweite Durchquerung Aequatorial-Afrikas vom Congo zum Zambesi während d. J. 1886 u. 1887.* Frankfurt-a.-G.: Trowitzsch. 10 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- ADAM, R. *Völkerrechtliche Okkupation u. deutsches Kolonialstaatsrecht.* Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 3 M.
ARISTOTELES' *Schrift vom Staatswesen der Athener, verdeutscht v. G. Kaibel u. A. Kiessling.* Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M.
BRIARD, A. et J. *Journal du Canonnier Briard (1792—1902).* Paris: Delagrave. 3 fr. 50 c.
DROSEN, H. *Zu Aristoteles' 'Αθηναίων πολιτεία.* Berlin: Friedländer. 1 M.
GÖRLITZEN, M. *Der husitische Einfall in die Mark im J. 1432 u. die "Husitenschlacht bei Bernau."* 1. Th. Berlin: Gaertner. 1 M.
NERLINGER, C. *Pierre de Hagenbach et la domination Bourguignonne en Alsace (1469—1474).* Paris: Berger-Levrault. 3 fr. 50 c.
PETIT, le Major W. L. de. *La conquête de la vallée d'Atehin par les Hollandais. Une page d'histoire coloniale contemporaine.* Paris: Baudoin. 11 fr.
STUCKELBERG, E. A. *Der Constantinsche Patriarchat. Ein Beitrag zur Geschichte der späteren Kaiserzeit.* Basel: Georg. 2 M. 40 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BEBBIAO, J. v. *Die Lurchfauna Europa's.* I. Anura. Froeschlurch. Berlin: Friedländer. 8 M.
MÜLLER, G. E. *Theorie der Muskelcontraktion.* 1. Th. Leipzig: Veit. 9 M.
RATH, O. von. *Zur Biologie der Diplophen.* Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHILOLOGY.

- BECKER, J. *Die Uebersetzung d. ursprünglichen Oedipus v. Sophokles.* Leipzig: Pöck. 1 M. 50 Pf.
HENTZE, C. *Die Parataxis bei Homer.* III. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 80 Pf.
HOLDER, A. *Alt-celtischer Sprachschatz.* 1. Lfg. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
KALLENBERG, H. *Studien ih. den griechischen Artikel.* II. Berlin: Gaertner. 1 M.
MIEHLER, A. *Die Geschichte unserer Sprachlaute u. Orthographie.* Leipzig: Pöck. 1 M. 20 Pf.
PATZIG, E. *Unkennt u. unbekannt geliebene Malinala-Fragmente.* Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 40 Pf.
STANIER, J. *Quaestiones de sententiarum septem sapientium collectionibus pars I.* Breslau: Koebner. 1 M.
WALLIS, M. *Die griechischen Ausleger der Aristotelischen Topik.* Berlin: Gaertner. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MARY FITTON AGAIN.

London: April 6, 1891.

Dr. Furnivall does not think that certain letters at Arbury attributed to Mary Fitton are really hers, since the writer, in one of them, speaks of Mary Fitton's sister, to whom the letter was addressed "as one of my dear friends." "I do not think," says Dr. Furnivall, "that this is the way in which one sister by blood would write to another." He need not have gone beyond the letters which he himself copied at Arbury to find a relation nearer even than a sister using a similar mode of expression. Her father, writing to his daughter, subscribes himself "your loving father and friend." After this it is of little consequence that Sir Francis Fitton speaks of himself as the "louinge Vncle and assuredd poore friend" of Mary's sister. As to the handwriting, there is, according to Dr. Furnivall, only one signature—not a letter—as a basis for judgment; and since in youth handwriting is apt to vary a good deal, the basis is rather insecure. The seemingly fanciful signature "M. Ma" may possibly represent a pet name well known in the family. "Maxey," it seemed to me, from Dr. Furnivall's note-book, he did

not recognise till some things in the letters appeared to him inconsistent with their being written by Mary Fitton. I think otherwise. One thing may seem strange about these letters, namely, that the writer, though maid-of-honour to the Queen, says little or nothing about what was going on at Court. But to make such communication by letter might have involved unpleasant consequences. Whyte (*Sidney Papers*) uses cipher in relating matters seemingly quite harmless, thus: "9000 [Lord Herbert] is very well beloved here of all, especially by 200, and 40, who protests in all places they love hym."

There is, in one of these letters, a very curious passage which may possibly refer to one of the pictures now at Arbury. The writer—Mary Fitton, as I take it—in compliance with her sister's request, makes arrangement for sending a portrait. She says:

"I haue, sweete sister, lefte my picter at my brothers logging for you. I thinke it not worth the trobbel in hauing it com downe, for it should haue bine drane on a canis, and this is a borde; but if my brother cooke had bine in the tone, I wold taken order with him for it, but I know if you do send to him, he will send it you in a case; and so, my dere sister, desering you to loufe it for her sake home it tis like, for I doe asner you, my good sister, she doth faithfully loue you, and so desiring you to accepte of my raged lines," &c.

However admirable and witty may have been the writer's oral expression, in written composition she was clearly not very proficient. I thought, at first, the meaning was that, if her "brother's cook" had been in town, she would have wished to entrust him with sending the picture; but I now look upon it as probable that she would have preferred to employ her brother's cook in painting the picture. He may have been, indeed, for aught that appears, an artist of great ability. But however this may be, it is pretty clear that the picture was not painted from life. When the order had been executed, she found that "a board," not "a canvas," as she intended, had been employed. What sketches or other guidance the artist followed we cannot tell. But we have here another reason—in addition to those I have previously given—for regarding a conventional treatment as probable.

Dr. Furnivall states that he has "no theory to support" and that the readers of the *Academy* will "do well to trust" him "rather than Mr. Tyler, who has not seen the pictures, and naturally inclines to his own theory." Well, some time ago I read two papers on "Shakspeare's Sonnets" before the New Shakspeare Society, Dr. Furnivall being in the chair. In the second of these papers I stated that the identification of Mary Fitton with the dark lady was probable, though the evidence was as yet incomplete. I find, however, from the printed Proceedings, with which my recollection is in perfect accord, that

"the CHAIRMAN expressed his own belief that Mrs. Fytton was the dark lady of the Sonnets. Referring to the punning inscription on the Fytton Monument, he drew attention to line 7 of Sonnet 119, 'Out of their spheres been fitted,' the word being seemingly dragged in with a purpose."

I might refer also to more recent utterances. Possibly, Dr. Furnivall would say that he has changed his opinion, and that he ought to have spoken with less confidence. But if so, he need not be surprised if some persons should prefer to "wait for further information" before accepting his present inferences from the Arbury portraits.

As to the possible necessity for "burning the present Lord Pembroke and Wilton" (I hope Dr. Furnivall will never be so wicked), if the evidence from Lord Pembroke's portraits turns out unfavourable to William Herbert being the W. H. of the Sonnets, I do not think, from

what Lord Pembroke says, that the contingency is at all likely to occur. Lord Pembroke's portraits are clearly quite consistent with the Herbert theory. I infer that they represent a man of some forty or forty-five years old, about twenty or twenty-five years later than the age to which the Sonnets refer. With respect to W. H. having at forty or forty-five a "rich sort of complexion, inclining to swarthy," we should recollect that Shakspeare describes himself, even at thirty-four or thirty-five, as

"Beated and choppy'd with tann'd antiquity."

But even from the engraving in the British Museum, executed very shortly after William Herbert's death, by his brother's orders, it is evident that William had the lighter sort of complexion and hair. This engraving is given in reduced facsimile as frontispiece to my Commentary on the Sonnets. Here he seems, perhaps, more swarthy, in consequence of the diminished size, the lines being closer together. But the colour of the hair is scarcely to be mistaken. Probably, if we had a portrait of Herbert at eighteen or twenty, we should think the lavish eulogies of the Sonnets by no means justified. But with respect to Herbert, as also with regard to Mary Fitton, I may be pardoned for repeating a caution as to the interpretation of the Sonnets which I have given elsewhere: "We must beware of treating them as though they were mere prosaic history. Their language is the language of poetry, sometimes of compliment, and as such it should certainly be interpreted."

THOMAS TYLER.

BROWNING'S "THE STATUE AND THE BUST,"
Cambridge, Mass., U.S.A.: March 16, 1891.

As I am not in the way of seeing the papers of the Browning Society regularly, may I ask whether any critic among you has called attention to the fact that in "The Statue and the Bust" the poet has confounded the two Riccardi palaces at Florence?

Browning places his palace in the Via Larga, now the Via Cavour—

"For Via Larga is three-parts light,
But the palace overshadows one,
Because of a crime, which may God requite!
To Florence and God the wrong was done,
Through the first republic's murder there
By Cosimo and his cursed son."

This clearly refers to the old palace of the Medici, at the corner of the Piazza San Lorenzo, one side of which is on the Via Larga, (Cavour). It was built about 1430, under Cosimo I., and here his three sons and his "Magnificent" grandson Lorenzo were born. The building remained in the possession of the family until 1659, when Ferdinand II. sold it to the Riccardi folk.

The palace in the Piazza dell' Annunziata, where the statue of Ferdinand I. stands, with his face turned towards it, was built in 1565, and I can find no evidence that it ever belonged to the Medici. If it was erected by them, they must have sold it to the Riccardi soon afterwards. It appears to have no special history, and is not so much as mentioned in the majority of the guide-books.

The statue was erected in 1608, which fixes the date of the story in the poem as the early part of the seventeenth century. This, you will see, was at least half a century before the other palace was sold to the Riccardi. Of course, the 1565 palace was the Riccardi palace of 1600 and thereabouts, to say nothing of the fact that its situation fixes it as the palace of the poem; but a palace built in 1565 could have no connexion with a "crime" committed by Cosimo I. or any of his sons, all of whom were dead before 1500.

"The Statue and the Bust" was published in 1855, when Browning had been living some eight years in Florence. He had doubtless seen both palaces a hundred times, and it is therefore amazing that he should have confounded them.

Taht he did confound them is evident from an answer which he wrote, in January, 1887, to certain questions addressed to him by a person who appears to have been puzzled to understand how the statue in the Piazza dell' Annunziata could be seen from the windows of a palace, a quarter of a mile away, in the Piazza San Lorenzo. He says:

"The magnificent house wherein Florence lodges her prefet is known to all Florentine ball-goers as the Palazzo Riccardi. It was bought by the Riccardi from the Medici in 1659. [This makes it clear which Riccardi palace he has in mind.] From none of its windows did the lady gaze at her more than royal lover. From what window, then, if from any? Are the statue and the bust still in their original positions?"

Browning's answer proves beyond a doubt that he did not see the point of these questions, as he certainly would have done if he had intended to transfer a part of the history and associations of the earlier and more famous palace to the other. He says, somewhat contemptuously:

"I have seldom met with such strange inability to understand what seems the plainest matter possible: 'ball-goers' are probably not history-readers, but any guide-book would confirm what is sufficiently stated in the poem. . . . As it [the palace to which the questioner refers] was built by, and inhabited by, the Medici till sold, long after, to the Riccardi, it was not from the duke's palace, but a window in that of the Riccardi, that the lady gazed at her lover riding by. The statue is still in its place, looking at the window under which 'now is the empty shrine.' Can anything be clearer. . . . Oh, 'ball-goers'!"

Nothing can be clearer than that the poet "mixed up" those two palaces in the poem without being aware of it; and that he thought the man must be an ass to be perplexed by what seemed to himself "the plainest matter possible."

I may add that there is an anachronism in ascribing the execution of the bust to "Robbia's craft." Luca della Robbia died in 1482, Andrea in 1528, and Giovanni, Andrea's son, in 1530; while the date of the story, as we have seen, is about 1600.

When I first looked up the locality of the poem in Florence, several years ago, I was surprised at finding that the Via Larga (Cavour) was at some distance from the Piazza dell' Annunziata; but other things put the matter out of my head, and it is only within the last week that it has been recalled to my memory by a note in Mr. Cooke's *Guide-Book to Browning's Works* (p. 402), where the palaces are similarly confounded, to say nothing of other mistakes about the allusions in the poem.

W. J. ROLFE.

THE "SCIENCE" OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM.

The Mason College, Birmingham: April 8, 1891.

The concluding paragraph of Prof. Campbell's letter of March 28 (*ACADEMY*, April 4) raises a point of principle which is of the first importance, and on which, I hope, more competent critics than myself will have something to say. Meanwhile I would enter my humble protest against the doctrine of the following sentence: "Attempts have recently been made to elevate (?), the emendation of classical texts into an exact science; in other words, to reduce it to a mechanical operation."

The Baconian identification of scientific method with mechanism has surely been generally given up in the sphere of physical science,

since Jevons and others demonstrated the part played by hypothesis and relegated the "inductive methods" to a subsidiary position. What then is the justification for introducing the pair-of-compasses theory into science as applied to the subject matter of literary texts? For my own part I believe it to be a mere nightmare. Science in textual criticism leaves plenty of room for the operations of genius—nay, demands the "superinduction of ideas" as an essential part of its own procedure; it runs no risk of reducing all minds to a dead level of equality.

I think that textual criticism ought to be scientific, because I hold that it should be based upon evidence. Firstly, we have to determine with all exactness what is the reading of the MSS., and, in the case of MSS. belonging to one family, what is the reading of the archetype to which the *variae lectiones* point. In case we have to deal with MSS. of different families, we have also to determine the relation of the archetypes to one another. Where the archetype or archetypes were themselves corrupt, we must have recourse to emendation, *i.e.*, we must frame a theory as to what words of the author himself may have given rise to the corruption. And here we must call in to our aid all the resources of palaeographical and linguistic science. No emendation can be admitted which is inconsistent with the *ductus litterarum* of the MSS., or with the usage of the author in question, even in regard to details. It is quite true that ἀπαξ λεγόμενα occur in most writers; but we have no right to introduce them. We must recognize when we are at the end of our tether.

If all this is not scientific, what is it? If we call it imaginative, I fear we are pronouncing the condemnation of textual criticism as a study worthy of serious attention. I freely admit that there are cases of deep-seated corruptions, in which editors are often driven by the necessity of producing a readable text to introduce emendations of a more or less imaginative character; but in so far as they do so, they abandon the scientific attitude. To accept this unscientific method as the normal one seems to me distinctly a counsel of imperfection.

E. A. SONNENSCHNEIN.

THE PERSIAN ELEMENT IN MARCIONISM.

13, Northam-gardens, Oxford: April 5, 1891.

In the account of the heresy of Marcion, contained in Ebnik's *refutatio haeresium* in the old Armenian, there occur these puzzling passages: "Marcion in his error opposes *strangeness* to the god of the law"; again, "the *strange one* dwells in the first and highest heaven"; and, again, the good principle—who intervenes in creation, and sends his son Jesus to save mankind from the sufferings inflicted on them by the twain deceivers *matter* (ἔλν) and the God of the Law (the Jewish Creator)—is described as "the god of the good and of the *strange*."

In using the words "strange" and "strangeness" I have rendered the Armenian words *antaruthiun* and *autar* by the only equivalents which, as Armenian words, they can have. Yet it is clear that to give them this, the usual, sense in these passages is to make nonsense. It has occurred to me that *autar* is in this account of Marcion's dualism a transliteration of the Zend word *Ātar*:

"In the Avesta," writes Darmesteter (Introduction to Vendidad, p. 62 of vol. iv. of "Sacred Books of the East," edited by F. Max Müller), "the war in nature is a fight for the possession of the light of *Avarenô* between *Ātar* and *Asi Dahāka*. *Ātar* means *fire*; he is both a thing and a person. He is sometimes described as the weapon of Ahura, but usually as his son, as the fire that springs from heaven can be conceived either as flung by it or as born of it."

It is remarkable that Eznik does not himself identify *autar* with the "fire" of the Persians, because he emphasises the fact that the Marcionite account of creation, as the fruit of a marriage union between the god of the law and matter, was no more than the magi taught about their gods. Another Parsi tenet of the purity of water seems to underlie the accensation levelled by matter at the god of the law and of creation on discovering that this god had acquainted Adam with his coming death, and so estranged him from matter. "Said the material one: from its very source and well-head is his water stirred up and made turbid."

These indications of the actual alloy of magism in the opinions of Marcion and his followers are interesting. The author of the article on Marcion in the *Dictionary of Christian Biography* suspects that Eznik drew all his information from Epiphanius. Yet, living in Armenia, on the confines of Syria, Eznik had as good sources of information open to him as Epiphanius had had; and he actually concludes his summary of Marcion's tenets thus:

"This is the principle of Marcion's heresy, let alone many other viler ones; and it is not all who know this, but only a few of them; and they hand on the teaching one to another orally. They say, the son of Autar bought us with a ransom from the lord of creation; but how or why he bought us, this they do not all know."

I should like to know if the Armenian *autar* could have transliterated *Ātar* in the way I suppose. The Armenian diphthong *au* answers etymologically to the short guttural *a* as in *auṣi* (serpent) = Persian *Azi*, Lat. *anguis*, and transliterated the Greek *au* as *ἰν Παῖδος, δαῦκος, γλαῦκιον*.

F. C. CONYBEARE.

THE EAGLE OF ETAN-GILOAMOS AND HIS KINDRED IN FOLK-LORE.

St. Bede's College, Manchester: April 5, 1891.

Having just treated the above subject with a certain amount of detail in a paper read before the philological section of the Congrès international des Savants Catholiques, now sitting in Paris, and entitled "Cyēna-Simurgh-Roc: un chapitre d'évolution philologique et mythologique," I may perhaps be allowed to supplement Dr. R. Morris's letter in your last issue by a few remarks on several points touched upon by him.

Cyēna, as a name probably of the eagle, and the greatest and swiftest of all birds, is of frequent occurrence in the Vedas. Cyēna-mrga, however, does not, I believe, occur; indeed, mrga, as meaning "bird," except with some epithet like "patarus," is not, I suppose, Sanskrit. Neither does Čaēna-meregha occur in Avestic; but once, indeed, we have meregho čaēnō with the identical meaning (Bahram Yesht, 41). Čaēna as a mystic bird is a well-known character in the Avesta; and while in the Vedas Cyēna is chiefly the natural, zoological creature, with but slight mythical characteristics (except in connexion with the Sōma plant), the Avestic Čaēna is almost purely mythical. Strictly speaking, there seem to have been more than one of these giant birds, and Yesht xiii. 109, is generally interpreted as giving the names of two Čaēnas, Amru and Camru. The latter has become in post-Avestic literature the bird Camrōsh, who has many features of grotesque exaggeration recalling the Hindu Garuḍa, but who is always distinctly put as second to Čaēna (Amru). This latter is the well-known Činō mūrū, or Čin bird, also called the "Čin of three natures," of the Pehlevi sacred books. This curious epithet is, I think, doubtless a Volksetymologie, as if *či-mūrū* = "three-bird," *či* being Pehlevi for "three." One of the characteristics of these Eranian gigantic birds is their wisdom. In my

Paris paper I have ventured (I fear rather rashly) to compare the "wise eagle" of R.V. 322, 7, "Cyēna amūra," with the wise Čaēna Amru of the Avesta; and it is at least curious that, in the Mainyo-i Khard, the Pehlevi form of the name is Činamru.

There is, of course, no doubt that the Persian Simurgh, e.g., of Firdusi, Sadi, &c., is a modernised form of this Pehlevi Čino mūrū or Čin amru. My own idea, too, is that the Perso-Arabian rukh (roe) is formed from the latter part of the name Simurgh, to which supposition the Uigur name for the eagle, simrukha, seems to add some likelihood.

The monstrous Hindu Garuḍa is brought into connexion with the Vedic Cyēna in this way. The Vedas are acquainted with a heavenly bird Garutmān, whose name certainly cannot be separated etymologically from the later Sanskrit Garuḍa, the bird of Vishnu. Now in the Rāmāyana (vii. 6) this Garuḍa is made to be a grandchild of one Cyēni, which is nothing else than a feminine form of Cyēna. In Rāmāyana iii. 162, Garuḍa carries off the amṛta (ambrosia) from heaven, just as the Vedic Cyēna does the sacred Sōma plant.

The Chinese Buddhist legend quoted by Dr. Morris after Dr. Beal is singularly like the description of Camrōsh (not Čino mūrū) in the Bundesh xix. 15, where that giant bird goes about picking up, "as a bird does corn," not dragons, but entire hostile non-Eranian districts! (*Zuk-i . . an-Airān matān čmūt čīgūn mūrū dānak*.) Garuḍa's exploits are nowhere to this surely!

L. C. CASARTELLI.

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE EPISTLE TO THE HEBREWS.

Little Cheney Rectory, Dorchester: March 28, 1891.

In considering the latter part of the Epistle to the Hebrews it struck me a little while ago that there was a change of style just at the end, commencing, I think, at the twentieth verse of the last chapter. I do not find it easy to give anything in the way of positive argument in support of this idea. There is, however, one point which may deserve attention. While there is a sort of summing-up, and a reference to what has gone before, mention of the Resurrection is introduced, a favourite topic with St. Paul, but not one of the topics of this Epistle. If this Epistle was written by some immediate friend of St. Paul's, and furnished with a conclusion by the Apostle himself, we need not be surprised at the widespread belief in his authorship of it in spite of the deficiency of external testimony, and the negative evidence supplied by the Epistle itself.

FREDERIC T. COLBY.

THE NAME OF THE ANGLO-SAXON RUNE p.

Stockholm: April 2, 1891.

Already in 1886 Prof. Brate has given *wynn* as the original name of this rune in the *Månadsblad* of the Royal Academy of Archaeology of Stockholm.

HANS HILDEBRAND.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, April 12, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Religions of Ancient America," by Mr. John M. Robertson.

7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Two Views of the Old Testament—The Traditional and the Organic," by the Rev. Philip H. Wicksteed.

MONDAY, April 13, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Decorative Treatment of Natural Foliage," I., by Mr. Hugh Stannus.

8 p.m. Library Association: "The Formation and Working of the Clapham Public Library," by Mr. J. Reed Welch.

8 p.m. Richmond Athenæum: Selborne Lecture, "Gilbert White: his Life, Surroundings, and Influence," by the Rev. Percy Myles.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Two Journeys to Se-chuan and the Tibetan Frontiers of China," by Mr. A. E. Pratt.

TUESDAY, April 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Geography of Africa," II., by Mr. J. Scott Keltie.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Cost of the Generation and Distribution of Electrical Energy," by Mr. R. E. B. Crompton.

8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "The Leeward Islands," by Mr. D. Morris, with Lime-Light Illustrations.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Decorative Plaster Work: Stucco Work," by Mr. G. T. Robinson.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Types of the Early Inhabitants of Mesopotamia," by Mr. Theo. G. Pinches, illustrated with Photographs shown by Lime-Light.

WEDNESDAY, April 15, 4 p.m. Mrs. Jopling's School of Art: "The Poets as Painters," IV., by Miss Elsie D'Esteer Keeling.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Sources of Petroleum and Natural Gas," by Mr. W. Topley.

THURSDAY, April 16, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations," II., by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Luncheon: "Lichens from Victoria," by the Rev. F. R. M. Wilson; "Two New Species of Puccinia," by Surgeon-Major A. Borelay.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

8.30 p.m. Historical: "Selections from State Papers and Accounts illustrative of the Life of a Merchant of the Staple at London and Calais during the First Half of the Sixteenth Century," by Mr. Hubert Hall.

FRIDAY, April 17, 5 p.m. Physical: "A Property of Magnetic Shunts," by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson; "An Alternating Current Influence Machine," by Mr. James Wimshurst.

8 p.m. Philological: "The Metrical Glossaries of the Mediaeval Irish," by Mr. Whitley Stokes.

8 p.m. Ruskin Society: "Mr. Ruskin's Political Economy," by Mr. Andrew M. Ogilvie.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Magnetic Rocks," by Prof. A. W. Rieker.

SATURDAY, April 18, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Dynamo," II., by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

SCIENCE.

RECENT WORKS OF PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

An Introduction to Dynamics, including Kinematics, Kinetics and Statics. By Charles V. Burton. (Longmans.) Another contribution to the already innumerable elementary textbooks on dynamics which have been published during the last few years! It is difficult to know what to say about it, except that it is a good deal better than some, and a good deal worse than others, of the same group of publications. There are some excellent points in the earlier geometrical chapters, although we should be inclined to give no marks to a candidate in an examination who adopted the author's demonstrations of the parallelogram law for variable velocities and accelerations. As for the chapters on Matter and Force, they are just what we are accustomed to find in treatises of this kind. Matter and Force are, we presume, "innate conceptions," as another text-book suggests, for they are not defined. Mass, we are told, is the proper measure of Matter, that is, we presume, of the quantity of the "innate conception." Provisionally, Mass is defined thus:

The mass of a body is that property in virtue of which the continued application of force is necessary to change its velocity; and two bodies are said to have equal mass when a given application of force produces in each the same change of velocity."

Here the definition of Mass is thrown back on that of Force, but Force is of course "that which moves or tends to move a body," &c., and we are soon told that its scientific measure is the product of Mass into Acceleration. So that to get a clear idea of Force we must understand Mass, and so we go merrily round to the very point from which we started. When will these text-books thoroughly grasp Clifford's: "Force is not an entity at all, but the description of a certain kind of motion"? Given a certain "field" or set of surrounding circumstances, a body will be accelerated in a definite manner. Why, no one on earth knows, but each must content himself with observing and measuring motions which are as mysterious to him as the phenomena of consciousness itself. What the observer does find by experiment, however, is this: that the ratio of the accelerations which two bodies produce in each other is the same

for all "fields," and the constancy of this ratio leads to the only scientific definition of Mass, namely: as a ratio of rates of change of motion. Mr. Burton is of course perfectly orthodox when he drags in Matter, the inexplicable, with its apparently spontaneous motions, to confuse the student's conceptions of Mass; but in following all his predecessors into the Newtonian maze, he is for the time the worst culprit, because he is the last. In a critical age even orthodoxy is beginning to regard the laws of logic; and if there be little doubt as to the ultimate facts of dynamic science, there is still less doubt as to the obscurity of the traditional manner in which they are invariably treated in elementary works. We do not blame Mr. Burton because he has not had the courage to free himself from tradition. He stands on the shoulders of the giants, but we should have admired him more had he ventured to see facts from a slightly less exalted position.

"SCIENTIFIC HANDBOOKS."—*The Physical Properties of Gases*. By Arthur L. Kimball. (Heinemann.) This seems to us a capital little book, which has just hit the right mean for a popular scientific handbook. Prof. Kimball has written about the physical characteristics of gases in a manner which ought to be readily followed by the man of average education, and yet has done this without being superficial. It is true he has not told us all the facts nor has he told us new facts, but he has succeeded in selecting the right sort of facts to tell and putting them in clear language. Although the book is not intended for the professed students of physics, but for the great uninitiated, many of the former might profitably spend a few hours by reading through this little work and seeing therein the principal facts relating to the kinetic theory of gases brought to a focus. The chapter on the interpretation of Crookes's radiometer and allied phenomena strikes us as remarkably good for a popular manual. By the by, in the publisher's preface—which with its praise of Ollendorff's grammar and Hume's history might well have been omitted—the attenuated condition of matter considered by Crookes is spoken of as "the third state of matter" instead of the fourth. Only in a minor point or two we must be captious with Prof. Kimball. Thus he says on p. 12: "It may be that the ultimate particles of matter are hard and absolutely incompressible, as Lucretius imagined. . . . We think he might have added 'but in the sight of spectrum analysis it is extremely improbable.' The 'ultimate particle of matter,' if the name has any meaning at all, can hardly be other than the free atom of a monatomic gas; but if this gave even a single spectrum line, it would denote a capacity for vibrating in some manner or other, and vibrating is utterly incompatible with absolute hardness. Again on p. 236 we read:

"What may be the nature of the repulsive forces, and how two molecules can act on each other, is neither an easier nor a more difficult question than how one billiard ball acts on another. Both are insolvable. They are questions which deal with the fundamental postulates of physics, matter and force, and are therefore beyond the ken of the physicist."

Here we have a striking example of the evil use of the terms Matter and Force, and as if to emphasise the example more we read on the following page:

"Beyond force and matter, therefore, the physicist cannot go; experiment can teach him nothing of this realm; he can form no conceptions more fundamental than these; he has reached the *ultima thule* of physical research."

If physicists had pursued all phenomena up to their origins in Force and Matter, they would indeed have left the origins of physical science in pitiable obscurity, namely, that of these

"innate conceptions" of the dynamical textbooks. What has been really achieved is the reduction of all phenomena, step by step, from complex to simple forms of motion. The epicycles were a complex description of planetary motion, the ellipses of Kepler a simpler form, and the law of gravitation of Newton a still simpler one. Every "explanation" in physical science is but the reduction of a complex to a simpler description of motion; and to say that the ultimate atom moves in a certain manner, *i.e.*, with certain accelerations, velocities, and periods, is the *ultima thule* of physical research. Why it moves nobody knows, and to attribute it to Force is merely to introduce a notion from physiological sensations which has too long obscured physical science. It is not at the locked door of Matter and Force—obscure conceptions which physical science might throw overboard with advantage—but at the mystery of apparently spontaneous Motion—a mystery exactly similar to that of consciousness—that physical science at present, and perhaps for ever, must halt. There is no need that it should halt at the "repulsive forces" between the molecules, as Prof. Kimball seems to think. The complex motion of two molecules may some day be thrown back on the simpler motion of an aetherial medium, or indeed, the Matter of the physicist may be what he has been accustomed to call "non-matter" in motion—again, we see it is not Matter and Force, but motion wherein the initial mystery lies. But Prof. Kimball is carrying us beyond our proper functions of critic into the field of hypothesis. We must conclude by congratulating our transatlantic cousins on being able to send us much better books, when they please, than the Carnot of Thurston, which we recently reviewed in these columns.

An Elementary Treatise on Hydrodynamics and Sound. By A. B. Basset. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) This work is principally based on the author's already widely known *Treatise on Hydrodynamics*, and on Lord Rayleigh's *Theory of Sound*. It is especially intended for students reading for Part I. of the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos, but it should be equally useful to those working for honours in the Intermediate Examination of the University of London. Although the work does not involve any knowledge of harmonic analysis, it necessarily pre-supposes a thorough knowledge of the calculus and differential equations. The book opens with the usual definition of a fluid—namely, as "an aggregation of molecules which yield to the slightest effort made to separate them from each other, if it be continued long enough." The author goes on, of course, to qualify this by the remark that the perfect fluid is one which cannot sustain anything of the nature of a "shear"; but it might be as well to remark that a perfectly gas-free column of liquid will withstand an enormous amount of stress however long continued, if it be of the nature of a "pull." The first three chapters of the work deal with the usual problems of hydrodynamics, being occupied principally with those in which the motion is uniplanar or can be expressed by two co-ordinates. Chapter iii., entitled "Motion of a Single Solid in an Infinite Liquid," is especially good. The author has expressed in much simpler language than in his larger work the general theory of the motion of a solid, and he has applied it to several extremely interesting cases, notably to the motion of an elliptic cylinder, which he illustrates by a reproduction of Greenhill's curves. He has also pointed out in general terms the application of his results to the motion of projectiles and to the possible explanation of action at a distance in the case of electrified bodies. Chapters iv. and v. are excellent introductions to the subject of water waves and vortex motion; in

particular the author has been careful to remind the student at an early stage of the important but complex problem of the stability or instability of fluid motion. Part II. of the work deals with the subject of Sound. It is difficult to write on this subject after Lord Rayleigh, and we feel the insufficiency here more from our familiarity with the latter's classical work. On p. 146 we must confess to some dissatisfaction at the treatment of vibrating rods. Mr. Basset, from his figure—he says nothing in his text—apparently assumes the cross-sections to remain plane and perpendicular to the central axis after strain. This they certainly do not, for he does not put the total shear zero. A very few qualifying remarks—notably, that it is sufficient to assume, not that the cross-sections remain plane, but that adjacent cross-sections, as shown by Saint-Venant, take the same distorted form—would, we venture to think, have made matters much clearer. A remark in a footnote on p. 126, that the reports of heavy guns travel with a velocity of 2,034 feet per second, or nearly double the ordinary velocity of sound in air, is extremely interesting. The result appears to be due to experiments recently made by Krupp, and it would be interesting to know whether this velocity is uniform for all distances, and what theoretical explanations have been given for it.

Das Wesen der Elektrizität und des Magnetismus auf Grund eines einheitlichen Substanzbegriffes von J. G. Vogt. I. Theil. "Die Konstellationen der einheitlichen Substanz als die Träger der physikalischen Kraftäusserungen." (Leipzig: Wiess.) Herr Vogt is the author of numerous works on pseudo-science, notably one entitled: *Die Kraft*, which covers between six hundred and seven hundred pages. The present instalment of four hundred and seventy pages of a new work on Electricity and Magnetism is only prefatory, and does not reach beyond the preparation of the ground by the dogmatic and somewhat contemptuous uprooting of previous scientific theory, and the explanation of light, heat, gravitation, chemical action, &c., &c., on the true, or Vogtian, hypothesis. A curious sign of the divorce in Germany between accurate scientific knowledge and every-day life is the manner in which the gospel according to Vogt seems to have been hailed by papers of the standing of the *Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*. The former terms a critic who declined to read twice through a Vogtian work of 655 pages, *ein trockner Physiker ohne Talent für philosophische Auffassung*; the latter describes our "crank" as *mit umfassendem Wissen ausgerüstet*. Possibly the collection of pretty pictures and the display of mathematical symbols imposes on the mind of the German literary critic, and we must confess that on the strength of them we cut the pages of the entire volume; but the truth must out, we have read only 149 pages, and we believe that to be more than any other scientific critic, however patient, will succeed in doing. Herr Vogt is indeed tantalising; he is always on the verge of springing into the gulf of paradox, but contents himself for page after page by merely cutting antics along the edge. We are not likely to dismiss any writer because he is scientifically unorthodox; we believe that, although the facts of dynamic science are firmly enough based and are widely understood, yet the language of Force and Matter in which they are generally expressed is extremely unphilosophical. We felt quite a sympathy with Herr Vogt when he proceeded full tilt at Matter, and described the neo-Kantians in language more forcible than polite. He seemed to us perfectly sound when he stated that cause and effect were somewhat dangerous terms, and propounded as the object of physical science the description of sequences actually observed

or logically presumed to exist. It cannot be too often reasserted that all science is but the description of the *how* of certain motions, the reduction of complex motions to simpler motions; but the *why* of these simple motions remains at present, perhaps for ever, obscure. But unfortunately Herr Vogt, although in his 66 pages of *Methodologische Einleitung* showing occasional insight, was bound to jump into the gulf at last; and if we strip his language of its terrible longwindedness, he seems first to have gone head over ears into the mire with regard to kinetic energy. He cannot understand or believe that motion in itself is a form of energy. He begins by asserting that a *perpetuum mobile* is an inconceivable absurdity; but he confuses two sorts of *perpetuum mobile*: the one which does work and the one which does no work. The latter is, of course, a perfectly clear and valid conception, although we cannot realise it mechanically. He apparently supposes all motion to be necessarily accompanied by the doing of work in some form or another; and the conversion of kinetic energy into work, as well as the resistance due to momentum, are for him absurdities:

"Es ist daher z. B. im höchsten Grade absurd und unlogisch, zu behaupten, ein Körper würde sich in einem absolut leeren Raume ohne Widerstand in alle Ewigkeit fortbewegen. Diese eine Behauptung, die die Grundlage des kinetischen Substanzbegriffes bildet, beweist, wie wenig die Kinetiker sich um das eigentliche Wesen des Kraftbegriffes und seine Prüfung auf die Wirklichkeit gekümmert haben."

Even a billiard ball which requires a certain expenditure of force to set it going with a given speed is not, according to Vogt, inert owing to its mass; that would be an obscurity comparable with Newton's first law of motion. No, it is the resistance of gravitation which holds the billiard ball fast, and which the force of my muscles has to overcome! After this, it is not surprising to read of a "resistance of a 1,000 horse-power," or to hear that a vibrating atom is an *Unding*, a *perpetuum mobile*, which contradicts the law of energy. Herr Vogt dispenses with matter, and asserts that it is nonsense to reduce all phenomena to motion, which is itself only a secondary conception. Then he unfolds his monistic theory of the universe which is to explain all things. The fundamental process in physical phenomena is a tendency to *Verdichtung* opposed by a corresponding tendency to *Verdünnung* in the universal substance, presumably the ether. It might at first sight appear that a *Verdichtung* could be reduced to a motion of something, and therefore that motion was a still more fundamental concept; but apparently we must take Herr Vogt's word for it that this is not so—it is in reality a "change of volume"! We have said perhaps enough to warn our readers that Herr Vogt's book is not worth buying, except for the historian of pseudo-science. Herr Vogt will probably consider we have entirely misunderstood him. If so, he must console himself with the fact that the truth will at last triumph, and that when the *Kinetiker*, Newton and Maxwell, are faintly remembered as *Magistri sententiarum*, the name of Vogt will be cherished as the founder of the new learning—the hero of the German daily press, martyred by orthodox and illogical science!

CORRESPONDENCE.

ISAIAH AND PHUT IN THE BABYLONIAN INSCRIPTIONS.

Dababiah Istar, near Assiout: March 31, 1891.

Among the many Babylonian contract-tablets, the publication of which we owe to the indefatigable labours of Dr. Strassmaier, is one that contains the name of Isaiah in its cunei-

form spelling (Strassmaier's *Babylonische Texte* vii., No. 307). The tablet is dated in the eighth year of Cyrus, and refers to a certain Dhabat-Iskhir ("good is the goddess Iskhir") the daughter of Yase-Ya'ava. Mr. Pinches was the first to point out that Ya'ava is the Babylonian representation of the name of the God of Israel in its fuller form. Yase-Ya'ava is therefore letter for letter the Hebrew Isaiah when written with the final *waw*. It is interesting to find the name borne by a Jew at Babylon in the later period of the Exile, and it is also interesting to find that his daughter was named after a Babylonian deity.

Dr. Strassmaier has further published the grievously mutilated text, discovered by Mr. Pinches, which describes the invasion of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar in the thirty-seventh year of the king's reign (*Babylonische Texte* vi., No. 329). The most important part of the inscription reads as follows:

"[In] the 37th year Nebuchadnezzar king of the country of [Babylon] marched against the country of [Egypt] to make war [and battle with Ama]su king of the country of Egypt. The army [of Amasu] he defeated. The soldiers of the city of Pudhu-Yāvau . . . a distant district which is within the sea . . . many who were within the land of Egypt."

We know, from the Greek writers, that Amasis had a special predilection for the Greeks, and surrounded himself with a Greek body-guard. It must be to these that the name of Yāvau[nā] or "Ionian[s]" refers. But what was "the city of Pudhu of the Ionian[s]" from which they came?

In Hebrew letters Pudhu would be Phut. Now Phut is associated with Lud, the Lydian soldiers sent by Gyges to Psammetikhos, both by Jeremiah and by Ezekiel (Jer. xlv. 9, Ezek. xxvii. 10, xxx. 5). We learn from Ezekiel that the mercenary troops of Phut and Lud served in the armies of Tyre, as well as in those of Egypt; and in Gen. x. 6, Phut is named between Misraim and Canaan. Although the Assyrian monuments speak only of Lydian troops in Egypt, we know from the Greek historians that Ionian mercenaries were employed still more largely by the kings of the XXVth Dynasty; and when, therefore, Nebuchadnezzar refers to "the city of Phut of the Ionians" he must be referring to what was regarded as the chief seat of the Greek soldiery. Can this have been Pelusium, the Egyptian name of which is still unknown? The Greek camps near Pelusium, it must be remembered, were moved to Memphis by Amasis.

At the risk of mixing too many heterogeneous things together, I will add a postscript to the letter in which I pointed out that the name of Khazi, one of the centres of Egyptian influence in Northern Palestine in the age of the XVIIIth Dynasty, occurs in the list of Palestinian towns given by Thothmes III. at Karnak. Khazi must be the Gaza of 1 Chr. vii. 28, which seems to have been supplanted by the neighbouring city of Shechem at the time of the Israelitish conquest of Canaan.

A. H. SAYCE.

SOME NOTES ON GODEFROY'S OLD-FRENCH DICTIONARY.

I.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk.

The following notes are chiefly supplementary. Words or word-forms marked with a dagger (†) are wanting in the Dictionary. In a few cases words still in use which are omitted by Godefroy are given here as entering into the composition of phrases or expressions now obsolete:

† *Abeuvrer*, *abuverer*, *va*. To give to drink to, quench the thirst of:

"A toy pour ce de la fontaine Helye
Requier avoir un buvrage autentique,"

Pour rafrener d'elle ma soif ethique,
Qui en Gaule seray paralitique
Jusques a ce que tu m'abuveras."
Eustache Deschamps (ed. de Queux de Saint-Hilaire), vol. ii., p. 139.

† *Abus*, *sm*. Deceit, error, *jouer d'a.*, to cheat, take in:

"Je m'apperochois bien par cest croix
Que mes gens m'out joué d'abus . . ."
Farce nouvelle du Pasté et de la Tarte (ed. Ed. Fournier, Théâtre franç. avant la Renaissance), p. 14.

† *Acueson*, *aguzoun*, *sf*. Sharpening, quickening: "Travail . . . de langur es allegeance, a maladie resteance, savacion des gentz, acueson (*var.* aguzoun) de touz les senz."

Contes Moral. de Nicole Bozon (ed. Toulmin Smith et P. Meyer), p. 142.

Adererer, *add vn*. To be in arrears (of payment): "tout le rent est adereré, et ils distreigneront pur ceo."

Littleton: *Tenures*, § 314.

Afoier, *vn*. Add *afoleier*:

"Cum jo m'aparçui mult plusurs
Grefment afoleier (*var.* afoleir) es murs,
Aesmai a lur fol quidier
Estre a succurre e a aidier."

Etycs de Winestre; L'Afaiement Caton (ed. Stengel), p. 110, vv. 8-12.

† *Agraverer*, *va*. To oppress, injure: "Car cil qui mielz deüssent Saint' Iglise tenser
La voldrent e ses membres del tut agraverer."
Garnier de Pont Sainte-Mazence; Vie de St. Thomas (ed. Hippeau), vv. 5167-8.

Ajorner, *vn*. Add example of the phrase *tolc jor ajorné*, "the livelong day," from *Roman de Renart: Branche viii.* (ed. F. Martin), v. 275.

† *Aleu*, *alleu*, &c. See Burguy on this word, and add:

"Viviens est en l'ales de l'Archant."
Aliscans (ed. Guessard et Montaiglon), v. 394.

† *Amaigrir* for *amaigrir*, in *Roman de la Rose*, v. 11,360.

Ante, *sf*. Add 3 *Ante voir 1 Ente*.

† *Anter*, *var.*, *vn*. To chant? = Lat. *antiphonare*? : "A poinne puet on trouver a jour d'ieu persone qui saiche escrire, anteir, ne prononcier en une meismes semblant meicire, mais escript, ante, et prounee, li uns en une guise, et li aultre en une aultre."

Psautier de Metz (ed. Bonnardot), p. 3.

Araser, *va*. Add to sense 2, to fill, cover:

"Voit des paiens les grans mons arasés."

Aliscans (ed. Guessard et Montaiglon), v. 644.

Asloer, *V. Haller*.

† *Barde*, *sf*. The meaning in the passage quoted from *Chansons du XV. Siècle* seems to be "horse" rather than "saddle." See G. Paris's note in *loc.*

† *Barder*. To mount on a *barde* (see above): "Il fait bon veoir ces hommes d'armes
Quant ilz sont montés e bardés."
Chansons du XV. Siècle (ed. G. Paris), No. cxxviii.

Bel, *adj*. Add example of the phrase *estre bel de*: "Sire, Deux grant joie vos dont
De la riens dun plus vos est bel."

Altfranz. Romanzen und Pastourellen (ed. K. Bartsch), p. 47.

† *Bellie*, *V. Belif*: "Dame, fet il, ge portoie a la premiere foiz un cseu tot blanc a une bende de bellie vermeille. . . . Ge m'en ving hors un cseu a mon col a trois benes de bellie vermeilles."

Roman de Lancelot (extract from MS. Brit. Mus. Lansdowne, 757, printed in Fifth Annual Report of Cambridge, U.S.A. Dante Soc., p. 50).

Berner, *V. 1 Brenier* (see *Berner* in *New Eng. Dict.*). Add:

"El sun de l'aube fu levé
E fait sumundre ses berners
K'il prengent moetes e levers
E des meillurs chens a lur choïs."
Vie de Saint Gille (ed. Paris et Bos), vv. 1694-7.

† *Broissier*, *va*. To embroider. Add to 1 *Brochier*:

"Mere, de coi me chastoiez?
Est ceu de coudre ou de taillier,
On de filer ou de broissier?"
Altfranz. Rom. und Past. (ed. Bartsch), p. 9.

Bronchier. Add example of neut. sense, to lean over, bend down:

"Et ses palefrois achoupa et chei a genous. Et cil broncha aval et chai sur sen col en tel maniere que il le brisa."

Roman de Merlin (ed. Paris et Ulrich), vol. i., p. 84.

Bruce, sm. Add sense, lake:

"Li habundance des aigues soi colt premiers en un estendut bruce [=Lat. lacu], mais al derrains est derieve en un fluet."

Li Dialoge Gregoire lo Pape (ed. Focrster), p. 57, l. 7.

Buce, V. Russe.

Bucecarle, sm. The O.E. "butsecarl," man in charge of "buss," boatman. See New Eng. Dict. svv. *Buscarl*, and *Buss*'.

2 Buschier, bucher. Add neuter sense, to beat a wood in search of game:

"Li meistre vint espurunt
E ad trové les chens ullant—
* * * * *

Il ad comencé a bucher
E a corner e a cercher."

Vie de Saint Gile (ed. Paris et Bos), vv. 1631-38.

† *Bucraige*, sm. Drink, draught (see quotation s.v. *Abeurrer*, above).

PAGET TOYNBEE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE first edition of Lord Lilford's *Coloured Figures of the Birds of the British Islands* has all been subscribed, for with the exception of a few of the earlier parts. He is, therefore, making preparations for the issue of a second edition in every respect equal to the first.

MR. R. H. PORTER has nearly ready *The Birds of Sussex*, by Mr. William Borrer. The author claims that the volume will contain an account of all the birds now to be found in the county, with mention and careful verification of the occurrences of the rarer species during the last fifty years.

AT the meeting of the Anthropological Institute, to be held in Hanover-square on Tuesday next, April 14, at 8.30 p.m., Mr. Theo. G. Pinches, of the British Museum, will read a paper on "The Types of the Early Inhabitants of Mesopotamia," illustrated with photographs shown by lime-light. Some tablets in the collection of Sir Henry Peek, to which reference is made in the paper, will also be exhibited.

THE eleventh annual exhibition of the South London Entomological and Natural History Society will be held on Wednesday and Thursday next, April 15 and 16, at the Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge. A special room will be set apart for the demonstration of biological studies with the aid of oxy-hydrogen light; and Mr. F. Enoch will deliver an explanatory lecture on the "Life-History of the Hessian Fly."

IN connexion with the Lower Thames Valley branch of the Selborne Society, the Rev. Percy Myles will give a lecture at the Richmond Athenaeum on Monday next, April 13, at 8 p.m., on "Gilbert White: his Life, Surroundings, and Influence."

AT the last general meeting of the Zoological Society, it was announced that, in recognition of the effective protection accorded for sixty years to the great Skua (*Stercorarius catarrhaetes*) at two of its three British breeding stations—namely, in the island of Unst, by the late Dr. Laurence Edmondston, and other members of the same family, and in the island of Foula, by the late Dr. Scott, of Melby, and his son, Mr. Robert Scott—the silver medal of the society had been awarded to Mrs. Edmondston, of Bunsess House, as representative of that family, and to Mr. Robert Scott, of Melby.

The medals will be delivered to the medallists or their representatives after the close of the anniversary meeting on April 29.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

AT the meeting of the Philological Society, to be held at University College, Gower-street, on Friday next, April 17, at 8 p.m., Mr. Whitley Stokes will read a paper on "The Metrical Glossaries of the Medieval Irish."

THE current number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* (David Nutt) contains several articles of interest. The Hon. John Abercromby, who is known to readers of the ACADEMY as an authority on Finnish, writes on that latest of linguistic puzzles, the Yenisei inscriptions. Without hazarding any new decipherment, he is content to compile a statistical table, showing the relative frequency of certain of the Yenisei characters (both initial and final), as compared with the letters of the six following languages: Uigur, Uzbek, Yakut, Mongol, Ostyak Samoyed, and Kott.

"From the absence of an *r*, and the impossibility of attributing to B the value of a Turkish or Mongol *b*, it would seem certain that the language of the Yenisei inscriptions is neither Turkish or Mongolian of the last thousand years."

Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie adds another to his long series of papers on the derivation of Chinese civilisation from Babylonia, summarising his former arguments, and adding new ones, with special reference to certain written characters and the shifting of the cardinal points. Prof. C. de Harlez, of Louvain, refutes a strange theory that the *Kings* or ancient sacred books of the Chinese are forgeries of the second century B.C.; while Mr. Theo. G. Pinches makes some further remarks upon Sir Henry Peek's collection of oriental cylinders.

AT the last meeting of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, Emeritus-Professor Blackie read a paper on "Bistratification in the Living Greek Language." Modern Greek has been but slightly altered, since the time of Coraes, from classical Greek. The first thirty-one verses of the Gospel of St. John, as published in Athens in 1855, contain only nine departures from the classical type; while the corresponding portion of the Romaic version, published 200 years ago, contains twenty-eight. In the higher walks of Greek literature this purity of literary style is very marked. In thirty-one pages of Tricoupis' *History of the Greek War of Independence* (London, 1853), only fifteen deviations from the standard of ancient Greek appear; and in two chapters of Paspatis' *History of the Capture of Constantinople by the Turks* (Athens, 1890), only ten deviations appear. The standard to which Prof. Blackie appealed is the Greek, not only of Plato and Xenophon, but of Diodorus, Lucian, Polybius, and Chrysostom. In the lower colloquial Greek of common life, very great divergence from classical literary style is evident. Thus, in the first twenty-six lines of the dialogues in a primer of colloquial Greek, published this year in Leipzig, thirty-three deviations from classical style occur. But, even in this lower form of Greek, very few words borrowed from other languages are found, and the accented syllable still remains as it was fixed by the Alexandrian grammarian.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 6.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. D. G. Ritchie read a paper on "Darwin and Hegel." This subject of the paper was the relation between the two kinds of evolution, which might be called materialist and idealist evolution respectively. Hegel was

influenced to a certain extent by the biological evolution of his day, but the "development" of which he everywhere speaks is a thought-process, not a time-process; yet in human history the thought-process appears as a time-process, most clearly so in the history of philosophy. Darwin's theory of natural selection (of course unrecognised in Hegel's Philosophy of Nature) would remove some of the very objections that have been made against Hegel, e.g., by Prof. Seth, and would harmonise quite well with Hegel's conception of human history as a dialectic movement of thought, the "struggle for existence" appearing in its highest form as the conflict of ideas. Natural selection had restored teleology (not external teleology of course) by explaining structures, &c., by reference to the end for which they exist and not merely by reference to the source from which they come. This would obviate the objection Hegel made to the older evolution theories; and this conception of end (final cause) was predominant in Hegel as in Aristotle. Attention was called to certain resemblances between the two kinds of evolution as applied to ethical and political philosophy, and Hegel's formula "the real is the rational" was defended in the light of the theory of natural selection.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

The Church Bells of Suffolk. By the Rev. J. J. Raven, D.D. (Jarrold.)

THE author of *The Church Bells of Cambridgeshire* has now added another county to the list of those whose bells have been studied and catalogued in a scholarly manner. He sums up the modern bibliography of English campanology in the following words:

"Mr. Tyssen's *Sussex*, Mr. Ellacombe's *Devon*, and Mr. L'Estrange's *Norfolk* are things of the far past. Mr. Ellacombe added *Somerset* and *Gloucester*. Mr. Dunkin *Cornwall*, Mr. North swept clear the wide area embraced by *Leicester*, *Northampton*, *Rutland*, *Lincoln*, and *Bedford*, leaving, at his lamented death, *Hertford* to be completed by Mr. Stahlschmidt, who by himself gave us *Surrey* and *Kent*, and, in his turn summoned to rest, has placed *Essex* within the reach of a third hand."

Scattered records of the church bells of other parts of the country may be found in the Transactions of local archaeological associations. Thus we may say that the work of record, so far as bells are concerned, is about half completed for England.

Meantime, other ecclesiastical remains are receiving similar attention. Church plate is being carefully studied, not without episcopal encouragement. Wall-paintings have been catalogued with a fair approach to completeness. The monuments of the dead are not forgotten. We recently took note of the fact that a revised and augmented list of English brasses is being drawn up by an energetic body of students. A complete chronological catalogue of stained glass windows is hoped for rather than expected, and perhaps some other branches of decorative art-work are receiving similar attention at the hands of lovers of art and archaeology. No individual student, of course, can be expected to do more than record what comes under his own observation in a relatively restricted geographical area; and every such record, though of immense value as a necessary part of an (as yet) incomplete whole, when taken alone cannot exactly be interesting to read.

Herein lies the difficulty which hinders the still more rapid advance to completion

of the cataloguing process. Many men exist in every county who possess all the necessary qualifications for the work, except that of rendering the results of it readable. No publisher, I suppose, would touch a volume dealing with the subject to which the work under review is devoted. In a superficial sense, it is true to say that the better such a book is the less is it readable; the less, therefore, does it appeal to the purchasing public. Local libraries and institutions are not yet numerous enough to float even a small edition, and local gentry of antiquarian tastes are too few and too poor to render much help in the matter. In fact, there is but one solution for the problem of publication. When county councils can be made to understand that county history and antiquities are matter of general local importance, and depend for their study upon the support of the whole locality, it will be possible (at relatively small cost) to organise the recording of all interesting remains which have come down from the past into our hands, and of which we are trustees for future generations.

Meanwhile, individual effort has to accomplish what it can; and lovers of all things old must not be sparing in their recognition of good work done at the cost of an author's time and money, and with little reward even of fame. Dr. Raven's book merits praise at the hands of all who care about the monuments of the past. It is the result of many years of work. It is written by a man who can ring a bell as well as squeeze an inscription. Moreover, he is acquainted with whatever has been written by others on the subject. All the "Brasiers" are his friends, and he remembers their dates and wanderings. The London founders were worked at by Mr. Stahl-schmidt; Dr. Raven has a few more facts about them to add to our knowledge and a few corrections to make. His most important chapters relate to the mediaeval foundries at Norwich and Bury. He not only describes every bell, but he has hunted up all manner of references to bells in local archives. He tells us what they cost to make and remake. He brings us by many a pleasant touch into the presence of the old founders themselves, he makes us acquainted with the contents of their wills and the passing on of the tools of their craft from generation to generation. He gives a chapter on usages and change-ringing, and closes with a complete catalogue of bells arranged under the names of the places where they now are. The book is also furnished with a useful *Index Nominum*. The author has made his work not only learned, but as interesting to the reader as the subject and conditions permit.

W. M. CONWAY.

THE ART MAGAZINES.

UNDER its new editors, *L'Art* shows no sign of falling off either in illustration or literary matter. We miss the ever ready and incisive pen of "Paul Leroi," as that well-known writer chose to style himself, and we regret the state of health (since happily improved) which compelled him to relinquish his too arduous duties in connexion with the magazine he founded; but he has competent successors in

M. Emile Molinier and M. Théophile Chauvel. In what was once so important a feature in *L'Art*—the etchings—there is certainly an improvement; "L'Age D'Or," by L. Quarante, after Ch. Chaplin; Ch. de Billy's admirable plate after Rubens, "Dame de la Famille Boenen"; Albert Ardail's portrait of M. Carnot; and F. E. Jeannin's etching of Gigoux's "Reverie" are all masterly of their kind, and many charming facsimiles of drawings by Emile Lévy have also appeared in recent numbers. Nor, despite the absorption of some of the old space by matter which would last year have been printed in the extinct *Courrier de l'Art*, has the letterpress suffered in quality. Even the quantity has not diminished perceptibly, as less space is taken up by decorative designs, which were often useless and sometimes not in the best of styles. There are, however, a profusion still of valuable and interesting illustrations in the text; and several capital short papers have appeared upon some lesser artists not too well known, such as Abraham Bosse, the engraver of "Le Jardin de la Noblesse Française," published in 1629, "Claude de Héry," the *medaillieur* of Henry III., and on other interesting subjects like the Chateau de Vincigliata, near Florence. The last is by Emile Molinier, who can reckon among his staff such writers as Henry de Chennevières, Edmond Bouaffé, Pierre Gauthier, Philibert Audebrand, and C. Gabillot.

In the *Portfolio* Mr. Hamerton continues his papers on the present state of the Fine Arts in France; his subject this month is "Impressionism," a study of great care and great tolerance, treating the "rebels" with a consideration and a seriousness which is at least quite equal to their deserts. A paper on Chatsworth and the Derwent, by Mr. J. Leyland, is illustrated by two pretty little etchings by Mr. Alfred Dawson; and the important and sumptuous book on wood engraving, recently published by the doyen of wood engravers, Mr. W. J. Linton, is treated at some length by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse.

NEITHER in the *Portfolio*, the *Magazine of Art*, nor in the *Art Journal* are the "plates" of very high quality. The best are the photo-gravures after Mme. Le Brunn in the first, and Mr. Strudwick's "Rampart of God" in the last; but the literary quality of the *Magazine of Art* is quite up to the usual high level, being contributed by Mr. Claude Phillips and Mr. Walter Armstrong, among others. Mr. J. Murray Templeton's article on "Benjamin Constant" is also notable and well illustrated; but perhaps the most interesting contribution to this or any other of the English magazines this month is that by Mr. E. Romilly Allen, on "The Crucifixion in Celtic Art," notes on a new subject by a well qualified writer.

THE contents of the *Art Journal* for April are varied as usual, and include continuations of the papers on "The Royal Academy of the last Century," by Messrs. Hodgson and Eaton; "The Progress of the Industrial Arts," and "The Chiefs of our National Museums." The Industrial Art for this month is the colour-printing of chintzes and cretonnes, the "Chief" is Mr. C. L. Eastlake, the keeper of the National Gallery. The literary merit of these articles and of that on Knole House, by Mr. F. S. Farrow, is not remarkable; but Mr. G. Bernard Shaw's paper on the refined idealism of Mr. T. M. Strudwick is of a higher quality.

TWO EXHIBITIONS IN PARIS.

THE seventh annual exhibition of the Society of French Pastellists is simply charming, both as regards the choice and the variety of the subjects. Some may object that the "pastellists," as well as the "aquarellists," of the

present day have progressed far from the simplicity of the "preparations" of the Magician, as Diderot styled La Tour, and that they make too frequent recourse to artificial combinations of pigments; yet the result is so pleasing that it must disarm the most morose of critics.

This year the Society has invited a foreign artist to contribute, and the innovation is to be repeated. On the present occasion the guest has proved himself worthy of his hosts, for nothing can be more original than the three exhibits which M. Boldini modestly entitles "studies." Two of these—full-length personations of that particular form of feminine attractiveness termed by the French *une laide piquante*—are fine specimens of bold and masterly drawing combined with the most delicate colouring, almost the two best things in the gallery. M. Doncet's portrait of a lady in a pale mauve ball-dress, though somewhat *mièvre* in execution, offers a pretty contrast to M. Boldini's energetic work. M. Besnard's ten exhibits are somewhat disappointing, with the exception of a study of the nude and the portrait of a young lady, in both of which the perfection of drawing and the delicacy of flesh tints and shading are equal to the best work of this true artist. M. Dagnan's "Convalescente," which shows us the pale face and pain-worn figure of a sick child seated propped up with pillows, is executed with all the minute finish and perfection of the painter of "Le Pardon." M. Béraud's view of the interior of the Church of Notre-Dame des Victoires is decidedly clever. The church, the worshippers, and their surroundings are plunged in darkness; the sunlight, flashing through the painted-glass window above the altar, makes here and there blotches of light of various colours on the pavement, the columns, or the bent figures of the congregation. The effect is realistic to a degree. M. Duez's sunsets on sea and land, M. Lhermitte's highly (perhaps just a little too highly) finished landscapes, Mme. Cazin's "Petite Bonne," are, one and all, charming examples of what can be done with pastels. MM. Blanche, Gervex, Machard, and Tissot contribute a highly attractive set of portraits of elegantly-dressed beauties of the day. M. Thévenot's portrait of M. Bazire is worthy of special notice; it is a fine study by a master hand. M. Forain, whose illustrations in the *Courrier Français* and *Journal Amusant* scandalise M. Prudhomme, sends a series of very realistic sketches of low life and semi-nude figures, which under their apparent flimsiness are admirably drawn and of no mean artistic merit. As for M. Chéret's pyrotechnical display of flashy posters for the Moulin Rouge or illustrated advertisements of the latest sensational *feuilleton*, they are rather out of place in so elegant a gathering.

THE transition from Petit's pretty gallery to the quiet precincts of Duran-Ruel's rooms, in which the Society of French Painters and Etchers hold their third exhibition, is striking. This society, after having remained for two years in a sort of embryonic state, has at last attained its full development; and this is principally due to the indefatigable perseverance and disinterested efforts of MM. Braque-mont and Guérard, two names familiar to English etchers. M. Braquemont's own contributions are limited to some sketches and studies of little interest beyond great perfection of drawing, and an etching, "Janot lapin," representing a dead rabbit hanging at the larder window, which overlooks a park in which a number of rabbits are playing in the sunshine. M. Guérard is the principal exhibitor—if not in number, at all events in quality. First come a series of nine etchings of the most varied and sometimes weird character, but all bearing the stamp of great originality. He also sends six wood-engravings, two of which

—“Dieppe Harbour by Moonlight,” and “The Grand Canal by Night”—are admirable; in the latter the effect of the scarcely perceptible outlines of the houses and monuments looming in the surrounding darkness, while here and there a lamp forms a luminous, point is most wonderfully rendered. M. Norbert Goeneutte's drawings, etchings, *pointe-sèche*, form a collection of nineteen portraits, landscapes, and female studies, as interesting as they are thoroughly artistic. M. Frédéric Jacque contributes no less than twenty-nine plates, many of which are decidedly good. M. Desboutin's *pointe-sèche* portraits are admirable; while MM. Jeannot, Renouard, and Louis Morin have sent a series of most interesting exhibits. Among the foreign guests of the society I remarked some good work by M. Zorn, the rising Swedish painter, as well as by MM. de los Rios, Storm de Gravesande, and Bauer. Before ending this short notice I must not forget to mention two exquisite “engravings in colours, proofs drawn by the author,” in which M. Guérard has engraved a white rose and a tea-rose, using three colours—white, yellow, and green—with the most delicate effects and great technical talent.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE contributions of Mr. Orchardson to the forthcoming exhibition of the Royal Academy will be confined, we believe, to two or three portraits. Mr. Pettie will be represented by an attractive canvas which depicts a young lady in the dress of the period of the Empire—dear to Mr. Orchardson, Mr. Charles Green, and Mr. Haynes Williams—and he will likewise send a picture of a violinist, for which his son-in-law, Mr. Hamish McCunn, the rising young composer, has furnished the model.

THE following have been elected members of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours:—Messrs. William Rainey, Max Ludby, Edgar Bundy, and Robert Fowler.

THE exhibitions to open next week comprise that of the New English Art Club, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly; a collection of water-colour and oil paintings of “The Land of the Rising Sun,” by Messrs. John Varley and Charles E. Fripp, at the Japanese Gallery, New Bond-street; a series of works of the French, Norwegian and Hungarian schools, at the Continental Gallery, New Bond-street; and pictures by Rosa Bonheur, Ulpiano Checa, and W. Dendy Sadler, at Mr. Lefèvre's gallery, King-street, St. James's.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY will publish in a few days a Memoir of Richard Redgrave, whose career is so closely connected with the foundation of the South Kensington Museum, and with the creation of a national system of art education. The Memoir has been compiled by Miss F. M. Redgrave, who has had the assistance of the Journal kept by her father, which during the earlier years assumed the form of an autobiographical sketch.

THE Glasgow town council have unanimously approved the purchase of Mr. Whistler's famous portrait of Thomas Carlyle, for the sum of one thousand guineas.

MESSRS. DEPREZ & GUTEKUNT, of 18 Green-street, have been appointed agents for the sale of Mr. Seymour Haden's etchings.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK has introduced a bill in the House of Commons to amend the Ancient Monuments Protection Act of 1882, by extending its provisions to “any ancient or medieval structure, erection, or monument, or any remains thereof.” The existing statute is practically limited to stone-circles, tumuli, cromlechs, barrows, pillars, camps, &c.

THE annual meeting of the Royal Archaeological Institute will be held this year at Edinburgh, probably in the new buildings of the National Scottish Portrait Gallery, beginning on Tuesday, August 11. The following will be the presidents of sections: Antiquities, Dr. John Evans; history, Dr. Thomas Hodgkin; architecture, the Bishop of Carlisle. The council of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland forms the honorary local committee.

M. JEAN-PAUL-LAURENS, the painter of “St. Bruno” and of “Marceau Mort,” has been elected a member of the Académie des Beaux-Arts, in the room of Meissonier.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

THE management of the Vaudeville Theatre promises us for Thursday evening a revival of what is apparently the ever-welcome comedy of “Money”—a piece which, by reason both of its literary merit and of its conception of character, deserves indeed to hold the stage when the romantic platitudes of “The Lady of Lyons” shall have ceased to attract even the actress of most ill-advised ambition. At the Vaudeville “Money” will have the advantage of a very good cast, including the brothers Thorne, Mr. H. B. Conway, Miss Kate Phillips, Miss Ella Banister (in the very unsympathetic part of Clara), and the brilliant and interesting young American actress, Miss Dorr, whose performance in “Diamond Deane” won the approval of most good judges.

M. MAYER, not daunted by the failure last season, proposes again to provide us with French plays, which will include novelties from the Gymnase and elsewhere. Players there will be, too, well up in the second rank, though, it may be, hardly reaching the first. There will be Fabre and Mlle. Reichemberg, for instance. The manager's enterprise deserves a measure of support, and may possibly obtain it; but to a London audience the French play brought to its very doors is not the god-send that it used to be. People go oftener to Paris. That is one reason. Another is that the French stage has not brought forth new writers of the rank of Dumas and Augier. Yet a third is that our own theatre has wondrously improved.

MR. WILSON BARRETT has accepted a new three-act play by Mr. Rudolf Dirks.

THE fifth annual reading of the Shakspeare Reading Society, of which Mr. Irving is president, was to be given on Friday of this week, at the Royal Academy of Music. The play chosen is “Henry V.,” rehearsed and conducted by Mr. William Poel.

MR. EDWIN BOOTH, whose appearances in England have always been welcomed by the judicious, even though they may not have excited any large measure of popular enthusiasm, is, if we may be allowed the colloquialism, on his very last legs in New York at this moment. How it is that the interest of Mr. Booth's performances has ceased somewhat suddenly, has not been explained; but it is asserted that his retirement from the stage is imminent. So distinguished an artist, and so esteemed a man, must not permit himself to lag superfluous.

By the death of Mr. Lawrence Barrett—as well as by the comparative collapse of the finest Lear and one of the finest Richelieus our generation has seen—the American stage suffers distinctly. Mr. Lawrence Barrett was a thoroughly scholarly and painstaking, though never a very impressive or charming, actor. But it was not by the especial merit of his own performances that he was enabled to perform service to the American theatre. It was rather by his determination as a manager to familiarise

his audiences with good literature, and by a certain faculty which he had of persuading them that they did well to be interested in it. Several of what are now accepted as among the classics of English writing owe it to Mr. Lawrence Barrett that they have ever enjoyed an opportunity of being presented on the stage. Thus, indeed, the death of Mr. Lawrence Barrett must be accounted a severe loss; and even from the theatrical point of view it is a loss which the stage in America is at this present time but ill fitted to sustain.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE success of “Orfeo” last autumn, with Mlle. Giulia Ravogli in the *title-rôle* has not been forgotten; and it is not surprising that Mr. Augustus Harris should have selected this opera for the opening night of his season. Gluck has been unduly neglected in this country, and it will be well if the present excitement about “Orfeo” should lead to the revival of his other important works. Why should not “Alceste” and the two “Iphigenies” be heard here, as well as in Germany? Mlle. G. Ravogli again displayed her vocal and histrionic gifts on Monday. The public applauded her brilliant delivery of the interpolated air by Bertoni, and encored “Che farò.” Why should the first be sung, why the second repeated? The first was inserted to satisfy the vanity of a tenor singer, and at the Cambridge performance last year Dr. Stanford wisely omitted it. The “Che farò” encore, for the sake of dramatic art, ought to be abolished. Mlle. Ravogli, who has won the ears and hearts of the public, could well afford to set a noble example. Her singing in the earlier part of the first act was somewhat cold, but she soon warmed to her work. Her acting in the scene of the Elysian Fields was beyond praise; and by noble declamation, pure singing, and dignified gesture, she rivets the attention and touches the hearts of her auditors. The music is so simple, the movements of the actress are so simple; and it is this very simplicity which produces so deep an impression. “Orfeo” is an old, but not an old-fashioned work; it has the true stamp of greatness. Mlle. Sofia Ravogli was Euridice, and deserves much praise; Mlle. Bauermeister was the Amore. The opera was put upon the stage with great care and considerable effect; the picture of the Elysium was pleasing to the eye, but a little too bright in colour. The evolutions, too, of Mlle. Palladmo, the *première danseuse* were certainly not classical. But in this matter it is dangerous to dogmatise. Though one would wish to find the Grecian step imitated in any representation of the “plains of waving Asphodel,” it must be remembered that “Orfeo” was first presented on the Paris stage; and, therefore, though the voice was classic, the “hands” were, in a great measure, French. The orchestra, under the direction of Signor Mancinelli played, on the whole, well. One or two of the movements in the second act were somewhat hurried. We have no wish to be considered hypercritical, but we think that there should be some clear understanding about the appoggiatura notes in Gluck's score. Whether Signor Mancinelli is right in allowing them to be short in certain bars of Euridice's aria, in the second act may be open to question, although we believe his reading to be wrong; but in Orfeo's recitative (Act i.) singer and orchestra ought, at least, to be at one in this matter. We have gone somewhat into detail about the performance, because, considering the difficulty of catching the true spirit of eighteenth century music, no detail should be neglected to reproduce it as faithfully as possible. Mr. A. Harris deserves the thanks of musicians for his

production of "Orfeo"; if not perfect, it is at any rate one which can be thoroughly enjoyed. Mlle. G. Ravogli alone would cover a multitude of artistic errors, and here it is only a few of which complaint can be made.

"Faust" was given on the following evening (Tuesday) when all interest centred in the new Margherita—Mlle. Eames, whose performances in Paris appear to have given great satisfaction. This lady has a good soprano voice of sympathetic quality, and of considerable strength; and, besides, it has been carefully trained. The Thule ballad was interpreted in a pensive manner, and it was difficult to tell whether the lady was slightly nervous, or whether she was cleverly depicting the maiden's preoccupied state of mind. The Jewel song was brilliantly rendered. Mlle. Eames produced a striking effect at the close of the third act; instead of bending over the dead body of Valentino, she looked towards the audience, as if her brain were beginning to give way. The idea, however, is not an original one. As an actress Mlle. Eames may have something still to learn; but she is young. Her reception was most enthusiastic. Mlle. Guercia, as the Siebel, overdid her part. M. Maurel gave an artistic representation of Mephistopheles, and his grey costume was a novelty. Mlle. Bauermeister was excellent as Martha. M. Ceste was an energetic Valentine. Signor Mancinelli conducted with care and ability.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

De Fidiculis Bibliographia. By Edward Heron-Allen. (Griffith, Farran & Co.) This is the first part, sections 2 and 3, of a series of proposed books and pamphlets on the violin, and, generally, on all other instruments played with a bow in ancient and modern times. It contains an interesting list of books, with comments. Among the various pamphlets, &c., on Paganini, we miss the essay written by Liszt on the great virtuoso in 1841.

Violin Chat for Beginners. By A. H. Raikes. (Fisher Unwin.) This is a small book containing much useful and pleasant chit-chat about violins and violin players. There is some rather doubtful advice in chapter on "What to play," and some rather foolish talk about the so-called "Moonlight" Sonata in the chapter on "Music."

Cabin and Plantation Songs. (G. P. Putnam's.) The slave music of the South presents an interesting field for research, but this collection is not absolutely trustworthy; for, as frankly acknowledged in the preface, some of the songs have been retouched. The music generally is not particularly attractive,

but it can really only be properly judged "amid all the wild enthusiasm of a negro camp-meeting."

A Neglected Subject of Education. By Emma Definger. (Privately Printed). This small pamphlet contains many excellent remarks and hints about the proper mode of teaching the pianoforte—for this is the "neglected subject"; but there are others of too general a kind to be of much practical use, such as "nothing but good music should be studied."

We have received from Hutchings & Romer: *The Naiades of the Rhine*, a Cantata, by Vincent Wallace, arranged from his Opera "Lurline." The popular ballads and melodious choruses (for female voices) may not be as attractive as they were thirty years ago, but they have not lost all power to charm.—*The Sleepers*, Solo and Chorus for Ladies' Voices, by J. Greenhill, is a short and simple composition; the voice parts in the chorus are carefully written.—*Darkness and Dawn*, by Jacques Blumenthal, is a cleverly-written song in the composer's well-known style.—*Whispering Rushes*, by Reginald Foy. This waltz, part vocal, part instrumental, is smooth and sentimental.—*Grannie's Reason*, by C. Lockman, a quiet little ballad with a commonplace ending.—*Humoresque*, for Piano, by C. Lockman, has some good points, but the workmanship is not strong.—*La Gracieuse: morceau elegant, pour Piano*, by A. T. McEvoy, is a lively piece, but scarcely deserves its title; it is arranged as solo and as duet.—*Aminu: Melodie*, for the Pianoforte, by L. H. Meyer, begins fairly well, but becomes vulgar. The mixture of French and English in the title is foolish.—*Golden Rosebuds*, for Pianoforte, by C. Bohm, is a light, harmless piece.

From Paterson & Sons:

Album of Six Songs. By Hamish MacCunn. These songs by the young and talented composer have been noticed in the ACADEMY as they appeared in separate form. "The Ash Tree" and "I'll tend thy bower" are the two which please us best; but there are some good points in all of them.—*Fair is Love*, Song by the same composer, is smooth and graceful. The words are from Barlow's "Pageant of Life."—*Wind and Tide and Ye Waves, divide not lovers long*, two songs by R. W. K. Edwards, are melodious, but not striking.—*The Old Mill*, Song by Arthur Hervey, is a smooth, flowing love ballad.—*Oh, why left I my home and The Scottish Blue Bells*. These are old melodies, skilfully arranged as part-songs by J. Sneddon for Mr. Lambeth's "Balmoral" Choir.—*Mary Stuart*, Danse Antique, by J. W. Moore, is an easy piece, but at times modern rather than ancient.

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LITERATURE.

Memoirs of the Prince de Talleyrand. Edited, with a Preface and Notes, by the Duc de Broglie; translated by Raphaël Ledos de Beaufort; with an Introduction by the Hon. Whitelaw Reid, American Minister in Paris. Vol. I. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

THE unique career of Talleyrand, which afforded him unrivalled opportunities for acquiring an intimate and correct knowledge of the secret history of France and of Europe during the most eventful period of modern history, and the reputation he possessed for biting wit and for acuteness in fathoming the inmost thoughts of the men with whom he was brought in contact, have caused the publication of his Memoirs to be looked forward to with the keenest expectation. The facts that he should have directed they should not be published until thirty years after his death, and that his literary executor, M. de Bacourt, should have prolonged the period for another twenty years, served to increase the impatience of the public and strengthened the belief that they would be of surpassing interest. Now that they have been given to the world, the universal feeling has been one of disappointment; they contain no startling revelations, no scandalous gossip, no brilliant passages, no fresh light on the characters of famous men; they have been compiled evidently to defend the character of the author and not to blacken the reputations of others; they contain an "Apologia pro Vita sua," not a *chronique scandaleuse*. The feeling of disappointment will soon wear off. Talleyrand's reputation will not suffer because he has chosen, in his posthumous Memoirs, to defend his own career instead of displaying his knowledge, sagacity, and powers of sarcasm in abusing his contemporaries; and the value of the observation, made by this most acute observer on the events of his own time must have a permanent value.

It was certain beforehand that the authenticity of Talleyrand's Memoirs would be called in question. They had passed through so many hands and had been the subject of so many rumours; it had been so obviously to the interest alike of Louis Philippe and of Napoleon III. that the full extent of the great diplomatist's knowledge of the careers of their ancestors should not be divulged to the world, that it was generally believed that they must have been tampered with. The absence of striking revelations in them, now that they have been published at last, has strengthened this belief. The high character of the Duc de Broglie as a historian and a man of honour forbids the shadow of a suspicion that he should

have been concerned in any suppression, emendation, or interference with the text of the Memoirs, which were placed in his hands for publication. But M. Aulard, the learned Professor of the History of the French Revolution, whose knowledge is surpassed only, if it be surpassed, by that of M. Albert Sorel, has pointed out that the text edited by the Duc de Broglie is printed from a copy made from the original by M. de Bacourt, and not from the original itself. M. de Broglie has offered to place this copy in the hands of experts. But no one doubts his *bona fides*; the question at issue is, whether the copy was correctly made from the original, and the original is not forthcoming to decide the question. Unfortunately, the reputation of M. de Bacourt is not unimpeachable. He was a diplomatist and not a historian; he is seriously suspected of having doctored his originals in his publication of the *Correspondance entre Mirabeau et La Mure*; and it is perfectly possible that in making his copy he may have suppressed or altered certain passages of which he did not approve. It is not for a moment intended to imply that M. de Bacourt was a book-maker of the type of Beauchamp, who vamped up the so-called Memoirs of Fouché out of the notes of a former secretary of the famous Minister of Police; but it is alleged by men of knowledge and critical acumen, that he may have altered the text of the memoirs committed to his charge. No doubt rests on the recently-printed Memoirs. M. Sorel, M. Aulard, and the most eminent students of the history of the Revolution and of Napoleon, acknowledge their authenticity. But it is possible, nay it is most probable, that they do not contain the whole of the matter which Talleyrand intended to be published for the edification of posterity; and until the original from which M. de Bacourt made his copy is produced and tested with the copy, this doubt must remain unsolved.

The first question suggested by a careful study of the Memoirs, when it has been ascertained that they contain no startling revelations, is what light do they throw on the character of Talleyrand himself. The veteran diplomatist, the unfaithful servant of many masters, the bishop of the *ancien régime*, and the ambassador of the monarchy of July, has been held up for two generations as the ideal of cynical selfishness, the embodied spirit of treachery and deceit. He knew well the character which was ascribed to him; and his Memoirs are deliberately intended to form a justification, a vindication and an apology for his whole career, both in public and private life. The Duc de Broglie, in an admirable preface, has sketched the nature of this defence. Talleyrand asserts that throughout his life he was urged by but one impulse, the desire to serve France. He argues that it was his ardent patriotism which induced him to give the title of apostolical succession to the first bishops elected under the civil constitution of the clergy in 1791 by consecrating two of them, in the exercise of his own undoubted rights as Bishop of Autun; and that it was equally from patriotism that he served the Directory as Foreign Minister, prepared the *coup d'état* of 18 Brumaire, and eventually, after

acting as Napoleon's most trusted adviser, carefully warned the Czar Alexander against his former master during the conferences at Erfurt. It may have been patriotism; but considering the height of wealth and power to which he rose, this conduct seems to ordinary men as if it had been inspired by motives of self-interest and by a cynical calculation of probabilities. When the Duc de Broglie comes to study Talleyrand's later career he stands on firmer ground. The services which the great diplomatist rendered to France at the Congress of Vienna in 1814, and as ambassador to England after the revolution of July, 1830, are incontestable, and such as no other man of the period could have accomplished for her. Though Talleyrand's public career during the Revolution, under the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, may be open to criticism as to his motives, and even to decided blame, if treachery be accounted a crime in a diplomatist, he yet did no particular harm to France during that era; while at the Congress of Vienna he, the representative of a country occupied by the armies of the other powers, saved her from dismemberment, and, by winning the acquiescence of England to the accession of Louis Philippe in 1830, he broke the unity of the Holy Alliance, and prevented any attempt of the continental monarchs to restore Charles X. as king by right divine to the throne of France. These were great services indeed, and Talleyrand, if a traitor to Napoleon and many other masters, was never a traitor to his country. But his Memoirs not only contain a written vindication of his public career, they imply a justification for the errors of his private life. Nothing could be more skilful than the manner in which he dwells on the way in which he was forced to take orders, and thus hints an excuse for his unsacerdotal behaviour: the reader throughout is left to infer the grounds of his defence, and is never forced to listen to an elaborate argument from the criminal in the dock.

The earlier parts of the first volume of Talleyrand's Memoirs deal with the history of the French Revolution, and deserve a few words at once; while parts iv. and v. treat of his conduct during the reign of Napoleon, and will be best examined in connexion with the second volume, after studying all that he has to say upon the subject. The whole of part ii. is devoted to an elaborate examination of the character and career of the Duke of Orleans, Philippe Egalité. His pen seems dipped in gall as he writes of this unfortunate prince, whom posterity justly considers more sinned against than sinning; but he does him the justice to say in conclusion, "[The Duke of Orleans] was not, as I have said, either the principle, the object, or the motive of the Revolution. The impetuous tide carried him along with the others." He also gives an elaborate character of Siéyès, and many valuable remarks on the policy of the Constituent Assembly and on the error of the royalist nobility in emigrating and making themselves appear the declared enemies of France. But, alas! all that he has to say about the history of the Revolution does not amount to much. He gives us no word-

picture of Mirabeau, whom he knew intimately, no vivid account of the events which led to the States-General becoming the National Assembly, nothing on the march of the Parisians to Versailles on October 5, or on the flight to Varennes. If M. de Bacourt has suppressed aught that Talleyrand wrote on this period of his life, he has much to answer for, for Talleyrand knew much which all students long to know; but if M. de Broglie's theory be correct—that the old statesman intended to write a defence of his career and a book of memories, not an autobiography—it may well be imagined that even to the end of his long life he felt that he had little or nothing to apologise for in sharing the excitement and enthusiasm, the noble sentiments and the excusable errors, of the Constituent Assembly from 1789 to 1791. There is one passage which specially deserves quotation, if only for the use of the pseudo-historians, who delight in wasting time and paper in speculations on the causes of the French Revolution.

"If historians make it a point," he writes, "to seek the men to whom they can award the honour, or address the reproach, of having made, directed, or modified, the French Revolution, they will give themselves unnecessary trouble. It had no authors, leaders, nor guides. It was sown by the writers who, in an enlightened and venturesome century, wishing to attack prejudices, subverted the religious and social principles, and by unskilful ministers who increased the deficit of the treasury and the discontent of the people. It would be necessary, in order to find the real origin and causes of the Revolution, to weigh, analyse, and judge questions of high speculative politics, and especially to submit to a profound and skilful examination the question of the struggle between philosophical ideas and prejudices, between the pretensions of the *mind* and those of *power*. For, if we were to take into consideration only the sole results of that Revolution, we should soon fall into error, and end by mistaking M. de Malesherbes for Mirabeau, and M. de la Rochefoucauld for Robespierre."

In conclusion, with regard to this first volume, every reader should take care to study the admirable preface of the Duc de Broglie, and may neglect the introduction by Mr. Whitelaw Reid, for which there seems to be no sufficient reason. The translation is good, and the biographical notes are clear and useful; but it is amusing to notice the translator's suffix of "F.R.Hist.Soc." in such close juxtaposition on the title-page to M. de Broglie's qualification, "of the French Academy."

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

Bonheur. Par Paul Verlaine. (Paris : Léon Vanier.)

SOME years ago, in a book rather of confession than of criticism, Paul Verlaine announced his intention (somewhat too formally, perhaps) of dividing his poetic work into two distinct sections, to be published in parallel series. *Sagesse*, *Amour*, *Bonheur*, were to "make for righteousness"; *Parallèlement* was to be frankly sensual; between them, he imagined, the whole man—that strange, composite, though not complex nature—would be fully and finally

expressed. *Bonheur*, the third part, completing the trilogy, has just appeared.

Bonheur is written very much in the style of *Sagesse*, and a great part of it might be assigned, on internal evidence, to a period anterior to *Amour* and *Parallèlement*. It has none of the perversity, moral and artistic, of the latter book, despite a few experiments upon metre and rhyme. Nor is space devoted, as occasionally in *Amour*, to the mere courtesies of literary friendship. The verse has an exquisite simplicity, a limpid clearness, a strenuous rejection of every sort of artistic "dandyism"—the word is Verlaine's:

"et que cet arsenal,
Chics fougueux et froids, mots secs, phrase
redondante,
Et cœtera, se rende à l'Émeute grondante
Des sentiments enfin naturels et réels."

I take these lines from a poem which may be considered a new "Art Poétique." In that delicate and magical poem—itsself the ideal of the art it sang—Verlaine said nothing about sincerity, except, inferentially, to the fleeting impression of something almost too vague for words. Music first of all and before all, and then, not colour, but the *nuance*, the last fine shade. Poetry is to be something intangible, a winged soul in flight "towards other skies and other loves." To express the inexpressible, he speaks of beautiful eyes behind a veil, of the full palpitating sunlight of noon, of the blue swarm of clear stars in a cool autumn sky; and the verse in which he makes this confession of faith has the exquisite troubled beauty—"sans rien en lui qui pèse ou qui pose"—which he commends as the essential poetry. Now, in this new poem of poetical counsel, he tells us that art should, first of all, be absolutely clear and sincere; it is the law of necessity, hard, no doubt, but the law:

"L'art, mes enfants, c'est d'être absolument soi-même.

* * * * *
Foin! d'un art qui blasphème et fi! d'un art
qui pose,
Et vive un vers *bien* simple, autrement c'est la
prose."

The verse in *Bonheur* is indeed "*bien* simple." There is a poem addressed to a friend—"Mon ami, ma plus belle amitié, ma meilleure"—which even Verlaine has hardly excelled in a kind of plaintive sincerity, full of the beauty of simple human feeling, seeking and finding the most direct expression:

"Aussi, précieux toi plus cher que tous les moi
Que je fus et serai si doit durer ma vie,
Soyons tout l'un pour l'autre en dépit de l'envie,
Soyons tout l'un à l'autre en toute bonne foi."

Verlaine speaks to his friend as if he would say more for friendship than has ever been said before. He would fain find words close and gracious enough to express all the intimacy and charm of their friendship:

"Elle verse à mes yeux, qui ne pleureront plus,
Un paisible sommeil, dans la nuit transparente
Que de rêves légers bénissent, troupe errante
De souvenirs futurs et d'espoirs révolus."

"Remembrances to be, and hopes returned again"—how lovely a verse, French or English! And the emotion, temperate and

restrained through most of the poem, rises at the end into exaltation:

"Afin qu'enfin ce Jésus-Christ qui nous créa
Nous fasse grâce et fasse grâce au monde
immonde
D'autour de nous alors unis — paix sans
séconde! —
Définitivement, et dicte : Alleluia."

I quote this stanza not only because of its place in the poem—its expression of the culminating emotion—but because it is an excellent example of Verlaine's most characteristic technique. Note the rhyme at the beginning of the first line and at the end of the second, the alliteration, the curious effect produced by the repetition of "fasse grâce" (itself an assonance), the tormented rhythm throughout, the arbitrary and extraordinary position and transposition of accents. It cannot be said that all these experiments are always and equally successful; but it is useless to deny that Verlaine has widened the capacities of French verse. He has done what Goncourt has done in his prose: he has contributed to the destruction of a classical language, which, within its narrow limits, had its own perfection. But how great a gain there has been, along with this inevitable loss! In the hands of the noisy little school of *Décadents*, the brain-sick little school of *Symbolistes*, both claiming Verlaine as a master, these innovations have of course been carried to the furthest limits of unconscious caricature. In Paris, at the present moment, a factitious clamour has arisen about a young Greek, Jean Moréas, a person who at one time had a very distinct talent for verse, which he wrote in regular metre, and without more of foreign idiom than his Athenian origin would lead one to expect. At present, as one of his admirers calmly remarks, "il répudie toute règle préalable pour la texture de ses vers." From these extravagances Verlaine has always held aloof; and in an article published last year he has given his opinion very frankly on those young *confrères* who reproach him, he tells us, "with having kept a metre, and in this metre some caesura, and rhymes at the end of the lines. *Mon Dieu!*" he adds, "I thought I had 'broken' verse quite sufficiently." In *Bonheur*, for the first time in his work, there is one short poem—a concession to these young *confrères*—written in irregular unrhymed verse: verse, however, which is still verse, and not delirious prose. There are also two poems in assonant verse, one of them in lines of fourteen syllables, metrically quite regular. It is difficult to see any reason for the rejection of rhymes, but at all events they are rejected without disdain—frankly for a caprice.

Almost all the poems in *Bonheur* are closely personal—confessions of weakness, confessions of penitence, confessions of "l'ennui de vivre avec les gens et dans les choses," confessions of good attempts foiled, of unachieved resolutions. With a touch of characteristic self-criticism Verlaine says in one place:

"Mais, hélas! je ratiocine
Sur mes fautes et mes douleurs,
Espèce de mauvais Racine
Analysant jusqu'à mes pleurs."

And in its measure and degree this is true:

there are times when confession becomes analysis, not to the advantage of the poetry. But, here as in *Sagesse*, the really distinguishing work is an outpouring of desires that speak the language of desire, of prayers that go up to God as prayers, not as literature; of confessions that have no reticences.

One of the finest pieces tells the story of that endeavour to rebuild the ruined house of life which Verlaine made at the time of his conversion, after those calm and salutary eighteen months' of seclusion. This intensely personal poem, which is really a piece of the most exact autobiography, becomes a symbol of all lives that have fallen, that have struggled to rise, that have failed in the endeavour. Towards the end the emotion rises in a crescendo, half of despair, half of hope, as he cries out in the very fury of helplessness against the worst of foes—

"Vous toujours, vil cri de haro,
Qui me proclame et me diffame,
Gueuse inepte, lâche bourreau,
Horrible, horrible, horrible femme !

"Vous, l'insultant mensonge noir,
La haine longue, l'affront rance,
Vous qui seriez la désespérance,
Si la Foi n'était l'Espérance

"Et l'Espérance le pardon,
Et ce pardon une vengeance.
Mais quel voluptueux pardon,
Quelle savoureuse vengeance !"

Elsewhere he writes of his life in hospital—"last home perhaps, and best, the hospital"; of his child-wife, for whose memory he has so strange a mixture of regretful complaint and unassuaged self-reproach; and always he returns to the burden of "Priez avec et pour le pauvre Lélian !"

A few poems, less intimately personal, are scattered here and there—impressions, some of them, almost in the manner of the *Romances sans Paroles*. Here is one, which seems to me not to need its last stanza: so beautiful, so sufficing in itself, is the picture called up before our eyes, the impression—outline, colour, and harmony—evoked in the earlier stanzas.

"La cathédrale est majestueuse
Que j'imagine en pleine campagne
Sur quelque affluent de quelque Meuse
Non loin de l'Océan qu'il regagne,

"L'Océan pas vu que je devine
Par l'air chargé de sels et d'arômes.
La croix est d'or dans la nuit divine
D'entre l'envol des tours et des dômes ;

"Des angélus font aux campaniles
Une couronne d'argent qui chante ;
De blancs hibous, aux longs cris gracieux,
Tourment sans fin de sorte charmante ;

"Les processions jeunes et claires
Vont et viennent de porches sans nombre,
Soie et perles de vivants rosaires,
Rogations pour de chers fruits d'ombre.

"Ce n'est pas un rêve ni la vie,
C'est ma belle et ma chaste pensée,
Si vous voulez, ma philosophie,
Ma mort choisie ainsi déguisée."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

"ENGLISH STATESMEN."—Peel. By J. R. Thurstfield. (Macmillan.)

SIR ROBERT PEEL is remembered, his name is honoured, for those acts of his public life which were most censured by his oldest friends; and the high place he holds in the British policy of the nineteenth century was gained by abandoning the positions he had defended, and by taking up those which he had denounced. Therefore, in any account of Peel's life, we turn most anxiously to witness how these changes are regarded, and to what motives they are ascribed. No writer upon Peel's career has been more thoughtful in this respect, and none has been quite equally candid and successful. Those who have lived much—as has the present writer—among the wealthiest of the merchants and manufacturers of Lancashire can, perhaps, better understand the personal character of Peel, in which humility and pride, each now and then overwrought, with the addition of academic and political distinction, formed a mixture, difficult, it seems, to unravel except by those who have had observation of all the threads of such complex life, especially the homely material fixed in that comparatively humble and unpicturesque house at Bury where Peel's childhood was passed. Of those who have illustrated these characteristics in the highest place, Peel was the first, but not the greatest, representative. In Lancashire, attractions to public life are more vivid than elsewhere, because there is no escape from the clatter and the competition of public opinion. Sloth may affect neutrality and indifference, but energy and talent must take its side. Disraeli has written in *Lothair* of the country gentlemen that "they live in the open air, they know but one language, and they never read." The difference between rural life and Lancashire life is at least as great as that between home education and a great public school. Peel's father, a Lancashire man of the best type—whose conscientious and scrupulous care in business was translated in the son to that which Mr. Thurstfield well describes as "Peel's exalted and almost pedantic sense of the proprieties of public life"—proud of his own success, and, seeking for his son the greater glory of a statesman's career, devoted him from infancy to the service of the country. Such a dedication, when made on reasonable bases, is never unimportant as a factor in the life of the subject. The conscious claim of ascendancy over his fellows was a conspicuous note of Peel's progress. His first great victory was gained at Oxford, and the halo of that success illumined many succeeding years. It was very remarkable.

"The Class List, that new system of examination which was to stamp so many statesmen and scholars, had been instituted in the first years of the century; but it was not until 1807 that the examination had been divided into the two schools of classics and mathematics. Peel, who at school always 'knew his lesson' [that was the opinion of Byron, his schoolfellow], presented himself for honours in both. He came out a double first, being the first of Oxford men ever to achieve that honour, and standing alone in the first class in mathematics."

Under the restricted suffrage which the lower political morality of 1809 then sanctioned in

Ireland, Peel entered Parliament soon after reaching manhood for the borough of Cashel, and, of course, was ready to combat, as he did by speech in 1812, the Roman Catholic claims to emancipation. At that time, Castlereagh was one of the leaders of the Tory party in the House of Commons. As a good example of Mr. Thurstfield's concise historical style, we give the following on Castlereagh:

"In Ireland, his name stands for the cruelty with which the rebellion of 1798 was repressed and the corruption with which the Union was carried; in England it stands for the Six Acts and the policy they represented; in Europe for the Holy Alliance. When he died, the country rejoiced; when he was buried, the mob of Westminster cheered in triumph. He was the scapegoat of that obsolete Toryism which went out of office with Eldon, and was finally extinguished by the Reform Bill."

Yet Castlereagh never denied the Catholic claims, and many will agree with Mr. Thurstfield that "posterity has done him less than justice." As chief secretary, Peel founded the constabulary now so famous in Ireland. It was Irish humour which called the new officer "bobby" and "peeler," nicknames transferred to England—and still current in the slang of London streets—when Peel as home secretary reorganised the metropolitan police in 1829.

In this very frugal, but otherwise most excellent, sketch of Peel, the name of Gladstone, which must rise often in the mind of any reader, occurs first in connexion with a familiar personal incident. All that which in the character of Mr. Gladstone may be termed genius is superadded to the character of Peel. In fundamentals there is an extraordinary resemblance. Like Peel, Mr. Gladstone is "not a man of ordinary parliamentary temper." The greatness of such men is partly derived from their power of regarding their own acts and character as identified with the greatness, the honour, the welfare, and the dignity of their public deeds done in the name of the country. They are jealous of personal dignity and self-conscious almost to egotism. When Cobbett, in moving an address to the Crown praying that Peel should be dismissed from the Privy Council, referred with disdain to the origin of Peel's family, the House would have treated the affair as a sorry joke, but Peel replied in elaborate and impassioned speech.

"So deeply was he moved, so vehemently did he exert himself, that as he spoke the high collars which men wore in those days [Mr. Thurstfield acknowledges this anecdote of the collars from Mr. Gladstone] gradually became saturated with perspiration and fell back in limp disarray, betraying to all who saw him the intensity of his agitation."

We are now approaching the first of the three great tests and trials in which Peel was victorious over his former self, and upon which his fame must rest. These three great surrenders were, (1) on the currency, (2) on Catholic emancipation, and (3) on the corn laws. The biographer must be judged by his success in dealing with these crises. Disraeli attacked these changes of opinion, and declared the mind of Peel to be one "huge appropriation clause." Mr. Thurs-

field is clear and, we think, convincing in his view:—

"This openness of mind, this readiness to follow mature and honest conviction whithersoever it might lead him, is Peel's shining merit as a statesman. His convictions were not determined by personal interest, by narrow views of political expediency, by cunningly laid schemes of party strategy. They were the slow, reasoned, sincere, and inevitable results of patient and painful reflection on the truth of things and its relation to the national welfare."

Peel established that gold standard of the currency which, though questioned, has never been upset. But from 1823 to 1827 the extraordinary spectacle was presented of Canning advocating Catholic emancipation from his place as leader of the House of Commons, and being answered by Peel, the second man in the ministry, from the same bench. That anomaly ended on March 5, 1829, when, in a memorable speech, Peel abandoned his maintenance of the exclusion of Roman Catholics from Parliament and high offices of State, "in consequence of the conviction that it can be no longer advantageously maintained, from believing that there are not adequate materials or sufficient instruments for its effectual and permanent continuance."

This, as Mr. Thursfield says, "is the language not of conviction, but of surrender," and in this matter there appears a defect in Peel's character which no argument can satisfy. He deals otherwise with his change of front as to the currency and the corn laws. Yet in this frank declaration there is no absolute opposition to Mr. Thursfield's concluding judgment, that "the divinity enshrined in the innermost recesses of Peel's nature was intellectual sincerity; to this he rendered unswerving homage and unfaltering obedience." It is on record by his own hand that in 1845 he had become convinced that the corn laws could not be permanently maintained. On the same day, in 1846, that the Corn and Customs Bill received the Royal Assent, Peel was placed in a minority in the House of Commons. It was then, in falling from power at the age of fifty-eight, with every assurance of his country's gratitude and of the impartial testimony of history to the splendour of his public services, that Peel delivered his valedictory speech, containing words which are cut in granite at Manchester, and are graven still more imperishably in the hearts and memories of his countrymen, reminding "those whose lot it is to labour and to earn their bread with the sweat of their brow" that they may, through his self-sacrificing work, "recruit their exhausted strength with abundant and untaxed food, the sweeter because it is no longer leavened with a sense of injustice."

ARTHUR ARNOLD.

George Washington's Rules of Civility: Traced to their Sources and Restored. By Moncure Daniel Conway. (Chatto & Windus.)

THIS is a delightful and interesting volume, both for the matter it contains and for the sake of the great man who compiled it. The readers of any *Life of Washington* must remember him a stately figure of antique virtue, of simple and gracious

habits. This is the portrait which Thackeray draws of him in *The Virginians*; and it recalls those heroes of the greater commonwealth to whom Washington may be compared, with their stern lives and their simple dignity, as they are celebrated by the poet: Aemilius Paulus, "prodigal of his heroic soul"; Fabricius and Camillus, schooled by their *sacra paupertas*; their desires and their ambition satisfied by their hereditary acres, their manners regulated by the ancient customs of their family, *avitus apto cum lare fundus*. Not alone among the moderns, but certainly conspicuous among the greatest of the moderns is Washington, in his resemblance to an antique hero out of Plutarch: and it is curious to notice how, in every age, the model of good breeding and of austere living is referred to the traditional standard of "an elder fashion." Mr. Austin Dobson talks of "a fine, old-fashioned grace," in one of his most pleasing verses; and Patereulus attributes "an old-fashioned grace" to Sejanus, when he enumerates the real or the imaginary excellencies of that notorious minister. In Tacitus also, the same notion is continually present: his good characters, Agricola, Helvidius Priscus, Thræsea, are always commended for their ancient virtue, and above all for their old-world courtesy; "quicquid mirati sumus manet mansurumque est in animis hominum, in æternitate temporum, famæ rerum." So commanding is goodness, in itself; but so persuasive and abiding is its memory, when it is adorned by what Lord Chesterfield calls "the Graces."

"The different effect of the same things, said or done, when accompanied by them, is almost inconceivable. They prepare the way to the heart; and the heart has such an influence over the understanding that it is worth while to engage it in our interest. People will no more advance their civility to a bear than their money to a bankrupt."

Washington was a votary of "the Graces," and he courted them from his earliest youth. Mr. Conway has re-printed a MS. book of Washington's on manners, written when he was fourteen or fifteen; and he has traced these "Rules of Civility" back to their originals. Washington's master was one James Marye, a Frenchman, an ex-Jesuit; one who wandered to the English settlements in America, and became a teacher there. His "Rules" appear to have been taken from a volume of *Maximes*, an early French work, which was compiled by the Jesuits, and used as a text-book of behaviour in their schools. Of this there was an English version, printed several times in the seventeenth century; and M. Marye, the ex-Jesuit *pasteur*, seems to have made use of the English as well as of the French editions. The "Rules" were either dictated, as Mr. Conway thinks, or they may have been digested by the boys themselves, and then re-written according to their taste or memory; however that may be, Washington's "Rules" are shorter and more vigorous than either of the originals. Mr. Conway has printed the three texts, with all their errors, their variations, and their peculiarities; and he deserves our best thanks for enabling us to compare Washington's rendering with the language of the

older versions. The Jesuit manual was enlarged and plagiarised by a later Frenchman, and this work was turned into English, or paraphrased, perhaps, and added to, by Obadiah Walker, the Master of University College in Oxford. Mr. Conway has done his editing most faithfully, and he has introduced the texts by an admirable preface. If it were possible to reproach him, it would be for denying to his readers any specimen of the "elegant Latin," "the most elegant Latin ever met with," into which Father Périn transformed the "very unpolished French" of the original maxims. It is cruel to be told of this polished Latin and not to see it; and into a book of civility, "the most elegant Latin ever met with" would have fitted well.

But although it is impossible to cavil at Mr. Conway's editing, it may be allowable to challenge one statement in his introduction. He describes the Jesuit manual as "the mother of all works on civility." The earliest notice he gives of it is in 1595; it was then in use at the College of La Flèche, and was sent by the pupils there to the College at Pont-à-Mousson. Now there are two great Italian books on civility, which must be older than this manual of the French Jesuits. *Il Galateo* of Della Casa, and *Il Cortigiano* of Castiglioni, are, so far as I know, the oldest books of civility in our modern literatures. And in England, if we turn from books to practice, we may find something older. In the fourteenth century William of Wykeham endowed his two colleges in Winchester and Oxford, and gave them their famous motto "*Manners Makyth Man*." This device of his colleges we may take to be an epitome of their statutes, which were framed to train not only scholars and pious clerks, but gentlemen. This object was very dear to Wykeham; the end was great and worthy, he considered; his colleges were to be a means of attaining it, and their motto was to be a perpetual remembrance of his intention.

This plan of Wykeham's for teaching civility by practice, and for handing it down as a great tradition, should never be forgotten by those who treat of manners; and perhaps Wykeham's way is the best and wisest, for there is nothing more difficult to write than a book upon behaviour. Many students of Mrs. Chapone must have suspected, as they read her pages, that a person formed upon her rules might easily be an unpleasing character. Della Casa and Castiglioni, however, have treated their difficult subject with a master's hand: the one with common sense, not wanting in politeness; but the other with all the delightful ease of a courtier, of a soldier, and of an accomplished scholar. In those books there is nothing of that formalism and stiffness, which are too evident in Mrs. Chapone. In Chesterfield, again, there is a fund of common sense, which adds to the value and to the reality of his teaching.

"There is a natural good breeding," he says, "which occurs to every man of common sense, and is practised by every man of common good-nature. This good breeding is general, independent of modes; and consists in endeavours to please and oblige our fellow-creatures by all good offices, short of moral duties. This will be

practised by a good-natured American savage, as essentially as by the best-bred European."

Mr. Conway gives an example of this in his preface: A certain witness, in Kentucky, described someone as "a gentleman," and being asked to explain his definition, "If any man goes to his house," he replied, "he sets out the whiskey, and then goes and looks out of the window." This particular instance is not, perhaps, what Lord Chesterfield may have contemplated: he is upon surer ground, when he says more generally, "Good breeding is to all worldly qualifications what charity is to all Christian virtues"; and, again, "a man's own good breeding is his best security against other people's ill-manners." Here he approaches to the first of Washington's "Rules": "Every Action done in Company ought to be with some sign of Respect to those that are present." From this, as from a general principle, the "Rules of Civility" are deduced. "*De minimis non curat lex*" is a maxim wise enough in civil and in criminal affairs; but in social affairs, how often it is that men violate the unwritten law, and their slight offences are criminal to those who suffer from their heedless ways. "In the Presence of Others sing not to yourself with a humming Noise, nor Drum with your Fingers or Feet." "Be not Angry at Table whatever happens." "Speak not of doleful Things in a Time of Mirth, or at the Table; Speak not of Melancholy Things as Death and Wounds."

The maxims, writes Mr. Conway, "are partly ethical, but mainly relate to manners and civility; they are wise, gentle, and true. A character built on them would be virtuous and probably great." He points out that in this admirable school, "in what was little more than a village," three American Presidents were reared; it was to the teaching and to the methods of their ex-Jesuit French master, that Washington, Madison, and Monroe owed something of their greatness. Mr. Conway mentions another school "for children gathered from the street." It began every morning with "a conduct lesson"; for this, the children crowded round the door before it opened, "in their anxiety not to lose a word." And this lesson "gradually did away with all necessity for corporal punishments." The readers of Boswell and of Goldsmith must remember, and must be influenced themselves by, the winning manners of Sir Joshua Reynolds, before whom Dr. Johnson was habitually tender and considerate. The sterner Swift, with all his party feeling, writes of Addison, "they could refuse him nothing; they would make him king if he desired it." It was to "the Graces," even more than to military and political accomplishments, that Chesterfield ascribed the greatest victories of Marlborough and the only real success of Bolingbroke. We admire the stern virtues of the early Romans, as Horace gives them; but we love the hero better, if to his virtues he add "the Graces," if he be not only *animæ magnæ prodigus*, but *ad unguem factus homo*: a scholar and a gentleman, a man full of accomplishment and courtesy.

ARTHUR GALTON.

A Ride to India Across Persia and Baluchistan.
By Harry de Windt, F.R.G.S. With Illustrations by Herbert Walker from Sketches by the Author. (Chapman & Hall.)

NOTWITHSTANDING the title, Mr. de Windt cleverly avoided the most difficult and perilous parts of the land journey between Europe and India by taking ship at Bushire, in the Persian Gulf, for Son Miani, on the coast of Baluchistan. He felicitates himself, however, on having traversed some seventy miles of hitherto unknown road. Perhaps it would be as well had he been content to write a brief description of this portion of the route, since he would then have escaped all suspicion of plagiarism. As it is, I am compelled to point out that a work by Mr. A. W. Hughes (*The Country of Balochistan*, London, 1877) has been made use of in a way which seems utterly indefensible. This is a serious accusation to bring against an author of some repute, but it can easily be proved by means of a few parallel passages. The following extracts will show Mr. de Windt's method:—

HUGHES.

"Owing to the nomadic nature of the great majority of the inhabitants of Baluchistan, the general barrenness of the country, and the consequent absence of any valuable commerce and manufactures, towns and villages are comparatively speaking few" (p. 25).

"The dwellings of the pastoral tribes are simply formed by a number of long, slender poles, bent and inverted towards each other, over which are placed slips of the coarse fabric of camel-hair" (p. 39).

"No large river—like the Indus—flows through any part of this immense territory, and to this circumstance is in all probability due the slight knowledge at present possessed of the interior, where arid, sandy deserts, dangerous alike to the native of the country and to the traveller, are the rule, and cover generally those large open spaces shown upon the map as 'unexplored.' . . . Notwithstanding the great width of the bed of the Purali, in many places, it has no regular embouchure into the sea; but its water, when in flood from rainfall, seems to lose itself in the level plains in a chain of temporary swamps and marshes" (p. 9).

"Vermin and venomous animals are, Pottinger observes, not so common as in Hindustan; but Masson especially calls attention to a loathsome bug, called *mangur*, which he found infested the houses at Kelât" (p. 18).

DE WINDT.

"Owing to the nomadic nature of the Baluchis, the barrenness of their country and consequent absence of manufactures and commerce, permanent settlements are very rare" (p. 228).

"The dwellings of the nomads consist of a number of long, slender poles, bent and inverted towards each other, over which are stretched slips of coarse fabrics of camel's hair" (p. 230).

"There are no permanent rivers in this country. To this fact is perhaps due the slight knowledge obtained up to the present time of the interior, where arid, sandy deserts, dangerous alike to native or European travellers, are the rule, and cover those large open spaces marked upon maps as 'unexplored.' Notwithstanding the great width of the bed of the Purali river, in many places, it has no regular outlet into the sea. Its waters, when in flood from the rainfall, lose themselves in the level plains in a chain of lagoons or swamps" (p. 235).

"Vermin and venomous animals are not so common as in India. . . . We were much annoyed by a loathsome bug, the *mangur*, which infests the houses of Kelât" (p. 247).

Did the same *mangur* which vexed Masson in 1844 also ravage the cuticle of Mr. de Windt in 1890?

HUGHES.

"A very commendable trait in the character of the Baluch is his practice of hospitality (*zang*), . . . the person of a guest being looked upon as sacred" (p. 41).

Zang in the above is possibly a misprint for *nang*. Further on, Mr. de Windt rightly translates *zang* as "betrothal." He is still borrowing, as will be seen, from Mr. Hughes:—

HUGHES.

"With the Baluchis marriage is attended with great festivities. The first step is the *sang*, or betrothal, which is regarded as of a very sacred nature, the final rite being known as *nikkar*. . . . On the wedding day the bridegroom, gorgeously arrayed and mounted on a horse, proceeds with his friends to some notable *ziarat*, or shrine, there to implore a blessing, after which the *urus*, or marriage form, is gone through by a *mulla*" (p. 40).

Mr. de Windt cannot even transcribe his material correctly, as will be seen from the following extracts:—

HUGHES.

"The Baluchis themselves ascribe their origin to the earliest Mahomedan invaders of Persia, and are extremely desirous of being supposed to be of Arab extraction" (page 26). "The Brahui Pottinger considers to be a nation of Tartar mountaineers who settled at a very early period in the Southern parts of Asia" (p. 28).

Mr. de Windt quotes, apparently from Hughes, Pottinger's animated description of a Baluch foray, but must needs add on his own account that Pottinger traversed Baluchistan in the last century, which is another inept blunder. The late Sir Henry Pottinger was born in 1789, and travelled in Baluchistan in 1816. Among other information annexed without acknowledgment from Hughes is that relating to the climate and agriculture of the country. Writing in 1877, Mr. Hughes said that the extreme maximum heat recorded at Kelât was 103° Fahrenheit. Mr. de Windt gives the same figure for the maximum "as yet" (1890) recorded. The stories about dust storms are copied almost word for word from Hughes; so too is the quaint legend of the Hill of the Forty Bodies. The vocabularies in the appendix are not taken *verbatim* from Hughes, Mr. de Windt having introduced fortuitous variations of his own. For example, Mr. Hughes gives *khar* as the Brahui equivalent for "angry." Mr. de

DE WINDT.

"The most commendable trait in the Baluch is his practice of hospitality, or *zang*, as it is called. As among the Arabs, a guest is held sacred" (p. 260).

DE WINDT.

"Marriage is attended with great festivities. The first step is called the *zang*, or betrothal, which is regarded as of a very sacred nature, the final rite being known as *nikkar*. On the wedding day the bridegroom, gorgeously arrayed and mounted on his best horse or camel, proceeds with his friends to a *ziarat* or shrine, there to implore a blessing, after which the *winnis* (*sic*), or marriage, is gone through by a *moullah*" (p. 282).

DE WINDT.

" . . . the Brahui is in the North and the Baluchis in the South. The former (*sic*) ascribe their origin to the earliest Mahomedan invaders of Persia, and boast of their Arab descent; the latter (*sic*) are supposed by some to have been originally a nation of Tartar mountaineers who settled at a very early period in the Southern parts of Asia" (p. 227).

Windt makes out that *khar* means an "ant." *Morink*, however, is the Brahui for "ant," corresponding to the Makrání *mor*.

But the most infelicitous example of Mr. de Windt's clumsy pilfering occurs when he tells us about the troglodyte city of Shahr Roghan. The results of his explorations, he writes, may be better explained to the reader in the words of an older and more experienced observer; and he proceeds to quote (not, I suspect, from the original, but second-hand, as usual, from Hughes) the account Carless gave of the cave-dwellings at Shahr Roghan. Now, Lieutenant Carless of the old Indian Navy travelled in Beluchistan, I believe, in the year 1838. How he could foreordain the results of explorations made by Mr. de Windt in 1890 passes comprehension. Mr. de Windt leaves out the most interesting part of his predecessor's story, the legend about the troglodyte princess, beloved by demons, who was rescued by a handsome young prince from Egypt.

Unscrupulous as he is in presenting the result of other people's researches as his own, Mr. de Windt sometimes omits to borrow when borrowing would have been almost excusable. Referring to the curious stone circles met with in different parts of Baluchistán, he says—

"Our Baluchis could not or would not explain the *raison d'être* of them, though the stones must in many instances have been brought great distances and for a definite purpose. I could not, however, get any explanation regarding them at either Kelát or Quetta."

Yet Mr. Hughes notices that, according to Dr. Bellow, these stone circles are made by the Brahuis in commemoration of marriages.

Perhaps almost enough has been said in the way of exposing Mr. de Windt's remarkable notions of literary morality. His ill-digested and unmaunierly plagiarisms make it impossible to review the book seriously. The customary inscription "all rights reserved" appears on the title-page, but there is no telling how much of it or how little of it is really his own. It is evident, however, that he has forfeited all claims to be regarded as an original explorer; and when he expresses surprise "that Baluchistán should have been so long allowed to remain the *terra incognita* that it is," one can only laugh at the impertinence which ignores the explorations of a long line of travellers, beginning with Pottinger and Christie, and ending with Sir Oliver St. John, Sir Robert Sandeman, Mr. Floyer, Captain Jennings, Colonel Mark Bell, and others, of whom Mr. de Windt seems never to have heard. The idea of Baluchistán being a *terra incognita* till Mr. de Windt appeared on the scene—with Hughes's book in his saddle-bags—is almost too ludicrous.

Besides discovering Baluchistán, Mr. de Windt traversed Persia, no uncommon exploit in these days. This part of his journey was chiefly remarkable from the fact that he was foolish enough to choose the wrong time of year for the trip. He found the Teheran bazaar "on the whole disappointing." He also "experienced a feeling of disappointment on first sight of the ruins of Persepolis." At Kashan he saw a Persian girl "with one of the sweetest and fairest faces it has ever been my good

fortune to look upon." At Isfahan he was puzzled to find in the Palace of the Forty Pillars pictures of ladies and gentlemen in Elizabethan costume, and was unable to discover how they got there. Surely Mr. de Windt might have read the *Adventures of Haji Baba*. The Haji says these pictures are portraits of the Europeans who flocked to the Court of Shah Abbas. That monarch, as Sir George Birdwood remarks in his *Report on the India Office Records*, sent some young Persians to Italy to study painting; and according to Persian tradition they were taught by Raphael of Urbino himself—a curious anachronism. Morier says that Shah Abbas had Dutch painters in his service.

Something should be said about Mr. de Windt's personal adventures in Baluchistán. There is no reason to suppose that he extracted them out of other books, and they do not appear to have been very exciting. He found photographs of Mrs. Langtry and Miss Ellen Terry on sale at Las Beila. He interviewed the Khan of Kelát, who seized the opportunity to suggest that Abdur Rahman of Kabul is no true friend of the English. The Khan's Wazir inquired anxiously after Mr. Gladstone's health. On reaching Quetta, Mr. de Windt accepted the hospitality proffered by an English official there; which, however, does not deter him from pleasantly observing that the chief diversions of English society at Quetta are dances, polo, flirtation, drink, and divorce.

The book is illustrated; and there is a map of Eastern Baluchistán, copied, but without acknowledgment, from the maps of the Indian Government Survey. The author's system of transliteration for oriental names is peculiar. The Jam of Las Beila becomes "Djam"; and a *kandt*, a Persian irrigation aqueduct, is a "Con-naught."

STEPHEN WHEELER.

NEW NOVELS.

The Cobra Diamond. By Arthur Lillie. In 3 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

The Richest Merchant in Rotterdam. By A. N. Homer. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

La Fenton. By Gwendolen Douglas Galton. In 2 vols. (Eden, Remington & Co.)

Mrs. Lincoln's Niece. By Anue Lupton. (Digby & Long.)

A Maiden Fair to See. By F. C. Philips and C. J. Wills. (Trischler.)

Country House Sketches. By C. C. Rhys. (Ward & Downey.)

The Mystery of Ritherdon's Grange. By Saumarez de Havilland. (Trischler.)

The occult mysteries of Indian magic have been cleverly brought into requisition by Mr. Lillie in *The Cobra Diamond*. If the story is highly improbable, it is none the less readable on that account. Paracelsus was quite a commonplace individual compared with Wung Dumpy, the leading "adept" of this new philosophy, brought over from Hindostan to Europe, and crystallised as it were into the great cobra diamond. This precious stone is presented by Jeswunt Sirdar, the great occultist, to the hero of the

novel, Captain Montague Lepel, afterwards Lord Aveling. He finds it a very expensive present indeed; for instead of bringing him good fortune, it makes ducks and drakes of the fortune which he already possessed. Lepel had only to hold the diamond in his right hand and say, "In the sacred name of Jagganátha I desire such and such a thing," and, hey presto, the affair was concluded. But it was a very bad stone, notwithstanding. Although it was able to give Lepel a peerage, old estates, the consideration of the world, and the lady of his choice, each of the gifts had to be very dearly purchased. A father must die and his son be charged with his murder, an uncle must become a maniac, a friend be ruined, and a betrothed lady be hunted down to the grave; for the cobra diamond did not give out and out, but could only transfer—for a consideration. By its spells a lady was magnetised to commit the murder for which Lepel was first arrested, and, after him, one of his dearest friends. The British public will be somewhat exercised to know what Mr. Lillie is aiming at, but that will be no bar to the enjoyment of his narrative. The whole story seems to turn on this psychological hypothesis—"Could a wicked man throw his spirit-body to a distance? Could a wicked man, by the aid of some diabolic spell, cause an innocent person unknowingly to commit a horrid crime?" Some medical experts have maintained this theory, which is based on the transfusion of the magnetic force. In the present case, the diamond is made the agent, and it is supposed to contain within it the magical powers of a thousand professors of the black art. Mr. Lillie's story is very ingeniously put together, and it is certainly not devoid of talent. But are not some of his hits at living personages rather too personal? For example, a young artist is told that he has painted a picture which is plainly an echo of Sir Rose Madder, the fashionable portrait-painter; and that, "unless the fates have some sharp stroke in store, a terrible gulf is yawning before him. He may become a baronet, live in a marble palace, and paint aldermen's daughters in *saccula sacerdotum*."

In *The Richest Merchant in Rotterdam*, Mr. Homer describes the serpentine process by which Mynheer Stephen Vanderhagen, the millionaire in question, gets completely within his toils Sir John Milford, a Devonshire baronet of ancient family but broken fortunes. Sir John's beautiful daughter, Madge, while yet in her teens, betroths herself to a fine young fellow, Philip Moresby; but Vanderhagen, who is old enough to be the girl's grandfather, resolves that the union shall never take place, and that he himself shall be Madge's husband. Such a case of May and December has rarely been seen, even in the great matrimonial slave market. He lays his plans with devilish ingenuity, and they succeed to a nicety—that is, he so winds his coils round the unfortunate Sir John that Madge is obliged to sacrifice herself to save her family. Besides this, a forged letter has been made the means of branding her lover Philip as a criminal. Finally, Vanderhagen has Philip abducted, and he is believed to

be dead. But the villains whom he has employed are defeated in their object; and Philip re-appears in Rotterdam, to the amazement and consternation of Vanderhagen and his accomplices. Another desperate effort is made to crush him on a false charge, but it breaks down, and the dead body of Vanderhagen is found under tragical circumstances. He has been the victim of one of his own experiments with secret doors and underground cellars. The plot is very well conceived and wrought out; and the child-lovers, after many trials, are happily united at last.

For the honour of human nature, we trust there are not many villains in the world like Philip Darrel, the central figure in Miss Douglas Galton's novel, *La Fenton*. He not only poisons his father's mind against his brother and gets him disinherited, but imprisons the old squire himself as a lunatic for two years, entering meanwhile into the full possession of the estates. When the brother who has been betrayed dies abroad, he tries to compel a marriage between his daughter and his own eldest son; but before his last nefarious scheme can be carried through, his conspiracies are exposed, and he meets with a fearful death at the hands of his father—now a lunatic indeed, from his long incarceration. Stella Darrel is a noble girl, who unfortunately gives her love at first to a fickle artist; but she ultimately finds a better mate in George St. John, a man of sterling character. Stella had pictured the world as a "fair elysium, where the men were like Sir Lancelot, and the women like St. Catherine." Though she is to a considerable extent disillusioned, her faith in humanity is somewhat restored by a contemplation of the virtues of St. John. All the characters are drawn with a certain amount of vigour; and if—as we surmise—it be a first work, the novel exhibits some promise.

Miss Lupton's story, *Mrs. Lincoln's Niece*, is of the good old Della Cruscan type. Louisa de Vere, the heroine, is a young orphan left in the care of a cruel aunt. She is very beautiful—therefore she is to be wooed by the men; and for the same reason, of course, she is to be hated by the women. Louisa is accidentally left immured in an old priory, where she makes the acquaintance of a romantic youth named Hubert Beaumont. They of course fall in love, and marry secretly. But unfortunately a wicked baronet, Sir James Beaumont, the uncle of Hubert, persecutes Louise with his attentions, and carries her off, keeping her in security for some time, though without subduing her to his will. In the end she escapes, and after a variety of experiences she and her husband are at length reunited. As for the rest of the chronicles in this moving story, have we not read them again and again in eighteenth-century romances?

The partnership between Mr. F. C. Philips and Mr. C. J. Wills seems to have taken all the naughtiness out of the former and much of the spirit out of the latter. Notwithstanding its irreproachable character, however, *A Maiden Fair to See* is very pleasant reading. There is something sad in the

history of Charles Fairholme, who begins life admirably, attaining great distinction in the legal world, but who, after losing his wife, falls into evil courses and kills himself by gambling and drinking. The "maiden fair to see" is his orphan daughter, who is brought up by humble friends, though she has aristocratic relations living on the mother's side. One boyish character, that of John Graham, is almost worthy of Dickens. We presume that we may put down to Mr. Wills the caustic passages dealing with English barristers and the bar, and that Mr. Philips is responsible for the female characters. The volume is handsomely illustrated by Mr. G. A. Storey.

Mr. C. C. Rhys is extremely smart in his *Country House Sketches*. There is not one that is not piquant to a degree, and some of his observations and descriptions might be voted just a little *risqué*. But no one could conscientiously say the author is dull, and any writer who is lively and amusing in this somewhat frivolous age is pretty sure of a hearing from the novel-reading public. Mr. Rhys, nevertheless, is really clever, as his sketches of "The Widow Watkins," "The Major's Mistake," "A St. Leger Legacy," &c., are sufficient to prove.

Blood-curdling, both in its incidents and in its grammar, is *Ritherdon's Grange*. As a story, it is certainly not devoid of interest; and Mr. De Havilland states that the scenes within the docks of the port of London during the Great Strike, the barristers' chambers and the dining hall of the Temple, the incidents of the voyage to the East, and the marvellous Ceylon experiences, are all within his personal knowledge or that of his friends. But such phrases as "Who I turned out of my gang," grate on the ear; and what are we to think of the very opening paragraph of the novel, "A storm-red setting summer's sun had flashed its lurid rays," &c.?

G. BARNETT SMITH.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Dante Illustrations and Notes. By P. A. Traquair and J. S. Black. (Edinburgh: Privately printed.) This dainty little volume, which is distinguished by the beauty alike of its printing, paper, and binding, will be welcomed by readers of the *Divina Commedia* as a valuable addition to Dantesque literature. The illustrations by Mrs. Traquair, consisting of twenty diagrammatic plates, form the special feature of the book. We may congratulate the artist on the success with which she has accomplished a difficult task. The designs, which strike one as thoroughly original, give evidence of a detailed acquaintance with the poem they are intended to elucidate. They are well executed, and free from confusion and over-crowding—no slight achievement considering the complexity of the subject and the small space available for the treatment of it. The plates in illustration of the *Inferno* and the *Paradiso*, being necessarily more or less of the nature of diagrams, are neither so original nor so artistic as those belonging to the *Purgatorio*. Like most real lovers of the *Divina Commedia*, Mrs. Traquair confesses her preference for the second cantica of the poem. She devotes to it nine drawings, as against five for the *Inferno* and six for the *Paradiso*. From among the first we may single out for especial

praise the drawings of the Earthly Paradise and of the Mystic Procession, which are peculiarly graceful and poetical. Perhaps the least successful, if not the least ambitious, of all the compositions is the last of the series, in which the artist has attempted to delineate the Celestial Rose and its countless denizens, a subject which hardly lends itself to artistic treatment. *All' alta fantasia qui manco possa!* We may draw attention to an anachronism in the woodcut on the title-page, in which Dante is depicted with the cupola and campanile of the cathedral of Florence in the background. Giotto did not begin his tower until more than ten years after Dante's death, while it was not until the next century, just one hundred years later, that Brunelleschi set to work on his dome. Mrs. Traquair, however, errs here in good company, for Michelino in his picture of Dante (in the Duomo) is guilty of the same laxity. To the mere student of the *Divina Commedia* perhaps the most attractive portion of this book will be the "Notes" of Mr. J. S. Black. These comprise a "Dante Chronology," a brief bibliography, and a catalogue of Dante's library, i.e. a list of books Dante is known or presumed to have been familiar with. In the first of these, Mr. Black has done exclusively for the years of Dante's life (1265-1321), and with more minuteness, what Von Reumont accomplished for the whole period of Florentine history in his well-known *Tavole Chronologiche e Sincrone*. Under the date 1300 is included the chronology of the "Vision," with references to the poem. A great deal of useful information, collected from various out-of-the-way sources, is contained in these notes, as well as in the catalogue of Dante's books. This list, which is compiled in scholarly fashion, is, we believe, the first attempt of the kind; at all events, the first that in any degree approaches completeness. It is especially interesting, as showing what the poet's resources were, and how far he was indebted to ancient and contemporary literature. It is strange that Dante nowhere refers to his great compatriot, Marco Polo. We observe that in the notes Arnaut Daniel is credited with the composition of a Lancelot romance, "which is now lost, and with it (as Witte thinks) the key to the obscure allusion in *Par.* xvi. 14, 15." The finding of the key in question was announced in the ACADEMY four or five years ago. Arnaut's romance has not yet been found, nor is it likely to be; for, *pace* Witte, it never existed. In conclusion, we have but one fault to find with this little book, viz., that it is "privately printed," and therefore practically inaccessible. We hope those responsible may be induced to publish it. By so doing they will earn the gratitude of all students and lovers of Dante.

In the Footprints of Charles Lamb. By Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fulleylove. With a Bibliography by E. D. North. (Bentley.) This book, like Mr. Laurence Hutton's *Literary Landmarks of London*, we owe to the piety of an American pilgrim. Availing himself of the not very abundant traces, he has followed Lamb's places of residence, from the ground-floor in Crown Office Row, Temple, where he was born in 1773, to Bay-cottage, Edmonton, where he died in 1834. Both of these remain comparatively unaltered; so also does that little house in Islington, associated with George Dyer's misadventure in the New River which used to flow by its foot. But some of Lamb's other homes have entirely disappeared, though records of them are in existence. We could have wished that the author had carried out the original idea of his book by giving some description of Lamb's many associations with "pleasant Hertfordshire," as well as of Nether Stowey, and by trying to recover the tradi-

tions about him that must still linger in the India Office. Instead of that, he has expanded his volume into a familiar biography, by collecting the anecdotes about Lamb which are already so numerous. The illustrations are printed in the best style of American reproduction; and the bibliography, which is a very creditable piece of work, is the more useful as Lamb has not yet been included in the "Great Writers" series. We have noticed, however, an ugly misprint in the Latin quotation on p. 151.

Essays in Little. By Andrew Lang. (Henry.) The editor of this new series, called "The Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," would indeed be fortunate if he could maintain throughout the standard set by his opening volume. But that, we know, is impossible. For the wide public, though they may just tolerate the scholarly refinement of Mr. Lang's less serious style, will demand in future issues a coarser stimulus and a more direct appeal to the wit and humour of their own daily life. Meanwhile, let us be grateful for another collection of those bright pieces which the author is wont to distribute so freely, at the request of American editors or newspaper syndicates, in quarters where they are not easy of preservation. On Homer, Walter Scott, and Dumas, on Thackeray and Dickens, on Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling, we have—or, at least, we think we have—already heard what Mr. Lang has to say. But his paper on Mr. Thomas Haynes Bayley—that forgotten writer of unforgettable *vers de société*—is most welcome, less for its subject than for the opportunity it has given for a display of kindly railery. The parodies here perpetrated are worthy of the *Oxford Magazine* in its prime. We would also call attention to the "Letter to a Young Journalist," in which for once Mr. Lang drops the flapper and takes up the scourge, to rebuke and punish the latest forms of society journalism. The protest will, doubtless, be ineffectual; but none the less, we thank the author for having thus delivered his mind against one of the most insidious evils of the age. All writers to the press cannot hope to rival Mr. Lang's supreme facility; but they may at any rate follow his example, by making honest copy out of the published books of their friends, rather than by turning into pence the smoking-room gossip about their friends' private affairs. The "get-up" of the series is satisfactory; and the portrait of Mr. Lang is excellent—though we fancy that the editor must have had some difficulty in obtaining from him this concession to the popular demand.

Afghan Poetry of the Seventeenth Century: being Selections from the Poems of Khush Hal Khan Khatak. Edited and compiled by C. E. Biddulph. (Kegan Paul & Co.) In confining himself to the works of Khush Hal, Mr. Biddulph has been guided by a sure insight, for the warrior-poet has not only thrown all his predecessors—with perhaps the single exception of Mirza—into the shade of oblivion, but he retains his popularity at the present day. In his recent great work upon the Popular Songs of the Afghans, M. Darmesteter tells us that when he was collecting his materials, and asked a bard to give him a song, he invariably received the same answer: "Do you want a song of Khush Hal?" The selections are printed in clear and elegant type, and the rendering is admirable in its combination of point and literalness; but no order appears to have been followed in the arrangement. It would have been better, we think, if the selections had been grouped according to their character, as political, gnomic, and amatory; and the addition of a few historical notes would have been of great service to the student. In the preface the author shows himself rather stingy of in-

formation, and has failed to do adequate justice even within the limits of a sketch to so fascinating a subject as the character and adventures of Khush Hal. The grammatical introduction is clear and concise, and will doubtless fulfil its purpose of assisting the studies of beginners; but one criticism with regard to a point of theory may be made in conclusion. When the author says that many words "whose origin could not apparently be traced to any Persian or Arabic source" were "evidently of Sanskrit origin," he is likely to give rise to the misconception that the original nucleus of the Afghan language is Indian, or at least contains Indian elements; whereas we now know that the Indian element is as much a borrowed feature as the Semitic, and that the original affinities of Afghan proper are purely Iranian.

La Espuma: novela de costumbres contemporáneas. Ilustración de M. Alcázar y José Cuchy. In 2 vols. (Barcelona.) *Froth: a Novel.* By Armando Palacio Valdés. Translated from the Spanish by Clara Bell. (Heinemann.) This novel of Palacio Valdés deals with the shady side of club life, with men about town in Madrid, with the worst class of moneyed men and the newly enriched, their wives and female associates. The prototype of the hero was a well-known Madrid banker, and many of the anecdotes given are either current stories of his time, or facts that really happened; but, in spite of this substratum of actual fact, there is little in the book that is peculiarly Spanish. The life of the fast man about town, and of the worthless moneyed upstart, is pretty much the same in all European capitals. Señor Valdés has not succeeded, as Galdos did in his *Familia de Leon Roek* and in *La Desheredada*, in depicting what is more peculiar to Spain—the utter absence of all idea of political morality, and the unblushing robbery of public funds by those who should be the guardians of them; nor has he Galdos' power of drawing the gradual deterioration of individual character from a single original flaw. His picture, gross as it is, does not introduce us to any new society, as does the even more repulsive sketch of Asturian society by Leopoldo Alas in *La Regenta*. We find it difficult to understand why this novel should have been selected for translation rather than some of its predecessors by the same author—*La Hermana San Sulpicio*, for instance, the first volume of which is a really graceful narrative of a side of Spanish life altogether unknown to most Englishmen. It is throughout superior to the present work. The translator, however, has done her work admirably. We have nothing but praise to give to it—that is, to all that she has done, for she has rightly omitted much of the original, which may be more appropriately termed "filth" than "Froth"; it is, indeed, almost gratuitously introduced, and has little or no bearing on the subsequent action. By far the best things in the original are the vignette illustrations. Many of these are excellent, and worthy of a better theme. Barcelona publishers, and not this firm only, have almost a speciality of this kind of small illustrations in the text; they are not always successful, but the best of them are so good that we wonder that they are not better known in England than they appear to be.

Some Poets of the People in Foreign Lands. Second Edition: Revised. By J. W. Crombie. (Elliot Stock.) The greatest change in this new and revised edition of *The Poets and Peoples of Foreign Lands* is in the title; the greatest addition is that of a short Preface giving the reasons for the change. The new title is certainly more appropriate than the old; but the volume remains substantially the same—a pleasant chatty sketch of the life and works of five foreign popular poets, with specimens translated into verse.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. EIRÍKR MAGNÚSSON, of the University Library, Cambridge, has been fortunate enough to find, among the unexplored MS. treasures of the Philipps collection at Cheltenham, a valuable Icelandic codex, which has been lost to sight since the beginning of the century. It is the Skarðsbók, or Codex Scardensis, of "Póstulasögur," which contains the fullest known account of the lives and acts of the apostles in Icelandic. When complete, it consisted of ninety-six vellum leaves (of which one is now missing), measuring 16½ by 12 inches.

A MEMORIAL is being signed among men of letters on behalf of Mr. Henry Vizetelly, with the aim of obtaining a pecuniary grant in his favour from the Royal Literary Fund. The appeal is based upon his early work as a journalist, and upon the numerous books that he has himself written. Mr. Vizetelly has reached his seventieth year, and is now, we regret to add, in very broken health.

THE next volume of the Badminton Library, to be published in May, will be *Riding*, written by the two editors of the series, the Duke of Beaufort and Mr. A. E. T. Watson, with the co-operation of the Earl of Suffolk and Berkshire, the Earl of Onslow, and Mr. W. R. Weir. There will also be a special chapter on Polo by Mr. J. Moray Brown.

Volumes 1 and 6 of *The Poets and the Poetry of the Nineteenth Century* will be published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. in a few days. The special aim of the work is to be an anthology of unusual magnitude, the text of which will be of an accuracy so impeccable that literary men may use it as fearlessly as though they were referring to the original text. The critical articles in vol. 1, devoted to the Georgian poets, are mainly written by the editor, Mr. Alfred H. Miles. Vols. 2 and 3, devoted to the later Georgian poets, are not ready, nor are vols. 4 and 5, which deal with Lord Tennyson, Browning, Rossetti, Dr. Hake, W. Bell Scott, and others. Among the poets treated in vol. 6 are Mr. William Morris, Mr. Swinburne, Mr. Robert Buchanan, Mr. Alfred Austin, Mr. Theodore Watts, Mr. Austin Dobson, and Mr. Monkhouse. The critical articles upon these are written by Mr. J. A. Symonds, Mr. Buxton Forman, Mr. Mackenzie Bell, Mr. Arthur Symonds, and Mr. Havelock Ellis. This volume will be followed by others devoted to the later Victorian poets.

Apropos of the recurrence of Primrose Day on Sunday next, a few early copies of Mr. Henry Lake's *Personal Reminiscences of the Earl of Beaconsfield*, are ready this week, and the work will be published in a few days by Messrs. Cassell & Co. Mr. Lake was a member of Mr. Disraeli's committee and a worker with him throughout his first canvass for the representation of the county of Bucks. The book will be illustrated with two original portraits, autographs, and a facsimile letter.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK has in the press, for immediate publication, an epic poem descriptive of the achievements of the British Navy, from the pen of Mr. Charles Rathbone Low, formerly an officer of the old Indian Navy, and the author of many works of naval adventure.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS have ready for issue in this country the first four volumes of a new History of the United States, by Mr. Henry Adams, covering the period from the first administration of Jefferson in 1801 to the second administration of Madison in 1817. The work will consist altogether of nine volumes. The same publishers announce, in the Knickerbocker series, two volumes of *Representative Irish Tales*, compiled by Mr. W. B. Yeats, with an introduction and notes.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN will publish early next week a novel, in three volumes, by Mr. Henry Harland (Sidney Luska), entitled *Mea Culpa: a Woman's Last Word*.

MESSRS. W. H. ALLEN & Co. have nearly ready for publication a work by Mr. John Ducosta, entitled *A Scientific Frontier*. The writer urges that the time has come when the important question as to the best way of protecting India against a Russian invasion should be withdrawn from the sphere of party politics, and settled upon the safer basis of acknowledged principles and experience.

THE Religious Tract Society will publish next month a volume entitled *In Scripture Lands*, by Mr. Edward L. Wilson, illustrated with 150 engravings on wood from photographs taken by the author; and also a revised edition of Dr. Green's *Swiss Pictures* in the "Pen and Pencil" series.

THE new volume of the "Famous Women Series," *The Court of the Empress Josephine*, will be issued in a few days by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. The events which took place between the assumption by Napoleon of the imperial title and the end of 1807, including the coronation ceremonies at Paris and Milan and the campaign of Ansterlitz, are here described, as well as the daily life and surroundings of Josephine at the summit of her career. A second edition has been already called for of the first volume in the series, *The Wife of the First Consul*.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK announces for immediate publication a work entitled *King Charles and the Cogans of Coaxden Manor*, a missing chapter in the Boscobel Tracts.

THE first edition of Mr. Robert Buchanan's new book, *The Coming Terror*, has been exhausted within a few days of its publication. The publisher hopes to have a fresh edition ready in about a week.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN announces that a second edition of *Chess for Beginners and the Beginnings of Chess*, by Mr. R. B. Swinton, has been called for, and will be ready very shortly.

THE April number of the *Economic Review*, which Messrs. Percival & Co. have just ready, will contain the following articles: "The Question of Population," by the Rev. and Hon. Arthur Lyttelton; "Roderbertus-Jagetzow and Scientific Socialism," by Prof. Emile de Laveleye; "Social Conditions in a New England," by Bishop Barry; "The American Copyright Bill," by Mr. C. J. Longman; "Frederick Denison Maurice as Christian Socialist," by His Honour Judge Hughes; "Gross's Gild Merchant," by the Rev. Dr. W. Cunningham, &c.

THE one hundred and first anniversary dinner of the Royal Literary Fund will be held at the Criterion Restaurant on Wednesday, May 7. Lord Halsbury, who has promised to take the chair, will be supported by several representatives of the bench and the bar. Among the stewards are the names of Mr. Austin Dobson and Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

THE following awards have been made by the council of the Royal Geographical Society: To Sir James Hector (Director of the Geological Survey of New Zealand), the founder's medal; to Dr. Fridtjof Nansen, the patron's medal; to Mr. William Ogilvie, the Murchison grant; to Mr. W. J. Stearns, the Back grant (one year); to Dr. David Kerr Cross, the Back grant (one year); to Lieut. B. L. Sclater, the Cuthbert Peck grant; to Mr. A. E. Pratt, the Gill memorial.

THE annual conversazione of the Elizabethan Society, of which Mr. Sidney Lee is president, will take place at Toynbee Hall on Saturday next, April 25.

ACCORDING to the American papers, Mr. George Parsons Lathrop and his wife (a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne) have both been received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Correction.—The giver of the pretty vellum Chaucer Birthday-book to the Chaucer Society was Mrs. Waechter of Richmond, and not as printed in the ACADEMY of last week.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

TERM has begun at Oxford this week; but full term at Cambridge will not begin until next Friday.

MESSRS. KEON PAUL, TRENCH, TRÜBNER & Co. will publish immediately *The Early History of Balliol College, Oxford*, by Mrs. De Paravicini.

PROF. T. E. HOLLAND, Chichele professor of international law, will contribute to the forthcoming number of the *English Historical Review* an article on "The Origin of the University of Oxford," which subject he discussed some two years ago in the pages of the ACADEMY.

THE syndicate appointed at Cambridge to revise the list of benefactors have added several names to the Commemoration service, which now embodies a brief history of the university from "the foundation of a school by Sigebert, king of the East Angles, in the seventh century," down to the current year. Among the new names are: Felix Slade, Joseph Bosworth, Sir George Downing, and Benjamin Hall Kennedy, for the endowment of professorships; Joseph Barber Lightfoot, John Lucas Walker, John Noble, and Augustus Arthur Van Sittart, for scholarships; Henry Bradshaw, for the library; and Robert Stirling Newall, for the observatory.

THE John Lucas Walker studentship at Cambridge is now vacant. It is of the annual value of £250, tenable for three years, and is not confined to members of the university. The student is required to devote himself to original research in pathology.

THE third term of Prof. Reginald Stuart Poole's course of instruction in archaeology at University College, London, will be devoted to mediæval archaeology, both eastern and western. Prof. Poole will himself deal with Arab architecture, with special reference to the mosques and private houses of Cairo (to be illustrated with lantern slides); and he will also deliver an introductory lecture to the entire course, free to the public without payment or ticket, on Monday next, April 20, at 5 p.m. Prof. Cecil Bendall will give two lectures on the monuments of Buddhism in India—cave temples, pillars, and topes—followed by a visit to the British Museum. Prof. Roger Smith will give two lectures on Roman buildings in Western Europe; and Mr. Maurice Hewlett four lectures on the influences which produced mediæval art—Celtic, Teutonic, Norman, and the early Renaissance. A special feature of this term's course will be a series of visits to mediæval buildings in London—the Tower, the Temple Church, Lambeth Palace, &c.—conducted by Mr. R. Elsey Smith; and, if a sufficient number of students can attend, excursions will also be made to St. Albans, Rochester, Canterbury, and Dover.

ON Wednesday next, April 22, Prof. N. Perini will give the first of eight lectures in Italian on "Dante and the *Divina Commedia*," at King's College (Ladies' Department), 13, Kensington-square.

THE medical faculty of Queen's College, Birmingham, with the contents of the museums and other property belonging to it, is to be transferred to the Mason College, where for some

time a part of its work has been carried on. New buildings, adjoining those of the Mason College, and connected with them, but having an independent entrance, will be erected; and in the plans due provision will be made for a largely increased number of students.

MR. JOHN NICHOL, late professor of English literature at Glasgow, will deliver a lecture on "Carlyle" before the Ethical Society, at Essex Hall, Strand, on Sunday next, April 19, at 7.30 p.m.

THE last number (ninth series, III.-IV.) of *Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science* contains three papers—on "The History of University Education in Maryland," by Mr. Bernard C. Steiner, of Yale; a record of the foundation, organisation, and work done during the last five years at Johns Hopkins University, by President Daniel C. Gilman; and supplementary notes on university extension and the university of the future, by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

CAMILLE COQUILHAT.

(Died at Boma, Congo State, March 24, 1891.)

He said, "They tell me I must die;
No love or care
Can save—what matter if I lie
Or here, or there?"

"How soon the end may be in store,
Or quick, or slow—
If I can work a little more,
Before I go?"

The people, in the darkness of
That land so dim,
Out of their poor, bewildered love,
Cried out on him.

They knew him when he had to stand,
Alone and strong,
One just man in a shadowed land
Of woe and wrong.

When, wounded, spent, and sick to death—
He rose up, keen
To keep his country's broken faith
With English Deane—

And how that grim old King, in all
His power and pride
On Mwéfa, whom he loved, would call
Before he died . . .

He heard, and turned his steadfast face
Towards the South . . .
Twelve months have brought him a resting-
place

By Nzali's mouth.

And Deane sleeps sound at Lokwelé—
Sweet be his rest!
Surely Death might have spared, we say;
But God knows best!

And in the land where Bin Souidi
And Satan reign—
They cry, "Where's Mwéfa? When will he
Come back again?"

A. WERNER.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE new number of the *American Journal of Psychology* (vol. iii., No. 4) is quite up to the level of its predecessors. The truth may as well be told that in the new science of experimental psychology, while American colleges have their laboratories, their professors trained in Leipzig and other German centres, the universities of our country are quite inactive. If, as seems certain, the future of psychology is to bring methodical experiment more and more to the fore, this inactivity means that we are losing not merely the supremacy we once held in the psychological domain, but our place altogether. The *American Journal* illustrates the activity of its country in this field by the

publication of the first instalment of what is evidently going to be a very complete historical and original treatment of the time-question. This is from the pen of Mr. Herbert Nichols, "Fellow in Psychology, Clark University," that is to say, the new "High School" for advanced students under the able management of Prof. G. Stanley Hall, the editor of the *Journal*. The article collects, with perhaps needless fulness here and there, some of the principal views of the nature of time or time-perception, from Aristotle downwards. Of greater immediate interest is the *résumé* of the important series of recent experimental inquiries into what is now called the "time-sense." These inquiries have to do with such points as these: "What particular interval, say between two sounds, can be judged of most accurately, so as to be most faithfully reproduced?" "Is our estimate of time-interval dependent on organic rhythmic change—e.g., respiratory processes?" Quite a mass of research bearing on these and kindred points is now published; and Mr. Nichols has done English students a service by bringing it all together in a succinct form. Another paper in the number illustrating the activity of research at the Clark University is an account of experiments upon cats bearing on the recovery of central ganglia (those of the spinal cord) from fatigue induced by electrical stimulation. The writer, Dr. C. F. Hodge, also a Fellow of Clark University, had previously shown by experiment that stimulation of a nerve running to a spinal ganglion produces marked change in the appearance of the cells as seen under a microscope; and, further, that the amount of change is in general proportionate to the duration of the work. He now publishes further experiments by which he seeks to show that the cells recover from this change, but only slowly, complete restoration requiring about twenty-four hours. The writer hints that he will later on connect his results with the phenomena of rhythmic alternation of work and rest in ordinary life, with reference to which also he has been making careful observations. The remaining article, from the pen of Dr. C. P. Bancroft, is a very interesting account of "Automatic Muscular Movements among the Insane." It is well known that insanity, by weakening the highest nervous centres, and so destroying their inhibitory influence on the lower, leads to a marked increase of that aimless and purely expressive movement which characterises childhood. Dr. Bancroft here adds to our knowledge of these movements, and illustrates his points by some capital reproductions of photographs.

The current number of *Mind* illustrates only too clearly the contrast in the present position of England and America in the psychological world. Only one article, that upon "Thought and Language," by Mr. G. F. Stout, can by any charity be called psychological, and this is chiefly noteworthy from a psychological point of view by reason of its omissions. The article is a further development of the writer's theory of "Apperception," in which he follows closely, though not slavishly, the common Herbartian view. The other articles are another paper on "Free Will," from the hand of Mr. Shadworth Hodgson, who seems to have been roused to new utterance by the supposition of Dr. Martineau that he denies free will; a deeply metaphysical study on "The Nature of Consciousness," by Mr. A. F. Shand, which is as pure a bit of abstract thinking uncontaminated by reference to concrete fact as we have lighted on for some time; and a learned though slightly heavy and academic account of the Flemish thinker, Arnold Geulincx, whose name is generally connected with that development of the Cartesian doctrine known as Occasionalism, from the pen of Prof. J. P. N. Land, who is

about to issue the collected works of Geulincx. As in some other numbers, the best things in this quarter's *Mind* are contained in the sections given over to "Discussion" and "Critical Notices." Dr. A. Bain's "Notes on Volition" are an excellent example of that writer's peculiar subtlety in the minuter sort of psychological analysis.

The current number of *The Journal of Philology* contains an important article on the Epistle of Polycarp from the pen of Mr. J. M. Cotterill. The author compares in detail the language of the Epistle with that of the Homilies of Antiochus Palaestinus, and his conclusion is that:

"When the Homilies and the Epistle are placed side by side, and tested by the method laid down by Bishop Lightfoot for determining which of two writings is the earlier, it appears that the Homilies preceded the Epistle. If inquiry be made as to the authorship of the Epistle, it must be answered that, while it is conceivable that the writer of it may have been a different person, yet that the weight of evidence is on the side of the theory that Antiochus was himself the author."

And he adds:

"This is not the place to produce other arguments which show the spuriousness of the Epistle, but they may be found readily enough."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

BACQUET, de. Souvenirs d'un diplomate: lettres intimes sur l'Amérique. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
GAULLEUR, H. Etudes américaines. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
NASSE, R., u. G. KRIEMER. Die Bergarbeiter-Verhältnisse in Grossbritannien. Saarbrücken: Klingebell. 4 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

FELDZUEGE d. Prinzen Eugen v. Savoyen. 16. u. 17. Bd. Wien: Gerold's Sohn. 30 M.
FOERSTER, H. Die Sieger in den olympischen Spielen bis zum Ende d. 4. Jahrh. v. Chr. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M.
GAVAIGNAC, G. La formation de la Prusse contemporaine. Les origines; le ministère de Stein (1806–1808). Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
HINNECHT, D. Die Politik König Wenzels gegenüber Fürsten u. Städten im Südwesten d. Reiches. 1. TL. Leipzig: Pöck. 1 M. 20 Pf.
INART DE LA TOUR, P. Les élections épiscopales dans l'église de France du IX^e au XI^e siècle. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
LUEBECK, E. Das Seewesen der Griechen u. Römer. 2. TL. Hamburg: Herold. 3 M.
SCHULTESS, K. Papst Silvester II. (Gerbert) als Lehrer u. Staatsmann. Hamburg: Herold. 2 M. 50 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

HOSTINSKY, O. Herbarts Aesthetik in ihren grundlegenden Teilen. Hamburg: Voss. 2 M. 40 Pf.
OERTEL, K. Neue Beobachtung u. Anmessung d. Sternhäuten 35h Persei am Münchener grossen Refractor. München: Franz. 5 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

BAYERNS Mundarten. Hrs. v. O. Brenner u. A. Hartmann. 1. Bd. 1. Hft. München: Kaiser. 4 M.
COREY, A. D. De Amazonum antiquissimis figuris. Berlin: Heinrich. 2 M.
EHEMERI reliquiae. Collegit, prolegomenis et adnotationibus instruxit G. Némethy. Berlin: Calvary. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MONUMENTI inediti publicati dall' istituto di corrispondenza archeologica. Supplemento. Berlin: Reimer. 40 M.
SAMTER, E. Quaestiones Varonianae. Berlin: Heinrich. 2 M.
STEYER, J. Der Ursprung der Sprache der Arier. Wien: Holder. 5 M. 20 Pf.
STROMMEYER, H. Der Stil der mittellenglischen Reimchronik Roberts v. Gloucester. Berlin: Heinrich. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LONDON LITHUANIAN BIBLE.

Oxford: April 13, 1891.

These who are interested in Lithuanian philology are familiar with the strange story of the disappearance of all copies of the Lithuanian Bible, printed in London in 1660. The translation has been attributed to Samuel Chylin'ski, but incorrectly, as appears from an article in the *Archiv für Slavische Philologie* (x. 648). The fullest account of it is given by Jocher: *Obraz bibliograficzno-historeczny literatury i*

nauk W. Polsce "Bibliographical-Historical Sketch of Literature and Arts in Poland" (Wilno: 1842), who states that he saw an imperfect copy preserved at Wilno, which only extended as far as Psalm xl. This copy has not been discovered as yet. It is conjectured that the work was never finished, and that the copy which Jocher saw at Wilno consisted of only a few sheets bound up which had been preserved from the printing-office (see *Mitteilungen der Litauischen Literarischen Gesellschaft*, i. 30).

On examining, therefore, a little work, entitled *Oratio Dominica* πολὺγλωττος, πολὺμορφος nimirum plus centum linguis, versionibus aut characteribus reddita et expressa (London: 1700), I was agreeably surprised to find a version of the Lord's Prayer in Lithuanian on p. 41 with a reference at the side: "Conf. Bibl. Lituan. Lond. 1660." I am inclined to think this has escaped the notice of scholars on the continent. It appears that the compiler of the book had access to this Bible, which must have existed in his time in a form at least as complete as to include the Gospels, whereas Jocher's copy only extended to the Psalms. I subjoin an exact transcript:

"Tewe musu kursey esi danguy,
Szweskis vardas tawo
Ateyk karaliste tawo.
Buk wala tawo kayp and dangaus teyp ir
andziam es.
Donos musu wisu dienu dok mumus szedien.
Ir atlayisk mums musn kaltes kayp ir mes
atlaydziam sawiemus kaltiemus.
Ir newesk musu ing pagundynima.
Bet gief bekumus nog pikto.

AMEN."

Those acquainted with the subject will observe that the version is in the Samogitian or Zemaitisch dialect, as we should expect from the accounts given of the Bible (*Mit. d. Lit. Lit. Gesellschaft*, i. 32). Perhaps, therefore, my communication may possess two points of interest: (a) the preservation of an important fragment of this valuable Bible, the loss of which has been deplored by scholars; (b) a proof that as late as 1700 more or less complete copies of this Bible were accessible.

W. R. MORFILL.

MARY FITTON AGAIN.

London: April 11, 1891.

Mr. Tyler says that the printed *Proceedings* (of the New Shakspeare Society's meetings in 1886) make me say that I, "the chairman expressed his own belief that Mrs. Fytton was the dark lady of the Sonnets."

Being certain that I never said any such thing, I turned to the printed *Transactions* of the New Shakspeare Society (1880–6, p. 105), and there find it duly stated that, I being in the chair,

"the chairman expressed his own belief that Miss Mary Fitton could only be the dark lady of the Sonnets if she could be proved to have been married when she was one of Queen Elizabeth's Maids of Honour; and this he feared was an impossibility."

This is the authorised account of what I said; what Mr. Tyler has quoted from is the temporary and separate issue of the reports of our discussions, of which I unluckily did not see the proofs. I have always insisted on Mary Fitton being the type of woman we want—a well-bred mistress of Pembroke's—and on the need of waiting for further evidence that she was the very woman, see my article in the *Pall Mall Gazette* and *Budget*, &c. Over and over again have I urged this caution on Mr. Tyler, though without much success.

I think Mr. Tyler mistakes the meaning of "my brother cooke." These words I interpret

not as "my brother's cook," but as "our relative or friend Mr. Cooke"—who, if he had been in town, would have sent the portrait down to Lady Anne Newdegate—the word "brother" being used in the like vague sense in which M. Maxey uses "sister." The uses of the word "friend" in the conclusion of some Fitton letters were before me when I made up my mind that M. Maxey's letters were not Mary Fitton's; and I still hold they are not, for both external and internal evidence are against them.

Mrs. Newdegate tells me that no copy of Kemp's *Nine Daies Dannee* is entered in the Arbury Catalogue. My joke about Herbert's picture showed that I did not think the colour-objection fatal to our doctrine that W. H. was William Herbert, Lord Pembroke.

I fear that the Mary Fitton question must be becoming a bore to your readers, and I hope we may have no more speculation on it till fresh facts turn up.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

P.S.—Mrs. Newdegate kindly sends me the following notes on the Arbury portraits. Her No. 1 is what I described as "the second portrait" in the ACADEMY of March 21 (p. 282, col. 2), and said "may be that of Ma[ry] Maxey or any one else, but looks like Mary Fitton's." But as there is another board- or panel-portrait in the Gallery which will do for Ma. Maxey, I accept Mrs. Newdegate's judgment (it coincides with my own) that this second red-and-white portrait on panel is of Mary Fitton.

"The portrait in the Gallery on a board has the following inscription :

"Countess of Stamford, 2nd Daughter of Sir Edward Fitton, Kt."

In this portrait she wears a large oval jewel on the sleeve of her left arm.

"The portrait on canvas has the following inscription :

"Lady Macclesfield, 2nd Daughter of Sr Edwd Fitton, Dame of Honour to Qⁿ Elizabeth."

There is no other portrait unnamed and unknown of that date, except one which is on a board and has flaxen hair.

"There never was any connexion, that I am aware of, between the Newdigate and Stamford and Macclesfield families except this legendary one through the Fittons.

"It is important to note that, in the long and elaborate pedigree of the Newdigate family on a parchment roll which I showed you, there is this entry in regard to Anne, Lady Newdigate's brother :

"Edward
Fitton de Gaws-
worth, Baronet
duxit Annam Barret
et habuit Exitum Pe-
nelopen nuptam Caro-
lo Gerard Militi Pa-
tri Caroli Comitiss
Macclesfieldis."

You will observe this Edwd. Fitton was a baronet, while the father of Anne and Mary was only a knight.

"May it not be possible that the error arose from Mary's living at Stamford, or Stanford, when her portrait was taken, while the subsequent Fitton connexion with the Macclesfield family would explain away this misnomer? I am convinced the portraits are of the same person, and, with the double portrait* of an earlier date, are all portraits of Mary Fitton."

* My first picture, dated 1592, of the two sisters, Anne and Mary.—F. J. F.

"ARISTOTLE ON THE CONSTITUTION OF ATHENS."

Wadham College, Oxford : April 10, 1891.

If you and your readers are not weary of the *Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία*, I will ask leave to suggest some further corrections of the text, premising that I have not yet been able to see the facsimile.

In p. 3, l. 10, the editor has not been successful, I think, in his way of filling up the lacuna. His text runs thus—*χαλεπώτατον μὲν οὖν καὶ πικρότατον ἦν τοῖς πολλοῖς τῶν κατὰ τῆς πολιτείας [ἀρχῶν μὴ μετ]έχειν*, where the square brackets contain, as always, what he suggests to fill a gap in the MS. It was, of course, pointed out at once that *κατὰ τὴν πολιτείαν* was needed; but some other change is needed too. The writer has been speaking of the wretched condition of the people, cultivating the land of rich men (*τῶν πλουσίων τοὺς ἀγρούς*) for a sixth of the produce, and loaded with debt as well. Is it likely that men so situated should resent with special bitterness their exclusion from office? As Aristotle says in *Pol.* vii. 4, speaking of the agricultural class, *ἥδιον τὸ ἐργάζεσθαι τοῦ πολιτεύεσθαι καὶ ἄρχειν*, *ὅπνυ ἂν μὴ ἢ λήμματα μεγάλα ἀπὸ τῶν ἀρχῶν*. I do not pretend to say what the actual words were; but, if *ἔχειν* is certain, something like *τῆς γῆς μὴ μετέχειν*, or *γῆν οἰκίαν μὴ ἔχειν* would give a reasonable sense. If *ἀρχῶν* was suggested by any indications in the MS., *ἀρχῶν* may have been the word. *τῶν κατὰ τὴν πολιτείαν* (from *τὰ κ.τ.π.*, which occurs p. 76, l. 19) depends on the superlatives.

More infelicitous still is p. 150, l. 2.—*ἐνα μὲν (στρατηγὸν) ἐπὶ τοῖς δολίταις, δεῖ ἡγεῖται τῶν [δηα] τῶν ἂν ἐλίσσῃ*. By this restoration the general is made to command only his own demesmen. One result of this surprising arrangement would be that, as the *taxiarchs* commanded all the men of their respective tribes, one of them must command his commanding officer. I thought first of *τῶν ἀπάντων*. Compare p. 58, l. 1, *τῆς δὲ ἀπάσης στρατίας ἡγεμὼν ἦν ὁ πολέμαρχος*. But probably we should read *τὸν δολιτῶν*, for in the style of this part of the treatise there is no objection to the repetition of a word.

P. 105, l. 2.—*δευτέρα δὲ καὶ πρώτη μετὰ ταῦτα [ἐξ]έχουσα πολιτείας τάξις ἡ ἐπὶ Θησέως γενομένη*. The editor gives us here an at once uncommon and unsuitable word. The MS., it should be stated, has *πολιτείας τάξιν*. Some other emendations have been proposed; and there is certainly something to be said for *μετέχουσα πολιτείας τάξις*, if we compare *Pol.* ii. 10. 1272 b 10, *ἢ καὶ δῆλον ὡς ἔχει τι πολιτείας ἡ τάξις*. But I suspect that the real word is *ὑπάρχουσα*, which may have been corrupted into *παρέχουσα*, and so have given rise to the accusatives. Cobet has corrected *Xen. de Vect.* v. 13 *εἰ μὴδὲνα παρέχουμιν ἀδικούντα* into *εἰ μὴδὲνα ὑπάρχουμιν ἀδικούντες*. If anyone doubts the propriety of calling the arrangement before Draco the *πρώτη ὑπάρχουσα πολιτεία*, he may refer to p. 9, l. 6, where it is called expressly the *πρώτη πολιτεία*. About *πολιτείας τάξις* there is no doubt.

P. 39, l. 2.—*ἐξαράμενος τὰ ὄπλα πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν* cannot be right. *Plut. Sol.* 30 says: *λαβὼν τὰ ὄπλα καὶ πρὸ τῶν θυρῶν θέμενος εἰς τὸν στενωπὸν*. I suggest *ἐξαρ<ης>άμενος*, "having hung up."

P. 47, l. 8.—*Harmodius and Aristogiton acted μετὰ πολιτῶν πολλῶν*. As Thucydides expressly says *ἦσαν δὲ οὐ πολλοὶ οἱ ἐνομομαχοῦντες ἀσφαλείας ἔνεκα*, it has been proposed to read *μετὰ συνειδῶν οὐ πολλῶν*; and the editor says the first letters of *πολιτῶν* are doubtful. It may be worth considering whether *μετ' ὀλίγων ἄλλων* is the real reading.

P. 66, l. 5.—*ὁ μὲν τὰ πολέμια (read πολερικά) ἀσκῶν, ὁ δὲ τὰ πολιτικά διειδὼς εἶναι <δοκῶν>*, where *δοκῶν* is inserted by the editor. If by a very slight change we read *δοκῶν* for *ἀσκῶν*, there will be no need to insert it afterwards. Is it certain that the MS. has *ἀσκῶν*?

The word *πρόσχειν* has had some strange adventures in this text. If I am not mistaken, it has been both corrupted and put in where it has no proper place. In p. 75, l. 11, we read that the people *τὰ μὲν ἐκῶν, τὰ δὲ ἔκων προῆρτο τὴν πολιτείαν διοικεῖν αὐτός*. A much better word would be *προήγετο*. Compare the words a little farther on—*τοὺς τι προαγαγόντας ποιεῖν αὐτοὺς (i.e., the people), for so the προσαγαγόντας of the text has been already corrected*. On the other hand, there is no sense in saying of the Pisistratidae, in p. 45, l. 22, that *τελευτήσαντος δὲ Πεισιστράτου κατεῖχον*

οἱ νικίαι τὴν ἀρχὴν, προαγαγόντες τὰ πράγματα τὸν αὐτὸν τρόπον. Remove the comma and read *παραλαβόντες τὰ πράγματα*, comparing p. 98, l. 19, *παραλαβόντες τὴν ἀρχὴν*. Theramenes is said (p. 80, l. 8) *οὐχ ὥσπερ αὐτὸν διαβάλλουσι πάσας τὰς πολιτείας καταλείναι ἀλλὰ πάσας προάγειν ἕως μὴδὲν παρανομοῖεν, ὡς δυνάμενος πολιτεύεσθαι κατὰ πάσας*. *πρόσχειν πολιτείαν* seems to me a very doubtful expression, and I suspect the author wrote *στεργεῖν*. Theramenes was ready to acquiesce in any constitution that was law-abiding; he knew how to play his part in all.

Several omissions in the text have to be made good. In p. 72, l. 14, where the upper classes are said to have had no *ἡγεμόνα*, an adjective is missing, such as "adequate." P. 99, l. 7—*συλλαβόντες . . . ἡμάρτεον οὐδένος ὅντα δεύτερον τῶν πολιτῶν ἀπέκτειναν*. I think the writer must have said *in what* the man whose name is mutilated was second to none. Was it *ἀρετή*? and is that word contained in or lost by reason of . . . *ἡμάρτεον*. In p. 77, l. 7, read *τῶν εὐγενῶν <ὧν> καὶ γνωρίμων*; and p. 105, l. 9, *δημοτικότερα <ὅσα> τῆς Σόλωνος*. P. 122, l. 15, *ὅ τι ἂν γνῶναι οὐ δικασταὶ <κυρία> ἡ κρίσις ἐστίν*, as in p. 117, l. 18. The same word seems to have fallen out in p. 149, l. 3—*ὁ μὲν νόμος <κύριος> οἱ ἐτι κύριος > ἐστίν, ἡ δὲ κρίσις καταλείνεται*.

P. 26, l. 8.—*πολλὰς* has fallen out before *τάς*, or read *πολλὰς* for *[ἦν] τάς*.

I will add one very doubtful emendation, and several about which I feel more certain. The words *ἀνάγοντι τροχόν*, used of marking a horse in p. 122, l. 20, have given rise to many emendations of the verb. As I learn from passages referred to by Mr. Hicks in the March number of the *Classical Review* that the mark was made by burning, I will venture to contribute another conjecture—*ἐγκάουσι*.

P. 76, l. 11.—*κατεσκεύασε μισθοφορὰν τοῖς δικασταῖς*. *ὅφ' ἂν αἰτιῶνται τινες χεῖρ γένεσθαι*. It has been proposed to add *τὰ πράγματα*, or something else, to *γένεσθαι*; but the fault is not there. Read *δικαστηρίοις*, as on the page before, and *ἀφ' οὗ*.

P. 77, l. 15, and p. 78, l. 5.—If *τῶν ἑτέρων* be wrong, as I think it is, read not *ἐσθλῶν*, nor *ἐπικεικῶν*, but *εὐπῶρων*, which occurs in l. 14.

P. 80, l. 14.—*μετὰ τὴν ἐν Σικελίᾳ γενομένην διαφορὰν*. The editor has done well in not putting *διαφορὰν* into his text, though he suggests it in a note. What occurred in Sicily would not be called a *διαφορὰ*, much less a *διαφορά*. It was a *συμφορὰ*. The prepositions in compound words are in this text constantly wrong.

P. 101, l. 16.—*τῶν δὲ παρεληλυθῶτων μηδενὶ πρὸς μὴδὲνα μνησικακεῖν ἐξείναι*. This is, I think, good Greek and fair sense; but, considering the context, and the words of p. 103, l. 6, *ἐπεὶ τις ἤρξατο τῶν κατεληλυθῶτων μνησικακεῖν*, ought we not to read here *τῶν δὲ κατεληλυθῶτων*?

P. 144, l. 2.—*διαδικάζει δὲ καὶ τοῖς γένεσι καὶ τοῖς ἱερῶσι τὰς ἀμφισβητήσεις τὰς ὑπὲρ [τῶν γε] ῶν ἀπάσας οὕτως*. It is plain that for *γεῶν* we should read *ἱερῶν*.

HERBERT RICHARDS.

THE GAELIC "SGITH."

Chetton Rectory, Bridgenorth : April 2, 1891.

Will you allow me to call the attention of readers of the ACADEMY to a curiously anomalous usage in the modern Gaelic languages.

I refer to the word *sgith*. Its history, so far as I can gather, is somewhat as follows:—In the older language *scith* is an adjective, and means "weary"; this meaning will be found illustrated by examples in Windisch's *Wörterbuch*. The substantive "weariness" is *scis*. This state of things has remained unchanged in Scotch Gaelic, where *sgith* is an adjective, meaning "weary," sometimes taking the preposition *do* after it, e.g.: "Bha e sgith do shonas aonarach" (he was weary of single blessedness); *sgios*, the phonetic equivalent of *scis*, remains in Scotch Gaelic as the substantive. But in modern Irish, it appears, *sgith* has become a substantive, and not only so, but it has undergone a strange change of meaning. I will give an instance from Dr. Hyde's *Leabhar Sgeulaigheachta* (p. 73):

"Thainig siad go teach-osta faoi dheire, agus

chaith siad an la ann sin, ag ithe agus ag ol agus ag le gint a sgith." (At last they reached an inn, and they spent the day there eating and drinking and taking their rest).

Dr. Hyde gives a note: *leig do sgith*, "take a rest," perhaps literally, "lay aside your weariness." Now, if we could accept this explanation, it would be plain sailing; but it appears to me to labour under serious difficulties. In the first place, if this explanation be correct for this particular phrase, we must further assume that from it there has sprung up quite an extended use. As a Saxon I speak here diffidently and under correction, but I infer this from instances like the following. Dr. Hyde's book (p. 117):

"B'eigin do siubhal agus siubhal go luath, mar nach dtug siad aon sgith de." (He had to walk, and to walk quickly, as they did not give him any rest).

There was, moreover, a proverb quoted some time back by an Irish correspondent in the ACADEMY: "Atharrach oibre is geall le sgith e" (a change of work is as good as a rest). I quote from memory, and perhaps incorrectly, but I think not in essentials. There is, however, another objection which applies to the phrase in question as explained in Dr. Hyde's note. In Scotch Gaelic a precisely analogous phrase is used, the verb being the same, but the substantive different, and one which legitimately means "breathing," "rest." I cite a couple of instances from *Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition*, vol. ii. (Macinnes & Nutt): p. 138—"Shuidh iad a leigeil an analach" (they sat down to rest); p. 360—"leig e'n sin 'anail" (then he rested). Now, *anail* means "breathing," and so "rest" and the phrase in Gaelic could not have meant "he laid aside his breath." It seems, therefore, that some other explanation must be sought for this usage. It has occurred to me that such an explanation might possibly be found in the adjective *escid*, which Windisch gives as "unermüddlich," "restless." If from the correct meaning of the adjective "unwearyed" there sprang up the very closely allied meaning "restless," it seems just possible that a new substantive *sgith* might be evolved meaning "rest." Of course, this is the merest conjecture; but it would be interesting if some of the Irish-speaking scholars who write to the ACADEMY would tell us what the usual meaning of the word *sgith* is in the present spoken language, whether it generally means "rest," whether it ever has the meaning of "weary."

WALTER J. PURTON.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, April 19, 4 p.m. South Place Institute: "Skeptics and Skepticism," by the Rev. John Owen.
7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Carlyle," by Prof. John Nichol.

MONDAY, April 20, 4 p.m. Asiatic: "Serpent Worship in India," by Surgeon-Major C. F. Oldham.
8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Decorative Treatment of Natural Foliage," II., by Mr. Hugh Stannus.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "Comte's Analysis of the Human Faculties," by Mr. Bernard Hollander.
8 p.m. Victoria Institute: "Philosophy and Medical Knowledge in Ancient India," by Surgeon-General Gordon.

TUESDAY, April 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Geography of Africa," III., by Mr. J. Scott Keltie.
4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "China," by Sir Thomas Wade.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The Cost of the Generation and Distribution of Electrical Energy," by Mr. R. E. B. Crompton.

8 p.m. Statistical: "The Charitable Aspects of Medical Relief," by Dr. J. Charles Steele.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Skull of *Trogontherium evieri* from the Forest Bed near Cromer," by Mr. E. T. Newton; "Batteries collected by Mr. W. Doherty in the Naga and Karen Hills and at Perak," I., by Mr. H. J. Elwes; "The Birds of the Phoenix Islands, Pacific Ocean," by Mr. J. J. Lister.

WEDNESDAY, April 22, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Binetism," by Sir Guilford Molesworth.

8 p.m. Geological: "Results of an Examination of the Crystalline Rocks of the Lizard District," by Prof. T. G. Bonney and Major-General C. A. McMahon; "A

Spherulitic and Perlitic Obsidian from Pitas, Jalisco, Mexico," by Mr. F. Rutley.

THURSDAY, April 23, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations," III., by Prof. Dewar.

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "Some Effects of Alternating-Current Flow in Conductors having Capacity and Self-Induction," by Dr. J. A. Fleming; and "A Few Calculations on Electrical Shocks from Contact with High-pressure Conductors," by Major P. Carlew.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, April 24, 7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting—"A New Type of Water-Motor," by Mr. A. Sealy-Allen; and "Hydraulic Power as applied to Pressing-Machinery," by Mr. H. Evington.

8 p.m. Browning Society: "Browning on the Significance of the World and Human Life," by Mr. W. F. Revell.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Euphuism, Past and Present," by Canon Ainger.

SATURDAY, April 25, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Dynamo," III., by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: Annual Conversation.

SCIENCE.

Records of the Past. Being English Translations of Ancient Monuments of Egypt and Western Asia. New Series. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Vols. I-IV. (Bagster.)

THE first series of *Records of the Past* began in 1873; it is a monument of the zeal and enthusiasm of the late Dr. Birch and Dr. Sayce. The idea was the complement of that which led to the foundation of the Society of Biblical Archaeology in the preceding year: the society was for the learned discussion of archaeological discoveries, the series of handy little volumes for the creation of a popular interest in these matters, which concern not only a handful of Orientalists but the mass of Biblical and historical students. It may be that sufficient care was not always taken to point out the provisional character of much that was published in the *Records*, and that the popularisers were sometimes too dogmatic. If so, the fault has been corrected, as far as possible, in the new series. Doubtful words in the translations have a note of interrogation added, and the greater fulness of the introductions and the notes enables the student to realise better the actual state of archaeological questions. Of course, as Dr. Sayce somewhere remarks, a question may often be regarded by one scholar as approximately settled, and by another as still open; allowance must be made for the subjectivity of the workers, which is not greater than that of labourers in many another field.

On the whole, the impression produced by these volumes is that both in the linguistic details and in the historical study of the documents all workers have made progress within the last ten years. Dr. Sayce remarks, it is true, that the progress has in some respects been greater in Assyrian than in Egyptian studies, owing chiefly to the larger number of fresh cuneiform texts. No one, however, can read the translations of M. Maspero and other French Egyptologists without feeling that, on the Egyptian side too, there have been not inconsiderable gains. Some of the choicest of M. Maspero's contributions have already appeared in his delightful *Contes populaires de l'Égypte ancienne* (ed. 2, 1889), such as the Adventures of Sinuhit, the Legend of the Expulsion of the Hyksos, the Daughter of the Prince of Bakhtan—the two latter of which, both once regarded as historical, are not without a bearing on the historicity of some better-known narratives. Not that M. Maspero has limited

himself to these reproductions from the French volume. He also gives us an improved version of an inscription already translated by Birch in the first series of *Records*—that of Uni (of the VIth Dynasty), while M. Virey translates the inscription of Amen-em-heb and the Precepts of Ptah-hotep ("the most ancient book in the world," Chabas), M. Mallet, the stele of Thothmes III. and the hymn to Osiris on the stele of Amon-em-ha, and M. Guieysse the Hymn to the Nile (already translated in first series, vol. iv.). Even those who are unable to follow M. Renan in his chapter on Egyptian influences upon Israel, will understand many things in the Old Testament better by the help of these versions. The Egyptians were, in fact, so unlike the Israelites that, while imitation on either side was difficult, friendly relations between the two nations were all the more possible. One passage in Ptah-hotep may deserve to be noticed; it has a bearing, not indeed upon the history, but upon the literature of the Israelites. The practical wisdom of the Egyptian proverbs is stated to be traditional, but Ptah-hotep has given it a rhythmic form to prevent it from being effaced from the memory. This may possibly illustrate the remarkable regularity of the rhythm of the Hebrew Book of Proverbs.

There is something of interest for the student in every item of the contents of these volumes. The Vannic inscription, for instance, at the end of vol. i., shows us that "the land of the *Khate* or Hittites extended as far north as Alzi" (on the southern bank of the Euphrates); Dr. Sayce's notes on page 166 will be appreciated by historical students of the Bible. The Hebrew inscription of Siloam and the Moabitish one of Mesha are by this time familiar to most, but will probably meet the eyes of some young students here for the first time. Passing next to the Assyrio-Babylonian portion, one notices the names of two workers, who will never, alas! take up the pen again, M. Arthur Armand and Mr. G. Bertin. The former, whose skill in deciphering "the non-Semitic language of ancient Chaldaea" is eulogised by the editor, gives us translations of the very ancient inscriptions (how ancient we know not as yet) of Telloh; the latter a hymn to the setting sun, which may have formed part of the Babylonian ritual, and some Babylonian agricultural precepts, which enlighten us as to the system of land tenure in the primitive period. The living contributors are M. Oppert, M. Scheil, Messrs. Pinches, Ball, and Strong, and Dr. Sayce. I must confine myself, however, to those of the editor. They are eleven in number, and include the standard inscription of Assur-natsir-pal (so valuable for geography), the Synchronic History of Assyria and Babylonia, two Creation Stories (one Assyrian, and the other Babylonian), and the Tablets of Tel el-Amarna, relating to Babylonia, Assyria and Syria in the fifteenth century B.C. The last-mentioned contribution is in two parts (vol. ii., pp. 57-71, and vol. iii., pp. 55-90). I will not venture to anticipate the historical revelations which these precious tablets will most surely make. The early chapters of Syrian history may yet be written. Biblical

students should therefore be on the look out, and neither snatch greedily at possibly premature disclosures, nor yet sit idly aloof, waiting for the end which may still be distant. Dr. Sayce's introductions and notes are as interesting as they could be. Now and then a doubt arises whether he is not somewhat too sure of his present conclusions (see e.g., vol. iv., preface, p. iv.); but I cannot help feeling indignant at the unnecessarily bitter tone which M. Halévy has adopted in the *Revue des études Juives*, 1890, p. 200. What pioneer can afford to claim exemption from error? And why did not M. Halévy refer to Dr. Sayce's opinion on the *Khabiri* as expressed in *Records*, ii. 64? On one point I see that both scholars are agreed, viz., that the proper name Abd-asirti or Abd-asrati proves that Ashéra in the Old Testament is the name of a goddess. I advocated this view myself in the *ACADEMY*, but I now think it goes too far. There may after all be only an accidental coincidence.

T. K. CHEYNE.

SOME COUNTY AVIFAUNAS.

The Birds of Oxfordshire. By O. V. Aplin. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) How it is that the birds of Oxfordshire have waited so long to find a chronicler is a puzzle which it is idle to try to solve; but one cannot help thinking that, as a county, it has been neglected, when one reads the long list of those upon whose labours Mr. Aplin has drawn before publishing his own extensive observations. In this little inland county, so irregular on the map, but so little varied in its physical characteristics, 242 species of birds have been recorded—an admirable tale for any county of its size; a radius of thirty miles from the university city could hardly show a better one. A clear map, so folded that one can consult it open while the text is being read, shows an advance on many similar contributions to local natural history. For frontispiece we have a coloured figure of the alpine chough (*pyrrhocorax alpinus*), to mark its unique occurrence in Great Britain, at Broughton, on April 8, 1881. Those naturalists do not detract from the interest of the figure who maintain what they call an open-minded scepticism as to the possibility of the specimen having escaped from confinement. Certainly Mr. Aplin is not one of those who include a rare species in their list without conscientious consideration. His cautious remarks about the Andalusian hemipode are sufficient evidence of this. Indeed, his book is a very fair specimen of what a county avifauna should be, and it is one likely to stimulate observation over a wider area than that which its author has been able to investigate. His residence in the more northern part of the country is his greatest drawback. Naturalists who have studied the birds inhabiting the districts farthest south could add much to his records; but they seem to hold back their observations lest, were the localities known, the rarer birds should be speedily extirpated. This, indeed, is the danger which nowadays besets any such detailed work as we have here in Mr. Aplin's book. Suffice it to say that whatever Mr. Aplin has done, he has done well. Many an Oxford graduate must wish to-day that such a work had existed in their time. Now those who come after him ought to pay for his labours by adding to his results.

The Birds of Essex: a Contribution to the Natural History of the County. By Miller Christy. (Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) This is

a book well worth buying; its publication redounds greatly to the credit of the energetic Essex Field Club. The preface almost disarms criticism in its author's ardour to do well by his own county. We feel that we get more than we bargained for. Judging the book by ordinary standards, we certainly exceed that estimate. With 162 woodcut illustrations, two plans, and a lithographed frontispiece, we ought to be on the way to contentment. We begin with some nice little quotations, followed by a graceful preface. The introduction gives us succinctly the physiography of Essex, a note on previous Essex bird-lists, the position of the lighthouses and light-vessels where observations are taken for the British Association Migration Committee, the number of birds (272) met with in Essex, the information that the nomenclature and classification are those adopted by the committee of the B. O. U. in their "Ibis" list of British birds, together with some other details. An excellent feature follows, namely, "Biographical Notices of the principal Essex Ornithologists," which contain information difficult to find elsewhere. An account of the chief Essex bird-collections; tables of observations on the arrival of summer migrants, from 1818 to 1845; Mr. J. E. Harting's remarks on hawks and hawking in Essex in the olden time; twenty-four pages with three full-page woodcuts and two plans, anent wild-fowl decoys and wild-fowling in Essex: all these precede the proper "Catalogue of the Birds of Essex," which is wound up by a special bibliography of reference. What can we want more? The author knows his shortcomings better than we do, and a microscopical analysis of them would only postpone his power of making his book quite perfect in a second edition. For the present, no resident in the county, with a taste for birds, can consider his library complete without Mr. Miller Christy's latest work.

The Birds of Norfolk, with Remarks on their Habits, Migration, and Local Distribution. By Henry Stevenson. Vol. III., continued by Thomas Southwell. (Gurney & Jackson.) Ornithologists may well be grateful to Mr. Southwell for having brought Mr. Stevenson's classic to a satisfactory conclusion. The first volume was issued in 1866, and the second in 1870. *The Birds of Norfolk* at once took its place as the best and most elaborate book of its scope, and as a history of the birds of a single county it is likely to remain unsurpassed for many a long year. The delay in the issue of this, the last volume, has long been regretted, especially since it was due to the continued ill-health of the author. His last article, that on the Gadwall, which itself was left unfinished, went to press in 1877; on August 18, 1888, Mr. Stevenson died, in his fifty-sixth year. In the present volume the text up to p. 160 is all that comes direct from the author's pen; from p. 161 to the end, p. 432, is the work of Mr. Southwell, who has also added a memoir and portrait of Mr. Stevenson. Much assistance has, of course, been derived from the author's voluminous notes, and from his contributions to scientific societies and periodicals. But it is plain that, beyond all this, Mr. Southwell has proved himself to be a very capable literary executor; and little, save the less leaded type, distinguishes the continuation from the original, so cordially and thoroughly has the work been done and brought up to date. It is unnecessary here to dilate upon the points which will most please the specialists; but it is incumbent upon any reviewer to indicate the longer articles which can hardly fail to attract every ordinary reader. The history of the mute swan and of swan "upping" in Norfolk is quite a monograph, occupying 53 pages. Lovers of the far-famed meres will find that the habits of the shoveler

duck lend a fresh interest to the scene. Mr. Southwell adds not inconsiderably to our knowledge of the duck decoys of Norfolk; and he is even able to contribute many valuable additions to Mr. Stevenson's already famous account of the great bustard. A view, from the pencil of Mr. J. Wolf, of the breeding haunts of the black-headed gull on Scoulton Mere, whence so many thousands of "plover's" eggs are sent off to London every spring, forms a welcome frontispiece to the volume. Other coloured illustrations there are also, including one of the feathers of the first wall-creeper whose occurrence in England was circumstantially recorded, so long ago as in 1792. Mr. Wolf's figure (to praise the artist is like praising Shakspeare) of the capped petrel (*Oestrelata haesitata*) has a melancholy interest to all. It was taken from a specimen killed at Southacre, in Norfolk, in 1850. The bird's proper habitat was about the West Indian islands of Dominica and Guadeloupe, but it appears to be at the present day as extinct as the dodo.

CORRESPONDENCE.

FURTHER JAINA INSCRIPTIONS FROM MATHURÁ.

Vienna: April 8, 1891.

Since I wrote my letter of January 25 (*ACADEMY*, February 7, 1891), Dr. Führer has sent me impressions of more than forty Jaina inscriptions found in the Kankali Tila during January and February 1891, as well as some interesting notes regarding his archaeological discoveries.

His newest epigraphic finds possess as great a value as the previous ones. While the inscription printed in my last letter proved the existence of a very ancient Jaina Stupa, two among those since discovered teach us something about the age of the Jaina temples at Mathurá.

On a beautiful carved Torana there is a brief dedication, in characters which appear a little more archaic than those of Dhanabhūti's inscription on the gateway of the Bharhut Stupa. More archaic are (1) the letters *da* and the vowel *i*, which exactly resemble those of Asoka's inscriptions; and (2) the position of the Anusvara, which stands, as in Asoka's edicts, after the syllable to which it belongs. Dhanabhūti dates his inscription (*Indian Antiquary*, vol. xiii., p. 138) in the reign of the Śuṅgas, and thus shows that he was their vassal. On this account he cannot be placed much later than the middle of the second century B.C.; for, though the Śuṅga dynasty continued to exist much longer, its power seems to have been restricted in later times to the eastern districts north of the Ganges. Dr. Führer's new inscription may, therefore, likewise be assigned to about 150 B.C. It is written in an ancient Prakrit dialect, which preserves the letter *r* in compound consonants, discards the use of lingual *na*, and forms the genitive of *a*-stems both in *āsa* and in *asa*, i.e. *assa*. In the last word the nominative appears at the end of the first part of a compound instead of the stem. Its text runs as follows:

"*Samanasa Māharakṣitāsa āntevāsisa Vachhiputrasa* [r] *āvakāsa Uvaraddasakā* [d] *sa pāsādo-tora-nanī* [.]"]

"An ornamental arch of the temple (the gift) of the layman Uttaradāsaka, son of the (mother) of the Vātsa race (and) pupil of the ascetic Māgharakṣita."

A second inscription, incised in two lines on an oblong slab, gives us the name of the founder of one of the Kankali temples. It says:

"L. 1. *Bhadata-Jayasenasya āntevāsiniye*
L. 2. *Dhāmaghoshāye dānān pāsādo* [.]"]

"A temple, the gift of Dharmaghoshā, the female disciple of the venerable Jayasena."

Its characters do not differ much from those used in the earliest dated inscriptions of the Indo-Skythic kings. The subscribed *ya*, how-

ever, has its ancient form, and consists of three vertical strokes. The language seems to be the mixed dialect, as the genitive *Jayasenasya* has the Sanskrit termination, while three words show Prakritic endings. I would assign this document to the period immediately preceding the Indo-Skythic times, and assume that it was incised about the beginning of our era.

As two temples have been discovered under the Kankali Tila, the natural inference from these inscriptions would be that one of them was built before 150 B.C., and the other considerably later. Unfortunately, another circumstance has come to light which requires a modification of this assumption. Dr. Führer has found several sculptures which have been carved out of more ancient ones. Thus, a pilaster bearing an inscription in characters of the Indo-Skythic period has been cut out of the back of an ancient naked Jina. Again, there is a small statue with a similar inscription cut out of the back of a sculptured panel, bearing on the obverse a rather archaic inscription. These facts prove that the Jains of the Indo-Skythic period used for their sculptures materials from an older temple. Hence the discovery of the Torana, with its very archaic inscription, shows indeed that there was a Jaina temple in Mathurā before 150 B.C., but not that one of the particular temples of the Kankali Tila necessarily dates from so early a period.

A third inscription makes us acquainted with a new era, and is interesting also in other respects. It is incised on a slab, representing a lady attended by several maid-servants, one of whom carries a parasol. After an invocation of the Arhat Vardhamāna, it records that an *Āyavatī* or *Āryavatī* (the word occurs twice in the text) was set up for the worship of the Arhats by a female lay-worshipper of the ascetics, Amohini of the Kautsa race, wife of Pāla, the son of Hariti, i.e., of a mother of the Hārīta race, in the year 42, or perhaps 72, of the lord (*svāmīsa*) and great Satrap *S'odāsa*. This lord and great Satrap *S'odāsa* is already known from No. 1 of Sir A. Cunningham's collection of Mathurā inscriptions (*Arch. Surv. Rep.*, vol. iii., pl. xiii., and p. 30), where the transcript, however, misspells his name, and makes it *Saudāsa*. Sir A. Cunningham's inscription has no date according to years, but merely, after the name in the genitive, the unintelligible syllables *gaja*, which probably are meant for *raja*, "during the reign." On the evidence of his coins, which imitate one struck by Azilises, Sir A. Cunningham places *S'odāsa* about 80-70 B.C., and conjectures him to be a son of the great Satrap Rajubula. Though the precise date assigned to him by Sir A. Cunningham may be doubted, it is yet not doubtful that he ruled before the time of Kanishka. And Dr. Führer's inscription proves that an earlier era, preceding that of the Indo-Skythic kings, was in use at Mathurā. With respect to the interpretation of the first figure of the date, I do not feel certain. The sign is the peculiar cross which Sir A. Cunningham everywhere reads 40. I have stated elsewhere the reasons why I believe that it was used also for 70. The other point of interest which the inscription offers is the word *Āyavatī* or *Āryavatī*. It is evidently the name of the royal lady represented in the relievo. As she was set up "for the worship of the Arhats," it follows that she must have played a part in the legendary history of the Jains. A fuller exploration of the stories alluded to in the Uttarādhyayana and similar works will no doubt show who she was.

Three other inscriptions give new information regarding the subdivisions of the Jaina monks. One in archaic characters, not later than the Indo-Skythic period, and dated *Saivat*; 18, mentions very distinctly the *Vachchhalijja*

Kula. The Kalpasūtra has two *Vachchhalijja* Kulas, one belonging to the Chārana (*recte* Vārana) Gana, and the other to the Kodīya Gana. In the inscription nothing remains of the name of the Gana except the syllable *to*, preceded by an indistinct sign. As the latter looks more like a remnant of *ya* or *yā* than of *na* or *nā*, I infer that the *Vachchhalijja* Kula of the Kodīya Gana is meant. If that is the case, all the Kulas and S'ākhās of this school, mentioned in the Kalpasūtra, have been identified in the Mathurā inscriptions.

Another very archaic undated inscription, which begins with an invocation of divine Usabha, i.e., the first Tirthankara *Īṣhabha*, names the Vārana Gana and the *Nādika* (or possibly *Nādika*) Kula. The Kalpasūtra has no exactly corresponding name; but its *Mālijja* Kula may be a mistake for *Nālijja*, which latter would correspond with *Nādīya* or *Nādika*. The third rather modern-looking inscription ascribes to the Vārana Gana an *Ayyabhyista* Kula. The Kalpasūtra shows nothing that could explain this very curious form, which may be misspelt, especially as the compound *Ayyabhyista-kulato* does not agree with the usual wording of the inscriptions.

Dr. Führer's new inscriptions furnish also further evidence regarding the antiquity of the worship of the twenty-four Tirthankaras. The occurrence of the name Usabha has already been noted. Two other archaic inscriptions speak, one of a statue of the Arhat Parśva, i.e., Parśvaūtha, and the other of *bhagavā Nemi*, i.e., the divine lord Nemi. The latter words are incised, according to Dr. Führer's notes, on a panel bearing a very curious relief. The principal figure is a Buddha-like male with a goat's head. He is seated on a throne and surrounded by women, one among whom holds a child in her arms. I think there can be no doubt that we have here again an illustration of a Jaina legend. Among the remaining very numerous sculptures without inscriptions—several of which, according to Dr. Führer, are beautifully finished—there is one which apparently possesses very considerable archaeological interest. It is a doorstep, bearing a relief, which represents a Stūpa worshipped by Centaurs and Harpies, or, as the Hindus would say, Kinnaras and Garudas or Suparnas. Centaurs have been found on the Buddhist sculptures at Bharhut and at Gaya, while Mathurā has furnished the Silenus groups and the Hercules strangling the Nemean lion. Dr. Führer's find is a further addition to the monuments which prove the influence of Hellenistic art among the Hindus of the last centuries preceding our era.

In his last letter Dr. Führer states that he expects to finish the excavation of the Kankali Tila in about three weeks. I have, however, not received any news that he has really come to an end of his labours, and I expect that ere long I shall be able to announce further discoveries; but, even at present, the results of the work of 1890-91 far surpass those of other years, and there is very good reason for congratulating Dr. Führer on the important additions to our knowledge of Indian history and art, which we owe to his energy and perseverance.

G. BÜHLER.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE following declaration of adhesion has been forwarded by the Orientalists of Vienna to the Committee of the Ninth International Oriental Congress, to be held in London in 1892:

"Gentlemen,—As your prospectus of February 9, 1891, shows that the committee of organisation, duly elected at Christiania and afterwards enlarged by co-optation, has transferred its powers to you, we have much pleasure in declaring our full concurrence with your plan to hold the Ninth

International Oriental Congress in London during the month of September, 1892."

(Signed by the eight professors teaching Oriental languages and history in the university: G. Bühler, J. Karabacek, J. Krall, D. H. Müller, F. Müller, W. Neumann, L. Reimisch, H. Zschokke; also by Drs. Burkhard, Dede-kind, Geyer, Hein, and Kirste, and by Messrs. Huhler and Morison.)

MEANWHILE, we should also state that the other committee, which proposes to hold the Ninth International Oriental Congress in London in 1891, still maintains its position. Its programme, together with much vigorous polemic, may be found at length in the April number of the *Asiatic Quarterly Review*. It is evident to everyone without *parti pris* that the cause of Orientalism (never too popular in this country) must inevitably suffer from the continuance of this split—which took its rise, no doubt, from dissatisfaction at some of the proceedings of the Christiania Congress, but which has been kept open by technical arguments and by a deplorable appeal to personalities. We trust that it is not yet too late for harmony to be effected by the intervention of some eminent Orientalists who have not yet taken a side. Might not the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava be invited to act as mediator?

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, March 21.)

MISS FLORENCE HERAPATH, president, in the chair. —Mr. S. L. Gwynn read "A Theory of 'Troilus and Cressida,'" saying that it had been often noticed that Shakspeare reproduced the Latin character with singular skill and fidelity. In the Elizabethan age Latin had not lost its universal sovereignty; it was still a sort of second tongue to all men of education. Latin history was a kind of compendium of all history for the politician or the philosopher. Law, politics, religion, philosophy, had all come to England in a Latin dress; and Shakspeare, even though his personal knowledge of the language was slight, and perhaps little exercised, shows at every turn his familiarity with the genius of Rome. The case was far different with Greek. It was Milton who brought Greek influence in its full potency to bear on English literature. It is alarming to speculate what we should have had from Shakspeare, had he known and felt Greek as Milton knew and felt it, or as it is known and felt by every poet since Shelley. We might not have had "King Lear"; we certainly should not have had "Troilus and Cressida"—not, at least, in its present form. The Greeks whom Shakspeare describes are the Greeks of Juvenal, imperfectly understood. In "Timon," a story of the Greek decadence, they are in their place; but in "Troilus and Cressida" Shakspeare has founded his most unpleasant play upon the most venerable of national legends. It is not too much to say that it is a travesty, a burlesque, of the legend of Troy. The play is a puzzle from every point of view. The circumstances of its publication in two editions in 1609, and of its position in the 1623 Folio, present many difficulties. Apparently the editors of the Folio could not decide how to classify it, and placed it by itself. We cannot blame them; for it would be hard to find a piece which less readily explains itself. In the first two acts the story of the lovers predominates; but it reaches no dramatic conclusion, and so is bound up with the fate of Troy, and the play finds a clumsy ending with Hector's death. Wholly irrelevant is the long description of events in the Grecian camp; and even this has little unity of purpose. The first scene of the long debate seems incompatible with the remaining ones, which are satire bordering on burlesque. Nowhere else in Shakspeare is there so much bitterness and so little humour. Indeed, the whole tone of the play is pervaded by an unfamiliar cynicism. It is a splendid composition, the work of a mind thrown off its balance and set jarring. Rich as it is in passages full of power and beauty, showing maturity of style in every scene; as a whole, it lacks the dignity, the calm, and the self-restraint of great art. By general consent it has

been held indicative of a troubled period in Shakspeare's life, the period which most students hold to be reflected in the later Sonnets. The tone of its reference to women—not only to Cressida, but to Helen—is easily explained by this theory. By connecting the play more closely still with the Sonnets, a plausible reason may be found for Shakspeare's capricious and paradoxical treatment of the Homeric story—so opposed to his usual conservatism when working on the lines of a good author. Why did Shakspeare, who treated Plutarch with reverence, make a mock of Homer's authority? He had not, it is true, that familiarity with Homer which would breed reverence. Yet it is hardly conceivable that Shakspeare, even when out of temper with the world, should have travestied Homer without some ulterior motive. It is not difficult to suggest one. Homer was known to Shakspeare in the version of his contemporary Chapman. Now Prof. Minto has identified (almost with certainty) the rival poet of the Sonnets with the translator of Homer. This rival referred to in Sonnets 75-86 is described—by references easily intelligible to a contemporary—in Sonnet 86. May it not be fairly inferred that in "Troilus and Cressida" Shakspeare, led to a choice of subject by spleen against the sex of Cressida, was further impelled to seize the opportunity of satirising the chosen theme of a man who had won from him the affections of his "better angel"? "These are Chapman's Greeks" is the unspoken argument of half a dozen scenes which have no special relevancy to the tale of Troilus. It may be said that it is unlike Shakspeare to write with such a motive. This may be answered by the fact that for this once Shakspeare unmistakably wrote unlike himself.—Mrs. H. F. Rankin read a paper on "Cressida," saying that in portraying this character Shakspeare has been strangely untrue to his usual clear insight into woman's nature, and has delineated an almost impossibly false and inconsistent woman. One might almost have forgiven her if for some hidden purpose she had been making a dupe of Diomed, and if time had shown that she was true to the man she had loved in silence for so long. But her own words take away all foundation for such a supposition. Yet her relations to Troilus show a considerable amount of steadfastness and strength of will; and then—basest and most unnatural of acts—she gives to Diomed the love-token she has but just received from Troilus. This is impossible. A woman may be false and fickle, but she must be consistently so; she cannot in a few short hours turn completely away from a love that has been the steady growth of long months to yield herself with half-open arms to a stranger—her lover's rival and her city's foe. For there has been hitherto no evidence in her character of these light and frothy qualities. Shakspeare's elaboration of this extraordinary character leaves the mind in a state of incredulous astonishment, and one casts about for some explanation of such aggravated inconstancy. In the law of heredity one explanation may be found; for in her falseness she is following in the steps of her father Calchas, the Trojan priest, who is found in the Grecian camp a traitor to his native town and kinsmen. Nowhere in all Shakspeare's plays can another such wretched specimen of false and frail womanhood be found.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, April 1.)

JAMES ERNEST BAKER, Esq., in the chair. A paper sent by Mr. John Addington Symonds, on "The Relation of Painter's *Palace of Pleasure* to the English Romantic Drama," was read by Mr. Frederick Rogers. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, which first appeared in 1566, ranks certainly among the most important works of the Elizabethan age. In the history of English prose it occupies a place of great distinction. Moreover, it introduced a new literary world of foreign romance and story to the English public; and finally it determined in a very special way the form and matter of our drama. The sources from which Painter drew his materials are various. To some extent he relied upon the classics; a good number of his tales he took from Queen Margaret's *Heptameron*; one or two may be traced to Spanish authors; but by far the larger number are derived from the Italian novel writers. The result was that he opened a wonderful new world of fiction to

the English, and created that rage for Italian subjects which gave so peculiar a bias to our dramatic literature. The Italian *Novella* must not be confounded with our modern novel. Although they bear the same name, the two species have less in common than might be supposed. Both are narratives; but while the modern novel is a history extending over a considerable space of time, embracing a complicated tissue of events, and implying an analytical study of character, the *Novella* is invariably brief and sketchy. It does not aim at presenting a detailed picture of human life, but confines itself to a striking situation, or tells an anecdote illustrative of some moral quality. For this reason the *Novella* was admirably adapted to dramatic treatment, the concentration and centralisation of its interest upon a single action, or a single pungent motive, gave it just what was wanted by the tragic or the comic playwright. Thus the *Novella* is antecedent, and the modern novel subsequent, to dramatic composition. When we consider the form and spirit of the English romantic drama, it will become still more apparent why the Italian novel proved so acceptable to our Elizabethan playwrights. Without the decorum of deliberate obedience to classic rules, without the decorum of accomplished art, without the decorum of social distinctions properly observed in tragic and comic styles of composition, they dramatised a tale or history in a succession of scenes. Nothing in the shape of a story came amiss to the romantic playwright. Perhaps we cannot penetrate deeper into the definition of the romantic drama than by saying that its characteristic was to be a represented story. The romantic method allowed the evolution of a long tale upon the stage; setting forth, for instance, the whole of a man's life, or the whole of a king's reign, or the whole of a complicated fable. Consequently it was of great importance to the playwright to obtain material for his plots which should narrow the dramatic movement, so far as this was possible, to a single point. This was precisely what the Italian *Novella* supplied. Remaining a narrative, it limited the action to some central incident or clinching motive. The most perfectly constructed of Shakspeare's tragedies, "Othello," follows the tale of Cinthio with very little alteration. Besides Shakspeare, the following dramatists drew their plots from the same source: Greene, Peele, Heywood, Marston, Beaumont, Fletcher, Webster, Massinger, Middleton, and Shirley. Among the best plays of the period the names only of which are known to us from Henslow's Diary and other sources, it is obvious that a large number were founded on one or other of Painter's Italian stories. "Timon of Athens" in its original form is taken through Painter from Plutarch; "Edward III," whether we assign this fine tragedy to Shakspeare or to Marlowe or to some third hand, is based not upon an English chronicle, but on a romantic story told by Bandello. In the original Italian this novel displays a very high quality of rhetoric in the dialogue, and vehement dramatic energy in the treatment of the situations and emotions of the actors. The English playwright had very little else to do than to turn Bandello's language into blank verse. A large number of the Italian novels were founded upon tragedies of actual life, and contained comparatively faithful records of contemporary life. These histories used to be circulated in manuscript; and masses of them still remain embedded in the archives of noble families. They proved singularly attractive to dramatists of the stamp of Marston, Cyril Tourneur, and Webster. The rage for Italian subjects was so strong in London that a play could scarcely succeed unless the characters were furnished with Italian titles. Ben Jonson laid the scene of his most subtle comedy of character—"Volpone, or the Fox"—in Venice. He even supplied that thoroughly English study of manners, "Every Man in his Humour," with Italian personages. Our drama began with a translation from Ariosto's *Supposit*, and ended with Davenant's "Just Italian." In the very dawn of tragic composition Greene versified a portion of the "Orlando Furioso." Kit Marlowe devoted one of his most brilliant studies to the villainies of a Maltese Jew. Of Shakspeare's plays five are incontestably Italian; while others are cast with Italian names to suit the popular taste. Painter and his school supplied the playwright with innumerable and attractive

plots. Such plots were not accessible in any other source, and the *Novella* furnished exactly that particular type of story which the spirit of romantic art demanded. It is not therefore surprising that a kind of conventional Italianism sprang up, and that a growth of art so vigorous as our Elizabethan drama should have tended to produce hybrids. What our literature lost by the fascination of Painter's foreign stories, leading genius astray from national and local motives, cannot be reckoned. But it may safely be said, upon the other hand, that English literature gained from it the salvation of the romantic species at a very critical period of its earlier development.

FINE ART.

The Life and Works of Giorgio Giulio Clovio, with Notices of his Contemporaries, and of the Art of Book Decoration in the Sixteenth Century. By John W. Bradley. (Bernard Quaritch.)

THE author of this elaborate memoir, having successfully completed his Dictionary of Miniaturists, in three volumes, a work requiring a vast amount of research, has availed himself of much of the materials which he must have met with, in bringing into use the notes upon many of the earlier artists, hidden in foreign and but little-known sources, especially Italian and German, often contemporary or nearly so with the artists themselves, and has produced a volume full of both historical and artistic interest.

Unlike the great painters, whose frescoes and drawings on walls and ceilings, or on canvas or tapestry, were visible and appreciable by all men, the book illuminator was little known, except to the patron for whom he worked, and his immediate friends. His labours have, however, had one advantage over those of the wall or portrait painter, that of being secluded from many of the accidents of time, and especially from atmospheric influences, and thus have allowed them to be handed down to us in their original brilliancy. Of these splendid productions, comparatively small as many of them are, none are more elaborate or highly finished than those of Giulio Crovata, more generally known by the name of Clovio, one of the latest of the book illuminators, who was born in the year 1498 at Grizane, a village in Croatia, near the Adriatic Sea, and who, after a most indefatigable and well-honoured life, died at Rome on January 5, 1578, where he received the honour of a public funeral, being buried in the tribune of St. Pietro in Vincoli.

Mr. Bradley has prefixed to his memoir a chronology of twenty pages of the principal events of the life and times of Clovio. Under the advice of his friend, Giulio Romano, he commenced the work of miniature painting as a profession about 1520, entering into the service of the family of Grimani, one of whom, a cardinal legate at Perugia, obtained, in 1531, a papal dispensation for Clovio, who had become a monk at the monastery at St. Ruffino, near Mantua, and by whom Clovio was invited to Perugia.

From Mr. Bradley's volume we perceive how indefatigable Clovio was with his brush, and the number of works which he executed.

These are so little known or recognised by English students that we find Mr.

Humphreys, in his *Illustrated Books of the Middle Ages*, stating that the Soane Commentary of St. Paul, the Vatican Clovio, and the splendid book in a golden (or rather silver-gilt) cover with gems, formerly in the Chapel of the Farnese Palace, with one or two others, are the only monuments upon which the fame of Clovio rests.

The detailed account and list of the works of Clovio given by Mr. Bradley show, however, that even in our own country there are other splendid specimens of his work which, although but little known, deserve to be carefully studied. They are chiefly:—

1. The finely-written Commentary by Marino Grimani on St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans is now in the Soane Museum in Lincoln's Inn Fields. It contains two full folio pages with Clovio's illuminations, of which Mr. Humphreys published excellent coloured facsimiles (not noticed by Mr. Bradley), one with the scene of the conversion of St. Paul as the principal subject, surrounded by elaborately painted marginal borders; of the other, the title of the volume, with borders corresponding to those of the miniature, among which is a portrait of the Cardinal in a red robe. Photographs (too small) of these two pages are also given in the work before us. On one of these pages is the inscription, "Marino Grimano et legato Perusino Patrono suo Julius Crovata pingebat."

2. The Townley Lectionary is fully described by our author, including several of Clovio's miniatures, especially the "Last Judgment,"

"considered by most judges to be not only the finest miniature in the volume, but Clovio's masterpiece. In all the higher qualities of design and beauty of workmanship, I know of nothing to compare with it" (p. 259).

3. The Grenville "Victories of Charles V.," called "L'aquila triumpante," was carefully described by Dibdin from Mr. Grenville's own notes, which stated that the volume came from the Escorial. It bears a title "Giulio Clovio L'aquila triumpante de Carlos Quinto V." The famous miniatures, of which there are twelve, are carefully described by Mr. Bradley.

4. The Stuart de Rothesay MS., "unquestionably the work of Clovio," is now in the British Museum (Add. 20,927). It contains four miniatures with borders, and several very beautiful illuminated initials.

5. The Gonzaga "Offices" in the Bodleian, Oxford (MS., Duce 29), has been attributed to Girolamo dai Libri and to Girolamo Genga; but much of the work in it completely corresponds with works in other MSS. that were painted by Clovio. The miniatures, which are all Biblical, contain "some of the same ornaments as the Berlin Missal of Clement VII., the Corsini Missal executed for the same Pope, the Albani or Ashburnham Missal, and two or three pages in the MS., No. 21,412 in the British Museum; and all these, if any, should be assigned to Clovio" (p. 201).

Lastly, we may mention that Silvestre published a splendid coloured facsimile of the "Paradiso" of Dante in the *Palaeographie Universelle*, pl. clxii., from the MS. of that poet, in three volumes, in the Vatican Library; and that the "Officium B. Mariæ

Virginis," of the Royal Library of Naples, mentioned by Mr. Humphreys, is described by Mr. Bradley (p. 270) as "one of the most unique in the world," the silver-gilt sculptures of the covers contain full-length figures of the Virgin and the Angel Gabriel, with other smaller ones and ornaments.

The work before us is illustrated by eighteen plates, including a photograph of a medal with portrait of Clovio.

I. O. WESTWOOD.

EGYPTIAN EXPLORATION.

THE OLDEST PYRAMID AND TEMPLE.

Medium: March 31, 1891.

My work here is now ended, as the question for which I came is solved: Medium is proved to belong to Snefru, and here, therefore, is the oldest dated pyramid. Moreover, there remains here in perfect condition the only pyramid temple ever yet found entire, the oldest dated building in the world.

As the position of the temple was quite unknown, and its existence only a speculation, I had to work blindly through forty to sixty feet depth of rubbish, piled up around the pyramid during ages of quarrying in its mass. The result justifies the attempt; for though the temple discovered is absolutely plain and uninscribed, yet during the XIIth and XVIIIth Dynasties visitors came here to the festivals of Snefru, and recorded their visits to his temple and pyramid in pious graffiti on the walls. That he was the genius of the place is also shown by a base of a statuette dedicated to the gods of a town, Tat-snefru, by a woman named Snefru-khati.

The temple is joined to the east face of the pyramid. The front is about thirty feet wide and nine high, with a door in the south end of the face. A passage parallel to the front, and twenty feet long, leads to the chamber, which is twenty by seven feet. A wide doorway leads from this into the open-air court built against the pyramid face. The altar of offerings, quite plain, stands in the middle of the court, and an obelisk on either side of it. These obelisks are over thirteen feet high, with rounded tops and uninscribed. Of course I have had to re-bury temple and tombs completely in order to preserve them, in the total absence of all inspection or conservation officially. On clearing the interior of the pyramid, which was open from the north, I found in the rubbish the fragments of a wooden sarcophagus; so the chamber already known was doubtless the sepulchre anciently plundered.

The construction of the pyramid has also been examined. It plainly consists of a small stone mastaba, heightened and built around repeatedly until there were seven steps of construction. Over all these a continuous slope of casing was added, so that it appeared with one long face from the top to the ground. This bears out what I had suggested years ago, that the mastaba repeatedly added to originated the pyramid form.

The tombs here prove to have been elaborately plundered in early times, when their plans and arrangements were well known to some persons. Forced holes leading straight to the chambers have been made, and nothing portable is left for the present age. Many tombs which contained only bodies have not been disturbed; and from these I have collected over a dozen complete skeletons for study, which will give a starting-point at the earliest historical reign for comparing the types of Egyptians of later ages. A very important matter is the mode of burial. Hitherto we have always found Egyptians buried full length; but most of these earlier bodies are crouched, many with the

knees up to the chin. And I am told that many crouched bodies in large earthen jars were found lately at Gizeh, but were all destroyed. These bodies are always on the left side, with the face east, head north. This proves that a special idea was connected with such burials. But no funereal vessels or head-rests are found with these interments; only around the body are sometimes a few scraps of charcoal, as if it had been surrounded by live coals at the time of burial. At the same period full-length burial was practised, accompanied by funereal vessels of diorite and alabaster and head-rests. This distinction seems to be connected with the two races—the aborigines and the conquerors, who were not yet fused together.

A good deal of the pottery of the IVth Dynasty has also been found. It differs from that of all later periods, and completes our historic knowledge of the pottery of Egypt.

The mode of laying out buildings has been found. A mastaba with sloping sides had to be founded on uneven ground. A wall, L shape, was built outside of each corner. Levels on that were drawn a cubit apart; red vertical lines on these walls defined the width of the building at the ground-level, and black lines drawn sloping down outwards from the red at ground-level defined the planes of the faces. From this perfect geometrical arrangement it was easy to start the work, no matter how uneven the foundation.

Besides this exploration, a survey of the place in general, and especially of the exact dimensions of the pyramid, is now done. The first result of this is of great value on the geometric theory. The pyramid of Khufu, as we all know, is so proportioned that the ratio of height to circuit is that of a radius to its circle; and moreover the ratio of 7 to 22 is embodied by the dimensions of height and base being 7 and 11 times 40 cubits, which strongly shows that 7 to 22 was the recognised ratio. Here in the pyramid of Snefru, which preceded that of Khufu, exactly the same ratio of 7 to 22 is found, the angles being alike. And, moreover, the size is such that the height and base are 7 and 11 times 25 cubits. Therefore the proportion in a pyramid and the use of the approximation 7 to 22 are both older than the great pyramid of Gizeh; and this example strongly corroborates that theory of the dimensions.

An illustration of official amenities may interest Englishmen who do not know how things go here. This year an official spy has been appointed to watch me, although I have worked for eight years simply on my honour, and have not concealed anything from the Government. And I am told that I shall be charged for this benevolent attention an amount which is larger than the whole value of the things I remove. Meanwhile, a few miles off, natives have long been pillaging and destroying towns and tombs unchecked in a scandalous manner, because the staff is insufficient to control them! Those who know something of the state of officialdom here can understand what all this means.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

"POIL ET PLUME."

THE above is the humorous name given to a very original exhibition in the Hall of the Théâtre d'Application, organised by a group of men of letters of artistic tastes. M. Bergerat—the well-known "Caliban" of the *Figaro*—explains in his witty preface to the Catalogue how some literary friends, inspired by him, made up their minds to follow fashion, found a "Petit Salon" of their own, and, as a token of their double calling, style it "The Brush and Pen" exhibition. There are many

examples of painters having succeeded as authors, why should not authors, in turn, show that they can paint as well as write?

"There are, besides, three good reasons," says M. Bergerat, "for a writer trying his hand on canvas: first, because it amuses him; secondly, because it is change for him; and thirdly, *il est*: anything is better than pudding in the quagmire of politics."

The "Poil et Plume" exhibition is divided into two sections, modestly entitled: The Louvre—for deceased masters; The Luxembourg—for living geniuses. Victor Hugo occupies the first place in the Louvre, though his four blotchy pen-and-ink sketches of fantastic castles perched on rocky peaks and surrounded by smudgy clouds owe their principal attraction to the signature V. H. It is a very different case with the portraits in oils and two pretty pastels signed "Théophile Gautier." Here we recognise the fact that the author of *Emma et Camées* might have become an artist of renown had not his shortsightedness obliged him, fortunately, to drop the brush and take up the pen. A little further on, we come upon some interesting sketches of Alfred de Musset; a water-colour "Fantasia" and a portrait of himself by Merimée; also a portrait of Baudelaire, by himself; and the sketch of a girl's head, illustrative of the following verses in "Les Yeux de Berthe":

"Grands yeux de mon enfant, arcanes adorés,
Vous ressemblez beaucoup à ces grottes magiques
Où derrière l'amas des ombres léthargiques
Scintillent vaguement des trésors ignorés."

Gérard de Nerval is represented by half a dozen pen-and-ink sketches of no particular interest. Close by hangs a water-colour drawing of M. Jules de Goncourt, representing the sinister corner of the Rue de la Vieille-Lanterne in which Gérard de Nerval hanged himself. The sketch was made on the spot the day after the suicide. Among other curiosities is a tiny picture by Schanne, the celebrated Schaumard of the *Vie de Bohème*.

The Luxembourg contains a varied collection of semi-serious, semi-comic contributions from living authors. M. Bergerat's water-colours are superior to ordinary amateur-work, while his portrait of Gustave Flaubert is a good likeness. M. Lemonnier's water-colours "after Claude Monnet" form an amusing contrast to M. Montégut's "impressionist" landscapes. M. Edmond de Goncourt has sent a sketch of the celebrated drawing-room of the Rue St. Georges, with his brother Jules seated before the fire. The poets Harancourt, Jean Rameau, Clovis Hugues, Verlaine, and other well-known names, figure on the wall as *pochades* and no more. M. Lemaître, the critic of the *Débats*, has sent a portrait of M. St. Le Roux; M. Sardon a plan for stage scenery; Mme. Valérie Fould (Gustave Haller) a sketch with the following lines:—

"Messieurs de la littérature,
Prenez bien garde à la peinture
Transformer en peintre un auteur,
Faire d'un poète un sculpteur,
L'entreprise est trop hardie
Bah! . . . Je risque ma comédie."

The inimitable Gyp (Comtesse de Martel) contributes some of "Bob's" artistic productions, among which is one of the most amusing skits in the collection. It is a water-colour drawing representing M. Ohnet, the immortal author of *Le Maître de Forges*, attired in a red hunting-coat, yellow breeches, and top-boots, paying his addresses on bended knee to the attractive, lightly-clad nymph, the French Language, who turns away, protesting with uplifted hands at M. Ohnet's impudence.

The receipts of this interesting exhibition are to be devoted to charitable purposes.

C. N.

THE GRAVE OF "ARISTOTLE."

We quote the following from the New York Nation:—

"American School of Classical Studies, Athens:
March 12, 1891.

"Contrary to my wishes, the news has already leaked into the papers here that I have discovered the grave of Aristotle. As I am very anxious that no sensational report be spread, not warranted by conscientious scientific investigation, I feel bound to make public at this juncture the grounds upon which this premature conclusion has been arrived at.

"During the excavations which have been carried on by the American School of Classical Studies under my direction on the site of the ancient Eretria, I was making tentative excavations in the neighbourhood of the city, in order to discover the temple of the Amyrntian Artemis. I came upon beautifully worked marble foundations, which, however, proved to be the enclosures of a family grave, such as exist in considerable number about Eretria. But these walls were of such workmanship and magnificence that I concluded they must be the finest graves in the neighbourhood. After much digging, and opening of two graves, we came upon one within this precinct which contained a number of articles (twenty-three), among them six diadems of pure gold and one laurel wreath of pure gold about the head; furthermore, a most interesting specimen of a writing-pen in silver, and two styluses of the same material; also a statuette of a philosopher, with hands folded, in terra-cotta.

"It seemed evident to me at the time that the person here buried was a man of literary pursuits, and furthermore a man of considerable fame and note. When, in the grave adjoining, containing the remains of a female member of the family, an inscription was found, [B]IOTH [A]PISTOTEAOT, the tempting question flitted through the mind, whether the gold-wreathed philosopher buried with such distinction was not the famous Stagirite? This grew still more tempting when one bore in mind that Aristotle died at Kalchis, and that Kalchis is the adjoining city to Eretria. Finally, Christodoros describes a statue of Aristotle, which he saw in a gymnasium at Constantinople, as "standing with hands folded together," which corresponds to the unique terra-cotta found in the grave. According to Prof. Richardson, the inscription goes back to the third century B.C.

"This is an outline of the facts connected with the discovery. But I should like to refer to the following points which militate against the identification: first, that Kalchis is not Eretria, though it adjoins it, though graves run almost continuously from Kalchis as far as Bathia, two hours beyond Eretria, and though one must not assume that these were the same distinct and inimical communities after the Macedonian period which they were in the previous centuries. One must further remember that there were several Aristotles in antiquity, and that the daughter of Aristotle by his wife Pythias is mentioned in his will, and that her name was Pythias, not Biete: though he might have had a daughter by Herpyllis. Finally, research has not yet considered and settled the question whether the terra-cotta figures in graves had any such direct reference to the deceased as the statuette of the philosopher in the grave in question might tempt us to believe existed in this case; though we can, even now, maintain that a general relation subsisted, such as that of ephebi in graves of youths, children in children's graves, and women with articles of toilet in those of women.

"These are, on the whole, the facts which I can at present make public. Perhaps more light may come to us.

"CHARLES WALDSTEIN."

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibitions to open next week are particularly numerous. They include (1) that of the Royal Society of Painters in Water-Colours, in Pall Mall East; (2) Mr. Mortimer Menpes's much-talked-of paintings, drawings, and etchings done in India, Burma, and Kashmir, at the Dowdeswell Galleries, in New Bond-

street; (3) a series of water-colour drawings by Mr. F. G. Cotman, entitled "On the Devon Rivers," at the Rembrandt Head Gallery, in Vigo-street; (4) a series of pictures of the Shetland Isles, by Mr. R. H. Carter, at Messrs. Tooth & Sons' galleries in the Haymarket; and (5) the exhibition of the Society of Lady Artists (professional), in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

DR. SELAH MERRILL, well known for his services in connexion with researches and explorations in Palestine, has been re-appointed U.S. Consul at Jerusalem by President Harrison. During the past week he has been staying in London, on his way to the Holy City.

ON Wednesday next, April 22, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the small but choice collection of line engravings formed by the late Dr. Alexander J. Ellis.

It is not often that the opuscula of a diletante society are of such real value as the little volume on *Blue and White China*, which Mr. Alexander T. Hollingsworth has recently presented to the Sette of Odd Volumes. It is the best common-sense apologia for the craze we have seen. Many a lover of those "blimy little bits of blue," as Mr. Henley's cockney calls them, may never have thought to formulate his reason for the faith that is in him. To the more technical, Mr. Joseph Grego's notes on the potters' marks will be of much interest and value, while the illustrations to the volume are almost as dainty as the pieces themselves.

THE LOUVRE has recently acquired two curious portraits, which are believed to be those of King René, of Anjou, and his second wife, Jeanne de Laval, and to have been painted by the king himself. These portraits come from the last of the Matherons of Aix-en-Provence, one of whose ancestors, Jean de Matheron, is said to have received them from King René, who was godfather to one of his children. They are painted on tablets of wood, which open and shut like a book, and are in perfect preservation.

We quote the following from the *Times*:—

"An important discovery of Roman remains has just been made in Lincoln. In laying down a new water-main the workmen came upon the bases of three Doric columns, in an admirable state of preservation. These bases are in a straight line with the shattered pillars discovered in May, 1878, and correspond exactly with them in character and arrangement. The new discovery proves that the building of which these columns formed the façade, instead of presenting, as was thought, a six-columned portico of 70ft. in breadth to the street, must have shown a colonnade of at least 11 columns, that number being already accounted for, and extending to the length of 160ft. It must have been a fabric of great size and magnificence, occupying the north-western angle of the north-western quarter of the Roman city. It is to be regretted that, the position of these last discovered columns being in a public thoroughfare, it is impossible to preserve them *in situ*."

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MISS MARION LEA and Miss Elizabeth Robins have both in their different ways done such excellent stage work—both of them are artists of so much greater intelligence and sensitiveness than is common—that one wishes them success in the series of *matinées* which they give at the Vaudeville next week, even if the piece chose for representation is, as we think it, unworthy to engage them. The author whom they have selected to give one other chance to can have no hold whatever on the literary, the thoughtful, the genuinely artistic public. His appeal is in chief to the ill-balanced mind, and he finds acceptance only among a *clique*, and

in a corner of "faddists." Still, though for people of ordinary common sense—and yet more for the people of genuine and individual penetration—the effort may be difficult, we would counsel our readers on this occasion to forget the author and to remember only the actresses. Miss Robins is an actress of delicate pathos, singularly discreet, and a mistress of her own method. Miss Marion Lea has before now approved herself not only a brilliant comedian, but an emotional artist of remarkable power. Nor has she said her last word; her finest opportunities are yet, no doubt, to come.

THE Vaudeville revival of "Money" has, as we said it would have, a very strong cast, the Brothers Thorne, and Miss Kate Phillips, Mr. H. B. Conway, and Miss Dorr—the new and highly accomplished actress from America—doing at least their share in the production of a performance which compares well with any that has been recently given. The piece is assured of some considerable run; it is so well constructed, and contains so much of that which is real comedy, that it has aged far less than "The Lady of Lyons." Still, it has aged to some extent; and, though its success is not doubtful, we are not sure that the management would not have done well to have availed itself of a suggestion proceeding from we forget what quarter, to the effect that the period during which the play was written should be frankly recognised by the adoption of the costumes, and, we must add, the interior decorations of the very earliest years of the Queen's reign. "Money" is a contemporary of *Nicholas Nickleby*, the characters in which we always associate with the art of its contemporary illustrator. The sentiment of "Money" would seem less strained, and its peculiar order of cynicism less out of place, if its date were remembered. When it was written, Samuel Rogers was popular, and the Byronic tradition had not passed away. If people were reminded of this condition of things by the costume and appointments, something that now seems false would become acceptable.

MUSIC.

ITALIAN OPERA AT COVENT GARDEN.

Mlle. GIULIA RAVOGLI took the title-rôle in "Carmen" last Thursday week. It seems scarcely possible that the exponent of the faithful Orfeo should achieve equal success as the fickle Spanish girl; that she should throw off her classic bearing and become a coquettish gipsy toying now with a young officer, now with a

bull-fighter. The change was a sudden one, and quite as sudden for the public as for her. She sang admirably, and gave a characteristic reading of the part, but there seemed something wanting. We do not know how to express this something better than by saying that she seemed to be playing the part; that she was a stage, not a real, Carmen. There were many fine points in her acting, especially in the latter part of the opera; but still she never quite carried away her audience. However, this was her first attempt here; and with a better Don Jose than M. Lubert, and a more exciting Escamillo than Mr. F. Celli, she may possibly appear to far greater advantage. For the moment, then, we suspend judgment. M. Lubert, the French tenor, has some good notes in his voice; but the high ones are hard, and some of his acting, especially in the last act, bordered on the burlesque. For Mr. F. Celli all excuse should be made, as he took the part at very short notice. Mlle. Agnes Jansen made a satisfactory *début* as Mercédès, and Mme. Bauermeister proved an efficient Frasquita. Mlle. Sofia Ravogli took the part of Michaela, but her success was not great. Mr. Randegger conducted with care.

"Lehengrin" was given on the following Saturday evening, and the theatre was crowded. The cast was an exceptionally fine one. Miss Eames was not all that one could wish in the matter of acting or singing; but with regard to any shortcoming it should be remembered that she was playing the part for the first time, and that she had not—so it is said—the advantage of proper rehearsal. M. Jean de Reszke as Lohengrin, and his brother as the King, more than satisfied all expectations. Mlle. Giulia Ravogli as Ortruda had a part that suits her admirably, and her singing of the music showed great dramatic power. M. Maurel, the Telramund, was, as usual, most satisfactory. The chorus sang well; and the orchestra, under Signor Mancinelli's direction, played efficiently, though, at times, too vigorously.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MESSRS. WILLY HESS and Hugo Becker held the first of three violin and 'cello recitals at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Hess gave a brilliant performance of Vieuxtemps' showy "Fantasia appassionata," and Mr. Becker was heard to great advantage in two Boccherini movements transcribed by Signor Piatti. Mr. Leonard Borwick played some pianoforte solos, though not quite in his best manner. Bach's short organ Prelude and

Fugue in E minor is ineffective on the pianoforte; and, moreover, the quaint character of the theme is "grievously impaired," if, as was the case on this occasion, the *mordente* is not properly executed. Mr. Borwick played the Schubert Impromptu (Op. 90), No. 3, at too slow a rate. We hoped to hear it, not in the key of G, but in that of G flat, as it is written in the new Breitkopf and Härtel edition of the composer's works. The Henselt "Toccata" was neatly performed. The programme opened with Beethoven's B flat Trio (Op. 97), a work not often heard of late years. Miss Fillunger contributed some interesting songs by Handel and Brahms. There was a fair attendance.

MME. FRICKENHAUS gave a pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. The programme was exceedingly well drawn up, and it contained many pieces by no means hackneyed. Of these the principal was Brahms's Sonata in F minor (Op. 5), an early and remarkably interesting composition which has never been played at the Popular Concerts; it was introduced some seasons ago by Mr. Brönnigke at one of his concerts. The Sonata was interpreted by Mme. Frickenhaus in an able manner; her technique was excellent, and she played with much feeling. A Fugue "for the right hand alone" by her master, M. A. Dupont, proved a curious and clever piece, and it was played in a neat and sparkling manner. The concert-giver was also heard to advantage in pieces by Grieg, Cowen, Leschitzky, &c.

GOUNOD's "Mors et Vita" was performed by the Choral Society at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening. This work, with its many pages of slow "sequence" music, its monotony of cadences, its frequent reminiscences of "Faust"—nay, of the two "Fausts" (Gounod's and Berlioz's)—cannot be regarded as an attractive or original work. It is, in spite of clever writing and at times pleasing melodies, distinctly heavy music. But Mr. Barnby's choir, under Dr. Mackenzie's direction, sang the choral music splendidly. The soloists were Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills. They all sang well, although Mme. Albani at times exaggerated her part, and Miss Wilson was not in her best voice. There was a large attendance.

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LITERATURE.

Memoir and Correspondence of the late John Murray. By Samuel Smiles. In 2 vols. (John Murray.)

It is always easy to detect errors in a book of this nature, and the daily press has already abundantly aired its knowledge of literary history in regard to the present volumes; but it should none the less be easy to make liberal excuse for them. When one tries for a moment to realise the mass of correspondence Dr. Smiles must have waded through, the difficulties of selection, the problems of arrangement, it becomes less a matter of grumbling at a date here or a reference there, than of complimenting him on his undaunted industry. The letter-bag of so fashionable a publisher must have been as formidable as Mr. Gladstone's.

And, after all, is infallible accuracy in such a book so momentous as we pretend? Why do we read these countless memoirs and reminiscences? Some few, doubtless, for pigeon-hole purposes, eager of new details; but really so documentary an appeal is very limited, and the majority of us will tell the truth if we confess that our reading begins and ends in the natural appetite for gossip. We cannot all afford to indulge in the expensive fashion of Mrs. Shelley, who, when acknowledging a copy of Croker's *Boswell*, wrote to Murray that she had read it ten times, adding "I hope to read it many more." But certainly we should like to, for there are just a few great figures in our literary history of whom we cannot have too much. Johnson, of course, is one. Byron, and especially Scott, are two more. Yet, admirable as Lockhart is, one cannot be for ever repeating him, and Moore would hardly bear it in any case. Volumes such as these come, therefore, as welcome excuses for mingling once more amid the old faces, and lingering again over the oft-told tale. Besides, one gains a sense of freshness of impression in being thus brought to regard the familiar history from a new standpoint. What was comparatively distant and insignificant is now eloquent in the foreground; our former centre is now a point on the circumference. Before, we were in Italy with Byron writing saucy letters to "My Murray" to insist on "guineas," or making despairing appeals for tooth-powder; now, so to say, we take the letters from the postman in Albemarle-street, and, as we have often wished, watch the courtly publisher's face as he reads them.

"No tooth-powder, no letters, no recent tidings of you," exclaims "the 'hilde," writing from Venice, on July 1, 1817. But it took four more letters to draw forth a

penitent reply; for Murray, unlike the type of great men best-beloved of Dr. Smiles, seems to have been no little indolent at times. On August 5, he at last apologises for his "unpardonable indolence," and ten days later writes:

"By this time Mr. Kinnaird has, I hope, reached you in safety, and presented all my packets of poetry and tooth-powder; and hereafter I hope to receive your comments on the one portion and your thanks for the other."

Turning again to Moore, we find "comments" and "thanks" as follows:

"Mr. Kinnaird is not yet arrived, but expected. He has lost by the way all the tooth-powder, as a letter from Spa informs me. By Mr. Rose I received safely, though tardily, magnesia and tooth-powder, and 'Alashtar!' Why do you send me such trash—worse than trash, the sublime of mediocrity? Thanks for 'Lalla,' however, which is good; and thanks for the *Edinburgh and Quarterly*, both very amusing and well written."

To thus play at dominoes, as Schopenhauer would say, with extracts, is not that the charm of literary biography?

Again, on August 12, 1817, we remember Byron chafing:—

"The copies of *Manfred* and *Tasso* are arrived, thanks to Mr. Croker's cover. You have destroyed the whole effect and moral of the poem by omitting the last line of *Manfred's* speaking; and why this was done I know not. Why you persist in saying nothing of the thing itself, I am equally at a loss to conjecture. If it is for fear of telling me something disagreeable, you are wrong; . . . what you may think irritability is merely mechanical, and only acts like galvanism on a dead body, or the muscular motion which survives sensation."

Now we know how calmly Murray sat down to reply to these fulminations.

"Mr. Gifford, after consulting me, omitted your close of the drama from no other motive than because he thought that the words you allude to lessened the effect; and I was convinced of this myself. . . . I have written up this day to have the page cancelled and your reading restored. In future I propose to send you every proof by post, with any suggestions of Mr. G. upon them for your approbation. . . . I assure you that I take no umbrage at irritability which will occasionally burst from a mind like yours; but I sometimes feel a deep regret that in our pretty long intercourse I appear to have failed to show that a man in my situation may possess the feelings and principles of a gentleman; most certainly I do think that, from personal attachment, I could venture as much in any shape for your service as any of those who have the good fortune to be ranked amongst your friends."

Indeed, Byron had little need to lay such stress on his "guineas," for Murray's dealings with him from first to last were generous to recklessness. One might have thought that the real personal affection which he bore to the poet was the spring of this, did one not find a similar generosity animating all his dealings—from the very beginning of his career, when, after shaking off a deadhead of a partner, the Mr. Highley who had managed his father's estate during his minority, he hastened to offer Colman £300 for the copyright of *John Bull*, till the later years when he gave Moore ridiculous sums for his *Life of Byron*, and suffered for his high opinion of Washington Irving. "A

thousand guineas" is a sum one grows quite familiar with in reading these volumes; certainly it seems to occur on every other page—of the first volume, one should perhaps say, for in the second one finds him becoming a little more chary, at least of poetry. For, need one say, he found no second Byron. Dean Milman would fain have worn the giant's robe; and as Murray had given him £500 for his "Fall of Jerusalem," he came with a quite amusing idea of the value of his second poem, "Belshazzar."

"I give you fair warning," he wrote, "that all the friends who have hitherto seen it, assure me that I shall not do myself justice unless I demand a very high price for it."

"If it had been double I should have hesitated; as it is, I have no scruple in stating that I cannot accede to it," was his reply to Murray's offer; but Murray's rejoinder shows how well he knew to "transfix the flourish set on youth." Opening with regrets that they should not agree, he continued:

"Such a circumstance never occurred to me before, for I have usually had the good fortune to anticipate the expectations of those who have honoured me with the publication of their works. In the present instance you should consider that my valuation is formed upon the sale of your former works, and yours upon the opinions of friends."

As it was, Murray gave 500 guineas for the poem, though, later on, Milman was willing to eat humble pie to the extent of writing—"As to the copyright of 'Samor,' whatever you think it worth I shall be glad to receive"—the sequel to which was, in the words of Dr. Smiles: "Nothing appears to have been paid for it, nor did it even pay its expenses." Dean Milman's prose writings were, of course, "another story."

Though by far the majority of Murray's writers were eager to testify to his magnificent treatment of them, several even refusing the sums he offered them as excessive, yet Milman was not the only one who deemed himself deserving of all he got. Southey was conspicuously another. One never held a very flattering opinion of him, but all through these pages his self-conceit is more nauseous than ever.

"With regard to 'Kehama,'" he wrote, "I was perfectly aware that I was planting acorns while my contemporaries were setting Turkey beans. The oak will grow, and though I may never sit under its shade, my children will. Of the 'Lady of the Lake,' 25,000 copies have been printed; of 'Kehama,' 500; and if they sell in seven years I shall be surprised."

"Turkey beans" or no, one cannot but think that the acorns are somewhat long in coming up.

Again, though he well knew that from his essays in *The Quarterly* came his chief source of income, yet it is in this priggish vein that he acknowledges the extra liberality of its publisher:

"Your pay is very liberal, and the price which I receive for my writings is by no means a matter of indifference to me, but it can make no difference in the manner of my writing. The same diligence, the same desire, and the same power (whatever that may be) were brought to the task when you paid me ten guineas per sheet, as when you raised it to £100

per piece. This last is a great price . . . but I will tell you . . . that I must suspect my time might be more profitably employed (as I am sure it might be more worthily) than in writing for your journal even at that price."

This when twenty-one of his books, published by Longman, were bringing him £26 per annum! After all, it is sad to think that Southey's exquisite handwriting is probably the best expression of himself he has left behind him; those who have seen the MS. of *The Doctor* know how delicious that is.

On the other hand, one to whom Southey bore but little goodwill, and of whom, indeed, we have been accustomed to hear a very different account, appears in quite an original character throughout. Southey bore little love to William Gifford, because he persisted in cutting out the best passages in his *Quarterly* articles; we think of John Keats, and are biased by Hazlitt's splendid invective:

"Sir,—You have an ugly trick of saying what is not true of anyone you do not like; and it will be the object of this letter to cure you of it. You say what you please of others: it is time you were told what you are . . . You are a little person, but a considerable cat's-paw; and so far worthy of notice."

It is difficult to reconcile the Gifford of this contemptuous personality with the earnest recluse whose greatest fault seems to have been unpunctuality in regard to his *Quarterly*—with the Gifford whom we find delighting in children's parties, whom again we find tender with solicitude for an old housekeeper, and of whom such different men as Scott and J. W. Croker wrote with equal regard. William Jerdan even spoke of him as "full of gentleness." One can only reflect that these volumes are inevitably *ex parte*, that the opinions are mainly those of good Tories, and lament that differences of party should have power so to hinder good men from finding each other out. That Hazlitt and Hunt had none the less some measure of truth on their side may be concluded when we find Scott writing in his *Journal* that,

"in general he [Gifford] flagellated with so little pity that people lost their sense of the criminal's guilt in dislike of the savage pleasure which the executioner seemed to take in inflicting the punishment."

Yet one must not forget—though it be such poor doggerel—that even Hunt was obliged to write in reference to him that

" . . . there's something which even distaste must respect,
In the self-taught example that conquered neglect."

Scott is always the same wherever we meet him. He has nothing to fear from sidelights or valets. Always the same brave innocent giant; to read of him in this latter day is to draw in breaths of the upper air. To watch his vast energy in its great unconscious action—what a contrast to the painful affectation of our little masters of to-day. We gain many glimpses of him in these pages, from the great "primal burst" of his poetical fame, when Constable offered him a thousand pounds for his, as yet, unwritten "*Marmion*," giving Murray the eagerly accepted opportunity of a fourth

share in its publication; till, years after, Scott, collecting all his forces for that losing battle that was yet so much more than a victory, wrote to Murray, among other owners of his copyrights, to buy that old share back. Murray's response is quite touching, and says all that need be said for his soundness of heart.

"Mr. Lockhart has at this moment communicated to me your letter respecting my fourth share of the copyright of "*Marmion*." I have already been applied to by Messrs. Constable and by Messrs. Longman, to know what sum I would sell this share for; but so highly do I estimate the honour of being, even in so small a degree, the publisher of the author of the poem, that no pecuniary consideration whatever can induce me to part with it. But there is a consideration of another kind, which, until now, I was not aware of, which would make it painful to me if I were to retain it a moment longer. I mean, the knowledge of its being required by the author, into whose hands it was spontaneously resigned in the same instant that I read his request. This share has been profitable to me fifty-fold beyond what either publisher or author could have anticipated; and, therefore, my returning it on such an occasion, you will, I trust, do me the favour to consider in no other light than as a mere act of grateful acknowledgment for benefits already received."

Meanwhile, in the fruitful years that intervened, Murray and Scott maintained an active intercourse, chiefly in regard to the *Quarterly*, in the establishment of which Scott's sanguine energy counted for so much. Of Murray's visit to Abbotsford, and the historic meeting of Byron and Scott in Albemarle-street, new letters give us further interesting details.

Of the other "tolling names" one instinctively looks for first, Coleridge, Hunt, and Carlyle are the most considerable, though none of them occupy the stage for long or to any great advantage. Indeed, we have Coleridge somewhat at his worst, writing windy involved letters concerning that projected translation of "*Faust*," which never came to anything, and for which one cannot but feel that Murray was hardly as generous as usual in offering the poet the small sum of one hundred pounds. Coleridge evidently thought so, and it is pathetic to see him reduced to blowing his own trumpet in this fashion:—

" . . . the terms proposed are humiliatingly low; yet such as, under modifications, I accede to. I have received testimonials from men not merely of genius according to my belief, but of the highest accredited reputation, that my translation of '*Wallenstein*' was in language and in metre superior to the original, and the parts most admired were substitutions of my own, on a principle of compensation. Yet the whole work went for waste-paper."

But although Coleridge had been introduced to Murray by Byron, and though indeed Murray agreed to give seventy guineas for the unfinished "*Christabel*," "until the other poems shall be completed, when the copyright shall revert to the author," and also £20 for "*Kubla Khan*," together with two fifties for editions of the "*Christmas Tale*" and "*Zapolya*"—in spite of these transactions, one gains a distinct impression that Coleridge and Murray were not sympathetic.

In a letter which completed their correspondence, Coleridge writes:—

"I strive in vain to discover any single act or expression of my own, or for which I could be directly or indirectly responsible as a moral being, that would account for the change in your mode of thinking respecting me."

Looking back at the two men, we can pretty well understand it all. Coleridge's inorganic personality could hardly fail to irritate a man who was none the less a good fellow because he was pre-eminently sane. Before leaving Coleridge we must thank Dr. Smiles for rescuing this little song, which, though it was set to music many years ago, has never appeared in the collected works. It is pretty in spite of its being entitled "*Glycine*."

"A sunny shaft did I behold,
From sky to earth it slanted,
And pois'd therein a Bird so bold—
Sweet bird! thou wert enchanted!
He sank, he rose, he twinkled, troll'd,
Within that shaft of sunny mist;
His Eyes of Fire, his Beak of Gold,
All else of Amethyst!
And thus he sang: Adieu! Adieu!
Love's dreams prove seldom true.
Sweet month of May! we must away!
Far, far away!
To-day! to-day!"

As to Hunt, the short glimpse we have of him is on his vain and impecunious side in regard to "*The Story of Rimini*," of which Murray seems to have held no greater opinion than posterity, unwilling to risk more than a 750 edition, and then gladly transferring the copyright elsewhere. In regard to Carlyle, the story of his hawking *Sartor* in vain round London must never be told again without the addition that he did so after a definite half-profits offer from Murray, which he seems to have attempted to use as a lever with the other publishers. Murray naturally resented this. As the others had declined it, he wrote, he felt it would now be necessary for him to have the MS. read by a literary friend. It was, therefore, handed to Lockhart, who returned it with an unfavourable verdict which reads rather quaintly to us to-day. "Some felicity of thought and expression, with considerable fancy and knowledge," was all he was able to find in it. Then it was that Carlyle took it back to Craigenputtock. Lockhart, by the way, like Gifford, appears in a better light than usual throughout these volumes, though even here no one ventures to describe him as social.

Of Moore we naturally hear a great deal. Dr. Smiles gives us two new verses to add to his works. A scrap of Moore is, however, a very different thing from a scrap of Coleridge. More interesting is the splendid letter which Murray, on one of those rare occasions when the worm turned, addressed to Moore in closing accounts for the *Life* of Byron. Moore is never a dignified presence, but certainly he cuts a somewhat sorry figure here. The letter explains itself.

"May 24th, 1831.

"The *cross* letter, as you term it [letters had crossed in the post], did not reach me until this morning, and, from the manner in which the subject of it had been previously settled, I should not have thought it necessary to allude to it again, were it not for the interference of your 'advising' friends.

"This is not a solitary instance in which some of them have with morbid liberality evinced a kind disposition to give large sums of money to *their own friends*, to be paid by drafts, not upon their own bankers, but upon *mine*. Would these honorary patrons of men of letters enquire into facts, they would sometimes be startled into the meritorious selfishness of making the case their own; and then before they ventured to impugn the liberality of others, they would perhaps consider what, in similar circumstances, they would have done themselves. Had these warm-hearted friends made enquiries on the present occasion, they would have been informed that the copyright of the Life of Byron was purchased by the following sums, viz. :—

1. By discharging the author's bond to Messrs. Longman, with payment of interest thereon	£3020
2. By two bills	1200
3. By cash	100
4. By remitting what was due from America	300
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Besides contributing one-half of the work myself by Lord Byron's letters to his publisher, valued at £2000.	
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Total receipt, even if the whole were sold	9000
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Loss on first edition to its illiberal proprietor	£300
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"As a mercantile speculation it is hardly to be thought of, and there has been such a hue and cry raised against certain parts of the work that it is quite a *livre défendu* in some families; so that the entire sale of the work cannot be depended on.

"Let your friends see this statement, and then decide upon the conduct of,

"my dear Sir,

"yours most sincerely,

"JOHN MURRAY."

I have quoted the figures, too, because their statement is so eloquently sarcastic, especially when one remembers that the first item and its interest refer to that £2000 which Murray had originally given Moore for the Byron "Memoirs," and which Moore had returned with somewhat of a flourish on the day when the "Memoirs" were burned, having previously borrowed it from Longmans on a bond that, after all, there was no one but Murray to redeem, at large expense of interest. Much better had it been for him had Moore made no pretence of payment. As it was, he had to pay a round thousand for no other purpose than that the little Irishman should make a good appearance in the Albemarle-street drawing-room while the "Memoirs" were vanishing up the chimney.

Space will not permit us any longer to dwell on Murray's correspondents. The list of them would go far towards filling a column. John Wilson Croker was perhaps the best of them, after Byron. Some of his criticisms on the early numbers of the *Quarterly* are very smart, and how clever was this on Brougham—"an impediment in his speech

would make him a perfect Demosthenes." The traveller, Sir Francis Head, contributes some of the brightest letters in the second volume; but there are none better than John Murray's own, after reading which one can quite believe the tradition that, amid all the wit and learning congregated in his Albemarle-street salon, he had no difficulty in holding his own. He has a real gift of writing: quite a feeling for "the phrase," "the unique word." He is not, as one might have feared of a publisher, interesting only as the channel of other men's greatness; without his famous correspondents he would remain a strong and interesting personality. He published books as others wrote them, as an art rather than a business, as a gentleman rather than a bookseller. Money came; but money was not the end, it was rather the means. As Mr. W. J. Courthope says in his admirable chapter of summing-up, he was not a business-man in the ordinary debased sense of the word; we are not called upon to applaud the smug commercial qualities of commonplace success. That meanness which is the first essential to the service of Mammon was far indeed from John Murray. He is more the patron than the publisher; and when he does touch "business," it is in the liberal spirit of the old world of "merchant-adventurers," when imagination and manly courage still survived in commerce, and the perils of a bill-of-lading included real pirates and "King's enemies." Of course, he knew how to look after himself. He was no fool, as the saying is. But his qualities of shrewdness were more defensive than aggressive, not used to circumvent others but to protect himself. He had one sound instinct of an old-fashioned business-man. He did not like bills. And though he accepted no few in his time to oblige others, he was at last wise enough to decline those of Constable and Ballantyne; with whom, unfortunately, it was not possible to sustain relations on any other terms. Would that Scott had only used his common sense to the same end, and been content with Ashestiel!

Yet without the tradesman's qualities, his speculations—"adventures" one prefers to call them—were in the main singularly successful. He made a few mistakes, of course. He gave too much for Crabbe, over-estimated Washington Irving, and certainly was foolish enough to lose £26,000 over a daily newspaper, *The Representative*, in regard to which young Benjamin Disraeli behaved not a little like the character his enemies have depicted him. But he bore his few losses like a philosopher, regarding them as part of that experience for which one has proverbially to pay. Beyond these exceptions, too, his taste and judgment were rarely astray. His declining the *Rejected Addresses* was a miss, but he hastened to atone by buying the copyright after it had made a success—though, seeing it was in a sixteenth edition, £131 seems rather a low figure. The transaction was typical. Murray's ambition was to have a "list" which should be made up of books that were really literature, as distinct from printed matter. So long as they would pay

their expenses he remained a publisher of the *belles-lettres*. But as the great poetic wave which had risen with Scott and Byron began to be spent, he became more and more the publisher of travels and science—perhaps the reason why the interest of the story begins to flag towards the middle of the second volume. It was not, need one say, for lack of MSS. that he gradually ceased to publish poetry. We deem our own age the special era of the poetaster, but the genus would seem to have been no less prolific then. One example of "correspondence with the writers of rejected manuscript" is too humorous to leave out. A young Quaker had sent him some poems, and Murray wrote to decline them. Now it happened that the young man had been named after his father, and, Murray having omitted the necessary "junior," his letter was opened by the old man, who thus for the first time learnt in horror that he had been cherishing in his bosom that artistic viper, a poet. This quaint letter to Murray was the result:

"Esteemed Friend,

"I feel very much obliged by thy refusing to publish the papers sent thee by my son. I was entirely ignorant of anything of the kind, or should have nipt it in the bud. On receipt of this, please burn the whole that was sent thee, and at thy convenience inform me that it has been done. With thanks for thy highly commendable care,

"I am, respectfully, thy friend,

"JOHN PROCTOR."

How like the first scene in "Every Man in his Humour"! One half wishes for a peep at the sequel, but as the poetry was bad it was surely enough tame.

In regard to Murray's methods of publishing, one may note from this that the half-profits system seems to have been much more in favour then than now:

"Under this system," he wrote, "I have been very successful. For Mr. Croker's *Stories from the History of England*, selling for 2s. 6d., if I had offered the small sum of twenty guineas, he would have thought it liberal. However, I printed it to divide profits, and he has already received from me the moiety of £1400."

Yes, but all publishers are not John Murray, and others object to auditors.

His impartiality in publishing "both sides" is another characteristic. Writing to Hallam, who, from the fact that a hostile review had appeared in the *Quarterly*, had had gained the impression that Murray was subject to Tory influence, he says:

"If I were so foolish as to admit of such influence in the regulation of my business, its operation must inevitably be in the selection of what I should publish, and not in disparaging of what I had incurred both risk and expense in printing. No! I feel it a duty to publish, with equal integrity, for Croker and Leigh Hunt, Scott and Moore, Southey and Butler, Hobhouse and Gifford, Napier and Strangford."

John Murray's catholicity included even a cookery-book, Mrs. Rundell's *Domestic Cookery*, which Dr. Smiles takes a little too seriously throughout, to our occasional boredom. Indeed, a somewhat undue reverence for that great word "author," and a tendency towards the old supersti-

tion which regarded "the book" as a sacred miraculous thing, and used the phrase "became an author" as though it represented some change mystic as transubstantiation—it is that attitude rather than an occasional error which is apt at times to irritate the literary reader of this book. But this is only occasionally in evidence; and a good-natured soul can easily forgive it in acknowledgment of the collection of interesting gossip offered for his desultory delight, and of the variety of which there has been space here to give but slight indication.

I have said nothing here of the actual founder of the house, John MacMurray the First. But though, doubtless, it was to that worthy "lieutenant of Marines" that John Murray the Great owed many of his sterling qualities; and though, indeed, he first gave the great firm "a local habitation" (in Fleet Street), it was undoubtedly his son that won for it the "name." "So, good-morrow to you, good master lieutenant," as Byron was fond of saying.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Life and Writings of Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England and Martyr under Henry VIII. By the Rev. T. E. Bridgett, of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. (Burns & Oates.)

THIS is a companion volume to the author's *Life of Fisher*, Bishop of Rochester, More's fellow martyr, published in 1888; and, valuable as the previous publication was, there is no doubt that the present will attract a far higher degree of attention. For, martyrdom apart, which was alike in both cases, there was little in the life of Fisher that comes home to the sympathies of Englishmen in the nineteenth century like the story of his fellow-sufferer. In fact there was comparatively little to tell. Fisher was but a pious divine who dared to do his duty nobly and to die for it when the occasion came. More, with equal fortitude, was a genial and loving friend, a very model of domestic life, a wit and humorist of the first rank, yet at the same time a lawyer, diplomatist, and man of business, whose talents drew him into public life even against his own inclination.

Moreover, as a piece of biographical work this volume is superior to its predecessor. It contains not a single paragraph that we should have liked to see omitted, and it does justice to every phase of More's life and character. Of no previous biography of Sir Thomas More can it be said that his domestic, his literary, his professional, and his public life have all been treated with equal care, so that we feel the whole man has been presented to us as he is presented to us here. In fact, even his best biographers hitherto have been somewhat wanting in true appreciation of him. Sir James Mackintosh's short *Life* is well composed and written in an excellent spirit, but even it fails in some points to interpret More quite truly. Cayley's work, though longer than that of Mackintosh, is really little more than a sketch; and it is impossible to say that Miss Stewart's biography, published some years ago, makes up for past deficiencies.

Of course Father Bridgett has had a great advantage over previous biographers in the fact that much fuller documentary evidence is now available than was ever before within reach of the most studious inquirer. But he has also made very good use of material not altogether easy of access even now, though quite as accessible in the past as in the present—I mean More's English Works. It seems strange that, after all the literary rubbish printed by the Early English Text Society for the advancement of philological study, no one has yet ventured to give us a new edition of several important treatises of Sir Thomas More which are only to be read in a black letter folio published in the reign of Mary Tudor, of which even the British Museum has only a single copy, and that not absolutely perfect, though the three missing leaves have been supplied in MS. For want of a serious study of his writings we do not understand Sir Thomas' real mind, and a mere record of the incidents of a man's life without a careful study of his mind can never be quite satisfactory.

That the true life, mind, and character of Sir Thomas More should be better understood among us is all the more important, because it would tend to dissipate a multitude of false impressions bearing not only upon history, but upon religion, which it is very desirable should be altogether got rid of. Father Bridgett writes, of course, from a Roman Catholic point of view; but it is not to the credit of Protestantism that we should allow those of his communion a monopoly of truth in some things which are matters of plain historical and biographical fact. It is, for instance, the belief of many to this day—because asserted again and again by writers who ought to know better—that Sir Thomas More was a persecutor. It is not denied that he set forth in his *Utopia* high principles of religious toleration; but it is asserted that he departed from them in practice in his later years, and whipped men for their religious beliefs at a tree in his own garden. Now this was not a mere legend of after times; it was an invention of some of his own contemporaries, denounced by himself as a very impudent lie. More, indeed, hated heresy, and by no means denied that the settled faith of a Christian country should be protected from irreverent onslaught by men who were persecutors themselves; but as regards his own personal bearing towards heretics he says expressly that, with two exceptions, he never gave any of them "so much as a fillip on the forehead." And of these two cases, the one was a young lad in his service trying to contaminate another child; the second was a lunatic who had created a disturbance at mass by gross misconduct, and on whom a little mild chastisement seems to have had a very good effect.

It should be clearly understood, therefore, that whoever attributes acts of religious persecution to Sir Thomas More must be prepared to maintain that the martyr was a positively untruthful, dishonest man. This no one believed in his own day or has believed since, although every encouragement was given to calumniators in his time as soon as it was evident that he could not

be won over to countenance the king in his repudiation of Katharine of Arragon. Yet Foxe the Martyrologist, who was a young man when More died, was not ashamed to repeat, many years afterwards, the stories which More himself had denounced as impudent fabrications. And, owing mainly to the undue credit in which his famous work has been generally held, those falsehoods were again repeated by Bishop Burnet (for the benefit of an age which believed in Titus Oates), and have been further propagated in our own day by Mr. Froude, besides other writers. Truly it is not an easy thing to kill a falsehood!

Father Bridgett devotes a whole chapter of twenty pages to the discussion of More's treatment of heretics and of his mental attitude towards them. The latter is a somewhat more difficult subject to expound in a brief article, and possibly even the space given to it by Father Bridgett may be deemed a trifle insufficient. But practical Englishmen generally judge of a philosophy by its fruits, and they may well be satisfied that neither in mind nor in act was Sir Thomas More a persecutor. On another subject which, carefully considered, throws very considerable light on the history of the English Reformation, Father Bridgett feels it necessary to exercise some delicacy. It is a fact that will perhaps astonish a good many people who think of the cause for which More died, that even in his mature manhood, when he was over forty years of age, he had some doubt whether the papacy was a divine institution or not; and when Henry VIII. was writing his book against Luther, which earned for him the title of Defender of the Faith, More suggested to his Majesty that he had expressed himself on this subject rather too decidedly.

"Whereunto," observes Sir Thomas himself, "his Highness answered me that he would in no wise anything diminish of that matter, of which thing his Highness showed me a secret cause, whereof I had never heard anything before."

This incident is related not only by Father Bridgett, but also by Father Doreau in his recent work on the Carthusians, reviewed by me in this journal a few weeks ago (*ACADEMY*, February 9, No. 981), and I take this opportunity of correcting an oversight in that article. Father Doreau makes the king say in answer to More: "Non, non, je ne puis être trop explicite. N'est-ce pas du Saint-Siège que je tiens ma couronne?" Father Doreau did not mention from what source he had derived his information here; and I confess I could not imagine where he had found it, having quite forgotten at the time that the conversation was recorded not only by More himself, but by his son-in-law Roper, whose words, or rather whose report of More's words, is as follows:—

"To that answered his Highness, 'Whatsoever impediment be to the contrary, we will set forth that authority to the uttermost, for we receive from that see our crown imperial'; which I never heard of before till his grace told it me with his own mouth."

Henry's zeal at that time was extraordinary; but surely he could not have meant to repeat King John's acknowledg-

ment of the feudal subjection of England to the Holy See. If so, well might More say that he never had heard of such an intention before. It is difficult, in fact, to say what the King really could have meant; but the words, if rightly reported, might be taken to signify that Henry was indebted to the Pope for recognising his crown as imperial and not simply regal. In such a matter, papal recognition was enough to settle the question.

There is but one serious inaccuracy that I have observed in this book. Chapter ix. is devoted to a portion of More's career when he is supposed to have been "Secretary and Privy Councillor;" but I know no evidence that he ever held the former office at all. Richard Pace was at that time the King's Secretary; and though Father Bridgett calls him More's co-secretary, there is no warrant for supposing it to have been a joint appointment. More, indeed, wrote letters from court by the King's command, but they were always in his own name and sometimes expressed incidentally very unofficial sentiments characteristic of the writer; as, for instance, after recording a wish of the King, then about to make war on France, that he might soon be "governor" of that kingdom, "I pray God," adds Sir Thomas, "if it be good for his Grace and for this realm, that then it may prove so, and else in the stead thereof I pray God send his Grace an honourable and profitable peace." It was to Henry's credit in those days—before he came under Anne Boleyn's influence—that he was glad to be served by a man of independent mind.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

Tales and Sketches by the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield. With a Prefatory Memoir by J. Logie Robertson. (Paterson.)

THE contents of this collection of Lord Beaconsfield's shorter writings are necessarily unequal in value. There is no literary merit in the three juvenile tales—"A True Story," "The Carrier Pigeon," and "The Consul's Daughter": there is not even the extravagance which testifies to undisciplined power, and which may therefore provide some hint of promise for the future; they are simply crude and conventional literary exercises, without a single turn of expression to remind us that we are reading the tentative essays of one who, if not a great writer, was certainly a great phrase-maker. In "Walstein, or a Cure for Melancholy," he has evidently found, or is just about to find, his true *métier*, some of the touches both in the conversational and descriptive passages being characteristically epigrammatic or grandiose; but "Walstein" is a fragment which contains no materials for even a plausible guess concerning its intellectual or artistic justification. The sketches, for the most part oriental, which appear at the close of the volume, have more of formal completeness, but they are in essence equally fragmentary; they are not "works," but highly finished studies or memoranda, interesting mainly as indicating the writer's passion for a somewhat theatrical picturesquequeness. The characteristic sentiment

is, for the most part, held in solution; and only once or twice does it crystallise in direct expression, as in the recognisably Disraelian peroration to the elaborately florid rhapsody upon the glories of Munich.

"It is the fashion of the present age to under-rate the influence of individual character. For myself, I have ever rejected this consolation of mediocrity. I believe that everything that is great has been accomplished by great men. It is not what I witnessed at Munich, or know of its sovereign, that should make me doubt the truth of my conviction. Munich is the creation of its king, and Louis of Bavaria is not only a king, but a poet. A poet on a throne has realised his dreams."

It is not easy to recall an equally brief passage in which the author is so perfectly successful in the assumption of his favourite pose. The manner is as regal as the theme. It is a monarch's *éloge* spoken by a brother monarch.

The main justification for the volume is, however, to be found in the three burlesque narratives, "Popanilla," "Ixion in Heaven," and "The Infernal Marriage," which still remain the best examples of Lord Beaconsfield's lightness of reckless touch in gay, irresponsible, all-round satire; and in the stately monograph "On the Life and Writings of Mr. Isaac Disraeli," which it seems hardly possible to believe could have been written by the same pen, distinguished as it is by a fine seriousness, a judicial dignity, and a classical restraint that stand in startling contrast to the elvish flightiness of the first-named works. "Popanilla" belongs to the school founded by that adventurous traveller Lemuel Gulliver, and represents therefore a class of literature which very speedily becomes old-fashioned, unless, as in the case of Swift's romance, freshness of interest is secured by very rare intellectual or literary power. In this matter of wearing well "Popanilla" is not unworthy to be named in the same sentence with its model; for, though originally published more than sixty years ago, the reader of to-day has no perception of that flatness which seems as natural to the satire of the last decade as to the champagne opened last night. In the sketch of men and manners in *Vraiblenasia* the humour retains its original sparkle, the satire its pristine dryness on the palate; and to say this of a simple *jeu d'esprit* is to say much. For it must be noted that "Popanilla" and its companion burlesques are *jeux d'esprit*, and nothing more. They are satires indeed, but their satire is gay, freakish, indiscriminating; it has no polemical purpose, or indeed purpose of any sort, behind it; it is light mockery for mockery's sake and for the sake of the laughter which it provokes. It would be possible to draw from "Popanilla" the inference that the writer had no convictions, but quite impossible to show that any homogeneous set of convictions is specially singled out for assault. He tilts all round; and before his lance down topple the invented representatives of the very "causes" to which he was supposed to be most consistently devoted, as well as those which were always the objects of his scorn.

"Popanilla" is of satire all compact;

"Ixion in Heaven" and "The Infernal Marriage" are pure burlesques, with here and there a satirical passage thrown in as a makeweight. The former is the more brilliant and idiosyncratic, more richly studded with Disraelian spangles. It is in "Ixion" that we find the often quoted "Adventures are to the adventurous," and the equally quotable "He who laughs at Destiny will gain Fortune," with a frequently recurring touch of jaunty cynicism like the question of Jove to Ixion, "What! was Dia jealous, which is common; or false, which is commoner; or both, which is commonest?" There do not seem to be many personal references; but of course Apollo, the divine bard "whose love of fame was only equalled by his horror of getting fat," is Byron. The satire of portrait-painting is caricature; but even in this portrait the ruling spirit of the piece retains its supremacy, and caricature passes into extravagance.

"A great poet," says Apollo, "cannot be kept down. Look at my case. Marsyas said of my first volume that it was pretty good poetry for a god, and in answer I wrote a satire and flayed Marsyas alive. But what is poetry, and what is criticism, and what is life? Air. And what is air? Do you know? I don't. All is mystery, and all is gloom, and ever and anon from out of the clouds a star breaks forth, and glitters, and that star is Poetry." "Splendid!" exclaimed Minerva. "I do not exactly understand you," said Neptune.

To pass from these sparkling whimsicalities to the almost Quaker-like gravity, decorum, and restraint of the essay "On the Life and Writings of Mr. Isaac Disraeli" is an almost bewildering transition. The former are typically romantic in substance and spirit; the latter is as typically classical, having in its every sentence the classical notes of dignity and severe taste. There is not an exaggerated epithet, not a flamboyant phrase; the younger Disraeli, while *Tancred* was but a year old, wrote of the elder as Addison might have written of Tielack had he survived him. Nor does the biography of the writer suggest any doubt of the perfect naturalness and spontaneity of a manner which at first sight seems so obviously, almost grotesquely, uncharacteristic. It is impossible to think of the author of "Ixion in Heaven" as a successful courtier: it is impossible to think of the author of the essay on Isaac Disraeli as anything else. And it is certain that there never was a more supremely successful courtier than Lord Beaconsfield.

It must be added that Mr. Logie Robertson's prefatory paper admirably serves its purpose as an introduction, and attempts nothing more. Of such a piece of work higher praise is impossible, for adequacy without superfluity is the *ne plus ultra* of editorial duty.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

Studies in Statistics. By George Blundell Longstaff. (Edward Stanford.)

THE structure of Dr. Longstaff's work is as heterogeneous as the composition of some of the colonial populations which he has so ably analysed in the course of these statistical studies. The first three chapters are,

as the author says, "of an introductory and elementary character"; but we cannot add with him: "and will be wisely skipped by the expert." On the contrary, they will be read with the pleasure which even experts derive from a luminous restatement of first principles. Nor, indeed, are the reflections in the third chapter concerning the effect of epidemics on death-rate so very elementary.

The central portion of the book is occupied with the growth of population in different parts of the world, with the omission of Asia and other notable exceptions. Not merely the growth of each total population, but the proportions and changes in the proportions of its constituent elements, are the object of Dr. Longstaff's measurement. Thus, he finds that in the United States about 62 per cent. of the inhabitants may be looked upon as of Anglo-American stock. Our colonies in Australasia contrast favourably with the United States in respect of homogeneity. The statistics which Dr. Longstaff employs in this part of his studies are for the most part not absolutely new. For instance, the evidence that population is tending to agglomerate in large cities, both in this country and others, will not come as a surprise to many readers. But the author has made familiar facts his own by the clearness of his exposition and the importance of his deductions. All the devices by which statistical data are submitted to "the faithful eyes"—every species of diagram, curiously coloured and shaded—enrich these sumptuous pages. If the writer is discussing the growth of London, he does not content himself with the figures of birth-rate and the statistics of migration, but he presents the lively picture of a very large baby standing by the side of a wayfaring man with staff and satchel. The height of the baby represents the "natural increase" of London; the much smaller height of the wayfarer represents the growth by migration—the balance of immigration over emigration. All the statistics which Dr. Longstaff employs are not so accurate as those which relate to London. It is not every foreign census which can be absolutely trusted. But the figures suffice for deductions, which often relate to quality rather than quantity, and are politically interesting, if not arithmetically exact. For instance, the distribution of the Irish in America—in the manufacturing centres rather than on the prairies—suggests the question: "Is it that this much-talked-of land-hunger loses its political value in his [the Irishman's] new home?" The author remarks on the danger to the United States from the increase of the coloured population, and on the trouble which the rapid increase of the French inhabitants in Canada may cause in the future. The Cape Colony and Natal are in a still less satisfactory condition. Regretting that "emigration to South Africa is not so active as might be wished," Dr. Longstaff assigns among, or above, other causes for this that "the vacillating policy of the home government, culminating in the surrender of the Transvaal after the disaster of Majuba Hill, has destroyed our prestige,

and caused a general feeling of uncertainty and insecurity."

Dr. Longstaff speaks with more authority on the purely medical and technical inquiries which occupy the latter part of the book. To fully appreciate the worth of the conclusions which he here reaches would require a greater knowledge of the subject-matter than most critics possess. It is at least safe to say that statistical uniformity, the law of large numbers as it has been called, has seldom been exhibited more strikingly than by some of the diagrams relating to the causes and fatal consequences of disease. This general character is hardly applicable to one particular case, the statistics of hydrophobia, owing to the paucity of the observations. These, however, suffice to establish some conclusions. Contrary to popular impression, it appears that hydrophobia is by no means confined to the "dog-days"; while the corresponding disease in dogs, rabies, reaches its maximum intensity in spring and autumn, rather than under the influence of Sirius. It is a curious fact that boys and men die of hydrophobia in very much greater numbers than females of the same ages. Is this difference due solely to the greater rashness of the male, or is it a less accidental attribute of sex? Some colour is given to the latter suggestion by the evidence that dogs are more liable than bitches to the disease of rabies; but the danger of flying to conclusions from statistical data is illustrated by the statement which a good authority has made that, "when rabies finds its way into a kennel of fox-hounds, the mad dogs bite the dogs, but spare the bitches." The cautions with which figures must be interpreted are well inculcated by Dr. Longstaff in some occasional remarks on the logic of statistics, as well as in the general spirit of scientific inquiry which characterises his work.

F. Y. EDGEWORTH.

NEW NOVELS.

The Philadelphian. By L. J. Jennings. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

His Cousin Adair. By Gordon Roy. In 3 vols. (Blackwood.)

The Dower of Earth. By Ethel Glazebrook. In 3 vols. (Percival.)

To Save Himself. By Captain Claude Bray. In 2 vols. (Bentley.)

Not a Moment to Spare. By H. C. Davidson. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Unequally Yoked. By Mrs. Needell. (Edinburgh: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

The Black Drop. By Hume Nisbet. (Trischler.)

The Elixir and Other Tales. By George Ebers. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Les Suites d'une Grève. By Maurice Block. (Paris: Hachette.)

It may seem a grudging and unkindly criticism to say that Mr. Jennings's *The Philadelphian* begins so well that it ought to end better. Yet *respicere finem* is undoubtedly one of the first of those rules of art which Mr. Besant would have us critics impress all

the while, in a popular style that the Beaver can well understand, on the said Beaver (this, by the way, will be said to be an unconscious, and therefore damning, acknowledgment of the likeness of the critic to the Butcher, but we cannot help that). A good beginning will make a man read the book, no doubt. A good ending will make him read it again, and that is what has to be aimed at by the artist as distinguished from the circulating library caterer. Not that Mr. Jennings is of this latter kind, but that perhaps he has something to learn before he ranks in the former. The beginning is very good. Colonel Pendleton, a Virginian gentleman and defender to the last of the "lost cause," is attractive. His faithful northern friend and partner Rufus Snapper—whose fidelity makes him a rich man after apparent ruin—is good. His daughter Edith is good. His English or Welsh friend, Roland Clavering, who has made one mistake in his life, though unluckily that is the irremediable one of marriage, is good. The embroilment of these persons with the minor personages—Geoffrey Clavering, Roland's son by a former marriage, who has quarrelled with his father, and has to the knowledge of few people followed his father's mistake; Sam Rafferty, the second Mrs. Clavering's son by her first husband, and the enigmatic Mrs. Martin—is good. The marriages and the murders, those all-important incidents, are managed so well that even a tolerably skilled novel-reader may be as much on the wrong track as was 'cute Mr. Snapper in attributing them to their performers. Yet somehow or other the interest seems to tail off a little, whether owing to the fact that Geoffrey Clavering, who, if not the hero, is the *jeune premier*, is utterly unattractive; or to the other fact that Tom Finch, a scholar out at elbows, Geoffrey's tutor, deluder, and horse-leech, upon whom most of the action turns, is utterly unnatural; or to the third fact that the Irish-American Daly, another very important personage, is dim and theatrical, we need not enquire here. After all, it is no bad compliment to a book to say that it is interesting enough throughout the greater part of it to make us expect it to become even more interesting at the end.

His Cousin Adair speaks very well for Miss Roy's (there is not much doubt about the sex of "Gordon") power of drawing women. The situation of a family of entirely female poor relations, tolerated and patronised by their cousins and neighbours at the Great House, is not a new one; but it offers good opportunities to good talents, and Miss Roy has not baulked them. The selfish, querulous insignificance of the mother is a little hackneyed, and the elfishness of the youngest daughter exaggerated; but the contrast of the helpful and self-sacrificing Adair and her second sister Agnes, who is self-helpful but not self-sacrificing, is, though old enough, well done; while the insolent, though not wholly ill-meaning, prosperity of their cousin Isabel is still better. Good, too, is the actress Cicely Charteris, who marries, half by force, "his cousin Adair's" cousin Douglas, and her final scene of unintentional tragedy is

fairly managed. But Miss Roy, if she had been more of a deaconess in her craft, would have lopped off the postscript of rapture between Adair and Douglas when he is "free." Let her perpend how the delicate and unerring art of Thackeray (oh, Mr. Besant, what toils do we go through to please you!) dealt with this situation in *The Newcomes*; how even the much blunter art of Trollope handled it in *The Bertrams*, and discern that raptures of this kind over a grave are a little awkward.

The Dower of Earth is apparently a first book, and, though there is merit in it, it is very "young." Mrs. Glazebrook has forgotten, or has not perceived, that in order to make us sympathise with the lamentable results of a mistake, the mistake must be "sympathetic." Stella Graham's mistake—that of refusing a man whom she loves because she thinks her father would not like the marriage, and marrying a clever snob whom she hardly knows because she thinks her father would like it—is not "sympathetic" at all. Even Iphigenia does not interest us very warmly; and Iphigenia, poor thing, by no means invited anybody "To draw a sharp knife through her tender throat,"

as the elder and more striking version ran. However, she is badly treated and she is ill, and she is poetical, and she is unlucky in her men-folk, and she perishes in a dying fall that is sufficiently pathetic; and we are inclined to think that the average reader of the present day may very possibly like the book better than we do. It has a good many modern touches which will please him or her.

To people who dislike the improbable, Captain Bray's novel may possibly be shocking. Almost the entire conduct of Lord Cardstone, *alias* Captain St. Ambert, *alias* Hugh Lambert, Esq., in courting, marrying, and concealing his wife, and then in believing her guilty of the murder of their child, leaves the improbable far behind and plunges into the simply incomprehensible. That even the stupidest administrators of "crown's quest" law, or the most incapable J.P. that a heated Radical imagination can conceive, should have discovered any evidence against her at all is unbelievable; but that the grand jury should have found a true bill, and that after that any counsel for the Crown should have attempted to carry on the case or any judge have allowed it to go to the petty jury, requires the addition to the English language of some word which shall stand to "unbelievable" as that does to "not quite likely." Still, there is something rather engaging in the book, and it enforces three excessively sound morals. The first is that no counsel should take unprofessional and private interest in his client; the second, that no one should meddle between husband and wife; and the third, that the very worst use to which you can put a pretty and amiable girl is to try to fix on her a murder of which another woman has been acquitted. These be indeed truths; and in one special conjuncture, when the obliged Lady Cardstone and the harassed Lord Cardstone both turn on Denis Halford and rend him for his

meddling, Captain Bray has displayed real, if not wholly conscious, humour.

There is a murder in Mr. Coleman Davidson's book also; and that will be enough to recommend it to some people, for whom it will also have the attraction of containing the (for a time successful) attempt of a penniless adventurer to get hold of a considerable property. We do not ourselves care very greatly for either subject in itself, and we think we have seen both handled better than by Mr. Davidson; but those who really like such subjects seldom care much about the handling.

The central situation of *Unequally Yoked* is good though not novel, and part of the treatment of it is good likewise. A person of high degree falls in love with and marries an exquisitely pretty girl in quite the lower rank of the middle class—quarrelling with his family to do so. His wife is not bad-hearted; but she has been very badly brought up, and has married him simply to be comfortable and amuse herself. Instead of this she finds herself shut up in a country neighbourhood with no amusements and very little society. Her husband is absent at his parish work for the greater part of the day, and, though deeply in love with her, is neither very demonstrative nor disposed to make himself her slave. To crown it all, an old lover, whom she has jilted, makes his appearance, and one of those amiable persons against whom Middleton warned the other sex in "Women Beware Women" does all the evil she can. The interest of the book is almost limited to the behaviour and character of the heroine; but so far it is not inconsiderable.

Some experience has first led us to form, and then confirmed us in, the belief that in regard to the works of authors like the author of *Bail Up* it is best to say little but "Here is another." For either you must say something about what happens, though the agonised reader cries "Don't tell me"; or you must indulge nasty critical remarks on passages such as that which describes a lady "on the azure velvet sofa *laying* backwards." And what does a reader of *The Black Drop* care whether the lady laid or lay?

Those who chiefly know Herr Ebers by large, learned, and, to tell the whole truth, rather ponderous volumes, may like him better or worse in the short tales which Mrs. Bell has translated. They are something in the familiar Märchen style, but with differences.

M. Block's *Les Suites d'une Grève* is hardly a novel, though it is thrown in story form, and conveys much good advice therein, after a fashion more popular in England some fifty or sixty years ago than now, but not extinct with us. The moral is: "Pour atteindre le but, il faut éviter les conflits entre patrons et ouvriers." With all our heart! even if it be easier to say so than to go and do it.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE COUNTRY.

The River-side Naturalist. By E. Hamilton, M.D. (Sampson Low.) It was an ambitious project to attempt to describe the chief quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, insects, molluscs, and flowers which appear at the river-side, to say nothing of the fish which haunt the streams themselves. The task involved writing on the greater part of the English fauna and flora; yet such is the task which Dr. Hamilton has imposed upon himself, mainly in the interest of anglers, as may be gathered from the bulk of these pages having already been published in the *Angler's Gazette*. It is only fair to state that he has accomplished this with some cleverness, and that a capital index is of the greatest assistance in using the book. Some may quarrel at omissions—ask, for instance, why the hedgehog is not described, or the carrion crow, which, according to an old authority, *secum sola spatiat arena*; or the burbot, a fish of the midland and East Anglian streams; but a moment's reflection shows that the book would have swelled to a great size had it been needful to comprehend these creatures and others which could readily be named. Dr. Hamilton wished to lessen popular ignorance among fishermen, and he has certainly succeeded. Many men go fly-fishing without noticing the marvels of Nature's workmanship which are continually to be observed at the river-side, and yet it is hardly credible that Dr. Hamilton should have known a grayling fisherman who could not distinguish the goldfinch. Others use their eyes to some purpose, and both classes will find instruction and interest in this book. It is well and fully illustrated; and, with the exception of two or three, the student will find these illustrations helpful in identifying the familiar birds of the water-side. In short, it is one of those delightful books which charms every country lover, as enabling him daily to extend his acquaintance among the lower creatures which he sees around him, and which are unusually abundant at the edge of rivers and streams. Of the different divisions of British creatures here treated, the quadrupeds and the birds are excellently handled. Most people are specially interested in birds; and Dr. Hamilton generally gives the salient points in the habits and plumage of each that he describes for the purpose of ready identification, and then adds anecdotes, poetical associations, folklore, and, occasionally, etymologies. Foreign folklore might well have been dispensed with, and Dr. Hamilton's etymologies are sometimes queer, to say the least—as in the word he gives as Aristotle's for the perch. Every here and there are mistakes, such as his assertion that the dipper does not dive. It generally walks under the water, but we have seen that it can and does dive. It is hardly correct to say with Seeborn that the grey wagtail "confines itself entirely to the water-side." We have noticed it in a garden some distance from a brook, but it is undoubtedly almost always found at the waterside. The dotterell, on the other hand, is scarcely a bird that would be expected at the water-side. It breeds on the Cumberland mountains, and is seen on the East Coast at times of migration. Its feathers are valuable for artificial flies, and, in consequence, the bird is becoming more rare annually. The habit of the chaffinch to take flies on the wing in early spring near a river should have been noticed. One of the best chapters is that on the night-jar, and Dr. Hamilton has taken special pains to bring all that is known about its notes into his pages, while the cut of the bird is excellent. When the author reaches the fishes he devotes a sensible chapter to their senses and organisation, although his speculations on the sleep of fish are somewhat crude. A good deal of information is given about the salmonidae. The eels are also carefully treated.

There is so little that is novel, however, to be said of fishes, that it would have been better not to have touched upon them. They can scarcely be termed water-side objects for the naturalist. More than 1500 tons of eels, it seems, are consumed annually by London, of which about 1000 tons, costing £80,000, come from Holland. Water-side insects are well described, particularly the ephemeridae. The researches of Pictet and Eaton are comprised in the accounts of these beautiful flies. Much attention is paid also to the different families of trout flies, and the figures of them are remarkably good, and would much assist identification. Country book-clubs should order Dr. Hamilton's book. It will familiarise many of the resources which Nature offers in lonely neighbourhoods for study, and which makes life more tolerable during the dark, wet months of winter. The author should have the classical words carefully corrected in a new edition. *Pelius, ardea, pteron, pygmaeus*, and *erythra* for *pelius, ardea, pteron, pygmaeus*, and *erythra* scarcely conciliate the reader; while *charadrius* does not mean "the bird which if looked on cures the jaundice," though a superstition to that effect did exist. What shall be said of the guise in which an old friend here appears—"Timcoo Banacos nec dona ferentes"? Several English quotations are similarly murdered. Thus Shakspeare's

"Renegé, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks," becomes "Revenge, affirm, &c.," and Scott's

"O'er capon, heron-shew, and crane,
And princely peacock's gilded train,"

is expanded into "capon, heron, stew, and crane." It is a pity that a book of considerable merit should be disfigured by such blemishes. Much as we love the river-side, Dr. Hamilton's book points out that there is still something to be learnt there.

Tongues in Trees and Sermons in Stones. By Rev. W. Tuckwell. (George Allen.) That this little book bears the imprimatur of the Orpington publisher is sufficient guarantee for its tasteful appearance and for the quality of the illustrations, which lend it an additional charm. "Tongues in Trees" would have formed a better title, for little or nothing is said of stones. The author discourses in a pleasant informal fashion, like the wild gardens of which it treats, of trees and flowers, and has produced a book which every lover of a garden should possess, owing to its suggestive character and the many points at which it shows that gardens and sundials touch poetry, morals, and the history of our forefathers. Mr. Tuckwell writes like a scholar, with all a scholar's appreciation of nature and rustic science. With regard to trees, their original habitat, the myths, folklore, and sacred associations which cling to them are lightly handled, and a similar treatment is accorded to flowers, the derivation of their names, the doctrine of signatures, and the curiosities of plant-life. There is a good chapter on plant-literature, always a fascinating subject to country dwellers; but the best in the book describes four typical gardens—the Oxford Botanical Garden, New College Gardens, a rectory garden (Mr. Tuckwell's own), and the Thwaite garden at Coniston. A subtle perfume of roses and violets breathes through these pages, and the inspiration of the Sage of Brantwood probably led to their being written. The beautiful lines quoted from Keble, how

—"happier thoughts

Spring like unbidden violets from the sod"—

were, however, written in memory of his sister, and not of Lady Heathcote. Perhaps it is worth noting, also, that, instead of two, five mistletoe oaks have now been found in Herefordshire. The derivation of "foxglove" is

more likely "folks' gloves" (i.e. fairy gloves), than the "foxes' glew" or peal of bells. Rustics have no superstitious feeling in preferring to plant potatoes on Good Friday, but their masters generally grant them that day, or at least the afternoon, in order that they may plant their precious crop. There is no need to describe this dainty volume at greater length. When spring does come, it is just the book to thrust into a pocket and read on the sunny seat in the shrubbery, while the garden favourites fly around "cheep and twitter twenty million loves."

Little Hours with Nature. By Charles Dixon. (Chapman & Hall.) Under this somewhat misleading title the author prints a score of careful studies in bird-life. Like his previous books, they show keen observation, are thoughtful and well expressed. Indeed it is impossible for a lover of birds to peruse them without finding that he has learned much, and that these essays are very different from the ordinary trite writing on British rural life. Mr. Dixon is an ardent evolutionist, and thereby raises a smile occasionally. As when he tells us that "the non-singing Passeres have chosen to court their mates by means of colour; and their powers of song not having been maintained, they may act as ornaments in the woods, but contribute nothing to the melody of the country." This speculation irresistibly reminds the lover of the *Water Babies* of the trout who were too idle to migrate annually to the sea, and have therefore been condemned to remain small stationary fish compared with their big and travelled brethren, the salmon. Throughout these pages, too, Mr. Dixon allows himself to ride a tiff at the scientific study of birds. "Ornithology at the present time," he says, "is little more than a study of hard names"; and he warns his readers impressively against "what pretends to be a scientific study of this or that Order." Now poetic appreciation and scientific precision in the study of birds are perfectly distinct, though certainly not incompatible. A man may possess the richest poetic sensibility with regard to his outdoor favourites, and yet strictly subordinate his enthusiasm to scientific methods when he writes of them. At all events, if he is passionately fond of observing bird-life in the fields, he need not decry the patient labours of the scientific ornithologists, as Mr. Dixon invariably does. It is necessary to make one more remark. Hampered by the exigencies of a theory, Mr. Dixon ascribes "great intelligence" and even reasoning power to birds. "Their habits are not governed by instinctive impulse, or by a blind, unreasoning, and infallible power, but are controlled by reason." It will be nearer the mark to say that the actions of birds are controlled by adaptive instinct. With these deductions, it is pleasant to welcome the author's loving work. He gives an excellent life-history of the swallow, which may be commended to the many admirers of this bird, and describes in glowing poetry the flight of the sky-lark. Among the birds which sing during the night, he may add this bird, and remember how Milton observed it "singing startle the dull night." Herons do not associate merely during the breeding season, however, and black-cocks do not desert the hens as soon as the eggs are laid. We have seen a black-cock doing his best to lead away intruders from the young brood. Every page of this book is not only eloquent, but also suggestive. Mr. Dixon possesses a large and varied knowledge of birds, and a keen appreciation of their habits. But we do not exactly think that the mystery of migration is now solved, in spite of his eleven chapters on the subject. "Nothing can be more easy to understand," he assures his readers; and yet some people are sufficiently old-fashioned to see not a few

difficulties in the two great annual waves of bird-migration.

Bird-Songs about Worcester. By Harry Leverett Nelson. (Boston, U.S.: Little, Brown & Co.) The locale of this pretty little book is not our English Worcester, but a town in the State of Massachusetts, situated some forty miles inland from Boston. We learn from the preface that the author died in August last year, when he had hardly passed the portals of his professional career. The book consists of ten letters, addressed to the editors of Worcester newspapers. They are all about native birds, with the exception of the last, which is a particularly graphic account of a whaling expedition in Massachusetts Bay. Mr. Nelson was evidently an acute observer of bird life, and one feels a sad regret that he did not live long enough to make us more familiar with the songsters of his native land. Here in the old world we think that our warblers are unsurpassed by any in the new, and we look upon the American warblers as an uneducated, if not tuneless, race. It is, indeed, difficult to make an accurate comparison. John Burroughs, from whose delightful writings we have learnt most upon the subject, thought that our cuckoo's note was little better than a "gross plagiarism on the cuckoo-clock"; but we cannot take his dictum without the proverbial pinch of salt, because he believed that, in England at least, the nightingale was very rare. The rarity must have been the outcome of the ignorance of his advisers. But whatever the truth may be, it makes one feel rather envious of the Americans if they can ordinarily find so many different kinds of birds *en évidence* by their song, as Mr. Nelson did in his various walks about the town of Worcester, on any single day. Perhaps the most strange thing about the present work, and not the least agreeable one, is that its author does not raise his voice in the chorus so universally sung against the evil-doings of the English sparrow in America. It is a case of rare charity, for the sparrow is the only bird which the State of Massachusetts allows to be destroyed without restriction.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. DAVID NUTT will publish on May-day the long-expected edition of *Pearl*, the first of English "in memoriam" poems, edited by Mr. I. Gollancz, of Christ's College, Cambridge. It consists of the Middle-English text, edited with critical notes from the unique MS. in the British Museum, together with a modern rendering on the opposite side of the page. The Laureate has enriched the volume with a prefatory quatrain; and it will have for frontispiece a drawing by Mr. Holman Hunt. It is printed in a limited issue of 500 copies, besides a few on Japanese paper. It is hoped that *Pearl* may be the first of a series of pre-Tudor texts, selected with reference to their literary merit, to appear under the same editorship.

PROF. NAPIER has nearly ready for press his collection of Aldhelm Glosses for the Oxford "Anecdota" series. Wanley noted in his famous Anglo-Saxon Catalogue that three MSS. of Aldhelm had Saxon glosses. Prof. Napier verified this statement, and then hunted up the other seventeen Aldhelm MSS. in England, and found that fifteen of them had also Saxon glosses. From them he copied twenty thousand slips; and though some of them proved to be only repetitions, yet many are fresh examples of rare words, while others are unique.

MR. REGINALD L. POOLE has in the press his edition of Bale's material for his *Scriptores*, from the MS. at Oxford. The special advantage of this MS., and consequently of Mr.

Poole's edition, is that Bale gives the name of the library in which he saw every book. The work will be in the alphabetic order of the authors' Christian names, with a full index of subjects, and will appear in the "Aneodota" series.

THE fourth volume of *Book Prices Current*, containing the prices at which books have been sold at public auction in London from December 1889 to November 1890, will be issued immediately by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. RICHARD JACKSON, of Leeds, announces for issue by subscription a History of Sedburgh, Garsdale, and Dent, by the Rev. W. Thompson, formerly scholar of Queen's College, Oxford, illustrated with forty drawings by Mr. J. A. Symington. The character of the work may be learnt from its sub-title: "Peeps at the Past History and Present Condition of some Picturesque Yorkshire Dales."

Justine; or, A Woman's Honour, is the title of a novelette by a new writer, Mr. Walter Calvert, which Messrs. Eglington & Co. will shortly publish. The cover of the book and the illustrations are reproduced from original designs by Mr. A. Ludovici, jun.

THE annual general meeting of the Camden Society will be held on Saturday next, May 2, at 2.30 p.m., in Rolls House, Chancery-lane.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: "Why cannot the Camden Society issue the separate papers of its volumes of *Miscellanies* as they are printed, as well as afterwards in a volume, instead of as now, keeping all the papers back till they are enough to form a volume? The cost would be but slight, while the gain to students would be great, both in having much earlier access to the papers and in being able to bind each with the set of other essays and documents of its class. The sight of an unissued paper by Mr. C. W. Firth on Wentworth (Stafford) leads us to make this suggestion to the Council of the Camden Society."

DR. E. E. KLEIN, lecturer on physiology at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, will on Tuesday next, April 28, begin a course of three lectures at the Royal Institution on "Bacteria: their Nature and Functions," and Mr. H. Graham Harris will on Saturday, May 9, begin a course of three lectures on "The Artificial Production of Cold."

ON Tuesday of next week and the two following days, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson will be engaged in selling the valuable collection of autographs and historical documents formed by Mr. Lionel Oliver, of Heacham, King's Lynn. The collection includes a number of letters relating to Dr. Johnson and his contemporaries; the political correspondence of Sir Richard Bulstrode in the early part of the eighteenth century; letters of foreign poets and musicians; and authenticated relics of Napoleon.

A CORRESPONDENT writes:—

"What a great poet politics have robbed us of, in the person of Cánovas del Castillo!" is the exclamation of a writer in the *Revista Contemporánea* of April 15, in an article entitled "Nuestros políticos Poetas."

"It is only the prejudices and hatreds of party-politics, and his own too modest preface to the volume of his published verse, that have hindered the recognition of this fact. The matter of the poems more than atones for occasional faults of versification. [These seem to be chiefly in the use of alliteration, which is not tolerated in Spanish, as with us. The influence too of Leopardi is strongly felt in the earlier productions.]"

If this estimate be at all near the truth, the Prime Minister of Spain almost rivals Mr. Gladstone in literary versatility. In Greek, the *Politics* of Aristotle is the favourite study of the

one, Homer of the other. Cánovas del Castillo has not, so far as I am aware, meddled with theology, and must therein yield the palm; but his works of biography and in history are more important than those of his English compeer, and more likely, I think, to live. I am not acquainted with any original, i.e., not translated, poetry of Mr. Gladstone; but I remember to have been much impressed, years ago, in a chance periodical, by a poem entitled, 'La Mitad de la Vida,' signed, Cánovas del Castillo."

WE have received the eighteenth annual issue of Willing's (late May's) *British and Irish Press Guide for 1891*. The total of serial publications here recorded—including newspapers, class journals, periodicals, and annuals—amounts to 4544, showing a slight decrease when compared with 1890. Contrary to preconceptions, it would appear that the number of deaths (among periodicals) last year exceeded the number of births.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

MR. F. HOPKINSON SMITH, during a sojourn at Sofia last summer, made several sketches of characteristic life in the capital, which will be embodied in an article by him to appear in the *May Century*, under the title of "A Bulgarian Opera Bouffe." The illustrations include portraits of Prince Ferdinand, his mother, Princess Clementine, and M. Stambouloff.

THE May number of *Harper's* (the last to be published by Messrs. Sampson Low) will contain a paper on "The Warwickshire Avon"—the first to which Mr. A. T. Quiller Couch has signed his name in full—with illustrations by Mr. Alfred Parsons; and another illustrated article, on "The English Ancestry of Washington," by Mr. Moncure D. Conway.

THE forthcoming number of the *Jewish Quarterly Review* will contain, beside a long account of the Jews of France, an article by Mr. I. Abrahams on "Jewish Ethical Wills," a form of literature long popular with Jews.

A SERIAL story, entitled "A Social Earthquake," by Dr. Heinrich Felbermann, the subject being the Kabalah and its influence on the present period, will commence with next issue of *Life*, and will appear afterwards as a three-volume novel.

A NEW illustrated threepenny magazine, entitled the *Ludgate Monthly*, is to appear on May 1. Among the contributors to the first number will be Mr. Rudyard Kipling, Mr. James Greenwood, Mr. F. E. Weatherly, Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, and Florence Marryat.

THE first number of a new bi-monthly, *The Organist's Magazine of Voluntaries*, edited by Mr. E. Minshall, organist and director of the music at the City Temple, will be issued on May 1. The aim of the publication is to supply organists with moderately easy but really good and effective voluntaries.

ANOTHER bi-monthly magazine, *Playtime*, printed in braille type for blind children, is announced to appear in June. It will be edited by F. Nevill, of Brighton, and will be published by the British and Foreign Blind Association. The subscription price is three shillings a year.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. MONTAGU BURROWS is preparing for press his course of lectures on "English History from the Earliest Times to the Present." He will make one volume of them, and will bring into greater relief than previous historians have done (1) the fact of England being mainly a

continental power after the Conquest, and (2) its naval history.

BY appointment of the delegates of the common university fund, Sir Alfred Lyall will deliver two lectures at Oxford, in the hall of All Souls' College, on May 1 and May 8, upon "The Growth of European Predominance in Asia."

ON Thursday next, April 30, two public lectures are to be given at Oxford: by Prof. Cheyne on "Critical Problems of the Second Part of Isaiah"; and by General Pitt-Rivers, on "The Original Collection of the Pitt-Rivers Museum, its Principles of Arrangement and History."

DR. MANDELL CREIGHTON, who is still officially described as "Dixie professor of ecclesiastical history and bishop elect of Peterborough," is the select preacher at Cambridge on Sunday next.

PROF. SWETE will lecture at Cambridge this term on "Ancient Liturgies and their relation to the Anglican Order for Holy Communion."

EDINBURGH, like Glasgow, has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon two of its former professors, whose occupation of their chairs terminates with the present session: Prof. A. Campbell Fraser, the editor of *Berkeley*; and Sir Herbert S. Oakeley, professor of music. No less than three important chairs at Edinburgh are now vacant; for that of Humanity, rendered empty by the death of Prof. A. Y. Sellar so long ago as October last, has not yet been filled up. Among the other recipients of honorary degrees at Edinburgh last week, at the annual graduation ceremony, were Dr. John Beddoe, late president of the Anthropological Institute; Major Claude R. Corder, of the Palestine Exploration Fund; Prof. Felix Dahn, of Breslau; and Sir George M. Humphry, professor of surgery at Cambridge.

WITH reference to the paper read before the Cambridge Antiquarian Society last term upon the Book of Observances of the Augustinian House of Barnwell (of which a report appeared at the time in the *ACADEMY*), we now hear that Mr. J. Willis Clark proposes to print the Observances, from MS. Harl. 3601 in the British Museum, together with an English translation, and a plan of an Augustinian monastery, drawn in accordance with the researches of Mr. W. H. St. John Hope. It will be published in a limited edition, by Messrs. Macmillan & Bowes, of Cambridge.

THE *Oxford Magazine* for April 22 prints the Latin speech recently delivered by the senior proctor on the conclusion of his term of office. As usual, it records the more important events of the academical year, which has been marked by an exceptional number of deaths of distinguished personages; but it also contains a quite unusual number of quotations from Seneca.

THE summer term of the School for Oriental Studies, in connexion with the Imperial Institute, was opened on Thursday with a public lecture at King's College by Prof. Minasse Tchérax on "The Armenians, their Language and Literature."

A COURSE of twelve lectures, in Italian, on "Dante's *Purgatorio*" will be given by Prof. A. Farnelli, the Barlow Lecturer, at University College, London, beginning on Friday, May 1, at three p.m., and continuing for six consecutive weeks, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The lectures are open to the public without payment or ticket.

THE Drapers' Company have given five hundred guineas to the extension fund of the Maria Grey Training College, which now amounts to £7532.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—ISAIAH i. 18.

LORD, whose sins were scarlet,
And he went far astray,
These long years have I prayed Thee,
Show him the narrow way.

Though with the swine he feasted,
O! bring him back to Thee;
My youngest horn, O! save him,
Wherever he may be.

The only prayer now left me
Is, Lord, that Thou would'st turn
His heart to Thee in sorrow,
Thus, Lord, that he might learn;

Though sin may not come nigh Thee,
The sinner may find grace;
If he repents him truly,
Thou wilt not hide Thy face.

For years, Lord, has he wander'd,
Let him arise and say,
"Against Thee have I sinned,
No longer here I stay;

"I will return unto Thee,
And at Thy feet will pray,
That, like the prodigal of old,
I be not turned away."

It may be, Lord, that never
He will come home to me;
I dare not pray for that, Lord,
While he is far from Thee.

Yet, Lord, all things are possible,
And mighty is Thy grace;
It may be the day cometh
That I shall see his face.

The face of him who left me,
My youngest horn, my pride:
There came a day I deem'd it,
Far better he had died.

But now my prayer is only,
O Lord, Thy will be done;
It may be in Thy mercy
Thou wilt bring home my son.

F. P.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

NOTHING could seem from the English point of view more unliterary than a collection of street bills and posters, or an article on such a collection. France, however, is not as England; and the article with which the *April Livre Moderne* opens contains a catalogue, not without examples in black and colours, of designs for the purpose by a mighty list of such persons as Déveria and Nauteuil, Gavarni and Johannot, Charlet and Raffet, Daumier, Manet, Bracquemond, Flameng, and who not. It is followed by some letters of M. Zola's on *La Bête Humaine*, and by some unpublished verses of M. Edmond Raraucourt's. The ever-ingenuous M. Gausseron has thrown his *Compte Rendu* of the latest French books into the form of a dialogue between Talleyrand and Madame de Staël, in which Talleyrand very characteristically does not give us the word of the enigma of the Memoirs. There are some minor papers, including a notice of the recent exhibition of bindings at the Caxtons-head in London.

INDIAN CODIFICATION.

AFTER an interval of nearly nine years, the official pendulum in India seems to be swinging in the direction of codification. Thus, the Probate and Administration Act (V. of 1881), which till lately applied only to Bengal, the Panjáb, Assam, Burma, and the Andamans, has now been extended to the rest of British India. The act codifying the law of guardian and ward (XIII. of 1874), which until last year applied only to European British minors in the Panjáb and the Chief Commissionerships,

has been repealed and re-enacted by Act VIII. of 1890, which applies to all guardians and wards throughout the Indian empire. And the Easements Act (V. of 1882), which, when passed, extended only to Madras, the Central Provinces, and Coorg, has lately been extended, at the request of the local governments and high courts, to the Presidency of Bombay and to the North-West Provinces and Oudh. In moving for leave to introduce a Bill to effect this extension, the law-member (Sir Andrew Scoble) observed that the author of the Act, Mr. Whitley Stokes, was fully entitled to say: "It has worked well during the last eight years among the forty millions to whom it applies, and has falsified the prediction that it would give rise to litigation" (*The Anglo-Indian Codes* i. 888). It is to be hoped that Sir Andrew Scoble's successor will lose no time in introducing the bill to codify the law of torts, which was drawn about five years ago for the Government of India by the skilful hand of Sir Frederick Pollock.

The acts relating to cantonments and railways respectively (XIII. of 1889 and IX. of 1890), prove that the kindred process of consolidation is also again in favour.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAYE, le Baron J. de. *L'influence de l'art des Goths en occident*. Paris: Nilsson. 4 fr.
BLITZ, K. *Neue Beiträge zur Geschichte der deutschen Sprache u. Litteratur*. Berlin: Stargardt. 4 M.
DE JANZÉ, la Vicomtesse. *Etude et récit sur Alfred de Musset*. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
ENTWICKLUNG, die naturgemässe, d. Menschen u. Goethes Faust. Leipzig: Fintel. 2 M.
KNORTZ, K. *Geschichte der nordamerikanischen Literatur*. Berlin: Listowider. 10 M.
MICHELET, Jules. *Rome: ouvrage inédit. Préface par Madame J. Michelet*. Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50 c.
NATHALIE, reine de Serbie. *Mémoires de*. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
PAASCHE, H. *Zuckerindustrie u. Zuckerhandel der Welt*. Jena: Fischer. 8 M.
PINEAT, L. *Les contes populaires du Poitou*. Paris: Leroux. 5 fr.
RUDEL, R. *Geschichte d. Liberalismus u. der deutschen Reichsverfassung*. Guben: Krollmann. 5 M.
STRZYGOWSKI, J. *Byzantinische Denkmäler*. I. Das Etschmiadzin-Evangelium. Wien: Gerold. 13 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- FABRIC D'ENVIEU, J. *Le Livre du prophète Daniel*. Paris: Thorin. 30 fr.
NURNBERGER, A. *Ueb. e. ungedruckte Kanonensammlung aus dem 8. Jahrh.* Mainz: Kupferberg. 1 M. 20 Pf.
HISTORY, ETC.
BEURLIER, E. *Le culte impérial: son histoire et son organisation depuis Auguste jusqu'à Justinien*. Paris: Thorin. 7 fr. 50 c.
CHARENCEY, Le Comte de. *Cartulaire de l'Abbaye de Notre-Dame de La Trappe*. Paris: Welter. 10 fr.
ESPÉRANDEU, le Capitaine. *Inscription de la Cité des Lémanica*. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr.
MASŁOWSKI, Der siebenjährige Krieg nach russischer Darstellung. Der Feldzug d. Grafen Fermor in den Ostl. Gebieten v. Preussen (1757—59). Uebers. u. versehen v. A. v. Drigalski. Berlin: Eisenschmidt. 12 M.
METAPONTO, Topografia e storia di. Naples: Furchheim. 10 fr.
TALLEYRAND intime, d'après sa correspondance inédite avec la Duchesse de Courlaude. Paris: Kolb. 3 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- DRIESCH, H. *Die mathematisch-mechanische Betrachtung morphologischer Probleme der Biologie*. Jena: Fischer. 1 M. 80 Pf.
FRAAS, E. *Die Ichthyosaurier der süddeutschen Trias- u. Jura-Ablagerungen*. Tübingen: Laupp. 40 M.
FRIEß, J. *Zur Kenntniss der gesteinsbildenden Algen der Schweizer-Alpen*. Berlin: Friedländer. 3 M.
HAEUSLER, R. *Monographie der Foraminiferen-Fauna der schweizerischen Transversarius-Zone*. Berlin: Friedländer. 18 M.
NICAISE, E. *La grande thirvirgie de Gvy de Chavliac, composée en l'an 1363, revue et collationnée sur les manuscrits et imprimés latins et français*. Paris: Alean. 28 fr.
RETZIUS, G. *Biologische Untersuchungen*. Neue Folge. I. Leipzig: Vogel. 36 M.
VOGEL, F., u. A. RÜSSING. *Handbuch der Elektrochemie u. Elektrometallurgie*. Stuttgart: Enke. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- CONRADY, A. *Fünfzehn Blätter e. nepalesischen Palmblatt-Handschrift d. Nārada*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.

* By Act VIII. of 1891.

- CORPUS inscriptionum semiticarum. Pars I. Inscriptiones Phoenicias continens (ed. E. Renan). Tom. II. fasc. L. Paris: Klincksieck. 25 fr.
COSTOMIRIS, G. A. *Etudes sur les écrits inédits des anciens médecins grecs*. Paris: Klincksieck. 5 fr.
DAMARCHI SUCCESSORIS Disputationes et solutiones de primis principiis, in Platonis Parmenidem. Ed. C. Ae. Ruelle. Paris: Klincksieck. 25 fr.
DANNENBERG, B. *Metrik u. Sprache der mittelhochdeutschen Romanze*. *Die Segs off Melayne*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M.
FINK, D. *Miggo als Rechtsbeweis im babylonischen Talmud*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
HOLDEN, A. *Ticor de la langue celtique ancienne*. 1re Livr. Paris: Welter. 10 fr.
LANGER, W. *Questiones in Aristophanis Thesmophoriazusas*. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MUELLER, W. *De Selenae Homerico*. Göttingen: Dieterich. 1 M. 20 Pf.
NAEFHUB, G. *Die nicht-lyrischen Strophenformen d. Altfranzösischen*. Leipzig: Hirzel. 5 M.
OTTEN, G. *Language of the Rushworth Gloss to the Gospel of St. Matthew. Part II*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
REIMANN, P. *Die altniederdeutschen Präpositionen*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
REINHARDT, R. *De infinitivi cum articulo coniuncti usu Thuryiden*. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
SAMMUNG V. Wörterverzeichnissen als Vorarbeiten zu e. Wörterbuch der alten arabischen Poesie. I. Berlin: Spemann. 15 M.
STEIN, G. *Scholia in Aristophanis Lysistratam*. Göttingen: Dieterich. 2 M. 50 Pf.
ZIMMERMANN, E. *De epistulari temporum usu Ciceroniano questionibus grammaticae*. III. et IV. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NINTH CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.

Settlington Rectory, York: April 20, 1891.

I have read no wiser words on the deplorable split among Orientalists than the counsels of peace which are given in an editorial note in the *ACADEMY* of April 18.

Returning a few days ago from a prolonged absence in the East, I find that my name stands on the committees of both the rival Congresses. Having taken no side in the controversy, I put myself into communication with the secretaries of both Congresses, and ventured to propose certain terms of union, which I thought just and reasonable. Both parties accepted these terms in principle, and professed themselves anxious to secure "peace with honour." Subsequent difficulties which have arisen resolve themselves into points of detail which seem to me, as a neutral observer, of small importance.

I proposed, first, that the expenses already incurred on either side should be defrayed out of the common fund. This condition was mutually accepted. The questions as to the technical rights and authority on either side are so obscure and complicated as hardly to be capable of solution, especially as both parties seem to have committed irregularities; but this difficulty may well be waived, as it would disappear if a fusion could be effected.

The only real difficulties—the difficulties which lie at the bottom of the schism—consist, I believe, in certain personal animosities and jealousies, called forth, in part, by proceedings at Stockholm, and intensified by the subsequent vigorous polemics alluded to in the editorial note to which I have referred. The French and German Orientalists have, very naturally but most unfortunately, taken opposite sides. The French, not without reason, object to meet on the neutral ground of England under the presidency of an eminent scholar, who, though long resident in England, is a German by birth, and who, at the time of the Franco-German war, showed himself to be still a German in sentiment. As might be expected, this is not felt to be a difficulty by the Germans, who, however, object, not without reason, to the personalities with which certain venerable German Orientalists have been assailed by the secretary of the other Congress.

But it so happens that the president of one Congress—the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava—is a man to whom no personal objection can be taken, and who, on numerous grounds, is eminently fitted for the post; while the same may be said for Prof. Douglas, the secretary of the rival Congress.

Under these circumstances, I proposed that the Congress should meet, either in 1891 or 1892, with Lord Dufferin as president and Prof. Douglas as secretary—posts of honour being accorded to the two officials displaced. Both parties agreed that a fusion might be effected on this basis.

If a small committee of conciliation could be formed, consisting of half a dozen Orientalists, who, as you suggest, "have not yet taken a side" and to whose decisions both parties would agree to submit, the scandal might be avoided of two rival Congresses, one composed largely of French, the other of German scholars.

If a fusion cannot be effected in this or some other way, it seems to me that it would be better that both Congresses should be given up, or that the ninth Congress should be held in some neutral country—Belgium, Switzerland, or the United States—say in 1893, when animosities would have had time to cool down.

In making these proposals I shall probably encounter the proverbial fate of the bystander who intervenes in the domestic differences of man and wife; and I only venture to come forward in the forlorn hope of preventing one of the most serious calamities which could impede the progress of Oriental studies.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

[We have also received letters on the subject from Sir Patrick Colquhoun, the president, and Dr. G. W. Leitner, the secretary of the organising committee of the proposed Congress of 1891. But as they are of a controversial nature, and do not add anything to the statements that have already appeared in the *Asiatic Quarterly Review* for April, the cause of conciliation (which was our sole object in again referring to the question) would not be furthered by their publication.—ED. ACADEMY.]

EGYPT AND SYRIA DURING THE NINETEENTH DYNASTY.

London: April 13, 1891.

You were good enough to print one or two letters of mine on "Tunip and the Land of Naharina," which led to an instructive discussion. Perhaps you will allow me to draw a somewhat wider lesson from my reading of the records of the XIXth Dynasty.

The impression they have created on my mind is that the domination of Egypt over Syria during the whole period when that dynasty reigned was more complete than is sometimes imagined—so complete that I cannot see how we are to explain the conquest of Palestine by the Hebrews unless we put it at a later period.

In this matter I cannot follow my accomplished friend Mr. Sayce, from whom I have learnt so much. In his memoir on the Hittites published by the Religious Tract Society he says:

"The long reign of Ramses II. was a ceaseless struggle against his formidable foes. The war was waged with varying success. Sometimes victory inclined to the Egyptians, sometimes to their Hittite enemies. Its chief result was to bring ruin and disaster upon the cities of the Canaanites. Their land was devastated by the hostile armies which traversed it, their towns were sacked, now by the Hittite invaders from the north, now by the soldiers of Ramses from the south. . . . We can understand now why they offered so slight a resistance to the invading Israelites. The Exodus took place shortly after the death of Ramses II., the Pharaoh of the oppression; and when Joshua entered Palestine he found there a disunited people and a country exhausted by the long and terrible wars of the preceding century. The way had been prepared by the Hittites for the Israelitish conquest of Canaan."

All this is inexplicable to me. Ramses apparently had a struggle with the Hittites at

the very beginning of his reign. In his fifth year he had a serious war with them, the result of which was a considerable addition to Egyptian prestige, and, apparently, also the pushing back of the Hittites from the upper Orontes valley. A year or two later he apparently advanced into the Hittite territory to punish the city of Tunip for having ill-used his statues. After this, to the end of his exceptionally long reign of over sixty years, there is no record of any hostile engagement between the Egyptians and the Hittites. On the contrary, their intercourse seems to have been of a friendly character, and culminated in the famous treaty between the two powers and the matrimonial alliance of their rulers.

So much for the Hittites. In regard to the Canaanites, there was certainly a revolt among them in Ramses' eighth year, but after that I know of no struggle from which they suffered; and Ramses seems to say most explicitly that he waged no war after his tenth year. His whole reign thence onward seems to have been occupied with his great building and other schemes at home.

Again, on p. 37 of the same memoir, Mr. Sayce tells us that, as a result of the treaty between the two kings—

"Syria was handed over to the Hittites as their legitimate possession; Egypt never again attempted to wrest it from them, and if the Hittite yoke was to be shaken off it must be through the efforts of the Syrians themselves."

Of this I know of no evidence whatever. Nothing of the kind appears in the treaty itself, nor in any document accessible to me. So far as I can see, Ramses continued to the end of his days to be the suzerain lord of the petty chiefs of Canaan as far north as beyond Kadesh, where the Hittite dominions began. The same was the case with his successor Menephtah, who seems to have cultivated the friendship of the Hittites, and sent them a welcome supply of corn when they were pressed. Brugsch has published some notices of the doings of his officials in Syria, pointing to the business-like dealings of an over-chief with his vassals; and I know of nothing in the shape of evidence to show that he was not complete master of the country during his reign, and that the same state of things did not continue till the end of the dynasty.

The matter is interesting and important, and perhaps may lead to a fruitful discussion if you can find a corner for my letter.

HENRY H. HOWORTH.

MARY FITTON AGAIN.

London: April 20, 1891.

As Dr. Furnivall is not quite accurate in the matter of date, it seems necessary for me to say that my papers on "Shakspeare's Sonnets" were read before the New Shakspeare Society on May 30 and June 13, 1884. The *Proceedings*, from which I quoted, were issued not very long after these dates. But since the *Transactions* extend to 1886, it is pretty clear that a period of some two years intervened between the one issue and the other. It is desirable that this fact should be borne in mind, with reference to the discrepancy between the two quotations. I may add that my own recollection of what was said certainly does not agree with the *Transactions*, as quoted by Dr. Furnivall.

Dr. Furnivall suggests a contrast between my impetuous rashness and his own prudent caution. This is a matter which it would scarcely be suitable for me to discuss. The reader who has taken the trouble to follow the course of this discussion has had, I think, brought before him materials on which he may form his own judgment with respect to this suggested contrast.

The information given by Mrs. Newdegate with regard to the Arbury pictures and the "Countess of Stamford" and "Lady Macclesfield" is a little perplexing. I hope that, in the ensuing summer, an opportunity may be afforded me for subjecting these pictures to a somewhat close examination.

THOMAS TYLER.

M.E. "BIDENE," L.G. "BINENE," AND M.E. "QUOD."

Ann Arbor, Michigan: March 17, 1891.

As to the derivation of M.E. *bidene*, I have noticed nothing later than what is given in the Oxford Dictionary; the new edition of Stratmann has not yet come to hand. I would here take up the explanation given by Stratmann in the old editions. He says *bidene* < *bi+ene*, Low German *binene*; but he does not explain the *d* of the English or the *n* of the L.G. form.

For the English I would make the following series: *biþe ene* > *biðe-ene* > *bidene*. *bi þe ene* was formed after the article had become inflectionless, and so differs from the analogous phrase for *þen enes*, which had been formed earlier. *þ* > *ð* medially. *ð* drops out before the accented vowel, as in O.E. Sievers', § 110, A 1. Thus *ð* comes to be accented; but accented *ð* is anomalous in M.E., and so becomes stopped, or *d* (Sweet H. E. S., § 732). Similarly, M.E. *quod* became, in unaccented positions, *quod*, and then, joining a following *T* or (*h*)e (*cf. a-tall' < at all*), gave *quo-dē* and *quodē* = *quod I* and *quod he*. This explanation will be seen to differ slightly from Sweet's.

For L.G. we have: *bi den ene* > *binene*, with the same contraction as in H.G. *bei dem* > *beim*, GEORGE HEMPEL.

PEEL AND THE CURRENCY.

Oxford and Cambridge Club: April 20, 1891.

Will you permit me to correct an error in Mr. Arthur Arnold's review of Thursfield's *Life of Peel* in the ACADEMY of April 18?

Mr. Arnold says: "Peel established that gold standard of the currency which though questioned has never been upset." This is an error. Our present system of coinage was established in 1816 by the Act 56, Geo. III., c. 68, which embodied the doctrines set forth in Lord Liverpool's *Treatise on the Coins of the Realm*, published in 1805. In 1816 Mr. Peel was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and there is no reason to suppose that at that time he had ever given any attention to the subject of the currency.

H. D. MACLEOD.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, April 26, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Democratic Literature," by Mr. J. A. Hobson.

MONDAY, April 27, 8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Decorative Treatment of Natural Foliage," III., by Mr. Hugh Stannus.

8.30 p.m. Geographical: "Our Present Knowledge of the Himalayas," by Col. H. C. B. Tanner, illustrated by the Oxy-hydrogen Lantern.

TUESDAY, April 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Bacteria, their Nature and Functions," I, by Dr. E. E. Klein.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "The cost of the Generation and Distribution of Electrical Energy," by Mr. R. E. B. Crompton.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "A Message Stick from Jardine River, and Notes on Queensland Natives," by Prof. A. C. Haddon; "Superstitions, Burial, and other Customs of the Natives of Borneo, from the Papers of the late Brooke Low," by Mr. H. Ling Roth.

WEDNESDAY, April 29, 8 p.m. Cymmadorion: "Wat's and Offa's Dykes," and "The Western Isles of Scotland regarded from a Welsh Standpoint," by Mr. Alfred N. Palmer.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Use of Petroleum in Prime Motors," by Prof. William Robinson.

THURSDAY, April 30, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations," IV., by Prof. Dewar.

4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Perrier Irrigation Project in Madras," by Col. J. O. Hasted.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, May 1, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: Annual Meeting.
 8 p.m. Oeologists' Association.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Hawks and Hawking,"
 by Mr. J. E. Harting.
 SATURDAY, May 2, 2.30 p.m. Camden Society: General
 Meeting.
 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Dynamo," IV,
 by Prof. Silvanus P. Thompson.

SCIENCE.

The Principles of Psychology. By William James, Professor of Psychology in Harvard University. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

ABOUT twenty years have elapsed since Mr. Spencer issued his fully elaborated treatise with the above title as the second main division of his constructive philosophy, an interval marked by the production of no work written in English in the same scientific department equal in thoroughness and originality to the one forming the subject of the present notice. There have been plenty of books, both large and small, with undeniable merit in certain directions; but for general mastery and independence of treatment combined Prof. James must be at present admitted to lead the van.

Considering what the author of this new presentation of the principles of psychology has accomplished, it is a pity, however, both for his subject's sake and for his own recognition as a systematist of the first rank, that his work is so defective in a formal point of view. The "physiological preliminaries" are first clearly and sufficiently disposed of. Then, after a couple of chapters on methods of inquiry and "the relations of minds to other things," the main business is entered upon.

"We now begin our study of the mind from within. Most books start with sensations, as the simplest mental facts, and proceed synthetically constructing each higher stage from those below it. But this is abandoning the empirical method of investigation. No one ever had a simple sensation by itself. Consciousness, from our natal day, is of a teeming multiplicity of objects and relations; and what we call simple sensations are results of discriminative attention, pushed often to a very high degree. It is astonishing what havoc is wrought in psychology by admitting at the outset apparently innocent suppositions, that, nevertheless, contain a flaw. The bad consequences develop themselves later on, and are irremediable, being woven through the whole texture of the work. The notion that sensations, being the simplest things, are the first to take up in psychology, is one of these suppositions. The only thing which psychology has a right to postulate at the outset is the fact of thinking itself, and that must first be taken up and analysed."

This is, in the main, well said, although we cannot but think the charges indicated are a trifle exaggerated. But then, if the synthetic procedure is discarded, the analytic should be strictly adhered to; and the richest content of the adult mind being first dissected, we should have, in significant terms, retraced for us the path by which the progressive mind gradually came into possession of this wealth of consciousness. But our author's "empirical method of investigation" does not come to that. It means sealing the individual's senses, and then primarily observing what goes on in the self-secluded mind. So that, having learnt what "the self" is in its various acceptations, having

distinguished correct from incorrect views of abstract ideas and universals, having followed the exposition of the laws of association and analysed the time-consciousness, chap. xvii. opens: "After inner perception, outer perception!" Why "after?" Is not the "multiplicity of objects" as actual as the "multiplicity of relations?"

But when we have arrived at outer perception, we find the disparaged method of the "books" adopted, and the chapters follow on in order: "Sensation," "Imagination," "The Perception of 'Things,'" "The Perception of Space," "The Perception of Reality," "Reasoning." In fact, the logical sequence of topics does not seem to have been a matter of much concern to the writer. This *insouciance* may be connected with another point on which a few words must be said. Out of the twenty-eight chapters, amounting to well-nigh 1400 pages, no less than ten have appeared, either in whole or part, in periodicals. Such tentative and piecemeal treatment inevitably affects the coherence, as it colours (not always advantageously) the style, of a scientific treatise. Doubtless, it requires much self-restraint in this novelty-erasing age for an ardent investigator to keep back the fruits of his labours; but one who aspires to establish the "principles" of a great science should be ready to pay the price of a more enduring influence than that of the brilliant essayist.

In the matter of style (to complete our formal criticisms) we think there are few readers who will fail to render their tribute of admiration. It is truly refreshing, after being wearied by the severe and ultra-prosaic diction of the most approved treatises, to come across a writer who can be sparkling as well as profound, who "lets himself go," as one may say, using the phrase and metaphor that spontaneously offer themselves, and freely yielding to the mirthful impulse when it possesses him. That there are no deviations from good taste we should be hardly prepared to assert. There are occasionally slighting epithets and personal animadversions, which seem neither deserved nor fitting in the pages of the younger investigator. At the same time, it must be said that Prof. James is no niggard in his praise, and is (in the better sense) no respecter of persons. The independence of mere authority is undoubtedly a merit, and we should not boggle too much over its price. One other matter. Quotations run to an inordinate length. The volumes are bulky enough, and it would have been an error in judgment to attempt to enlarge them; but room should have been found at least for an examination of pleasure and pain, and without any sacrifice of necessary detail, ample space might have been afforded at the cost of various anecdotes and extracts from easily accessible writers. In conclusion, we do not quarrel with a vein of edification occasionally cropping up. A treatise on psychology is just the place for pedagogical remarks, and ingenuous youth may sit at the feet of many preachers before meeting with such terse and incisive moral sermons.

To appraise a book such as the present as a contribution to the science of psychology requires much time for consideration and

room for detail; all that will be offered here is an indication of the author's view of one or two fundamental questions.

Prof. James is clear in his own mind as to the nature and limits of the science of which he treats. Psychology is a branch of positive general knowledge. It accepts the broad distinctions of practical experience. Taking for granted personal thoughts and an indefinite sphere beyond, it endeavours to explain the course and inter-connexion of the former without invoking at any stage the assistance of metempirical hypothesis. Seeing, however, how recent the notion of positive science is, and how large a part metaphysical conception plays in the elaboration of common knowledge and belief, it is hardly undesirable in an exponent of mental science to illuminate his matter-of-fact standpoint by indulging in a brief polemic against speculative intruders of various kinds. In the absence of such express criticism, it is wont to be assumed that the scientist is unaware of the deeper problems that press for solution when his own last word has been said, and that he is only anxious to hide out of sight difficulties he finds it uncomfortable to acknowledge. One of these trying questions is the meaning of Self, the consciousness of personality that clings to all feeling and action. Who are "we that know, do, and remember? The passing thought." "The *I* . . . is a *thought*, at each moment different from that of the last moment, but *appropriative* of the latter, together with all that the latter called its own." This is clear speaking. Each thought as it fades bequeaths its vitalised content to its successor, so that the last thought links itself on to the first by inheriting a peculiar "warmth and intimacy," which further serves as ground of separation of each concrete self from all others. The rationalist philosopher need not be disturbed, however; this version does not touch *his* identity, *his* selfness. It is only that speculative hybrid, the metaphysico-psychologist, who need take offence. If we keep strictly to what we *know* and alone can know, the psycho-physical *knot* (so to speak) of indivisible thought and correlated unified nerve-function is the empirical ultimate. But for the benefit of the timorous the professor adds—

"A phenomenon would not itself be unless there were something *more* than the phenomenon. . . . So in the present instance, we ought certainly to admit that there is more than the bare fact of co-existence of a passing thought with a passing brain-state. But we do not answer the question, 'What is that more?' when we say that it is a 'soul' which the brain-state affects. This kind of more *explains* nothing; and when we are once trying metaphysical explanations we are foolish not to go as far as we can. For my own part, I confess that the moment I become metaphysical and try to define the more, I find the notion of some sort of an *anima mundi* thinking in all of us to be a more promising hypothesis, in spite of all its difficulties, than that of a lot of absolutely individual souls."

The topic handled at greatest length is that of Space. And here our bold investigator does battle for a comparatively unbefriended cause. Two lines of thinkers during the last hundred years have disputed

this field with remarkable skill and with dubious result. The English school, following the lead of Berkeley, and working to the utmost the potent engine of Association, have essayed to reconstruct the space-idea out of intensive elements of sense-experience, latterly out of feelings of muscular movement, conjoined with subordinate tactile and retinal sensations. In Germany, on the other hand, the a-priorists (with Kant as protagonist) have energetically maintained that it was a piece of question-begging to try and derive Space from sense-experience, in that perception implied it as a pre-condition. Space is realiter indivisible, all-present and abiding; while the external objects of cognition arise and fade. The foregoing represents the opposition of opinion at its extremes, ignoring those who regard Space as the product of an intellectual act, and others who allow a certain defined part to sense arrangements and constructions in respect of experiential realization, though not of origination.

Now, all attempts to assign a formal or an intellectual origin to the space-idea are speedily dismissed by our author as "mythological."

"I have no introspective experience of mentally producing or creating space. . . . That the higher parts of the mind come in, who can deny? They add and subtract, they compare and measure, they reproduce and abstract. They inweave the space-sensations with intellectual relations; but these relations are the same when they obtain between the elements of the space-system, as when they obtain between any of the other elements of which the world is made."

It is with the empiricists that Prof. James has his controversy. According to him, space is given in all sensation as one of its modes. The original of the notion is the element of "voluminousness" in sense-consciousness. That there is this element of "extensivity" in all our sensations, and that by no manipulation of merely intensively distinguished sensations can such extensivity be obtained, are the positions that the professor endeavours to make good through many pages of elaborate argumentation. Contrary to the prevailing opinion that the motor sensations play the characteristic part in a psychical synthesis, whereby non-spacial elements are transformed into the space percept, he holds that their influence is practically insignificant, the illusions of visual perception, on which much stress has been laid in this regard, being explicable without their aid.

There can be no question, we take it, that Prof. James has materially advanced the discussion of this important question by the clearly-defined and well-sustained attitude he has assumed. Considering how few are his allies, and how doughty are the champions he opposes, if his ground be ill-chosen he should be easily routed.

The succeeding chapter on "The Perception of Reality" is less one for the specialists. It is practically a discussion of the nature and function of belief. In the whole range of psychology there is no subject of equal importance. What is belief? how and why do we believe? are questions so far from "academic" that every serious mind asks and answers them

for itself in some vague way. Psychologists *ex professo*, to whom we look for full and clear light on the subtler modes of consciousness, are apt, however, to be disappointingly brief just at this point. The writer whom we are studying contrariwise is particularly suggestive at this stage, and sends the reader anything but empty away.

These averments in particular are deserving of being pondered: "Any relation to our mind at all, in the absence of a stronger relation, suffices to make an object real"; and "Will and Belief, in short, meaning a certain relation between objects and the self, are two names for one and the same *psychological* phenomenon." The first proposition asserts the homogeneity of ideality and reality, and probably only requires a little illustration to be universally assented to. The second proposition is a grave one indeed, and needs much explanation before it is either intelligible or acceptable. To see its full force we must peruse the chapter devoted to Will. Will is there resolved in effect into Attention, and the *rationale* of volition consists of an account of the way in which ideas obtain prominence in consciousness:

"In closing in, therefore, after all these preliminaries, upon the more *intimate* nature of the volitional process, we find ourselves driven more and more exclusively to consider the conditions which make ideas prevail in the mind. With the prevalence, once there as a fact, of the motive idea, the *psychology* of volition properly stops. . . . *Effort of attention is thus the essential phenomenon of Will.*"

The key accordingly to both Will and Belief must be sought in Attention. How do ideas come to prevail in the mind? But let us hear to the end:

"The effort to *attend* is, therefore, only a part of what the word 'will' covers; it covers also the effort to *consent* to something to which our attention is not quite complete. . . . So that, although attention is the first and fundamental thing in volition, *express consent to the reality of what is attended to* is often an additional and quite distinct phenomenon involved."

How is this "consent" to be gained? We are back again apparently at the old question of the "self." Belief is what we *will* to be, and Will means what the self finds consonant to its own nature. The empirical self or a metempirical self? "The free-will question arises as regards belief. If our wills are indeterminate, so must our beliefs be," &c. So hard is it to keep metaphysics out of court, after all!

Heresies—taking the present drift of inquiry and theorising as orthodoxy—abound in Prof. James's volumes. Herbart is politely contemned; Fechner's laborious psycho-physical generalisations are pronounced utterly futile; emotion is regarded as the consequence of bodily expression, not the cause; and, in a final chapter, the mind's (or brain's) independent power is asserted against the Spencerian evolutionists, to whom the inner order is only a mirror of the outer.

Protracted meditation of this latest, and broadest, treatment of the principles of psychology will not improbably deepen previous suspicions in regard to the immaturity of the science of mind. Lewes's opinion, expressed in 1874, still holds good,

that "it is very much in the condition of chemistry before Lavoisier, or of biology before Bichat." This, however, implies no disparagement of a book like the one before us. We have found it impossible to give an estimate of its varied wealth within present allowable limits. Almost every chapter teems with fertile suggestions, and none the less evinces a first-hand acquaintance with all the important work previously done. The general reader, it may be added, will find the book anything but a dull one. Particularly interesting is the summary of recent researches in regard to unusual or abnormal phenomena. The academic *clientèle* must be looked for in the New World, where the educational programme is adapted to the mental needs, and not *vice versa*.

W. C. COUPLAND.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JAINA INSCRIPTIONS FROM MATHURA.

London: April 18, 1891.

I have read with much interest Dr. Bühler's account of the successful exploration of the Kankali tila at Mathura by Dr. Führer. I write now with special reference to the dated inscription of the Satrap Sodasa. Dr. Bühler notices my conjecture that Sodasa must have been the son of the great Satrap Rajubala. Luckily this is no longer a conjecture, as one of the short inscriptions on the famous Satrap capital, found at Mathura by Pandit Bhagwan Lal, distinctly announces the fact. The capital is now in the British Museum, where in Gandharian characters I read:

Mahachatravasa-Rajulasa-patra Sudasa Chatrava.
"The great Satrap Rajula's son Sudasa Satrap."

The dialectal peculiarity of the use of *v* for *p* in the title of Chatrava is found also in the word *thava* for *thupa*, in the main inscription of the same capital. It still exists in the Panjab, in the name of Rai-wind for Rai-pind.

My chief interest lies in the date of Sodasa, which I read without any hesitation as 72 and not 42. I would now suggest as a matter for Dr. Bühler's consideration whether the few known inscriptions of the Sakas may not all refer to one and the same era. That era I would suggest as the date of the Great King MOGA, which is used by the Satrap Liaka-Kusulaka, in the well-known copperplate inscription found at Taxila. I have formerly suggested that MOGA might be identified with MOA or MAUA of the coins—who certainly reigned in the early part of the first century B.C., or say 100 to 80 B.C., as he must have come soon after Menander. The other Saka inscriptions to which I refer are those of Nahapana in 42 and 46, or perhaps 72 and 76, and of Gondophares in 103, or perhaps a few years later. Referring all three dates to the proposed era of MOGA, I obtain the following:—

Nahapana.....	42 = 58 B.C. or 38 B.C.
.....	46 = 54 " or 34 "
Sodasa	72 = 28 " or 8 "
Liaka Kusulaka ..	78 = 22 " or 2 "
Gondophares.....	103 = 3 A.D. or 23 A.D.

On the same capital there are the names of several other Satraps, all written in Gandharian characters. Among them is Chatravasa Kusulaasa, whom I take to be the same as Liaka Kusulaka of the Taxila inscription, and the * * AKA KOZOTAO of my two silver oboli.

The establishment to which this famous pillar-capital belonged consisted of a Stupa and a Sangharama (or monastery), with relics of Buddha (*sarira Bhakavato saka Munisa Budhassa*). They were the work of the principal Queen of the great Satrap Rajula, named

Nandasriyaka, for the benefit of all the people of Sakastana (*sarasa Sakastanasapaya*). This statement shows that Rajula and his son Sodasa, and all the other Satraps who are named in these inscriptions, must have been Sakas.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

ON A PASSAGE IN THE DHAMMAPADA.

Dedham School, Essex: April 8, 1891.

"Sabbattha ve sappurisā vajanti
na kāmakāmaṃ lapayanti santo."

(Dhammapada, v. 83.)

This part of a verse from the Dhammapada has given some trouble to the translators, who have derived but little help from the Commentary.

Prof. Fausbøll's rendering of these lines is:

"Ubique certe homines probi versantur, amoris dediti non queruntur probi."

That of Prof. Max Müller's is somewhat different:

"Good people walk on whatever befall, the good do not prattle, longing for pleasure."

Gray's version, based on the Commentary, is as follows:

"Good men, under all circumstances, are truly self-sacrificing: good men, being desirous of objects of gratification, do not express (their desires)."

These various renderings agree in ascribing to good men, that is to Buddhists, the longing for sensual gratification; but this is quite against true Buddhist doctrine, for good men are free from all evil or low passion and desire, and cannot be kāmakāma. Compare "*kāma-kāmaṃ nam' eṣanto*" (Therī Gāthā, p. 216).

In a Chinese collection of Scripture verses, which Beal wrongly calls a version of the Dhammapada, we find a verse that may possibly be meant for a rendering of the two lines quoted above:

"The great man is entirely free from covetous desires—he dwells in a place of light, himself enlightened."—(*The Dhammapada from the Buddhist Canon*, c. xiv., p. 81.)

The Chinese translators did not make the serious blunder of ascribing *kāma* to a good man, though they have made sad havoc in the paraphrase of their original text. This version presupposes some curious variant readings, corresponding in Pāli to *sabbāññā* for *sabbattha* and *ālayam santam* (= *padam santam*) for *lapayanti santo*.

The mistake made by recent translators seems due to taking *kāmakāma* as an adjective in the nominative plural. Childers gives only one reference, and that from the passage we have quoted, for the use of this term, which he defines as "fond or desirous of sensual pleasure." Unfortunately *kāmakāma* does not occur very frequently in our Pāli texts, though *kāmukāma* (not in Childers's) is somewhat less rare. (See Jāt. iii., p. 154; Itivuttaka 107; Anguttara iv. 53. 7; 54. 7; Petavatthui. 3. 3.)

In Therī Gāthā there is a verse (506) that Prof. Pischel declares to be "hopelessly corrupt" which contains *kāmakāma*, employed much in the same way as it is in the Dhammapada:

"Mokkhamhī vijjamaṇe kin tava kāmehi yesu vadhabandho?"

kāmesu hi vadhabandho *kāmakāmaṃ* dukkhāni anubhonti."

Here *kāmakāma* might easily be mistaken for an adjective, but the Commentator explains it by *kāmesu kāmahetu*. This agrees with *kāmahetu* in the Dhammapada Commentary; and shows us that *kāmakāma* is not a nominative plural, but an ablative singular, and means "from (or on account of) a longing for sensual gratification," the real nominative to *anubhonti* being the word *sattā* understood. Compare

"*purinabuddhesu katādhikārā*" = "on account of service rendered unto former Buddhas" (Therī Gāthā, p. 180).

Dr. Pischel's "conjectural text" makes very good sense, and we venture to translate it:

"If thou hast attained to Arhatship (and art free from all lusts), what then hast thou to do with sensual pleasures, in which (are involved) death and bonds? Since death and bonds (are inherent) in lusts, (therefore) from a desire of sensual indulgence creatures suffer the pains (of death and bonds)."

For the use of *vadha*, *bandha*, see Therī Gāthā, verse 345.

With these few remarks upon *kāmakāma* we risk another translation of the foregoing extract from the Dhammapada:

"Good men, indeed, walk (warily) under all conditions; good men speak not out of a desire for sensual gratification."

R. MORRIS.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

MANCHESTER GOETHE SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, April 15.)

PRINCIPAL WARD, president, in the chair.—Mr. James Tait read a paper on "The Literary Influence of Goethe's *Faust* in England, 1832-1852, with special reference to Mr. P. J. Bailey's *Festus*." He pointed out that, until the very end of Goethe's life, his influence and that of German literature in general had to contend with strong prejudice and misunderstanding, and made no great way: the revolutionary movement on the continent caused everything foreign to be looked upon with dislike or suspicion in England. The current estimate of German literature was formed upon the most eccentric manifestations of the Sturm and Drang and the romantic school. Goethe was very generally judged and condemned by *Werther* and *Wilhelm Meister*. The *Edinburgh Review* spoke (in 1817) of the *Aus Meinem Leben* as "abounding in characteristics which we fear will be regarded as detracting from the respectability of the work and the author." William Taylor's translation of the *Iphigenia* fell entirely flat. Most translators from the German thought it incumbent upon them to deal very freely with their originals in deference to English taste, and even Coleridge debated with himself whether it became his moral character to render the Prologue of *Faust* into English. Those of the great poets of the first quarter of the century who in any way came under the influence of Goethe were just those, with the exception of Scott, who broke most violently with insular prejudices. But these prejudices began to subside after the Peace. Carlyle towards the close of the twenties impressed the real greatness of Goethe upon the English public; the death of Goethe called forth a chorus of laudation and a flood of magazine articles and translations—half the numerous translations of *Faust* which have appeared in English were produced between 1832-1850. *Faust* thus came to exercise a somewhat remarkable influence over the young poets, who were welcomed with rather uncritical praise in the slack water between the disappearance of the older generation and the general acceptance of Browning and Tennyson. In Browning's own *Paracelsus* (1835) a problem is worked out clearly suggested by the current popularity of the *Faust* legend. A much more direct filiation connects with *Faust* the *Festus* (1839) of Mr. Philip James Bailey, who has lived to see a jubilee popular edition of the poem which he published at the early age of twenty-three. *Festus*, the name of the hero, is simply a variant of *Faust*. The poem opens with a Prologue in Heaven, in which, after the opening song of the cherubim and seraphim, Lucifer requests the usual permission to tempt *Festus* in a reverential address to God, which is obviously intended to convey a tacit rebuke of Mephistopheles's "blasphemy." In fifteen thousand lines (since more than doubled) of dreary, mystical monologue and conversation, *Festus*, with the help of Lucifer, expounds the theological doctrines corresponding to Goethe's non-theistic position that

evil is purely negative: "eine Kraft Die stets das Böse will, und stets das Gute schafft." Lucifer confesses himself but "the shadow cast from God's own light." He can only act for the glory of God. In the course of the argument *Festus* and Lucifer are made to visit Heaven, Hell, and the Moon; and other scenes are laid in Space, the Centre, Anywhere, Elsewhere. Love scenes are interspersed, in which *Festus* puts to the proof Lucifer's promise that he "should love ten as others love but one," carrying off the last fair one from Lucifer himself. Mr. Bailey's imitation of *Faust* is not disguised; there are scenes between *Festus* and Helen, *Festus* and a student, *Festus* takes an aerial journey, and so on. The poem ends at last with the salvation of *Festus* and all mankind, together with Lucifer and his host. Though formless to a degree, and destitute of real poetical merit, it had a surprising success, running through five editions in fifteen years. It fell in with a vague emotional revolt against the material character of the time, and gave an impulse to some young poets like Dobell, of greater merit, whose work also shows signs of their study of *Faust*. They were laughed into obscurity as the Spasmodic School by Prof. Aytoun in his racy burlesque, *Firmilian*. Mr. Tait concluded with some account of Clough's *Dipsychus*, which has been not wholly unappropriately called "the English *Faust*."

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, April 16.)

SIR M. E. GRANT DUFF, president, in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Hubert Hall on "The Commercial and Social Surroundings of a Merchant of the Staple at London and Calais from the latter part of the Fifteenth Century to the Middle of the Sixteenth Century, based on State Papers and Exchequer Accounts."—A discussion followed, in which Dr. Cunningham pointed out the importance of the statistics referred to in the paper for the elucidation of several obscure features of the Staple trade in the sixteenth century. Mr. Oscar Browning and other speakers followed; and it was intimated that, in consequence of the importance attached to the commercial history of Calais by English and continental historians in the present day, the Council would consider the desirability of authorising further researches on this subject.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 17.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. Whitley Stokes read a paper on "The Metrical Glossaries of the Mediaeval Irish." The Irish, like the Hindus and the Norsemen, had metrical vocabularies, fragments of which are found in twelfth-century MSS. in Dublin and the Bodleian. These vocabularies comprised not only rare or obsolete Gaelic words, but also Gaelic synonyms and homonyms. The Irish also had glossaries in verse of Latin vocabularies. The present paper set forth the fragments above referred to, and then dealt with three unpublished metrical glossaries of old Gaelic words. The first was called *Forus Focal*, "Knowledge of Vocabularies," from the phrase with which it commenced; the second was called, from its first line, *Deirbhshuir don éagna inn éigsi*, "Poetry is sister to Wisdom"; the third was a fragment of a metrical glossary in Egerton 90, a vellum in the British Museum. The first, of which there are several MS. copies in Dublin, is generally attributed to John O'Dugan, who died in 1372; it contains 75 quatrains and defines about 350 words; the second, of which there are also copies in Dublin, contains 62 quatrains and defines about 193 words; the third contains 29 quatrains and defines about 154 words. To these three glossaries Mr. Stokes added an index, including references to the extant Gaelic prose vocabularies in Dublin, Edinburgh, the British Museum, and the Bodleian, many *Belegstellen* from the mediaeval Irish literature, and etymologies and comparisons with words in other Indo-European languages. Of these comparisons the following are believed to be new:

4' "height," Lat. *asa*, *ara* (so *altaria* is connected with *altus*).

4' "one," from **airo-s*, Cypr. *olFos*, *olos* "alone," O.Pers. *aira* "one," Skr. *era* "alone," "only."

Ail "stone," gen. *ailcech*. Either *ἀλφ·πέτρα*, Hesychius, or, if *p* have been lost, *πέλεος*, Skr. *paraqu*.

Alt "house," from **paltā*; *alt nime* "vault of heaven," *Ennius' palatum caeli*.
A'in "rushes," Lat. *iūni*- from **iōini*- in *iuniperus*, *iuniculus*, *iuncus*.

Barann "a blow," Lat. *ferio*, O.N. *berja*, Skr. *bhara* "fight."

Bath "manslaughter," Gallo-Lat. *batuere*.
Bé "night," Gr. *φοῖός*, "dusky."

Bil "hair," borrowed from Lat. *pilus*, as *bellec*, *béc* "kiss," and *brolach* from *pelliceus*, *pācem*, *prologus*.

Blose "voice," "sound," from **bhlozgo-s* = *φλοῖστος*.

Caer "candle," "flame," Goth. *skeirs*, A.S. *scīr*, Eng. *sheer*.

Cé "night," from **skaiā*, Skr. *chhāyā*, Gr. *σκά*.
Chānor "satire," borrowed from O.N. *klām-orð*, a libel in verse.

Dae "house," *θαμῶς·οἰκία*, Hesychius.
Dag "good," *ταχός* (from **taχús*), compar. *θάσσων*, just as, according to Collitz, *hús* "good" is = Skr. *áyu* "active."

E'ic "moon," from **penci-*, Skr. *pājas*, Gr. *φῆγγος* (from *σπέγγος*) and Mod. Gr. *φεγγόρι*.
Esc "water," Ptolemy's river-name *Ἰσκα*, from **pidkā*, cogn. (like O.W. *nise*) with *πίδοξ*, *πιδέω*.

Fael "wolf," Arm. *goil*.
Fáth "a kind of poem," W. *gwawd*, A.S. *wōð*, O.N. *ðr*.

Féid "science," W. *gwydd*, Skr. *vedas*.
Fuádir "word," Skr. *vad*, *vadati*, Gr. *ῥέω*, *ἰδέω*.

Gael "a wound," Lith. *žaiža*, eine Wunde, ein Schaden (Nesselmann).
Gen "sword," Lith. *genu* "to cut branches."

Grith "sun," from **ghrti*, cognate with Vedic *ghrīmā*.
Icht "children," Germ. *echt* "genuine," from **ahti*.

Lang "fraud," Gr. *ἐ-λεγχος*, "reproach," "disgrace."

Losc "blind," Lat. *luscus*.
Loth "fierce," Gr. *λύσσα* "rage," from **λυτja*, Lith. *lutis* "storm," Ch. Slav. *lytu*.

Luis "hand," from **loe-si*, Lat. *al-le-x*, *pol-le-x*.
Mdl "tribute," W. *mdl*, borrowed from A.S. *mdl*, Eng. (black)mail.

Núa "noble," Lat. *gnavus*, *i-gnavus*.
Ong "hearth," Skr. *algāra* "glowing coal," Lith. *anglis* "Kohle," Eng. *ingle*.

Pell "horse," borrowed from some cognate of Eng. *ful*, Goth. *fula*, pre-Germanic *pelōn-* (Kluge).
Rén "a span," from **regno-*, cogn. with *δρυνίω*, as *réise* "a span," from **rexiā*, cogn. with *δ-πέξis*.

Sin "necklace," cogn. with *hyla*.
Smer "fire," *μαῖρα*, *μαριεύς*.

Tni "fire," Zend *tafiu*.
Triath "king," from **(s)treito-s*, Lat. *strit-avus*, *trit-avus*.

Mr. Stokes also read a paper, by Prof. Henri Gaidoz, entitled "On Folk-etymology and Analogy in Irish." The words dealt with in this paper were: *Luittifer* "Lucifer"; *annchlara* "spiritual director," literally "soul-friend"; *baisidm* "I baptise"; *brisca* "biscuit"; *caindel* "candle"; *callaid*, from Lat. "callidus"; *coiltir* "a quarry"; *coiseread* "consecration"; *conblicht* "a conflict"; *cruthmther* "priest"; *cruththaigtheoir* "the Creator"; *espartain* "eventide"; *umal* "humble"; *ithfern* "hell"; *murchat* "sea-cat"; *ordagraiffe* "orthography"; *semmóir* "sermon"; *serreend*, "a kind of ship"; *sabaltair* "sepulture." Proper names were: *Anerist* "Antichrist"; *Annargach* "a Dane"; *Antuaid* "Antioch"; *Apstalon* "Absalom"; *Cennitirio*; *Diuternoin* "Deuteronomy"; *Farsaid* "Pharisee"; *Ganfaman* "Gethsemane"; *Golgotha*; *Hiruath* "Herod"; *Scarioth* "Iscariot"; *Laimiach* "Lamech"; *Nennruaidh* "Nimrod"; *Patiforsa* "Balthasar"; *Torinis* "Tours." As instances of the operation of analogy, Prof. Gaidoz cited *sethar*, the gen. sg. of *siur* "sister"; *cechtarda*; *anglaimehail* "angelic"; *esidein*, "he, himself"; and *Octimber* "October."

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, April 17.)

THE REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE in the chair.—Mr. Andrew Ogilvie read a paper entitled "A Review of Mr. Ruskin's Political Economy," showing how Mr. Ruskin's chief literary work naturally falls into two divisions. The first, occupying the period

between 1840 and 1860, or from the twentieth to the fortieth year of his age, consists almost entirely of pure art-teaching, embodied in three great works—*Modern Painters*, *Seven Lamps of Architecture*, and *Stones of Venice*. The studies of nature, art, and society necessary for these works furnished the foundation on which were based the doctrines taught in the works of the second period, extending roughly from the fortieth to the sixtieth year of Mr. Ruskin's life. These works were all either wholly or in part devoted to social doctrine, especially such books as *Unto this Last*, *Munera Pulveris*, *Time and Tide*, and *Fors Clavigera*. The paper then reviewed some of the conditions influencing these books, and proceeded to a comparison of their chief doctrines with those of contemporary political economy, as set forth in the works of Mill and Fawcett. An estimate was also attempted of the extent to which political economists have modified their doctrine so as to approach nearer to Mr. Ruskin's views, and also of how far the course of events has justified Mr. Ruskin in his opposition to theories commonly held. An opinion was hazarded that this had come to pass to a rather remarkable extent.—A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Williams, Hewitt, West, Peartree, and the chairman took part.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, April 20.)

SHADWORTH HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—Mr. B. Hollander read a paper on "Comte's Analysis of the Human Faculties." Auguste Comte's guide to the analysis of the human faculties was Gall, with whom he agreed as to the futility of metaphysical speculations, and whose discoveries regarding the relation between brain and mind, that the cortex is the seat of all mental and moral activity, that distinct kinds of physical operations are carried on in distinct parts of the cerebral hemispheres, facts which were denied as recently as twenty years ago, he accepted without reserve. Regarding the analysis of the faculties and their localisation, there are, however, differences between the two; and little justice is done by Comte to the founder of cerebral physiology. He was probably influenced by the futile experiments of Flourens, for he declared that anatomy and physiology are of little aid to the discovery of the fundamental faculties, but that a study of human progress as a whole, that is of sociology, is necessary for this purpose. Sociology, the lecturer observed, may certainly throw some light on the question, but the author of the Positive Philosophy has gone too far in attempting by a method of pure reasoning, without the aid of observation or experiment, to localise the faculties in definite regions of the brain; and he proceeded to demonstrate in detail the errors into which Comte has fallen. While acknowledging his courage in attempting to solve the problem of the analysis of the human mind and its connexion with the brain, which may be said to be the greatest problem of the twentieth century, the lecturer argued that the result was far from what Comte himself called "positive."—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

THE TEACHING OF INDUSTRIAL ART IN ENGLAND.

Rapport sur les Musées et les Ecoles d'Art Industriel en Angleterre. Par M. Marius Vachon. (Paris: Imprimerie Nationale.)

M. MARIUS VACHON's missions to the different countries of Europe in order to report to the French Government on their systems of art instruction have apparently now terminated. In his last report he reviews the Museums and Schools of Art in England, and sums up the result of his inquiries in Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and England.

We may, on the whole, congratulate ourselves upon the verdict of so competent and im-

partial an observer. He approves generally of our system; of its principle of self-support or partial self-support, as against gratuitous teaching; of the interference by the Government in the provincial schools being limited to the annual competitions; and even, if we mistake him not, of the grant of subventions "by results." He recognises the great progress in artistic design that has been made in England during recent years, and he appreciates the freedom and individuality of our architecture. It is still more gratifying to find how firmly he is convinced of our determination to maintain the credit of our manufactures, in spite of the superior cheapness of German work and the good taste of French. This determination he finds not only in the metropolis and large cities, but spread throughout the land. If this be a truly trustworthy opinion, he may well recommend his own countrymen to watch us and to renew their exertions, for Englishmen are not easily deterred from a purpose which they have thoroughly at heart.

Without indulging in anything like "Jingoism" in relation to English art, whether or not "applied to industry," as the favourite phrase has it, there can be no doubt that, if we have been slow and late in production, we have never been lax in our appreciation of works of art. If we have not produced, we have at all times imported and bought; and our country is a museum of the finest art treasures in the world. Nor in the matter of production have we been altogether so slack as we, with our usual self-depreciation, are wont to think. Our work has of its kind been excellent in many branches of industrial art, and we have always striven against the most important of disadvantages, not climate nor defective taste, but the absence of art education. This has now been supplied, and has already borne visible fruit in the improvement of almost every description of artistic design. The system of South Kensington has been disparaged, and it is indeed far from perfect; but it has done excellent work, and those who would destroy its admirable organisation are the most short-sighted of advisers. According to M. Vachon, its operation does not tend to centralisation; and he avers, on the authority of Mr. Sparkes, that, in awarding grants to the different local schools, every encouragement is given to the development of local originality. If this really be the case, it should be more widely known, as there is certainly a strong contrary opinion prevalent, which finds forcible expression where artists most do congregate.

But, even if the "system" is as bad as its enemies declare it to be, it is not past mending. More judgment as to payment by results; more regard to the relation between design and material; and, wherever possible, practical as well as theoretical instruction, not only for advanced students but beginners—and the "system" would need little further improvement. If we are really to have a true growth of national art among us, every opportunity should be given to the development of local idiosyncrasy, and nothing in the nature of a true art-spirit can be evoked unless students are at the earliest possible moment taught to think in the material in which the design

is to be executed. It is not, of course, to be expected that the State should provide workshops in which the practical execution of every local industry should be taught, but this could be done by the municipal authorities or by the manufacturers themselves; and it is by the association of the great State machine with such local efforts that the best results may be expected. Such an atelier in connexion with the manufacture of jewelry at Birmingham has already been instituted; and if, as M. Vachon thinks, Englishmen are in earnest in this matter, the example will be generally followed in all great centres of art industry—and the "English Renaissance" will become something more than an "aesthetic movement."

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE NEW ENGLISH ART CLUB.

THE New English Art Club is more Impressionist than before—in this sense, at least, that it has very few exhibitors who are not of the Impressionist school. It is to be noted, however, that at least one portrait which may receive, and not unworthily, the often doubtful tribute of popularity, belongs expressly to another school, and is, as has been said elsewhere, to some extent the result of a steady gazing at Holbein rather than at Velasquez. We refer to Miss Cecilia Harrison's portrait of Mr. Somervell (No. 75)—a very charming little work, with far more interest than belongs generally to contemporary portraiture. Mr. George Thomson's "Skating Rink" (No. 4) illustrates exactly the kind of subject to which Impressionist art most rightly addresses itself. By its veracity of movement is quickly caught. "Prima Ballerina Assoluta" (No. 15)—a bared stage and the one *danseuse*—by Mr. P. Wilson Steer, is another ease in point. The work is possibly audacious, but it is certainly interesting. In another kind, as to subject, and represented in somewhat violent perspective, is the portrait of Mrs. Cyprian Williams—by Mr. Steer likewise. It is attractive in the intensity of its realism; and this sense of realism would not have been secured but by the exercise not alone of clear observation, but of technical merit. Blanche—who may be known to some of our readers as one of the true masters of pastel—has a very characteristic portrait of Miss Pash; Mr. Ludovici, the younger, puts plenty of character into his abstract and brief chronicle of a certain Mr. Coulon, who, if we mistake not, is great in the world of *La Danse*. The "Brighton" of Mr. Roussel (No. 20) again illustrates that capacity so dear to the Impressionists, and possessed by them so much, of recording the aspect of the passing crowd. Mr. Roussel sees his subject with refinement and presents it with vivacity. "Old and New Battersea Bridge" (No. 30), by Mr. Sidney Starr, is one of the most poetic and interesting of the many pictures that have been painted of Thames subjects from the days of Samuel Scott—a minute chronicler indeed—to those of Mr. Whistler. Mr. Arthur Tomson's "The Regent's Canal" (No. 46) is as refined as any of his previous performances, and probably stronger. Mr. Bernhard Sickert is at his best in the by no means easy subject—"A View of Chatham from Rochester Old Pier." Mr. Harry Tuke gets truth of action in "Reefing the Main-sail: a Sketch at Sea." Mr. Walter Sickert's principal and most characteristic contribution is a lively vision of his favourite Dieppe. Mr. Francis Bate sends work that should be noticed, and so does Mr. Moffat Lindner. Mr. Edward Stott displays the instincts of a colourist. Mr. Paul Maitland knows how to

interest us in the illumination of the Hollywood Arms—where are they? curiosity prompts us to demand—by the brilliant "Sugg" gas-lamp. Mr. J. J. Shannon sends picturesquely conceived sketches in portraiture; and the best still-life piece—"Impressionistic" only in the larger sense, for Chardin might almost have signed it—is Mr. Otto Scholderer's "Oysters," in which the amiable bivalves are fitly accompanied by exactly the right quantity of amber Barsac. This picture, so to say, is an altar-piece for the dining-room; its place is very near the sideboard.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE GRAVE OF ARISTOTLE.

King's College, Cambridge: April 23, 1891.

The letter which I sent to the *New York Nation*, quoted in the *ACADEMY* of April 18, was written just before the conclusion of the excavations at Eretria. I was chiefly actuated by the desire not to overstate the case, and to wait for future light before announcing to the public a discovery of such great interest and importance as the finding of the grave of Aristotle. This will account for the somewhat negative character of my letter.

But I have come more and more to the conclusion that the probabilities speak in favour of the tomb at Eretria being that of the great philosopher. I am still engaged in sifting the evidence; and, when this is done, I shall make free to write to you again.

CHARLES WALDSTEIN.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE one hundred and twenty-third exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts will open, as usual, on the first Monday in May. The private view is fixed for Friday next, May 1.

THE exhibitions to open next week include: (1) a third series of water-colour drawings by Mrs. Allingham, at the Fine Art Society's; (2) "Views about Plymouth" and other drawings by Mr. Jules Lessore, at Messrs. Buck & Reid's; (3) M. Edouard Detaille's famous picture entitled "Vive l'Empereur," at the Goupil Gallery; (4) a collection of water-colour drawings by Mme. de L'Aubinière, comprising "A Day in Shakspeare's Land," and scenes in France, Italy, &c., at the Modern Gallery; and (5) Messrs. Hollender & Cremetti's summer exhibition of oil paintings, together with a collection of Dutch water-colours, at the Hanover Gallery. All of these are in New Bond-street.

MR. RUDOLPH BLIND's new picture, "The World's Desire," will be on view at Stacey's Gallery in Old Bond-street next week. It is a large canvas, and ambitious beyond any previous attempt of the artist. "The World's Desire" is, of course, "Das Ewig Weibliche," personified in the central figure, a graceful nude, with auburn hair, whose somewhat slender veil has been lifted from her, on the left by Eros, a charming study, and on the right by little floating "loves." On a lower level, in the foreground, is a series of striking figures—sage, soldier, poet, lover, and priest—the first three gazing on Beauty personified, the priest attempting to persuade the young lover to more serious thoughts. There is much force shown in the treatment of these, and the whole composition is original and powerful.

THE fourth spring series of the practical lectures of the Guild and School of Handicraft will be opened on Wednesday, May 6, by Prof. Herkomer, with "A Technical Talk." Other lectures will be given by Mr. H. L. Rathbone (of Liverpool) on "Hammered Hollow Ware";

by Mr. G. Thomson (of Huddersfield) on "The Industrial Partnership of Woodhouse Mills"; by Mr. Francis Inigo Thomas on "The Relation of the Architect to the Handicrafts"; and by Mr. G. F. Newberry (of Glasgow) on "Impressionism and Design." The lectures will be delivered at the new workshop of the guild, Essex House, Mile End-road.

WE are informed that the lectures given by Mr. Frederick Wedmore last season upon Turner, Meryon, and the Revival of Etching, are likely to be repeated in two or three principal cities during next autumn.

MR. HENRY SCHEU, of 263 Strand, has sent us an artist's proof of an engraving on wood, done by himself, of a large drawing of Mr. Walter Crane's, entitled "The Triumph of Labour," which is dedicated to the workers of the world on the occasion of their celebration of May 1 as an international holiday of labour. It is a fine design, finely engraved, though there is something to complain of in the joining of the wood-blocks.

WE quote the following from *The Times* of April 22:

"The discovery of Roman remains in Lincoln proves to be of greater importance than was at first supposed. The group of two insculpting columns discovered last Thursday is not the termination of the facade, as was anticipated. At a distance of 18ft. 6in. another similar double column has been unearthed, succeeded by three bases in the same line. Yesterday morning the workmen laid bare another double column of larger dimensions. It is possible that further discoveries will be made as the excavations proceed southwards. A deputation from the Society of Antiquaries (including Mr. St. John Hope, the assistant secretary, and Mr. G. E. Fox) will visit the excavations to-day. Though it is impossible to allow these interesting evidences of the magnificence of the Roman city of Lincoln to remain open, being in one of the main thoroughfares of the city, careful drawings and measurements of them are being taken, and they are being laid down to scale on a plan."

THE STAGE.

TWO PLAYS.

WERE it not for the excellent performances of Miss Robins and Miss Marion Lea—and the quite clever performances of Mr. Sugden, Mr. Scott Buist, and Mr. Elwood—I should pass by without a word of comment the dull and ugly play which has been put upon the stage for a few mornings this week at the Vaudeville, and of which we shall see no more. "Hedda Gabler" does not address itself to the cultivated layman—to the man or woman who at the theatre asks to be amused with brilliant comedy or touched by noble pathos—it addresses itself, presumably, to the student of mental disease, more especially of moral insanity; and he, of course, as a scientific person, finds insufficient and unsatisfactory the study in which the dramatist has forsaken his proper function to fulfil, but ineffectually, somebody else's. Of "Hedda Gabler"—less putrid indeed than "Ghosts," less hopelessly enigmatical than "Rosmersholm," less simply nonsensical than the "Doll's House," and yet quite morbid, quite mysterious, and quite silly—of "Hedda Gabler," not one other word. One word of recognition, however, alike of the mistaken courage and of the interesting art which the two actress-manageresses brought to bear

upon the performance. Miss Robins powerfully enough represented Hedda Gabler as what she is: not a woman, but a thing; a beast degraded from womanhood; half an idiot, and very much of a devil. Miss Lea, by a performance full of simple pathos, made us believe, so far as it was possible to believe, in the reality of that almost impossible person, young Mrs. Elvsted. If with material so inevitably repulsive or ridiculous these interesting actresses could do so much, what might they not accomplish if they brought their efforts again within the lines proper to literature—within the field which offers itself generally to people of sense and of taste!

The latest and not least important production of Mr. Wilson Barrett's season, at the New Olympic, is that of "The Acrobat," which was done on Tuesday, and which is a revival, practically, of the long familiar melodrama of "Belphegor." "Belphegor," associated with the triumphs of more than one actor of eminence, belonged to a period in our dramatic history when we were much more naïve than we are at present—when we accepted without question romances as to which we should now be sceptical. If the piece were written wholly afresh to-day, it would be fortified by a treatment of incident more detailed and less theatrical. If, in a generation that is not willing to accept anyone as wholly good, yet too tolerant to believe that anyone is wholly evil, the villain were permitted to be a scoundrel as unadulterated, he would have at least to justify his existence by the display of much greater ingenuity and shrewdness than any of which he gives sign in "Belphegor." And as it is a little difficult to credit the rogue's somewhat easy successes, it is difficult likewise to take quite seriously the hero's troubles, when, by a stratagem, his wife is wrenched from him, and he is left a bereaved husband, an ideal father, and an acrobat who, had his lot but been cast in happier times, would have made the fortune of a transpontine music-hall.

But difficult as the story is to accept, the acting of the principal part is at the Olympic so excellent that the obstacle is in a measure overcome. Mr. Wilson Barrett has never played with more earnestness, and never with greater resource. From the first moment of his entry in his travelling waggone—with the child, slim and graceful beside him, with Mr. George Barrett beating the big drum, and with Belphegor's wife, Miss Emery, sitting sad and sweet and an ornament of the show—to the time when, his troubles over, he is accepted in society and re-united to his wife, Mr. Wilson Barrett does not fail to be picturesque and forcible. Nay, he is more—he is convincing. Over and over again there are fine stage pictures to which his art and presence contribute so much. Hearty and jolly as the acrobat in public, he is tender and solicitous as the acrobat at home. It is some time since I have seen a bit of pantomime more significant than the scene at the supper table, at which, in presence of the ever noisy Flip-Flap, and of the child of the handsome neighbour, Belphegor becomes cognisant of the sadness of Madeline. The apprehension on the one face, the pathos on the

other; and between them, on the part of the others, the clowning and the gaiety. Again, the scene in Mademoiselle Flora's garden, where (in a passage from which it may be that Mr. Gilbert took a hint when he constructed his one-act piece for Miss Anderson, and to which even "Dr. Marigold" may owe something) Belphegor promises to make the spectators laugh when the tears of a real sorrow are in his eyes, is, to say the very least of it, remarkable and poignant, and it is played by Mr. Barrett with such fervour and skill that he carries all before him. Miss Winifred Emery brings to the colourless yet of course not unsympathetic part of Madeline, her peculiar charm of womanliness and refinement. And, unlike certain other rôles that she has assumed, the part does not tax her beyond her strength. It exacts from her nothing that she cannot perform. The villain, though his machinations bid fair to be successful, is, as a stage personage, insignificant. He wants characterisation, and the signs of vitality. He is a part of certain rusty and old-fashioned machinery—that and nothing more. Miss Hanbury plays very prettily a more or less treacherous but repentant neighbour of the humble Bohemians. Miss Lillie Belmore, as a greater person, acts with authority and geniality. Mr. George Barrett's part is performed quaintly; and the child, Edie King, goes far to reconcile one to the generally unwelcome appearance of such young things upon the stage. May it be chronicled, in addition, that the piece gains by all the pretty dresses "Elita et Compagnie" have made for it, and by appropriate scenery, and by a stately dance?

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE "OEDIPUS REX" AT UTRECHT.

Ghent, Belgium: April 20, 1891.

A MOST interesting performance of Sophocles' masterpiece was given at Utrecht on Saturday, April 11, and repeated during the following week. All the parts, with the exception of one or two choristers, were taken by undergraduates. On the first day several cabinet ministers, beside the majority of the curators and senate of the university, were present; while many art critics, professors, and others interested in such performances—all but unique as yet in Holland—had come from afar to witness it.

Unlike the revivals of Greek plays in England, the text chosen was in the vernacular—namely, the metrical translation of Prof. van Herwerden. Of the merits of this translation—already apparent in the published text, though we observed how frequently the words as spoken differed *in bonam partem*—suffice it to remark that they are allowed on all hands to be great.

We do not intend to enter into an analysis of the play, nor are we prepared to reconsider the vexed question whether a revival of the ancient drama for the general public would be possible. What we may and must record is the unqualified success of the performance. The actors may fairly claim the credit of having produced something palatable to the *élite* of an academical society. If we lay the greatest stress on their work, it is not because the translation, the music, and the *mise-en-scène* were not excellent in their way. Dr. Van Riemsdijk's merits as a composer were conspicuous, not for the first time, before an appreciative audience, nor is Mr. Mendes da Costa unknown as a thorough

student of the Greek drama and its accessories. But the undergraduates brought little else to their difficult task than an earnest wish to succeed; at least, they had had no previous experience of this sort of acting. We would especially mention the parts of Oedipus and Jokasta (Messrs. Jansen and Royaarts van Scherpenzeel) as those whose rendering struck us as most true, most pathetic.

It is to be hoped that this second in the series of Dutch revivals—the "Antigone" was performed a year or two ago at Amsterdam—will be succeeded from time to time by others, and that the actors and managers may see their way to confer upon others than a Utrecht audience the benefit of this highly intellectual pleasure.

H. LOGEMAN.

STAGE NOTES.

THE next revival at the Lyceum will be "The Corsican Brothers," which is to be given on Tuesday, May 12. The performance will be preceded by Charles Reade's one-act comedy, "Nance Oldfield," with Miss Ellen Terry for the first time in the part of Mrs. Oldfield.

MISS BESSIE BYRNE, the American actress, will appear as "Leah the Forsaken" at a matinee at the Vaudeville on Thursday, May 7, for the benefit of the Women's Trades' Union League.

MR. EDWARD COMPTON will produce in the autumn, at the Opera Comique, a poetical play by Mr. F. Frankfort Moore, entitled "The Queen's Room."

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

WAGNER'S "Tannhäuser" was given on Saturday evening at Covent Garden. Mme. Albani as Elisabeth, and M. Maurel as Wolfram, obtained a great success. They were in fact playing familiar parts, and their appearance reminded one of the long interval since this opera has been heard in London. It is indeed strange, considering the popularity of "Lohengrin," that this opera should have been so neglected of late years. Whether it be as fine as "Lohengrin" may be an open question; but surely for the public it is equally, if not more, attractive. The good singing of the chorus deserves mention. The orchestra was under the vigorous direction of Signor Bevignani.

From "Tannhäuser" to "Traviata" is a far cry. The latter work was given on Monday night. Mme. Albani, as Violetta, was in splendid form; she did not spare herself, and acted and sang with immense energy and abandon. M. Maurel, as Germont, sang magnificently, but over-acted. M. Montariol, on the whole, was very good in the part of Alfredo. The house was far from full.

Rigoletto was given on Wednesday evening, with Mme. Albani as Gilda, and M. Maurel in the title-rôle; and both gave great satisfaction. With such accomplished and experienced artists such a result is only natural. There was a fairly good attendance. We notice that "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin" are announced for Thursday and Friday, and "Faust" on Saturday. This is perhaps not quite so bad as the "sandwich" arrangement, to which Wagner objected. In writing from London with regard to his "Ring," he said that he did not wish to see it produced at an ordinary theatre between "Martha" and "Le Prophète."

There is not much to say about the third Philharmonic Concert on Thursday, April 16. M. Paderewski gave a brilliant performance of

Saint-Saëns' pianoforte Concerto in C minor; for an encore he played a Chopin valse. The orchestra under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen gave a good account of itself in Sterndale Bennett's charming Overture "Paradise and the Peri," and also in Schubert's great Symphony in C. Mr. Iver McKay was the vocalist.

Mr. Frederick Dawson, a new pianist, appeared at Messrs. Hess and Becker's second recital on Saturday. He played Chopin's "Andante Spianato and Polonaise" (Op. 22). He is young and talented; he has a good touch and his execution is wonderfully neat. There was great vigour and character about his playing, and he really shows good promise. He may be somewhat extravagant at times, but this is far better than a tame performance; extravagance can easily be toned down. A feature of the programme was a long, uninteresting Suite of Popper's for two violoncellos, admirably written for the instruments, and admirably interpreted by Signor Piatti and Mr. Beecher. Mr. Hess played some solos with marked effect, and Miss Marguerite Hall may be commended for her careful rendering of an Aria from Handel's "Alexander."

Miss Winifred Robinson gave a concert at Princes' Hall on Wednesday afternoon. She played an "Andante and Rondo Capriccioso," by David, with good technique and more than usual feeling. The programme opened with an interesting Quartet by Svendsen, well rendered by the Misses Winifred and K. Robinson, Miss Gates and Mr. Whitehouse; Miss Mary Davies and Mr. A. Thompson sang with success.

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Wohltemperirtes Klavier. Von J. S. Bach. Erster u. Zweiter Theil. (Breitkopf & Härtel.) Many editions of this great work have been given to the world, and yet the last word never seems to have been said. In the critical edition of the Bach Gesellschaft, Herr Kroll followed the principal autograph for the first part, and what he considered the best MSS. (there being no complete autograph) for most of the numbers of the second part. Further, in an appendix he gave the various readings of the autographs and principal MSS. and editions. Messrs. Robert Franz and Otto Dresel, the editors of the volumes under notice, have selected from these sources what seems, to quote their words, "best to accord with the composer's intention." For the benefit of readers who may not be conversant with the subject of the autographs and MSS. of the *Wohl. Klavier*, we may mention that of these various readings some are derived directly from Bach, and others, not in his handwriting, may yet have had his sanction; for Bach in his autographs was constantly changing passages, and alterations by word of mouth may have been handed down by pupils.

Students will be interested in comparing this new text with the Bach Gesellschaft edition. Instead of commenting on many readings which show how carefully the choice has been made, we should like to note some which considerably surprise us. The bar interpolated by Schwenke in Prel. 1., Book I., has been retained. We are not aware of any authority for considering it "according to the composer's intention"; and, so far as internal evidence goes,

it seems completely to spoil the effect of the entry of the long dominant pedal two bars later. Then, again, surely the added octaves extending to contra D at the end of Fugue V., Book I., cannot be justified. For a similar reason, the octave at end of Prel. 21, Book I., seems wrong, to say nothing of the fact that the bar itself is in none of the autographs. If, as the editors say, "artistic value" is to be the test, surely the cut given in the "Zürich" autograph might have been adopted in Prel. 20, Book I. The reading of bars 8 and 9 in Prel. 9, Book I., with the A sharp, appears strange after the explanation in favour of A natural given by Kroll in his appendix. In Prel. 12, Book I., the fine reading of bar 21 as given by Forkel would seem to have deserved a place.

These and other points have attracted our attention, and we wish that, at any rate, a few footnotes had been added with respect to certain readings adopted. Robert Franz is a great authority on Bach, and one would have liked to know the reasons for his decision in these passages. The Preludes and Fugues are carefully fingered and phrased; and the parts are frequently arranged in a new manner on the two staves, so as to make clear how they are to be distributed between the two hands. One useful footnote is given to Prel. 13, Book II., explaining the true value of the dotted note. It would, perhaps, have been still better to have given Bach's text in Fugue 5, Book I., and to have inserted the footnote there, thus showing earlier in the volume Bach's peculiar use of the dot.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

The First Crossing of Greenland. By Fridtjof Nansen. Translated from the Norwegian by Hubert Majendie Gepp. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

It is now more than two years since Dr. Nansen performed the remarkable feat which first brought his name prominently before the world; and as he himself told the story of his adventures to the Royal Geographical Society and the British Association soon after his return to Europe, the main facts have been familiar to the public for some time. The full narrative of the journey is therefore somewhat late, and does not materially add to our previous knowledge, so far, at least, as the crossing of Greenland is concerned. On the other hand, it is peculiarly interesting at the present time—apart from the value which it must always possess as the authentic record of a singularly daring and successful expedition—as an index to the character and capacity of the man who proposes next year to attempt to reach the North Pole by means which, in a different way, are at least as hazardous as the scheme which was so freely criticised in 1887. In that year Dr. Nansen astonished the world in general by calmly announcing his intention of getting as near to the east coast of Greenland as possible, in about 66° N. latitude, on board a Norwegian sealer, crossing with small open boats through or over the stream of ice which drifts southward along the coast and has more than once proved fatal to stout ships, and, having climbed the forbidding mountain barrier between the inhospitable coast and the still more inhospitable interior, to drag sledges, provisions, and instruments to Christianshaab, on the west coast, a distance of about 420 miles across what was generally supposed to be practically an ice continent. Next year he proposes, with serenity unruffled by his Greenland experiences, to reach the New Siberian Islands by way of Behring's Strait, push as far as possible into the ice, and "just go with the current," which, according to his theory, ought to carry him across the Pole to the sea between Spitzbergen and Greenland in the course of two years. The vessel is to be built with sloping sides, so that when nipped by the ice she will "only be raised up and lie safe and sure"; but should she be crushed, he considers there will be "little risk" in deserting her and taking to the ice. It will be remembered that, when the *Tegethoff* was "raised up" in this way, the ice floes accumulated under her until she was high and dry on the top of a miniature ice mountain, like the Ark

on Mount Ararat; and the risk involved in taking to the ice with open boats, and "taking," or being driven, from the edge of the drifting pack to the open sea, is not generally considered a "trifle" by those who have had similar experiences.

It is evident from his book that Dr. Nansen's powers of endurance and perseverance are very great, and that he also possesses a large share of that "calm open-eyed rashness" which the present Professor of Poetry at Oxford regards as the special attribute of "Englishmen born." But it is equally evident that he has not had much experience of ice-navigation, and that on some points he is an "enthusiast," who has been humorously defined as "a person who believes about four times as much as he can prove." His first venture was a brilliant success; and it is within the bounds of possibility that the more formidable undertaking which he now contemplates, although the plan of operations appears to violate some of the first principles laid down by eminent Arctic authorities, may have an equally happy result. But it should not be forgotten that, while nothing succeeds like success, success does not necessarily prove the correctness of the theory which may have led to its achievement; and Dr. Nansen's own account of his adventures and hairbreadth escapes is the best justification of the criticisms and warnings which he now seems to think were unfounded. A man may jump out of window, and reach the ground without breaking his neck; but it does not follow that those who advised him to descend by the staircase were the victims of "absurd hallucinations" (vol. i. p. 14). And since failure, however glorious it may be, has a tendency to injure a cause in the eyes of the public, who naturally do not look very far beneath the surface, it is well to bear in mind, in the true interests of Arctic discovery, that the happy issue of Dr. Nansen's first expedition does not in any way imply the probable success of the next, except in so far as the assurance of bold and resolute leadership is concerned.

Whatever may be thought of Dr. Nansen's theories and hypotheses, his practice must needs command general and unstinted admiration. No one can read his book without being impressed by his earnestness of purpose, and his unaffected cheeriness and good humour. He considers every detail of his equipment as carefully and thoroughly as a certain distinguished Arctic explorer of whom it used to be said that he shaved his lead pencils in order to reduce the weight on his sledge; and he faces extreme cold, hardship, and privation with unfailing courage and equanimity. Both by physical training and by the habit of scientific research, he is specially qualified as an explorer, and his eminently readable book shows that he also possesses considerable literary talent. He gives a full account of everything connected with the expedition, including an extremely interesting chapter on "ski," the Norwegian name for the form of snowshoe in general use among the nations of the old world; an account of previous attempts to explore the inland ice and to reach the east coast of

Greenland; a graphic sketch of the Eskimo; and a summary of the scientific results of the expedition. So that, although the two volumes contain upwards of a thousand pages, about one-third only are devoted to the actual work of the expedition, from the time of its leaving the *Jason* off the east coast to its arrival at Godthaab on the west coast. The whole book is, however, so full of information, and at the same time so bright and entertaining, that even such familiar subjects as Iceland, and the pure and hybrid Eskimo races of East and South Greenland, are invested with a fresh interest, while many portions are of real value. The chapter on equipment, for instance, will be most useful to any future expeditions that may be organised on similar lines; and, as it has now been proved that the difficulties of the journey across the inland ice can be overcome by skill and determination, it is more than likely that attempts will be made, sooner or later, to explore the more northern parts of the country.

Dr. Nansen states that the expedition "owed its origin entirely to the Norwegian sport of 'skiløbning,' or running on 'ski.'" Every member of the party was an experienced "skiløber," and all their "prospects of success were based upon the superiority of 'ski,' in comparison with all other means of locomotion when large tracts of snow have to be traversed." Later on he tells us that "they were an absolute necessity," and that without their help the expedition would "have advanced very little way, and even then died miserably, or have been compelled to return."

"For nineteen days continuously we used our 'ski,' from early morning till late in the evening, and the distance we thus covered was not much less than 240 miles."

So little is known about the sport of "skiløbning" outside the few countries where it is practised, that Dr. Nansen's account of the history and astonishing development of the art of late years will seem little short of marvellous to those who, to quote the author of the old Norse treatise *Kongespeilet*,

"know not the art and cunning whereby boards can be trained to this great speed; who know not that on the mountains there is nothing among things which run upon the face of the earth which can outstrip or escape the pursuit of that man who has boards beneath his feet, even though he be left no whit swifter than other men as soon as he has taken the boards from off his feet."

Though not exactly "boards," in the ordinary sense of the word, "ski" are, in fact, long, narrow strips of wood, eight feet more or less in length, from three to four inches in breadth, and about an inch thick in the centre under the foot, decreasing to about a quarter of an inch at either end. They are curved upwards and pointed in front, and sometimes at both ends, and are attached to the feet by loops and straps. The idea of "sending some strong young Norwegians, who were accustomed to traverse the mountains in the winter on 'ski' in pursuit of game," to explore the interior of Greenland, was started in Denmark so long ago as the year 1728; and several expeditions have actually

been provided with "ski," "but, on the whole, more to their hindrance than their help." The only time they have done good service was in the case of Nordenskiöld's two Lapps in 1883; and, for anything that appears to the contrary on the face of his narrative, it still seems open to question whether Dr. Nansen himself might not have achieved equal results without their aid. In Nordenskiöld's case the two Lapps were the only "ski" runners of the party; but Ravna and Balto, the two Lapps who accompanied Dr. Nansen, were found to be "of no particular use," as far as the accomplishments which he expected to find in them were concerned, "and, as a matter of fact, they were never used for reconnoitring purposes." They were, however, a source of constant amusement to the four Norwegian members of the expedition, and had a habit of reading the New Testament and forming resolutions to lead better lives whenever danger threatened.

Dr. Nansen's reason for landing on the east coast was that it left "no choice of routes, 'forward' being the only word"; and having thus burnt their ships behind them, they would need no urging to induce them to reach the inhabited west coast. The landing, however, proved to be the most difficult part of the undertaking; for, as the sealing vessel which took them to the edge of the ice belt was not entirely at their disposal, they had to force their way through ten or twelve miles of drifting floes, and were swept about 250 miles southward of the place where they wished to begin their overland journey. After twenty-four days of hard, dangerous, and sometimes apparently hopeless work, they at last reached a place called Umivik, in about 64° 20' N. lat., and started for Christianshaab. But by that time it was late in the season; and they soon found the snow so soft, the going so heavy, and the weather so bad, that they were forced to take a westerly course towards Godthaab. After forty-six days' travelling, passing two weeks together at an altitude of more than 8000 feet, and enduring the most intense cold, they reached Ameralikfjord, on the west coast, on the 26th of September, 1888, just too late to catch the last vessel of the season sailing for Denmark. The distance passed over the inland ice was about 260 miles.

The chief and, indeed, the only feature of the scenery in the interior was its absolute monotony. The travellers "saw only three things, snow, sun, and themselves"; but sometimes they encountered snowstorms, and then they saw nothing but drifting snow. One day, September 8, they were obliged to remain in their tent, while it was nearly torn to pieces by the storm; and they often had to dig themselves out in the mornings and hunt for their sledges, which were completely buried. Washing, under such conditions, was of course entirely out of the question, and they suffered severely from cold, thirst, and want of fatty food. Not the least adventurous part of the journey was Dr. Nansen's voyage of fifty miles from Ameralikfjord to Godthaab in a boat made of willow boughs, bamboo rods, and the canvas floor of the tent—a frail and

leaky craft, which, judging by the illustrations (pp. 147 and 162, vol. ii.), was well described by the Eskimo as "half a boat." On October 12, however, the whole party were gathered at Godthaab, and soon became reconciled to the idea of spending the winter there. They lived much with the Eskimo, studied their methods of hunting and seal-catching, became expert *kayakers*, and learnt "to appreciate such dainties as raw blubber, raw halibut skin, frozen crowberries mixed with rancid butter, and so on." Indeed, this remarkable adaptability to circumstances was one of the secrets of their success. They had made up their minds from the outset to "scorn delights and live laborious days," and their diet was of more than Spartan simplicity. Spirits were strictly tabooed, and, during the crossing, the unfortunate smokers of the party were allowed only one pipe "on Sundays and other specially solemn occasions." Raw pony was considered "a nourishing and wholesome dish"; but the Lapps, like "other unenlightened folk," preferred tinned beef, and maintained that "none but heathens and beasts of the field would eat raw meat." Moralising on this strange perversity, Dr. Nansen remarks—"How common it is to see things in this life turned completely upside down by prejudice."

In considering the scientific results of the expedition, it must be remembered that the party were pioneers, and that their first business was to cross Greenland. Their main energies had therefore to be devoted to their advance and personal safety, and all that they "could do in the way of scientific observation was no more than was compatible with rapid progress." Dr. Nansen has, however, proved that, at least in the southern part of Greenland, the inland ice stretches in an unbroken sheet over the entire face of the country, not even a "nunatak" projecting from the monotonous plateau, except near the edges. "The ice-sheet rises comparatively abruptly from the sea on both sides, but more especially on the east coast, while its central position is tolerably flat." The mass thus presents the form of a shield, with its highest point nearer the east side than the west. As yet we have no data to show how far north the ice-sheet extends continuously; but it is in any case quite sufficiently large to allow us to study the various phenomena and conditions connected with a glacial period, and to show the actual working of forces whose results are so plainly visible in the northern and central parts of Europe. Thus, as Nordenskiöld puts it, a journey across the country "affords as much interest to the geologist as an archaeologist would find if he had the opportunity of exploring a fully preserved settlement from the age of lake-dwellings." The number of crevasses was surprisingly small, though several of the party narrowly escaped being entombed by them, and of surface rivers there were practically none.

Geologists will probably be a good deal exercised by some of Dr. Nansen's opinions and theories with regard to ice-action, and it would be interesting to know why he considers red veils preferable to blue or green

as a protection from snow-blindness. His altitudes and temperatures are also somewhat questionable. He tells us in the appendix that the highest point reached was 8,970 feet; but the narrative is contradictory on this point, and it appears that the highest altitudes were determined by means of aneroid barometers which were at the end of their graduated range at a height of 7,930 feet (p. 58, vol. ii.). The thermometers were also unequal to the occasion, as the cold experienced was far beyond all expectations, and the sling thermometers only read as low as -22° Fahr. The lowest temperature could not therefore "be determined with accuracy" (p. 58, vol. ii.); but on the night of September 11 Dr. Nansen put a minimum thermometer under his pillow, and "in the morning the spirit was a good way below the scale, which marked -35° Fahr."—and this was in the tent, in which six men were sleeping, and in which they had cooked their food with the spirit-lamp. As Dr. Nansen mentions (p. 67, vol. i.) that the mercury used for the artificial horizon "never froze at mid-day," we may infer that it did freeze at night; and Prof. Mohn has calculated that the lowest records "probably" reached "something like -50° Fahr.," which is beyond all comparison the lowest temperature ever observed in the month of September. Considering the limited means at his disposal, and the difficulty of taking observations at all on such a journey, Dr. Nansen has every reason to be proud of the results obtained; and, as he modestly observes, his experiences "will enable future expeditions to manage their affairs better, and to go more leisurely and systematically to work."

The volumes are well and profusely illustrated, there are some useful maps and sections, and the translation leaves nothing to be desired. Altogether, the book is worthy of the memorable achievement which it chronicles, and both will take an honourable place in the records of Arctic exploration. Apart from the intrinsic merit and value of his work, all who have the cause of geographical discovery at heart will be grateful to Dr. Nansen for having done so much to take away the reproach which certain recent events have so unhappily brought upon it. We can "close this book" with a comfortable feeling of security that there are no discreditable, or even unpleasant, "revelations" to follow.

G. T. TEMPLE.

The Sisters' Tragedy, with other Poems. By Thomas Bailey Aldrich. (Macmillan.)

THIS gift from an American poet to English poetry is charming for its daintiness, and welcome for its intrinsic worth. Mr. Aldrich is not a stranger to English readers, who long since learnt to prize the peculiar excellence of his verse. It has a refinement of form, a delicacy and grace of style, which belong to no common type and are entirely its own. There is perhaps no living poet, either in England or in America, who has greater skill in the handling of our not too mellifluous language. He can make it express whatever he wishes to convey in it,

with a softness and elegance as marked as those qualities in the languages of Southern Europe, or with a terseness and epigrammatic force of which they are not capable. His genius has its limitations, of course. He does not attempt great subjects, or any that demand—to borrow an illustration from a sister art—a broad canvas. His poems are cabinet pictures. But just as the accomplished painter of cabinet pictures achieves results upon a small scale which are often more beautiful and effective than those obtained upon a larger one, so Mr. Aldrich compresses into a few pages matter which another writer might have elaborated, with far less effect, over many. The reader is not conscious of any compression. He misses nothing; there is indeed nothing absent that could have contributed to the completeness of the picture. Colour, atmosphere, story, essential details, all are there. What is not there is only that which would have been valueless if it had been present—the padding and subordinate filling-up which a big canvas makes necessary. The poem which gives its title to this volume is less than a hundred lines in length, but within that narrow compass is told the tragedy of two loves by which two lives were darkened.

“Two sisters loved one man”;

to one of them he was married, but her passion for him was not returned. The other he really loved, but her passion for him was dissembled and hidden. When he was dead the sisters told each other the grim truth they had each before kept secret:

“each to each

Unveiled her soul with sobs and broken speech.
Both still were young, in life's rich summer yet;
And one was dark, with tints of violet
In hair and eyes, and one was blond as she
Who rose—a second daybreak—from the sea,
Gold-tressed and azure-eyed. In that lone place,
Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face.”

The passage quoted is a fair example of Mr. Aldrich's skill in suggested portraiture. Half a dozen lines suffice, if not to present to us the actual faces of the women, yet to enable us to realise their dark and fair beauty as completely as though we saw it. The “tints of violet in hair and eyes” are both a lovely image and a piece of accurate description; the phrase “gold-tressed and azure-eyed” may sound a little hackneyed, but it is raised from the commonplace by the allusion to Venus; while the pithy pictorial character of the last line—

“Like dusk and dawn, they sat there face to face”—
is inimitable.

Mr. Aldrich can tell a powerful story with as little waste of materials as is observable in his pictures. Witness this bit of reflection in the Tuileries gardens:

“A spot to dream in, love in, waste one's hours!
Temples and palaces, and gilded towers,
And fairy terraces!—and yet, and yet
Here in her woe came Marie Antoinette,
Came sweet Corday, Du Barry with shrill cry,
Not learning from her betters how to die!
Here, while the Nations watched with bated
breath,
Was held the saturnalia of Red Death!
For where that thin Egyptian shaft uplifts
Its point to catch the dawn's and sunset's drifts
Of various gold, the busy Headsman stood . . .
Place de la Concorde—no, the Place of Blood!”

Another passage from the same poem—“The Last Caesar”—will show Mr. Aldrich's power of terse epigrammatic expression:

“How little lasts in this brave world below!
Love dies; hate cools; the Cæsars come and go;
Gaunt Hunger fattens, and the weak grow strong.
Even Republics are not here for long!”

Two of the most striking poems in this volume are dramatic in form; and though one would not say that Mr. Aldrich's genius has much of the dramatic quality, he has yet given to the characters and incidents in these poems a true vividness. In one of them there are two characters only: one a Count Sergius, the other a lady masked (it is at a ball), whom he supposes to be the Pauline he wants to marry but cannot, while she is really the high-born Nastasia to whom he is pledged. The situation admits of bold treatment, and such it receives. The other drama—for it is of importance enough to be so-called—deals with a Franco-Spanish subject, and abounds in fine touches.

But it must be admitted that Mr. Aldrich succeeds best in lyric verse. One would imagine that he does not take life too seriously. All the charm of it, all the love and joy and beauty of it, serve him for the matter of his songs; and it is in this strain that he sings most happily—

“I'll not confer with Sorrow
Till to-morrow;
But Joy shall have her way
This very day.

“Ho, eglantine and cresses
For her tresses!—
Let Care, the beggar, wait
Outside the gate.

“Tears if you will—but after
Mirth and laughter:
Then, folded hands on breast
And endless rest.”

GEORGE COTTERELL.

Faith and Unfaith, and other Essays. By C. Kegan Paul. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

A SERVITE father lately gave from his pulpit the following exhortation:

“My children, if the Devil ever tempts you to think yourselves very superior persons, and to give good advice to poor sinners, who would be much better without it, say an *Ave Mary*, that you may have the grace to keep quiet.”

This excellent warning might well be applied to men of letters, in their critical capacity. The present age swarms with superior persons, enamoured of their own virtues, and ever set upon preaching the way of salvation in literature to poor simple folk, who are merely worried by fine theories and subtle expositions. There lives and writes among us but one critic who has the right to speak with authority; who by his great scholarship, his unflinching taste, and his complete mastery of style, may command our attention. That critic is Mr. Pater. Beside him, there is no one of supreme power; able writers there are, learned and weighty, graceful and attractive, but not invested with plenary rights. It is not that we look with favour upon a monopoly in good criticism; but if truth will out, that is the truth. And sometimes, wearied and confounded by the hubbub of voices, all confident and clamorous, the simple reader longs to for-

swear the reading of all books but the great classics of the world. Yet we cannot always live at that great height; the immortals cannot be our constant companions, because we are unequal to them. Who could read Milton at odd moments? Milton, before reading whom, said Lamb, there should be “a solemn service of music.” And so, to take Congreve's phrase, we “refine upon our pleasures”: and, instead of reading the great classics, we sometimes like to read wise and pleasant things about them. But, unless the critic be himself a man of great genius, we resent his patronage of the great; and when clever writers chatter to us about the profound insight of the New Criticism, with all its show of scientific method, we innocently wonder whether, in the opinion of these gentlemen, the great classics exist only to be classified. Reverence, courtesy, gentleness, are the becoming virtues of all who write upon the great achievements of literature.

It is because criticism in this age has become thus arrogant and thus tedious, that we welcome the more heartily such a book as this collection of essays by Mr. Kegan Paul. It is sane, and it is simple; and how ill-used many an essayist would consider himself upon receiving that praise! For, whereas sanity and simplicity were once counted for good gifts, in these days an obscure and unwholesome manner is preferred: to be sensible is to be inartistic, and to cultivate sobriety is to hinder beauty. Could but an Horace or a Pope, a Quintilian or a Dr. Johnson, come among us, and visit our affectations with the scourge of his wit! Failing that, the best thing is to cherish those books which quietly and pleasantly put before us the forgotten virtues of sound reason and of common sense. Mr. Kegan Paul has here gathered together seven essays from among his contributions to various magazines. Four of them, “Faith and Unfaith,” “Thomas à Kempis,” “Pascal's Pensées,” and “The Story of Jean Calas,” deal with matters of religious sentiment; the rest, upon “What we know of Shakspeare,” “The Production and Life of Books,” and “On English Prose Style,” deal with literary things. These are somewhat varied topics; but the careful reader will assent to the writer's claim when he says:

“To myself there appears a spiritual affinity in most of them, in that they were the outcome of doubts and difficulties now at rest. It has seemed right, however few the matter may concern, that since the record of inward strife was given to the world, the same essays should be published with trilling necessary changes, showing that the strife is over, and with the intimation that, if I have been in error in what I have said concerning any of the church's doctrines, I submit in this, as in all things, to her teaching.” The book has, therefore, this especial interest: that it is the work of one who has handled the great records of spiritual life and history in the spirit of inquiring Liberalism, and who has found an answer in the august doctrines of Catholic Christianity.

“Plurima quæsi: per singula quæque ecurri:
Nec quidquam inveni melius quam credere Christo.”

Now the signal merit of the first essay, “Faith and Unfaith,” lies in its clear,

broad statement of the facts; it has no patience with elaborate compromise, and nice calculation, and precarious balance. There are certain things in which the mean must be wrong, and one of two extremes must be right. In the question of Faith and Unfaith, the mean is tentative Christianity in all its forms; the extremes are the Catholic and Roman Church, and Positive Science. Probability is, indeed, as Butler and as Newman insist, the guide of life; but probability has its degrees, and a probability which is merely the expression of cowardice, prejudice, or fear, is worth little. The countless sects and heresies of Christendom have just this sort of probability on their side; religious truth, they say, is uncertain, and Rome must be wrong, because to think so is a first principle of common sense; let us scrape together what beliefs we can, and trust in Providence. So, in the hope that what they hold will prove enough for safety, the severed churches and congregations abide in their narrow borders. Mr. Kegan Paul appeals primarily to such believers, showing that from the first premises of faith follow in logical order and in grand procession the whole array of Catholic doctrines. "The first step, I am master not to take"; but, that step taken, the whole journey is undertaken. You may halt here and there, and imagine that you have found a home in some half-way house; none the less, between the complete suspension of judgment and the complete venture of faith, there is no tenable position. This is worked out by Mr. Kegan Paul in detail; and, while there is no question of his strong assurance that truth lies only upon the Catholic side, he shows a generous appreciation of whatever is estimable in the doubts and difficulties of other men. Those who know his earlier volume of *Biographical Sketches* must have admired the cordial sympathy which, with no sacrifice of logic, could discern and respect the various excellences of Catholics, Anglicans, Protestants, Latitudinarians, and Agnostics. In the two essays upon Thomas à Kempis and upon Pascal, there is presented to us a fine contrast between two spiritual characters: the profound peace of cloistral meditation, and the profound faith of a soul long troubled by philosophy and by the world. Quietist and enthusiast! both Thomas and Pascal have something of either spirit; but the one gives us a calm consolation, and the other a consuming ecstasy; and those in modern days, whose minds are restless and ill at ease, can find much to help them in these two teachers *de contemptu Mundi*. In contrast with such unhappy and querulous thinkers as Amiel and his fellow mystics of science, Thomas and Pascal are healthy and practical, for all their withdrawal from the noisy world; for, as St. Bernard said, "Si de fatuis virginibus, congregatio tibi necessaria est: si de prudentibus, tu congregacioni." Wherever the *Imitatio* and the *Pensées* are read, Thomas à Kempis and Pascal have their congregations.

The essay upon "The Story of Jean Calas" naturally induces the reader to compare it with Pattison's essay, written, we imagine, at the same time, and certainly

suggested by the same book: Coquerel's *Etude Historique*. Mr. Kegan Paul's essay is not that which suffers in the comparison; it shows admirably the artistic superiority of moderation to rhetoric. Pattison, for all his learned taste and his severe ideal, never wrote anything perfectly sober in tone; his prejudices, and a strange intellectual irritability, got the better of him. The concluding paragraphs of either essay will illustrate the difference of manner. Pattison writes:

"M. Coquerel ought to know his countrymen better than to think that even demonstrative evidence will procure from Catholic opinion justice for a Protestant. Reasonable and well informed men of course will see the truth. But the mass of Catholics are carefully protected from reason and information. We have little doubt that as long as the Catholic religion shall last, their little manuals of falsified history will continue to repeat that Jean Calas murdered his son because he had become a convert to the Catholic faith."

Mr. Kegan Paul, who no less strongly condemns the cruel bigotry of the outrage, concludes thus:

"I have endeavoured . . . to make more audible, perhaps, to some, the cry, which rises louder and louder from men of all parties and creeds, for toleration and forbearance, greater belief in the virtues of our adversaries, and greater trust in man."

There can be no doubt which of these passages has the greater sweetness and light.

Of the other essays directly concerned with literature that upon English Prose is the most profitable for the present day. It insists upon the necessity of good workmanship in an age tolerant of slovenliness. To take once more a writer so scholarly as Pattison, we find him writing thus in his *Memoirs*:

"Even at this day a country squire or rector on *landing* with his *cub* under his *wing* in Oxford, finds himself much at *sea*, &c."

And of late Mr. Symonds and Mr. Arthur Galton have exposed many similar faults in his style. When so laborious and judicious a writer can so fail, what can be expected of the *canaille écrivante*, of the scribbling herd? Mr. Kegan Paul has no mercy upon technical blunders; good writing must be correct, before all else. He gives excellent advice and useful warning; he points to approved patterns of good work; he dwells upon the patience, care, and simplicity indispensable to success. The account of Shakspeare is itself a fine example of an enthusiasm which is ardent yet perfectly restrained: no German heaviness, no fashionable English rhetoric. Mr. Kegan Paul can read without self-reproach the last words of his own book:

"A great responsibility is laid on those who write, and also on those who read. If we leave the circulating library on one side, and study the acknowledged great writers, in them devoutly read by day, on them meditate by night, so shall the great treasure of speech committed to our charge suffer no diminishing nor loss."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

"GREAT WRITERS."—*Sheridan*. By Lloyd C. Sanders. (Walter Scott.)

MR. SANDERS was at a two-fold disadvantage in writing this monograph. In the first place, any attempt to draw a very accurate portrait of Sheridan is foredoomed to failure, or at least to slight success. Notwithstanding the interest he excited by his wit, his eloquence, his social gifts, his relations with the Prince of Wales, and the contrast shown between his early success and final penury, we are still without anything that can be called a full and authentic record of his career and character. Moore might have produced such a work in his well-known "Life"; but it unfortunately happened that he did not take very kindly to his task, merely glanced at the family correspondence placed at his disposal, often allowed the biographer to be sunk in the partisan, and wrote too soon after the dramatist's death to speak freely upon matters which we should be glad to see completely elucidated. Mrs. Norton, after pointing out many errors in the biography, announced an intention to fill this gap by means of the papers just referred to, but died before she could pen a syllable for the intended book. The second disadvantage under which Mr. Sanders labours is that, in the treatment of the subject on a small scale, he has been forestalled by other able writers, notably by Mr. G. G. Sigmund, who approached it with no little sympathy and insight, and by Mrs. Oliphant, whose volume on Sheridan is not one of the worst in the "Men of Letters" series. His temerity in this case, however, is not ill-justified by the result. If the comparisons he risks are sometimes in his disfavour, it must at least be said that he has given us an attractive little *mélange* of biography and criticism.

Naturally enough, a good deal of space is devoted to Sheridan's achievements as a dramatist, upon which nine-tenths of his fame now depends. For one person who has read the imperfect reports of his speeches against Hastings there are thousands who are well acquainted with the "School for Scandal" and "The Rivals." It is curious to think how little power of invention is shown in any of the plays bearing his name. He was usually content to take his incidents and characters from what he had seen on the stage or read. Mr. Sanders regards these literary thefts as insignificant, but is constrained to make admissions that warrant a somewhat severer view of the matter. It is permissible to doubt whether the "School for Scandal" would have existed at all if Congreve had not written "The Double Dealer." Joseph Surface's relations with Lady Teazle and Maria, as Mr. Sanders points out, are "very similar to those between Maskwell, Lady Touchwood, and Cynthia, though Congreve provides an additional complication by making Lady Touchwood in love with Mellefont, the Charles Surface of the piece, who, it may be noted, has a friend called Careless." The late Mr. Oxenford once told me that an anticipation of the screen-scene occurs in a Spanish comedy which found its way to the Parisian stage in the seventeenth century; but it is needless to look

beyond the *dénouement* of "The Double Dealer" to detect the genesis of this most effective device of theatrical art. Charles and Joseph Surface obviously come from *Tom Jones*, with the addition in the second case of touches borrowed from Malvil in Arthur Murphy's "Know Your Own Mind." For the scandal-scenes Sheridan was indebted to the "Misanthrope," to Wycherley's so-called adaptation of that play, and again to the ever-present "Double Dealer." In his mother's story, *Miss Sidney Biddulph*, there is something analogous to Sir Oliver Surface's return from India in disguise—an incident formerly supposed to have been derived from Regnard's "Retour Imprévu," produced at the Théâtre Français in 1700, or from Fielding's ingenious little adaptation thereof. As for "The Rivals," neither Bob Acres nor Mrs. Malaprop is an original character, the latter being simply an elaboration of Mrs. Tryfort in "A Trip to Bath." Molière supplies the groundwork of "St. Patrick's Day," and "The Critic" is substantially an old idea in an altered form. But all these plagiarisms should not blind us to the fact that in other respects Sheridan's plays have an excellence peculiar to themselves. He usually contrived to improve upon what he appropriated. He was a dramatic milliner of the first order. He brought to his task a combination of qualities separately rare—sparkling wit, fine satirical humour, wide observation of the world about him, and an intuitive perception of the laws of theatrical effect.

For many reasons it would have been better for Sheridan if he had never entered the House of Commons. Regarded as a whole, his political career does him but slight honour. Eloquence was the only gift that he possessed for parliamentary life. He had none of the breadth of vision or the calculating sagacity of the great statesman. His powerful declamations against Hastings show "no appreciation of the necessities of empire." The real character and tendency of the French Revolution entirely escaped his notice. He long occupied the position of a mere party gladiator, of a resolute and acrimonious opponent of anything the ministry might propose. He could even resist Pitt's free-trade measures for Ireland, well aware as he must have been that they were of the highest importance to the welfare of that country. Mr. Sanders goes so far as to think that no real conviction is to be traced in Sheridan's casual advocacy of the cause of reform and abolition, and that his praises of the Revolution were inspired quite as much by faction and party spirit as by any real zeal for liberty. How little his fighting ardour was blended with discretion or political knowledge was shown towards the end of 1788, when, in one of the debates on the Regency Bill, he not only echoed Fox's contention that the Prince of Wales had an inherent right to the government during the King's incapacity—a strange doctrine, as Pitt hastened to point out, to be propounded by a Whig—but warned the House of the danger of provoking his Royal Highness to assert that right. If, as Mr. Sanders suggests, the rivalry between

Sheridan and Burke had become keen enough to make a quarrel between them inevitable, it did not excuse or even palliate the wanton and insulting attack by the former on the latter, so long his friend, in reference to the Revolution—an attack which helped in no inconsiderable degree to break up the great Whig party. Self-respect was not one of Sheridan's strong points, but he never showed less of it than he did in consenting to figure as a sort of henchman to the Prince of Wales, as "a minor actor on the ignoble stage of Carlton House politics." Either from laziness, or want of conviction, or very probably both, his name is unconnected with a single legislative measure, although a thousand evils in those days were calling loudly for redress. Altogether, there is comparatively little in Sheridan's political record to evoke admiration. That little is made up of his prowess as a speaker, an incorruptibility proof against all temptation, and the patriotic part he played on one or two occasions in his declining years.

Mr. Sanders omits to notice one speech by which Sheridan produced a deep impression on the country. In 1810, when the inquiry into the policy and management of the wretched Walcheren expedition came on in the House of Commons, Charles Yorke, at the instance of the government, moved the standing order for the exclusion of strangers, thereby getting rid of the newspaper reporters. Sheridan had already argued against the power of a single member to stifle publicity in this way, and was not sorry, of course, to have an opportunity of returning to the charge. No one who is alive to the power of words can read with indifference what he uttered on this occasion:

"Give me but the liberty of the Press and I will give the Minister a venal House of Peers—I will give him a corrupt and servile House of Commons—I will give him the full swing of the patronage of office—I will give him the whole host of ministerial influence—I will give him all the power that place confers upon him to purchase up submission and overawe resistance; and yet, armed with the liberty of the Press, I will go forth to meet him undismayed; I will attack his mighty edifice with that mightier engine; I will shake down from its height corruption, and bury it amidst the ruin of the abuses it was meant to shelter."

More than one writer has thought that in this speech Sheridan eclipsed all his previous efforts. "The few sentences in which he thrilled the House on the liberty of the press in 1810," writes Brougham in his *Statesmen of the Reign of George III.*, "were worth, perhaps, all his elaborated epigrams and forced flowers on the Begum charge, or all his denunciations of Napoleon." They at least prove that his command of a certain kind of oratory had not diminished with lapse of time.

FREDERICK HAWKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

- The Other Man's Wife.* By John Strange Winter. In 2 vols. (White.)
Her Evil Genius. By F. Boyle. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)
Guy Merrin. By Brandon Roy. In 3 vols. (Spencer Blackett.)
A Modern Marriage. By the Marquise Clara Lanza. (Heinemann.)
The Slave of his Will. By Lady Florence Cuninghame. (Spencer Blackett.)
The Lost Heiress. By Ernest Glanville. (Chatto & Windus.)
My Brother Basil. By E. Neal. (Edinburgh: Oliphant & Co.)
The Romance of a Lawn Tennis Tournament. By Lady Dunboyne. (Trischler.)
The Type-written Letter. By R. H. Sherard. (Trischler.)

THERE are certain novels which come as a boon and a blessing to the jaded reviewer, worried out of his temper in the effort to mentally gauge, and afterwards describe judicially, the precise merits and defects of that mild mediocrity which is the pervading feature of modern fiction. John Strange Winter's novels belong to the class mentioned. You know in a moment what to expect when you take up one of her books. There will be nothing in it of a profound nature, nothing intensely tragic or morbid or sensational; and—greatest blessing of all—there will be no attempt to illustrate dreary truisms by page after page of shallow philosophy. She is an author whose aim is to amuse rather than to instruct; and within the limits she has set herself the work is undoubtedly well done. The aim is not very exalted; the portraits are, perhaps, even getting a little hackneyed; but the narrative is always natural and entertaining. There is no striking novelty in *The Other Man's Wife*. Neither Major Cosmo Dennis of the 15th Hussars, who behaves in a brutal manner to his wife Ethel, nor Lieutenant Trevor, his junior officer, who is led into a dangerous though not dishonourable intimacy with the latter, who has been his favourite playmate in boyhood, is treated on different lines from the usual run of this author's military characters. Yet there is scarcely a dull page from beginning to end; and the reader's only complaint will be that the ultimate fortunes of some of the subordinate characters, notably the stolid servant, Judge, who makes such charmingly ridiculous love to Ethel's French maid, are passed over in silence.

Mr. Frederick Boyle, who has already appeared more than once in the character of a novelist, is in many respects the complete opposite of the writer whose work we have just noticed. His scenes are by no means limited to garrison towns, many of his characters are decidedly original, and his style is altogether of a more ambitious order. Yet *Her Evil Genius* is not entitled to rank highly as a novel. Perhaps it is the very ambitiousness of the composition—composition is the word which best expresses his writings—that is the author's greatest

stumbling-block. Himself evidently a man of considerable culture and thought, he has unfortunately failed to make his puppets anything more than the reflex presentments of his own individuality, so far, at least, as regards their conversational methods. The words may be nominally the words of Sir Fairfax Garbel, the cynical old diplomatist, of Henry Garbel, his grandson and heir, of Richard and Blanch Plowden, the discontented grandchildren, or of John Oliver, the artist-philosopher; in reality they are the words of Mr. Boyle, as he would have spoken, had he for the moment assumed the character of any one of these personages. We get whole chapters replete with polished epigram and sparkling repartee; but the generality of readers soon weary of conversations kept up at high pressure, and prefer something that makes less demand upon their intelligence. The plot, though rather complicated, is a fairly good one; and Nellie Garbel, a child of nature reared among Indians, who turns out to be a granddaughter of Sir Fairfax, is an ingenious and interesting creation.

Guy Mervin is a book written with a good deal of vigour and dramatic liveliness, and it is not till the first volume is past that the narrative begins to assume a distinctly religious colouring. In itself there is, of course, no reason why the introduction of a pious element should detract from the interest of any novel. If Sir Guy Mervin, a raw and by no means religiously disposed youth of twenty, has the misfortune to fall violently in love with Lady Elaine Monk, his neighbour's wife, it is no doubt satisfactory that an awakening to the knowledge of divine truth should opportunely occur, and give him strength to resist the insidious temptation. Still one would prefer to find some more solid and tangible scheme of belief than is formulated in these pages. The use of such vague expressions as "finding the Saviour," or "reposing in Divine Love," as a comprehensive definition of religion, apart from any detailed creed or any system of practical worship, reduces religion to a mere matter of sentiment and emotion. It is insufficient for the deeper inquirer; it is wholly unsatisfactory as a basis of morals; and, as a matter of experience, it is associated with some of the worst features of revivalism. That Lady Elaine Monk, after being liberated by the death of her brutal husband, and enabled at last to marry Sir Guy Mervin, should fall into a rapid decline and die peacefully in all the bliss of a complete, if rather tardy, conversion, is in keeping with the traditional method of story-writing adopted by authors holding religious views of this sort.

There is a species of pleasantry, beloved of schoolboys and not unpractised by older persons of feeble wit, known as the "sell." Its point consists mainly in absence of point; the fun, such as it is, lies in arousing the interest of your audience by what promises to be a good story, and then disappointing them with some inane anticlimax. *A Modern Marriage* certainly deserves to be ranked as a "sell." Philip Latimer, a plodding literary man, has been married for a year or so to a shallow-natured and vain little

woman, who, becoming tired of poverty and humble surroundings, allows herself to fall an easy victim to the first gentlemanly scoundrel who addresses himself to the task of leading her astray. So far all is well; and the story, pitiful as is its theme, is cleverly managed up to a certain point, and embellished with a number of racy anecdotes, in the best style of the society journalist. It is rather hard, therefore, upon the reader that, when the narrative has reached the point where Philip surprises his wife in the bachelor apartments of Harold Wayne, her lover, and vigorously denounces him, it should suddenly stop short, just when one is most anxious to know how the matter finally ended. However, there is not, perhaps, much lost to the world by the omission.

In *The Slave of his Will*, Iris Winton, a young heiress of great personal beauty, falls under the spell of Ivan Zellanoff, a Russian possessed of dangerous mesmeric powers, and not very scrupulous in his use of them. Ultimately she is married to Jack, son and heir of Lord Enderby; but Zellanoff continues to employ his faculty of fascination, until finally induced to desist. As the rank of a science is now claimed for the phenomena of hypnotism, it must, we suppose, be admitted as a legitimate theme for a novel; but it is a theme which few writers seem able to handle temperately. Lady Cuninghame is not guilty of any particular extravagance in her descriptions; and as she is gifted with a light and lively narrative vein, her book might have deserved a warm recommendation, if she had not chosen so unlucky a subject. We are tired to death of hypnotic novels, and there is so little variety in the phenomena that scarcely any room is left for original treatment.

Although *The Lost Heiress* is a story best suited for boys, there are many older readers who will be interested in Mr. Glanville's narrative of some episodes in the Zulu war, including personal notities of several British officers and Zulu warriors actually engaged in the contest. As regards the construction of the tale, its merely descriptive parts leave nothing to be desired, but the plot would be clearer if the family relationships and antecedents of the leading characters were explained a little more fully. And although the reader is sufficiently prepared in the course of the narrative for the identification of Mary Rath with the lost heiress, there is no satisfactory reason given why she and her father should have been hiding themselves for ten years or more in the wilds of Africa.

When a novel opens with the rescue of an unknown infant from death, and the next scene discloses the same foundling, now grown up to manhood, but still ignorant of his parentage, while at the same time it is incidentally mentioned that the Earl of Otterbourne, whose estate is in the neighbourhood, lacks a direct heir through the supposed loss of an only son in infancy, not much ingenuity is required for guessing the ultimate dénouement. *My Brother Basil* is not a badly conceived story, though the author often writes with that sublime indifference to probability which is common

among lady novelists. Thus, Colonel Hazelford, the wicked heir-presumptive, who uses all his art to prevent the discovery of the real heir, is conveniently sent off at the end of the tale to hide his head in fear and shame, leaving Basil in undisturbed possession. In real life, Colonel Hazelford would only be waiting quietly for the death of Lord Otterbourne to lay claim to the title and estates with every chance of succeeding. There is a gushing amiability and tone of reverent hero-worship about the narrative, which will find great favour among a certain class of readers; and to these the conclusion of the story, which lands hero and heroine in the elysium of the British peerage, will also be an attraction.

Two shilling novelettes from the same publishing firm conclude our list. A good deal of smart business is transacted during the week of gaiety over which the action of *The Romance of a Lawn Tennis Tournament* extends. Within that period a young Irish peer and an elderly English colonel have had time to make the acquaintance of, fall in love with, and propose marriage to, a young lady recommended by her beauty, her manners, and her extraordinary skill in lawn tennis, but unfortunate in possessing a disreputable father and a sister of advanced Bohemian proclivities. The incidents are certainly romantic enough, and the style lively.

The Type-written Letter contains, among other things, the murder of a husband, the condemnation to death of his innocent wife, a sensational reprieve, a broken head, a six weeks' delirium, a second murder, and, finally, the arrest of the authors of all this mischief. From this it will be evident that there is no lack of excitement in the book; and, if probabilities are a little violated here and there, no one will on that account quarrel with an author who keeps us thoroughly well interested by means of ingenious and thrilling narrative.

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

SOME BOOKS ON GREEK HISTORY.

"HEROES OF THE NATIONS."—*Pericles and the Golden Age of Athens*. By Evelyn Abbott. (Putnam's Sons.) The famous son of Xanthippus makes by his position and talents an excellent centre round which to group a general picture of his town or even of his nation. Such Mr. Watkiss Lloyd found him in his admirable *Age of Pericles*, and so Mr. Abbott has now treated him in a sketch which, though it includes a great deal, is on a smaller scale. That Mr. Abbott does not judge altogether favourably of his hero is, in our opinion, a misfortune; but he writes of him without bitterness, and generally gives his readers means of deciding for themselves. It is true that no serious attempt seems made to justify the first of his two charges against Pericles—"that he destroyed a form of government under which his city attained to the height of her prosperity, and that he plunged her into a hopeless and demoralising war." But as to the second, and as to certain smaller points connected with it, Mr. Abbott is explicit (pp. 200, 248, 262, 359), and argues fairly enough, if not so as to carry conviction. Pericles' hostility to Sparta was, he seems to think, the fatal thing. Yet it would be difficult

to show from our authorities that Pericles had any settled hostility to Sparta. If Sparta would have left Athens alone and abstained from underhand plots against her, Pericles would have been glad to leave Sparta alone. If there was direct hostility anywhere, it was felt against Pericles by Sparta, by the state which demanded the expulsion of the Curse of the Alcmaeonidae. If, again, Pericles' "constant efforts to win the control of the Corinthian Gulf brought on him" (? on Athens) "the bitter hatred of Corinth," we must remember that, if the war had found Athens without any footing on the Gulf, things would have gone much more hardly with her. Mr. Abbott is too good a strategist to have overlooked the value of Sicily to Athens, and Pericles was but doing his duty to the state which trusted itself to him. But, apart from our difference of opinion here, we find everything to praise in Mr. Abbott's book. It is needless to say that it is accurate, and that it is clear. It contains a wonderful variety of topics, and some of the very best of Mr. Abbott's writing is to be found in his remarks on Attic tragedy. The whole volume gives a well-balanced picture of the Golden Age of Athens: the lights and the shades are all there; and one feels that it is the creation of a man long acquainted with all the evidence which bears upon his subject. The manner is wider and more free than in Mr. Abbott's *History of Greece*; there is more amplitude of style and happy boldness in assertion. Too guarded writing, that great danger of learned men, has been avoided; and a judicious use of the language of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Aeschylus strengthens the local colouring. The plates are numerous, often good (as especially those at pp. 72, 96), rarely poor (as at p. 134). The villa Albani, by the way (p. 326), is near Rome, not near Naples.

Griechische Geschichte. Von A. Holm. Dritter Band. (Berlin: Calvary; London: Nutt.) Twenty-nine chapters, as full of matter as an egg is full of meat, here carry the story of Greek affairs down to the deaths of Timoleon and of Alexander the Great. The former, an elderly man, who did useful work, but was studiously moderate in his language about himself, has given rise to little discussion. The latter, young, brilliant, and knowing well how to advertise himself, has exercised countless pens, ancient and modern. But not all have contributed to his good name. Notoriety brings obloquy, and it is a nice question how far an honest historian is bound to mention all that has ever been said against his hero's character. On the one hand, to omit discreditable rumours might be called suppression of facts. On the other, evil may be said of anyone. Mistakes may blacken a character, and there is no limit to the activity of lying tongues. If a historian once print an accusation, readers will believe it, or at least remember it, even when he shows that he can find no foundation for it. Why should he be compelled to repeat what he does not believe, merely because someone once said it? Holm settles the question rightly, as we think, by omitting much personal gossip about Alexander. He is not blind to that prince's faults, but he only notices what is well-attested. Indeed, there is so much matter extant about Alexander that it is quite necessary to make a selection, and, while doing no violence to the record, to bring out most plainly what seems to the historian most true and most weighty. In Holm's picture we miss, without great regret, many familiar details. The drunken tyrant, the knight-errant, the lover of Thalestria, is out of sight. The civilising conqueror has taken his place. But the latter cannot civilise, though he may conquer, without careful adjustment of means to ends. He is more reasonable and less interesting than

a creature of impulse and adventure. But, if Holm has conceived his character of Alexander in plain and sober fashion, that monarch is saved from being prosaic by the greatness of his acts and of their results. He did too much to be commonplace. But, it may be asked, did he mean to do all that he actually brought about? Or did he merely set blind causes at work which Hellenized the Eastern world? Or, as a third possibility, was he merely the tool of his age? We have to ask similar questions about several great men of antiquity, and we can seldom answer them with certainty, because of our want of documents. We have no intimate letters of Alexander, no speeches laying down and justifying a policy. We have little more than a bare statement from outside of what he did. To infer from this what he meant to do is more or less hazardous; and a great living historian has always seemed to us to be on dangerous ground in delivering as sure his subjective reconstruction of Caesar's character and aims. But there are some facts which speak as plainly as documents—though historians often exaggerate their number—and there is evidence of this kind that Alexander fully intended not merely to conquer the Orientals, but also to humanise and civilise them. (See, for instance, Strabo, p. 517, of which passage Holm makes no mention.) A point about Alexander, on which, perhaps, opinion cannot be so firmly made up as on his plans for civilisation, is his attitude towards his own divinity. Did he believe in it? or did he consciously mean to deceive the world and to use his imputed deity as an aid to government, like Lysander or Napoleon I.? Holm chooses the former alternative. He reminds us that Alexander was the son of the superstitious Olympians. He thinks that the priests of Ammon were perhaps serious in their oracle, and that the king might well believe what was affirmed on such authority. But, for ourselves, we should like to unite both points of view. Alexander seems to us more calculating in this matter than Holm makes him. He probably did believe, at least sometimes, in his own godhead—otherwise he would have convinced but few persons; but he was also determined that the part of a god should not suffer by his acting. He had an enthusiastic side, which made him take action on some of his Homeric studies; but he also understood what was expected of a new Dionysus, and he carried it out. In short, he was young, but he was crafty. The town-name Alexandria boldly ranged him along with the deities who gave names to Herakleia, Poseidonia, or Apollonia. We have not space to deal further with the many interesting questions which Holm's new volume raises; but we must say of it, as we said of the earlier ones, that it is excellent. Critical, sober, yet entertaining, it is one of the best histories which have appeared in our time.

Theben. Von E. Fabricius. (Freiburg I.-B.: Mohr; London: Williams & Norgate.) No one of the larger Greek towns has so slight remains of ancient buildings to show as seven-gated Thebes. The lie of the ground does not offer any great help to the modern enquirer, and the allusions of classical writers to Theban topography are generally indefinite and often contradictory. It is, therefore, no wonder that the topography has been a matter of great uncertainty, and Prof. Fabricius has done well to publish the results to which he has been led after a personal inspection of the site. Discontented with the views of Ulrichs (1841) and Forehammer (1854), he has walked over the ground and searched it for remains; and the theories arising in this way he has tested by confronting them with ancient texts. His surest guide seems to have been fragments of well-burnt tiles, glazed on one side, found

apparently not in masses but in lines, and sometimes accompanied by low banks of earth. In these tiles he recognises the coping put on top of walls of sun-dried brick to throw the rain off, and in the banks he finds degraded remains of the brick itself. On these lines then ran the city wall, and he maps the city out as occupying an irregular oblong, longest from east to west. In one place at least his view has been confirmed by the later discovery underground of stone foundations, apparently belonging to a gate tower. So far as one can judge without personal inspection, his outline of the walls seems better substantiated than his identification of sites within their peribolos, though here he has been very ingenious in combination. He is, however, probably right in identifying (with Ulrichs) the Kadmeia with the site of the present town, and in making the south wall of the Kadmeia coincide with the south wall of the city. Thebes had shrunk back into its acropolis, the Kadmeia, in the time of Pausanias; and Arrian's account of the attack of Alexander on the city seems to require but one wall on the south side. Yet it is hard to tell why Pausanias spoke of the rest of Thebes as *ἡ πόλις ἡ κάτω* if it included hills higher than its own acropolis.

Wanderungen auf Klassischem Boden. Von W. Freund. Hefte 1 und 2. (Breslau: Wohlfarth; London: Nutt.) An excellent little reading-book for anyone who wants easy German on an interesting topic, or wishes for a good series of sketches of the fields and seas made famous by Greek victories. The sites dealt with are Marathon, Thermopylae, Salamis, Plataeae, Delphi, and Olympia; and each is illustrated with a plan or views. We strongly recommend Herr Freund's pamphlet to all students of ancient history. He puts the obscure battle of Marathon in the clearest light we have yet seen, and makes it more probable than it appeared before that the Persian cavalry was on board the ships when Miltiades attacked. Miltiades had fairly out-generalled Datis and Artaphernes by appearing, not on the plain of Marathon, but in one of the narrow valleys which lead inland. Here the Persian cavalry could not be used; and, if the Athenians were attacked and defeated, they would not be annihilated, but would merely be pushed further inland. In short, the Athenians could not well be got at; and yet their position enabled them to take the Persians on the right flank, if the Persians marched on Athens by the road. Darius's generals, therefore, having lost all the advantages of the ground, shipped the cavalry and prepared to sail round to Athens. But then this view reduces the battle so much in importance that one does not see why the Persians were afraid to fight again elsewhere on Attic soil. Nor is it perhaps quite likely that the Persian camp was "etwa zwischen dem heutigen Kato Suli und dem Drakonera-Gebirge," for then it would have been planted exactly on the larger marsh.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE hear that the Hibbert trustees have invited M. James Darmesteter to deliver the annual course of lectures for next year, and that the subject will be "The Religion of the Persians."

THE next volume in the series of "The Queen's Prime Ministers," to be published in May, will be a Life of Mr. Gladstone, written by Mr. George W. E. Russell. It will have for frontispiece a new portrait, reproduced in photogravure.

MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD, McILVAINE, & Co., of Albemarle-street, have this week made their first appearance as London publishers,

Among their announcements are Mr. George Du Maurier's novel, "Peter Ibbetson," illustrated by the author, which will first appear in *Harper's Magazine*, beginning with the June number; a novel written by Rhoda Broughton in collaboration with Elizabeth Bisland—who is, we believe, a travelled American; and two volumes of Essays by Prof. St. George Mivart. In addition, many American books are promised, and a series of foreign fiction, to be entitled "Red Letter Stories."

MR. LAIRD CLOWES, one of the council and a member of the arts committee of the Royal Naval Exhibition, has prepared a popular handbook entitled *All about the Royal Navy*, which will be published in a few days by Messrs. Cassell & Co. The book will treat of such subjects as the duties of the Navy, battle-ships and heavy guns past and present, torpedoes and explosives, sailors as they were and are, how to enter the Royal Navy, &c. It aims generally at furnishing such information as will enable laymen to take an intelligent interest in the exhibition.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN has nearly in readiness *With Gordon in China*, being Letters from the late Lieut. T. Lyster, R.E., edited by his sister, Miss E. A. Lyster. The substance is given of many letters by "Chinese Gordon" to the Lieutenant, who was his personal friend for many years; and the book will also contain a portrait of Lyster.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S memoir of Laurence Oliphant will appear immediately. It will be in two volumes, with portraits of both Laurence Oliphant and his wife.

MR. WILLIAM MARKHEIM is preparing for publication with the Clarendon Press an edition of *The Misanthrope*, with an introduction and notes, intended to illustrate the social history of the times, the dress, manners, and the historical characters depicted in the play. An account is given of the two genuine portraits of Molière, one of which is in the green room of the Comédie Française at Paris, and the other in the Duke d'Aumale's gallery at Chantilly. A letter from the great actor Delaunay about the leading character in the play is inserted in the introduction.

MESSRS. C. WHITTINGHAM & Co. announce the publication, in May, of a small volume of poems by Mr. Herbert P. Horne, entitled *Diversi Colores*. The volume will be printed at the Chiswick Press, with ornaments from the designs of the author, and issued in a limited edition of 500 copies.

AMONG Mr. Elliot Stock's announcements for the present season are the following volumes of verse: *Songs of Day and Night*, by Dr. A. B. Grosart; *Dora*, by K. Fenton; *Day Dawn and other Poems*, by J. Mellor; and *Weeds from a Wild Garden*.

MESSRS. ALEXANDER & SHEPHEARD have in the press a new edition of the *History of the Free Churches of England*, by the late Herbert Skeats. As the author was unable before his death to carry out his intention of thoroughly revising the work, it will be undertaken by Mr. Charles S. Miall, author of "The Life of the late Mr. Henry Richard," who will continue the history from 1851, at which it stopped short, to the present time. The volume, which will be issued in a popular form, will contain an account of the rise and progress of Dissent from the Revolution downward, with sketches of its prominent representatives.

THE Wyclif Society has now ready its volume for 1892, Prof. Loserth's edition of *De Eucharistia*, with a full introduction by the editor, discussing the Reformer's views of the sacrament. The volume for 1893, *De Blasphemia*, edited by Mr. M. H. Dziewicki, is

nearly ready; and the books for 1894 and 1895 are in the press. When Mr. Dziewicki has finished his edition of Wyclif's works on Logic, he means to edit the miscellaneous Philosophical Works in one volume.

THE first edition (consisting of one thousand copies) of the Rev. Dr. Kinns's new work, *Graven in the Rock*, was more than subscribed for before the day of publication. A second edition is now in the press, and will be ready in a few days.

MR. W. ROBERTS is contributing to *The Queen* a series of papers on "Women as Book-lovers," the first of which appeared in last Saturday's issue.

AT the dinner given by the American Copyright League in honour more particularly of the Congressmen who have had charge of the Copyright Bill, and of the two secretaries, Messrs. R. W. Johnson and G. Haven Putnam, who have been responsible for the direction of the campaign, it was announced by Comte Emile de Kératry, delegate of the Société des Gens de Lettres, that the French government has conferred the cross of the legion of honour upon the two last-named gentlemen.

ON Monday and Tuesday next Messrs. Sotheby will sell what is described in the catalogue as "the valuable library of a gentleman." For the most part, the collection consists of those classical works of English literature "without which no gentleman's library is complete"—works, we fear, now less in demand than they were a century ago. There are several county histories and genealogical works. But the chief rarities seem to be La Fontaine's own copy of *Les Amours de Psyché et de Cupidon*, with important corrections in his autograph, which have never been published; and first editions of Hakluyt and of Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*.

MR. ALBERT H. TOLMAN, professor of English literature and rhetoric at Ripon College, Wisconsin, has sent us a revised copy of the dissertation which he wrote in 1889 for the degree of Ph.D. at Strassburg. It is entitled "Shakspeare's Part in 'The Taming of the Shrew,'" and it consists of a most elaborate examination of the sources of the play, both direct and remote, with a criticism of the various theories that have been suggested. His conclusion is that Shakspeare probably did not write any part of the earlier play, "The Taming of A Shrew"; but that about one-half (discriminated line by line) of "The Taming of The Shrew" is his, including the core of the play, the actual taming of Katherine, the remainder having been written in afterwards, possibly by an ardent admirer of Greene's work.

IT is worthy of notice that Messrs. Macmillan have already republished, in cheap editions, two of their handsome works which first appeared shortly before Christmas last. These are Sir Samuel Baker's *Wild Beasts and Their Ways*, compressed from two volumes to one, and Mrs. Oliphant's *Royal Edinburgh*, reduced from medium to crown octavo; both with all the original illustrations.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. A. H. SAYCE, on his return from Upper Egypt, will find an invitation awaiting him to come back to Oxford with the title of professor. On the recommendation of the delegates of the common university fund, a decree will be proposed in Convocation on Tuesday next, creating for him a chair of Assyriology for a period of five years, with an annual stipend of £150. It has long been known to Mr. Sayce's friends that he has always desired this academical

recognition of his favourite study, to which he has himself been devoted from his undergraduate days.

CANON CHEYNE, Oriel professor of the Interpretation of Holy Scripture at Oxford, has been compelled by ill-health to postpone his second public lecture upon "Possible Zoroastrian Influences on the Religion of Israel."

MR. WILLIAM MARKHEIM, Fellow of Queen's College, Oxford, will deliver a public lecture at the Taylor Institution on Tuesday, May 12, upon "Molière and the Misanthrope." He proposes to show how the author's own married life is represented in the play.

UNDER the sanction of the board of legal studies, Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, chancellor of the dioceses of Durham, Exeter, and Rochester, will deliver a course of three lectures at Cambridge during the present term on "Ecclesiastical Law." He will treat of the clergy, the parishioners, the church, and the churchyard.

MR. J. Y. BUCHANAN, university lecturer in geography, will give a course of six lectures at Cambridge this term on "Climatology."

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Russian at Oxford, was to deliver a public lecture on Friday, May 1, upon "Serbia, Historical and Literary."

THE life-size portrait of Canon Liddon, by Prof. H. Herkomer—which has been for some time on view in the University Galleries—has now found its permanent place on the wall of Christ Church hall. On all hands it is considered an admirable likeness, though we hear that the painter had never even seen his subject, and had nothing better than an enlarged photograph to work from.

MR. ISRAEL GOLLANCZ, of Christ's College, Cambridge, university lecturer in English under the modern language tripos syndicate, and editor of *Pearl*, has been elected to the Quain studentship in English literature (£150 a year) at University College, London. He has already begun a course of lectures there on "The History of the English Language."

PROF. HENRY NETTLESHIP will lecture on "Religion and Criticism" on Sunday next, May 3, at 7.30 p.m., before the Ethical Society, in Essex Hall, Strand.

PROF. ALFRED GOODWIN, of University College, will begin a course of four lectures on "The Odyssey," at the Chelsea Town Hall, on Monday next, May 4, at 3.15 p.m.

WE may mention here that Mr. John Murray has brought out a new edition, in one volume, of the late Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, which—apart from its record and criticism of the Oxford Movement—will always possess an academical interest because of its reminiscences of President Routh, Provost Hawkins, and "Bodley" Coxe. The present edition is enriched with an admirable series of portraits of all the "twelve good men" commemorated, with one of the author for frontispiece. Otherwise, it seems unchanged.

THE rectorial address recently delivered at St. Andrews by Lord Dufferin has been published, in handsome pamphlet form, by Messrs. Blackwood. Suffice it to say that it recalls—in its style, if not in its subject—the great addresses of John Stuart Mill and Carlyle.

MR. JOHN PARK HARRISON has printed (London: Henry Frowde) the paper which he read at Oxford last year, arguing that both the original design and also some of the existing stone-work of the cathedral date from pre-Norman times. He has added three plates, in order to exhibit the ornaments of the Christ Church capitals side by side with illuminated designs from Anglo-Saxon MSS.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

AN ANSWER.

(See ACADEMY, April 11, 1891.)

BROTHER in pain! thou art not all alone;
Thousands share with thee thy sad, weary moan
Against "the wingless hours with feet of lead."
I, too, lie stretched for ever on a bed
Which cannot move from the dark, grimy wall,
Where never freshened airs or sunbeams fall;
While all the weary night I must not dare
To turn, or groan in pity for the worn—
The weary sleepers, who, with toil o'erborne
And hunger pangs, this couch with me must share.
No, leave thy couch to me if Brother Death
Prefer thee first to Heaven; so may my breath,
Drawn easier by the window, heave this sigh,
"The angels make the bed where thou dost lie!"

E. N. P.

THE FOLK-LORE CONGRESS OF 1891.

THE literary sub-committee of the Folk-lore Congress of 1891, of which Mr. Joseph Jacobs is chairman and Mr. Alfred Nutt secretary, have drawn up a report for the work of the congress, which has been adopted by the organising committee.

The work of the congress will be divided over the five working days, Thursday, October 1, to Tuesday, October 6, 1891; thus: On Thursday, October 1, the congress to meet in the afternoon to hear the president's address, and to elect the presidents of sections, the (European) folk-lore council, and a special committee on methodology.

The congress will be divided into three major sections: (1) Folk-tales and Songs; (2) Myth and Ritual; (3) Custom and Institution; and it is proposed that Mr. E. Sidney Hartland, Prof. Rhys, and Sir Frederick Pollock should preside over these sections respectively, and that Prof. T. F. Crane should preside over the methodological committee.

The committee recommend that under each section the papers and discussions should be taken, as far as possible, in chronological or logical order, dealing in turn with the relations of the subject—tales, myths, or customs, in their present phases—to those of savage, oriental, classical, and mediæval times and conditions. It is suggested that the papers, so far as practicable, should serve to test a conception now widely held, especially among English folk-loreists and anthropologists—the conception, namely, of the homogeneity of contemporary folk-lore with the earliest manifestations of man as embodied in primitive records of religion (myth and cult), institutions, and art (including literary art).

Thus, on the day devoted to Folk-tales it is hoped that papers and discussions will be forthcoming on the incidents common to European and savage folk-tales—ancient and modern folk-tales of the East, their relations to one another, and to the folk-tales of modern Europe—traces of modern folk-tales in the classics—incidents common to folk-tales and romances—the recent origin of ballads—the problem of diffusion. On the day devoted to Myth and Ritual such subjects may be discussed as: The present condition of the solar theory as applied to myths—modern folk-lore and the Eddas—primitive philosophy in myth and ritual—sacrifice rituals and their meaning—survivals of myths in modern legend and folk-lore—witchcraft and hypnotism—ancestor-worship and ghosts—charms, their origin and diffusion. On the day devoted to Custom and Institution it is suggested that some of the following topics be discussed: identity of marriage customs in remote regions—burial customs and their meaning—harvest customs among the Celtic and Teutonic populations of Great Britain—the testimony of folk-

lore to the European or Asiatic origin of the Aryans—the diffusion of games—the borrowing theory applied to custom.

Besides those papers, and others that may be suggested by members of the congress, it is proposed that each day shall open with a presidential address from the chairman of the section. Thus, four out of the five days being accounted for, it only remains to determine the work of the last day. This, it is suggested, should be taken up with the reports of the methodological committee, appointment of committees of the International Folk-Lore Council, and discussion of special points to be brought before the next congress. Besides this, it is hoped that arrangements may be made by which a conference may be held on this day between the congress and the Anthropological Institute, to settle the relative spheres of inquiry between folk-lore and anthropology. Also, it is anticipated that a detailed account of the Helsingfors Folk-lore Collection will be forthcoming, as well as descriptions of the folk-lore subjects of interest at the Ashmolean and the British Museum.

THE UNIVERSITY FOR LONDON.

THE Senate of the London University has put forward a "Revised Scheme" for the re-organisation of the university, which will shortly come before Convocation for approval; and it is high time that some public notice should be taken of the lines upon which it is proposed to reconstitute the existing university system.

Unfortunately, the English, and especially the London, public has small appreciation of what higher education and sound intellectual training really denote. It will subscribe thousands of pounds for Polytechnics, without the least clear understanding of what those institutions are intended to accomplish—whether they are to inculcate cleanliness by aid of swimming baths, to train apprentices in the folding of eretonnies, or to teach shorthand, chess, and the rudiments of drawing on the South Kensington plan. But for the education and training of those citizens whose knowledge and thought are to leaven the community, for the teaching of the teachers, for the preparation of that staff of scientists, specialists, leaders of industry, and representatives of culture in and outside the learned professions, upon whom the welfare of the nation so largely depends—for these objects the greater public has no sense whatever. Nor is the reason far to seek. The universities in England have always been class institutions; their enormous endowments have never served as nets to catch talent and ability from all classes of the community; and to this day there is no obvious and direct road from the Board school to the university. It may be the merest fraction of a percentage of Board school scholars whose talent is sufficient to render it a gain to society that they should find a regular ladder to a secondary education and to the universities. But for this fraction, a regular ladder, at least from secondary education to university, is entirely wanting. For this reason, among others, the universities fail to appeal to the imagination of that democratic public, which is more and more extending its control over local and central politics. It is true that the various societies for the extension of what is termed "university teaching" have made strenuous endeavours to popularise the name at least of "university teaching." But useful as their work has been, the placing in Cambridge or Oxford of half-a-dozen artisans for a few weeks in the vacation cannot nationalise those places like the presence of half a hundred sons of artisans enjoying the complete course of academic instruction and participating in the ancient endowments. Nor

in our opinion, can any course of "university extension," however long continued, replace the steady years of work and devotion to one occupation which we associate with the idea of an academic training. It may do most useful, nay, yeoman service; but without the laboratories, museums, libraries, the persistent daily study, it cannot claim to replace university life. "University extension" has more of the university spirit about it than the examining board at Burlington House, because its first object is to teach; but it, nevertheless, is quite incapable of supplying the place of a great teaching university in London, which the democracy shall appreciate, and which shall not hang its head in very shame before the like institutions in Berlin or Vienna. University extension is a valuable accessory, but it cannot supply what is needed in London. Nevertheless, university extension, largely owing to the energy and persistency of its London secretary, has succeeded in reaching people's imaginations, while the higher scheme has fallen flat. Some attempts to form a ladder from the Board school to University College failed, apparently owing to the apathy of its council; and the London colleges, till within the present year, have done nothing to render themselves popular with our modern democracy. They have been rightly or wrongly looked upon as rather expensive institutions for the education of the middle classes; and their appeal to the County Council for assistance was not unnaturally rejected, while grants were made to both the London Society for University Extension and the City and Guilds' Committee.

It may be asked how far the revised scheme of the Burlington House Senate goes in the way of providing a really great teaching university for London—something which can appeal to the imagination, not only of teachers and taught, but of the population among which they live? We can only answer—*absolutely nothing*. Nor was it to be expected that it could. Its failure was foreseen by all the teaching element on the Royal Commission. A Senate largely composed of gentleman who have had no experience of academic life such as it is at Oxford or Cambridge, or in the continental universities; who through long years have associated the name University with examinations, and not with the idea of teaching; who have tried to negotiate with a dozen conflicting interests and please them all, while virtually retaining power in their own hands—was not a body which could produce a satisfactory scheme for a great *teaching* university. As a teaching scheme their plan is a pitiable failure, containing in it only one germ of possible good. We cannot too often repeat that the fundamental purport of a university is to teach, to educate its scholars through its professors, and its professors themselves by aid of the laboratories and means of research which it places at their disposal. Now the present scheme put forward by the Senate bears on the face of it all the signs of having been produced by a body which has lived in an examining and not an academic or teaching atmosphere. It is a gigantic and complex scheme for the redistribution of examining power, and not for the provision of wider and more efficient teaching. It is no wonder that such a scheme was rejected by the professorial bodies of King's and University Colleges, in the latter case by an unanimous vote. Even in the council of the latter college a modified approval was only carried by the casting vote of the president, or, as it might otherwise be expressed, by the vote of a member of the London University Senate. Now it is the professorial element in the London colleges, not their councils, who would really have to carry through the committee and faculty work

of the new scheme so far as it concerns university teaching in arts and science; and its unanimous rejection by the college teachers is a point which Convocation and the outside public ought to bear clearly in mind when they are considering the Senate's proposals.

Those proposals may be considered under three headings—first, as to the manner in which they deal with the London colleges; secondly, as to the manner in which they deal with the provincial colleges; and, thirdly, as to how far they provide any real teaching university for London. In the first place, as to the London colleges. These colleges have a certain claim on the public; for years they did yeoman's service in the matter of academic education for London, but a certain proportion of their teaching at present is of an elementary character; and in other cases, principally from the need of proper laboratories and appliances, their instruction is probably not as efficient as at certain special institutions—in particular, the City and Guilds Central Institution. There is an alternative future open to these colleges: either they must raise themselves to the highest academic level, or they must content themselves with the preparation of students for the pass and lower degrees of the proposed university. The revised scheme of the University Senate practically takes the latter view of their future. It proposes to give the teachers of the London colleges control of the pass examinations in arts and science, so far as concerns their own students. It reserves the honours examinations. The instruction at these colleges would become, more even than it is at present, of a pass character; and this must ultimately involve the reduction of the teaching to the standard of poll-men, and the teachers to the well-known type of poll-lecturers. This may be a useful function for these colleges. As their councils appear to have accepted a scheme which places the honours examinations out of touch with the college courses and teachers, these councils presumably think it their most suitable function. But even in this matter of redistributing the examining power for a poll-degree, King's and University Colleges cannot hope for a monopoly. For the degrees given for the sciences preparatory to engineering, the City and Guilds Central Institution by its equipment and teaching has an equal right to admittance, and, therefore, may justly claim representation on the faculties. In fact, so soon as the scheme appears in its true light—as a redistribution of examining power, and not as the organisation of a teaching body—there is no legitimate ground for excluding from the faculties any London body which is capable of preparing students for a certain level of poll degree. The moment the London colleges accept as their function this lower standard of academic teaching, they must be prepared for the admission of any number of London constituent colleges. So far as the ultimate source of authority is concerned—the future senate—these colleges would have twelve members in a total of fifty-two, assuming, indeed, the faculties of arts and science to be solely constituted from these colleges, a position they could hardly maintain indefinitely.

As the Senate reserves to itself the right to appoint professors and lecturers, not necessarily attached to the colleges, and to assign them representation on the faculties, we have the germs of an honours school apart from the colleges; and the reduction of the colleges to groups of teachers preparing for pass degrees becomes more and more their evident future. This may or may not be to the public advantage; but it should certainly be borne in mind, when discussing the scheme, that the future teaching university will not arise from the colleges, but from the professors and lecturers whom the Senate reserves the right to appoint. The sop-

thrown to the colleges in return is the power to pass students for poll degrees.

Turning in the next place to the provincial colleges, we find that they contribute eight members to the ultimate governing body of the new university. On the senate, therefore, they will have small power, unless, with a view to obtaining proper regard for local interests, they make themselves obstructive, which they will certainly be justified in doing. The proposed senate, indeed, is simply a conglomeration of the representatives of half a dozen different interests, which have nothing in the least in common. What, for example, have the representatives of the London medical schools and the President of the Council of Legal Education to do with the teaching of arts and science, say, in Sheffield? But the provincial colleges have really little to fear. So soon as they arrive at a certain degree of strength, the parliamentary influence of their local representatives will soon provide them, either in groups or individually, with charters as independent universities. The case of the London colleges is different: they will have bound themselves once for all to Burlington House, the local energies of which will increase as its provincial supplies of examinees diminish. Meanwhile, a provincial college may gain that greater control over the education of its own poll students which is connoted by the power of discussing the schedules of examination with other colleges scattered over the length and breadth of England. The expense in time, energy, and railway fares will soon lead to a vigorous movement for home rule.

Lastly, out of this elaborate scheme for the redistribution of examining power, the medical side of which we have not even referred to, what is there of a real teaching university? In the first place, we venture to say, so far as the colleges are concerned, *nothing*. The college professors will be quite independent of the new university. There is no provision in the scheme for putting the election of the college teachers in the hands of the new university committees. The college laboratories and the college work will be beyond the control of the university authorities. To speak, therefore, of these colleges as an integral part of the university is simply absurd. A professor the university does not appoint, a laboratory the university has no control over, are not, for practical purposes a part of the university at all. We shall again have a governing board with nothing to govern, a university without professors and without equipment. The only germ of hope for a real university in the whole scheme lies in the last clauses, which reserve the right to the senate to hold real property for the purposes of the university and for the establishment of professorships and lectureships. How long, however, will it take to establish and endow a real university in this way, especially in the face of the active opposition and competition of the colleges?

The scheme seems to us hopelessly unworkable. The already overburdened teacher, in order to carry out some development of teaching which may have a bearing upon university examinations, will have to see it safely through college faculty, college senate, and college council; then he will have to carry it through university board of study, university standing committee, and, possibly, university senate. His whole energy, which ought to be devoted to teaching and research, will either be absorbed in the round of committee, or he will disregard the new university *in toto*. Both alternatives are equally undesirable. The senate of the university, on the other hand, if it considers anything desirable in London teaching, will have to see it discussed by university standing committees, faculties, and boards of study, by

college councils, senates, and faculties; ultimately, perhaps, to be rejected by a teacher over whom it has no control, and in whose selection it has no voice.

We can only repeat, in conclusion, what we have stated in the ACADEMY before, that what is needed in London is the establishment of a teaching side to the existing University, practically independent of the Senate which conducts the imperial examinations in Burlington Gardens, and the absolute absorption by this teaching side of the plant and staff of the London colleges. Inefficient lecturers ought to be gradually replaced or pensioned off; all new appointments ought to be in the hands of the ultimate governing body of the teaching side; while the complete control of laboratories, equipment, lecturers, and endowments ought to belong to one single body, so soon as such a body can be firmly established. Such a reconstruction would give us a teaching university in London, a university starting with some half a million in endowments and buildings, and capable of making a legitimate appeal to the public for further aid. A university, it would be, with something to develop, and with power to command respect. It, and it alone, would be the rightful heir to such funds as the local London bodies may have in the future to dispose of—above all, to whatever, in the course of the next ten or twenty years, may be available from the Gresham estate for the further development of university teaching in London.

KARL PEARSON.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- APPEL, C. Zur Entwicklung italienischer Dichtungen Petrarca's. Halle: Niemeyer. 6 M.
BRATON'S, E., Briefwechsel m. den Brüdern Grimm u. Jos. v. Lassberg. Hrsg. v. R. Ewald. Gotha: Perthes. 3 M.
GLANENAPPE, C. F. Wagner-Encyclopädie. Haupterscheinungen der Kunst- u. Kulturgeschichte im Lichte der Anschauung. Richard Wagner's. Leipzig: Fritzsche. 15 M.
JANZÉ, la Vicomtesse de. Etude et récit sur Alfred de Musset. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
JUIFS, les, de Russie: recueil d'articles et d'études sur leur situation légale, sociale et économique. Paris: Cerf. 3 fr. 50 c.
PRINCE, Amédée. Le Congrès des trois Amériques, 1889—1890. Paris: Guillaumin. 20 fr.
QUENTIN-BAUCHARD, E. La Bibliothèque de Fontainebleau, et les livres des derniers Valois à la Bibliothèque Nationale (1515—1589). Paris: Paul. 25 fr.
ROBERT, C. Der Pasphe-Sarkophag. Halle: Niemeyer. 2 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- BOUCHARD, L. Système financier de l'ancienne monarchie. Paris: Guillaumin. 12 fr.
FRICKE, G. Der bayerische Feldmarschall A. Marchese Maffei. Beitrag zur Geschichtschreibung der Türkenkriege u. d. span. Erbfolgekriege. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 50 Pf.
GRIENSDORF, J. Der Zug Kaiser Karls V. gegen Metz im J. 1552. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 20 Pf.
GUMPOLTOWICZ, L. Das österreichische Staatsrecht (Verfassungs-u. Verwaltungsrecht). Wien: Manz. 10 M.
HENNING, A. Steuergeschichte v. Köln in den ersten Jahrhunderten städtischer Selbständigkeit bis zum J. 1370. Dessau: Baumann. 1 M. 50 Pf.
HUG, K. W. Die Kinder Kaiser Friedrich Barbarossas. Heidelberg: Hörning. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MONUMENTA Germaniae historica. Auctorum antiquissimorum tom. IX. Chronica minora saec. IV.—VII., ed. Th. Mommsen. Vol. I. fasc. 1. Berlin: Weidmann. 11 M.
RELATIONS de la Cour de Sardaigne et de la république de Gênes, 1754—1792. Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.
SCHREIBER, J., u. M. v. REYMOND. Die mitteleuropäischen Kriege in den J. 1864, 1866 u. 1870—71. Berlin: Pauli. 18 M.
SERLEY, W. V. Zur Lehre von der Conventionstrafe nach römischem Recht. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 20 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE.

- POLARFORSCHUNG, die internationale, 1882—1883. 1. Bd. Hrsg. v. G. Neumayer. Berlin: Asher. 14 M.
WITTMANN, P. Der Edeftasan (Phasianus colchicus). Wien: Künast. 8 M.

PHIOLOGY, ETC.

- APULIUS, Amor u. Psyche. Mit krit. Anmerk. v. C. Weyman. Freiburg (Schweiz): Universitätsbuchhandlg. 2 M.
BECHERT, M. De M. Manilio astronomicorum poeta. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 1 M. 20 Pf.
BRANDER, H. Die jüngere Glosse zum Reinke de Vos. Halle: Niemeyer. 1 M. 20 Pf.
COMMENTAIRE sur le Séfer Yesira, ou livre de la création, par Le Gaon Saadya de Fayyom, publié et traduit par Mayer Lambert. Paris: Bouillon. 10 fr.

CORPUS inscriptionum latinarum. Vol. XV. pars 1. Inscriptiones urbis Romae latinae. Instrumentum domesticum. Ed. H. Dressel. Pars 1. Berlin: Reimer. 55 M.
GOMPEZ, Th. Philodem u. die ästhetischen Schriften der Herculaneischen Bibliothek. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 80 Pf.
GRASSERIE, Raoul de la. Etudes de grammaire comparée. De la catégorie des modes. Louvain. 4 fr.
HELMHOLD, H. Aristophanis Pax superstes utrum prior sit an retractata. Jena: Neuenhahn. 1 M. 60 Pf.
HENAY, V. Les hymnes Robitas. Livre XIII. de l'Atharva-Vêda, traduit et commenté. Paris: Maisonneuve. 4 fr.
MUSAPPA, A. Studien zu den mittelalterlichen Marienlegenden. IV. Leipzig: Freytag. 1 M. 70 Pf.
VOLLMÖLLER, K. Laberinto amoroso. Ein altspan.-Liederbuch. Erlangen: Junge. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NINTH CONGRESS OF ORIENTALISTS.

Louvain: April 28, 1891.

Allow me to express, in the name of my Belgian friends, the wish that an end may be put to the Great Oriental Schism, and that the sage counsels of Dr. Isaac Taylor may be listened to. In my opinion the best means would be that no leading member of either party be excluded from the ultimate council. May the distinguished scholars of England, France, and Germany not forget the two valuable principles, *L'union fait la force* and *quam bonum habitare fratres in unum*.

C. DE HARLEZ.

[We have received another letter from Dr. Leitner, which we do not think it advisable to print, for the same reason as mentioned last week. Suffice it to say that he offers to make no concessions. It only remains, therefore, for the general body of orientologists, if they are desirous of avoiding the scandal of a schism, to compel the committees of the two rival Congresses to submit to some plan of compromise.—ED. ACADEMY.]

SIR THOMAS MORE'S TREATMENT OF HERETICS.

Athenaeum Club: April 26, 1891.

May I be allowed to appeal to Mr. Gairdner to help me through a difficulty with respect to the treatment of heretics by Sir Thomas More. I find More writing to Erasmus on the occasion of his resignation of office—by permission of the "most indulgent of sovereigns." (So Shakspeare, true as ever to the spirit of the time, makes Buckingham, going to execution, compliment the king on his mercifulness—this by the way.)

In the same letter, More sends the epitaph he has written for himself. It recites, among other characteristics, that in the conduct of his judicial functions he had been

"furibus autem homicidiis haereticisque molestus."

We have here an ascending scale of intervals even more serious than from pitch and toss to manslaughter. Heretics are as much worse than murderers as murderers than outpurses; and their due of molestation would doubtless be correspondingly aggravated. We catch the tone of him who talked so complacently to "Son Roper" of "treading heretics underfoot like ants."

So it strikes me at the moment; but my confidence in my critical faculty has been so shaken lately by Bishop Creighton's relative estimate of Alexander Borgia and Savonarola that I dare not be hasty. Hence it is that a hint from Mr. Gairdner how to put all these facts into historical perspective will much oblige his obedient servant,

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

THE PERSIAN (?) ELEMENT IN MARCIONISM.

Oxford: April 23, 1891.

As an appendix and, I may say, corrective of my note on Marcionism in the ACADEMY of April 11, permit me to send you the following

remarks of an anonymous Armenian correspondent whom I take this opportunity of thanking for his communication. In my note I suggested that the Armenian word *autar* in Eynik's account of Marcion's heresy might be a transliteration of the Persian *âtar* = fire. My correspondent writes:

"It seems that we cannot accept the equation of *autar* = *âtar*, since there exists an Armenian representative of this Persian word in the Armenian *atr*, which only occurs in compounds, as e.g., the well-known province Atropatene, on which see Lagarde, *Arm. Studien* (sub. verb.)—who, besides, adduces the word *atrageju*, 'fiery'; Ciackiak gives yet others. . . . But, secondly, there does not seem to be any necessity for assuming the proposed equation. The 'other' is the higher God, the Christians', and father of Jesus, whom some of the Gnostics, not Marcion only, opposed to the god of the Jews, of the Thora; while Eznik, as an orthodox Christian, held his god to be the same as the Jews. Marcion, erring, introduces otherness as against the God of the law. Eznik condemns him for deeming it at all necessary to invent another god."

I must admit that the fact of *atr* being already in use as the Armenian form of *âtar* is fatal to the suggestion that in *autar* we have a transliteration of *âtar*; the more so as we find compounds of *atr*, e.g., *atrashêk* (= πεπυράμενος), used by an Armenian contemporary of Eznik in his version of Philo. In spite of a certain awkwardness, therefore, in the phrase "the god who is good and other," we must accept it without seeing in it the tempting reference to the Persian fire-worship.

I may add that I should have written, in the sentence of Eznik's cited at the end of my letter, not "the son of autar," but "this autar" (= ὁ ἀλλότριος). Of course, I did not regard *autar* as the philological equivalent of *âtar*, but only as a transliteration; and I thought that *autar* might have been fixed upon by the transliterator, because it was already a common and familiar word, just as the English sailor turns Bellerophon into Billy Ruffian.

F. C. CONYBEARE.

HERBERT SPENCER'S ESSAYS IN AMERICA.

Library of Congress, Washington, U. S. A.: April 17, 1891.

The writer of the notice of the new edition of Spencer's *Essays* in the ACADEMY of April 4 (p. 322), appears to have been misinformed concerning the American editions of the works of Darwin and Spencer. A note of correction, therefore, may not be out of place.

The first volume of Spencer's *Essays* was printed and published in England in 1858 and the second volume in 1863. The first American edition appeared in 1864 with the title *Illustrations of Universal Progress*, and consisted of essays selected from both the English volumes. In 1865 another volume was published at New York with the title *Essays, Moral, Political and Aesthetic*, also made up of essays selected from the two English volumes. The third series of essays was the only one published first in America.

As for Darwin's works, several have been printed and published in America: such as, for example, his *Variation of Animals and Plants under Domestication*, issued by Orange Judd & Co., of New York, in 1868.

D. HUTCHESON.

[We print the above, out of consideration of the quarter from which it comes. But the writer seems to have misunderstood the notice in the ACADEMY. We never said that Mr. Herbert Spencer's *Essays* were first collected and published in America, but only that the three series of *Essays*, which have "long been accessible," were "printed from American types." This is strictly true; and the whole

story will be found in the preface to Vol. I. of the library edition (Williams & Norgate), which we were then reviewing. Mr. Spencer there states that "for economy's sake," he had imported supplies of the two first series printed from the American plates, and had re-printed the third series from plates partly American and partly English.

We may add that our corrector is himself not quite correct. *Teste* Mr. Spencer, in the preface mentioned above, the first series of *Essays* appeared in December 1857, not in 1858; and the third series was published first in England, not in America.

With regard to Darwin, what we said was, "not one of whose works, we believe, has ever been re-printed in America down to this day." Our belief was, it appears, erroneous; but it still seems to us notable that our well-informed correspondent does not mention an American reprint of *The Origin of Species*.—ED. ACADEMY.]

THE LORD'S PRAYER IN LITHUANIAN.

Taylorian Institution, Oxford: April 25, 1891.

Mr. Morfill has quoted, in the ACADEMY of April 18, a Lithuanian text of the Lord's Prayer, which, it may be worth while to point out, is identical with that contained in the *Oratio Dominica* in *CL' linguas versa*, printed in the famous type of the Bodoni Press (folio, Parma, 1806). Its source is there given as "Ex Sylloge Londinensi," presumably the same book as that mentioned by Mr. Morfill.

H. KREBS.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, May 3, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Religion and Criticism," by Prof. H. Nettleship.

MONDAY, May 4, 4.5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: Cantor Lecture, "The Decorative Treatment of Natural Foliage," IV., by Mr. Hugh Stannus.

8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Principle of Authority in its relation to Ethics," by the Rev. H. Rashdall.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: Papers by Messrs. E. Charlesworth and J. Allen Brown.

TUESDAY, May 5, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Bacteria, their Nature and Functions," II., by Dr. E. E. Klein.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "Tales of the Westcar Papyrus," by Mr. P. Le Page Renoult; "A Bilingual Papyrus in the British Museum," by Prof. E. Revillout; "Haran in Mesopotamia," by Mr. W. F. Ainsworth.

8 p.m. Civil Engineers: "Railway-Train Lighting," by Mr. W. Langdon.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Armenia and the Armenians," by Capt. Buchanan Telfer.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Fauna of British Central Africa," by Mr. Slater; "New Land-Shell from the Indian Region," by Col. Beddome; "A New Pigeon of the Genus *Carpophaga*," by the Hon. L. W. Rothschild.

WEDNESDAY, May 6, 8 p.m. Geological: "A Rhaetic Section at Pylle Hill or Totter Down, Bristol," by Mr. E. Wilson; "A Microscopic Study of the Inferior Oolite in Gloucestershire," by Mr. E. Wethered.

8 p.m. Elizabethan: "The Plays of Cyril Tourneur," by Mr. J. E. Baker.

8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Sources and Applications of Borax," by Mr. E. L. Fleming.

9 p.m. Royal Society: Conversation.

THURSDAY, May 7, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations," V., by Prof. Dewar.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Bath as a Roman City," by Mr. E. Green; "Queen Eleanor's Crosses," by Mr. Walter Lovell.

8 p.m. Linnean: "The Anatomy of the Genera *Pterygopus* and *Stimonia*, and their Relationship to the recent *Arachnida*," by Mr. Malcolm Laurie; "The Diseases of the Coco-Nut (*Cocos nucifera*, L.)," by Mr. M. Cresse Poter.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Action of Alkalis on the Nitro-Compounds of the Paraffin Series," by Prof. Dunstan and Mr. T. S. Dymond; "The Addition of the Elements of Alcohol to the Ethereal Salts of Unsaturated Acids," by Prof. Purdie and Mr. W. Marshall; "Some New Addition Compounds of Thiocarbamide affording Evidence of its Constitution," by Prof. Emersn Reynolds; "The Action of Acetic Anhydride on Substituted Thiocarbamides," and "An Improved Method of preparing Aromatic Mustard-oils."

8 p.m. Electrical Engineers: "Some Effects of Alternating-Current Flow in Conductors having Capacity and Self-induction," by Dr. J. A. Fleming; "Some Points connected with Mains for Electric Lighting," by Mr. W. H. Preece.

FRIDAY, May 8, 4 p.m. Botanic: "Parasitic Plants, Native and Exotic," II., by Prof. Marshall Ward.

7.30 p.m. Civil Engineers: Students' Meeting,
 "Malta Dockyard Chaisson," by Mr. J. W. Brown.
 8 p.m. New Shakespeare: a Paper by Mr. R. G.
 Moulton.
 8 p.m. Ruskin: "Ethics of the Dust," by Mr. Arthur
 Boutwood.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Liquids and Gases," by
 Prof. W. Ramsay.
 SATURDAY, May 9, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Artificial
 Production of Cold," L., by Mr. H. Graham Harris.
 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Monthly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

Essays of an Americanist. By D. G. Brinton.
 (Philadelphia: Porter & Coates.)

DR. BRINTON has been well advised in re-publishing his "Essays." They form a connected whole, and throw a light on the culture and languages of the American tribes such as we should probably look for in vain from any other scholar. Dr. Brinton has devoted his life to the study of the people who inhabited America before the arrival of the whites, and has brought to the study an unusual amount of critical judgment and comprehensive learning. It is more particularly in the domains of aboriginal literature and speech that he has earned the gratitude of scholars.

His "Essays" are divided into four parts—Ethnologic and Archaeologic, Mythology and Folk-lore, Graphic Systems and Literature, and Linguistic. No department in the psychological history of the American natives has, it will be seen, been omitted. We begin with the earliest relics of the palaeolithic age which have been found in Brazil or North America, and we end with the books of the Mexicans and the Mayas and languages of existing tribes.

It is only recently that American anthropology, in the strict sense of the term, has attracted serious attention. The vague theories of the descent of the American aborigines from Mongoloid ancestors were advocated or combated with little regard to physiological facts. It is only now that students are beginning to perceive that a markedly dolichocephalic population like that of the American aborigines can have no connection with the brachycephalic Mongols. Not but that brachycephalic tribes exist in America; and what is most curious is that they seem to have been the first inhabitants, at all events of Brazil. Here in the shell-mounds the skulls are all brachycephalic, in contrast to the skulls found in the caverns, which, like those of the present inhabitants of the country, are dolichocephalic in type. Nevertheless, in spite of this craniological difference, the natives of the American continent all present, as Dr. Brinton remarks, a common and a permanent type. The fact is one which ought to be remembered in anthropological enquiries: similar conditions of life and climate produce a similarity of type; it is only the shape of the skull that remains unchanged. It is the same in language; here, too, we find a common morphological type prevailing over a certain geographical area, though the languages spoken within that area have no genealogical relationship one to another.

Dr. Brinton's account of the literature and writing of the Mayas will be read with special interest. He has vindicated the trustworthiness of Landa's list of characters, and has pointed out that not only do the

hieroglyphs of the days given by the Spanish bishop correspond with those in the manuscript of the "Books of Chilán Balam," but several of the hieroglyphs of the months do so as well. If, however, we wish to see what can be done, even now, towards deciphering the records of the ancient civilised populations of America, we need only turn to Dr. Brinton's essay on "The Stone of the Giants," near Orizaba, in Mexico. The essay is a triumph of ingenuity, and leaves no doubt on the mind that he succeeded in finding in its inscription a commemoration of "the death of the emperor Ahuitzotzin some time in February, 1502."

What Dr. Brinton has to say on American mythology is well worthy of attention. It will be a useful corrective to the one-sided modern school which sees in a myth little more than the "idle tale" of a savage or barbarian. But we shall never get very far in our explanation of mythology without the help of language. It is through language that mythus live and grow; and though the advocates of the so-called philological theory of mythology have thrown discredit on their system by wild etymologies and a determination to fit everything into the same lock, the fault lies not in the system but in its expounders. A single fact brought forward by Dr. Brinton is worth more than pages of argument and theorising. The chief Chipeway deity Michabo is known as "the Great Hare," on the supposition that it is derived from the words *michi* "great" and *wabos* "a hare." The myth, however, has its origin in a false etymology. The second element in the name is really *wabi* "white," and the god primarily represented the white light of the dawn.

I have left myself no space to speak of Dr. Brinton's interesting account of the American languages, and of the many questions which they raise in the mind of a comparative philologist, or of his exposition of that curious linguistic fraud "the Taensa Language." Nor can I do more than allude to his proof of the fabulous character of the Toltecs and their empire. But I must not close this review without a word of praise for the excellent and useful indices with which the book concludes.

A. H. SAYCE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES ON SOME PĀLI AND JAINA-PRĀKRIT WORDS.

Dedham School, Essex: April 9, 1891.

I.

Aniḡha, Kamina, Pāśaka, &c.

Childers, following the Commentator on the Dhammapada, explains *a-niḡha* by "free from suffering, uninjured, scatheless," and refers to *niḡha*, "grief, suffering, woe." With regard to the origin of the word, he says: "I have not found any equivalent of this word in Sanskrit. Fausbøll suggests the etymology *ni + agha*; but this is far from probable." We may add that *niḡha* (with long *i*) has not, as yet, been found in any Pāli text; and the word rests only on the authority of the Abhidhānappadipikā. Looking at the passages not quoted by Childers, we find a trace of two distinct meanings. In Itivuttaka 112, p. 123 = Aṅguttara iv. 23, it

has the force of "independent," "free (from all human passions)";

"Esa khināsavo buddho *anīḡho* chinna-samsayo." (See also Itivuttaka 97, p. 97.) It has this sense in Petavatthu iv. 1. 34, p. 49:

"Santo vidhūmo *anīḡho* nirāso."

The Commentary explains it by *niddukkho*, "free from grief or pain." (See Dhammapada, verse 294, and Com., p. 390, Thera-gāthā, v. 1234.)

In a corresponding verse of the Tibetan version, *anīḡha* is rendered "without sin," as if the original were *an-ayha*. (See "Udānavarga from the Buddhist Canon," v. 70, p. 197.)

The second meaning is "harmless," "innocent":

"Sabbe sattā averā hontu abyāpajjhā *anīḡhā* sukham attānam pariharanti."

(Jāt. ii., p. 62.)

"Ime sattā averā abyāpajjhā *anīḡhā* sukhi attānam parihareyyum" (Milinda-Pañha, p. 410.)

In the sense of "scatheless," that is, not suffering harm, we find a good example in Thera-gāthā, l. 745, p. 73.

"Pañca pañcāhi hantvāna *anīḡho* yāti brāhmaṇo."

All these meanings seem to arise out of the original sense of *nīḡha*, as an adjective signifying "dependent," "tied." The corresponding Sanskrit is *nighna*, which might become (1) by transposition *nīḡha*, (2) by loss of nasal *nīḡha*. For the transposition compare Sanskrit *ciḡha*, *budhna* with Pāli *cinha* and *bunda*; and for the lengthening of vowel after loss of nasal compare Sanskrit *saundamsa*, *simha* with Pāli *saundāsa* and *siha*.

As Sanskrit *nighna* and *nīhan* are connected with the root *han*, "to strike, hurt, kill," there must have been in Pāli a form *nīḡha* in the sense of "hurting, hurt," from which the other meanings of *anīḡha*, "harmless," "scatheless," would arise. Dr. Fausbøll's suggestion of *nī-ayha* is based upon the use of *an-ayha*, "free from suffering."† Compare Prākṛit *anaha*, "unhurt" (Paiyācehi, p. 115), "free from sorrow" (Setubandha xi. 120).

There is a somewhat similar crux in Jaina-prākṛit with regard to the words *aniha* and *nīha*:

"*Aniḡhe* sahie susamvude,"

Free (from human passion), wise, and well restrained (Śūyagadamga-sutta i. 2. 2, § 30, p. 141). This in Pāli would be

"*Anīḡho* sahito susamvuto."

The commentators give two etymologies—(1) from *a-sniha* = *mamatva* - *rahita*; (2) from *han + ni*, "parishahopasargais na nihanayata iti *aniho* va." Curiously enough there is the v. l. *an-ayha* = *niravadya*."

We have another example of *aniha* in i. 2. § 12, p. 111—

"*Aniḡhe* se putṭhe ahiyāsae."

We might with a slight alteration turn this into Pāli—

"*Anīḡho* so phuttho † *adhiyāsae*,"

Free from all worldly cares, he should, if beset (by trouble), patiently endure (it).

The Guzerāṭi comment explains *aniha* by (1) *a-sneha*-*rahita*, (2) *krodhādika*-*rahita*. The Dipikā has the following note: "tathā nihanayata iti *nīḡha*, na niho *nīḡha*." It also gives an alternative explanation "*krodhādibhir-*

* On killing the five, see Dhammapada, l. 294 and p. 390.

† See Thera-gāthā v. 116; Majjhima i. p. 418; Milindapañha, p. 500.

‡ Or perhaps *phutṭho* would be the more correct reading; but *phutṭho* is common in Siṅhalese MSS.

piditaḥ." But what is the source of the Jaina-prākṛit *aniha* with short instead of long *i*?

Here, again, we must have recourse to the Sanskrit *nighna*, which in Prākṛit could become, by dropping the *n*, instead of assimilating the compound consonants,* *niha* (= *nigha*), from which the negative would be formed. But we have as yet produced no Prākṛit *niha* corresponding to a Pāli *nigha* or Sanskrit *nighna*. We have, however, come across a solitary example of a noun *niha* in *Sūyagadamga-sutta* i. 5. 11, p. 291:

"Sayā jalam nāma niham mahantam
jamsi jalanto agamī akattho."

Always blazing, indeed, there is a place of torment, of vast extent, wherein there burns a fire without wood.

The Dipikā gives the following explanation: "nīhantante prāṇino yasmin niham āghāta-thānam."

There is in Marāṭhi a word *nigha*, "care," and *anighā* or *anigā*, "want of care," "neglect." This presupposes an original *nighna* (?) for *nighna*. But it seems to be a provincial term, and may be altogether unconnected with the words under discussion. In regard to *anigha*, with the meaning of "free from passion," there may, perhaps, have been some confusion between it and *an-īha*, "free from desire or exertion."

In Vyutpatti (ed. Minayeff) 901, p. 92, we find *nigha* in the sense of "sin." B. and R. cite this, and refer to *agha*; but it does not help us. The Northern Buddhist term may, after all, be a mere attempt at Sanskritising the Pāli *nigha* by one ignorant of its etymology, or he might be guided by a word like *pati-gḥa*, "anger."

In Therī-gāthā, v. 491, *nigha* occurs in the sense of "suffering."

"Sattisūlupamā kāmā rogo gando agham
nigham."

Here *nigha*, if the right reading, may be *ni + gha*, and is to be compared with the Jaina *niha*.

Jaina-prākṛit would, we believe, throw much light upon some difficulties in Pāli, had we before us a number of well-edited texts like Prof. Jacobi's *Āyāramga-sutta* or Dr. Leuman's *Aupapātika-sutta*. The old *Māhārāstri* has many forms in common with Pāli, and not a few peculiarities that are considered to belong only to Buddhistic phraseology. There are forms in Pāli that are explained by other Prākṛitisms, for instance, *vitabhi*, "the fork or branch of a tree" (Jāt. ii. 107; iii. 202), must come from Sanskrit *vitapin*, through a Prākṛit **vitabi* for *vitavi*. For this change of *v* to *bh* compare Pāli and Hindi *bhisa*, Prākṛit *bhisin* (Hem. i. 238) from Sanskrit *visa*.

We have in *Milinda-Pañha* (p. 368) *sumanta*, "sleeping," and in Jaina-prākṛit *sumina* and *suvinā* (Pāli *supina*) = Sanskrit *svayama*. This substitution of *m* for an original *p* helps us to an etymology for the Pāli *kumina*, "a fish-net." Childers cites no textual authorities for the employment of the word, and says nothing of any Sanskrit equivalent. Examples of its use may be found in Jāt. i. 427, ii. 238; Therā-gāthā v. 297; *Dipavansa* xv. 110.

There is in Sanskrit a feminine noun *kup-inī*,† "a small net for fish"; but there must have been also a neuter *kupina*, which becomes in Pāli *kumina*, and is exactly on all fours with *sumina* from *supina*.

In Jaina-prākṛit (*Sūyagadamgasutta*) we find *kumina* for the "flesh" of a slaughtered animal used for a lion-trap. This must go back to **kunipa* and be connected with Sanskrit *kunapa*, "dead body."

* This would give us *niggha* or *negha* (cf. *viggha* from *vighna*), a form that we have not come across.

† In *Sūyagadamga-sutta* we find *keyana*, "a fish-net," glossed *ketana*. We ought, perhaps, to read *kheyana* = *ksepama* (cf. Pāli *khīpa*, "a net").

A reference to Jaina-prākṛit enables us to correct a false reading in Therī-Gāthā, v. 411, p. 163:

"Koccham pasādham (v. l. pasāyam) aijjanā ca
āḍasakaṇ ca gāhivā."

The Commentary (p. 212) explains *pasādham* by "*kanha cunnādimukhavilepanam*." It gives, however, a various reading: *pasādhanam* = *pasādhamabhandam*, "an ornament" of some kind. The true reading is perhaps "Koccham pasakajjanāṇa." With *pasaka*, as here used, we may compare its employment in *Cullavagga* V. 29. 3.

The Jaina equivalent is *pāsaga*, as in the following passage from the *Sūyagadamgasutta*, i. 4. 11, p. 250:

"Sāmdāsagam ca phanīham ca
sihalaṭ-pāsuyam ca ānāhi
āḍasagam ca payacchāhi
danta-pakkhālanam pavesāhi."

The explanation of *pāsaga* is thus given by the Tikā:

"Sīhalipāsuyam ti vināsamayaman artham ūvā
mayam kankanam."

Here we see that *pāsuka* is an ornament for the hair and is in keeping with the comb, the collyrium, &c., in the Pāli gāthā quoted above.

The word *phanīha*, "a comb," in the Jaina Gāthā is an error for *phanīya* = *phanika*, Pāli *phanaka* (Coll. v. 23), or *panaka* (*Milinda*, p. 210). Compare Marāṭhi *phani*; Sinhalese *panāwa*, "a comb."

In Therā-Gāthā, v. 101, p. 15, we find the strange compound *mukha-naigali* in the sense of "greedy." It might, of course, be explained as "having a mouth like a plough," "large-mouthed"; but the true reading seems to be *mukha-maṅgalī* "devoted to the mouth," "fond of eating."

"Itivā gihitvam anavositatto mukha-naigali
odariko kusito."

Mahāvārāho va nīcāpa-puttho punappunam
gabbham upeti mandoti."

(See also vv. 17 and 784).

In *Sūyagadamgasutta* i. 17. 25, p. 346, we find *mukha-maṅgalīya*, i.e., *mukha maṅgalika* in the sense of "given to the mouth," "fond of dainties":

"Nikkhamma dīne parabhojanamūni
muhamamgali udarānugiddhe
Nīcāra-giddhe va mahāvārāhe
uddāra eha ghātāni eva."

The Tikā's explanation differs from ours—"Mukhamamgali bhavati mukhena maṅgalāni prasamsāvākyāni idhīcāstadrīcā-tvam ity evam."

Childers makes no mention of *maṅgalika*, but it occurs frequently in the Jātaka book in the term *deratā-maṅgalika* "devoted to festivities in honour of tree-sprites." In the *Milinda-panha* we find *koṭūhala-maṅgalika* "fond of excitement."

The use of *nīcāra* in the Jaina text for *nīcāpa* is worth noting. (See *Dhammapada* verse and *Majjhima-Nikāya*, i., pp. 151-160, where we find *nīcāpika* and *nīcāpati*, as well as *nīcāpam*. Cf. *nīcāpukabhajana* *Mahāvastu*, p. 25, l. 2.)

The Jaina texts have some curious readings arising out of an attempt to restore an older lection, especially where the letter *h* represents the weakening, or *y* the loss, of a consonant. Thus the Pāli *bimbhāna* answers to Jaina *bimbhoyana*; Pāli *parissaya* "danger" (= *parisraya*, compare *apassaya*, *upassaya*, *nissaya* from the root *cri*), appears in Jaina-prākṛit as *parīśaha* and *parīśaha*, and is explained by the Commentators by its so-called Sanskrit

* The Jaina form is *pasādham*.

† The text has *sihali*; but compare Pāli *sihala*, "soft," "loose."

equivalent *parīśaha* as if from the root *śah* with *pari*. There is, however, no "quotable" authority for such a word as *parīśaha* in the sense of "risk," "danger"; while *parissaya* is not uncommon in Pāli (see Jāt. ii. 405).

Hemacandra uses *parīśaha*, but only in a sense peculiar to the Jains.

Another good instance of a wrong re-setting of a well-known term is the Jaina *purisādāniya*, "the people's favourite," "he who is to be chosen among men because of his preferable Karma." Cf. *purisādāniyā* *purisānam ādāniyā ācāryaniyā mahato pi mahāyāmsah* (Com. to *Sūyagad* i. 9. 34, p. 394). But the older form was *purisāyāniya* (see *Āyār*. i. 4. 492, p. 20), representing an original *purisāyāniya*, "a distinguished person," "a person of noble birth"; a term applied to Buddha and to Arāhats, *ājāniya*, is the equivalent of the Sanskrit *ājñeya*. It would seem that in the redaction of the Jaina canon the origin of *ājāniya* was forgotten, and it was explained not by *ājāniya* but by *ādāniya*.

Prof. Jacobi has already pointed out how the Pāli *Seniya* has been wrongly turned into *Črenika* by the Jains. We have come across two or three verses in a Jaina text which bear a close resemblance to some Pāli Gāthās. The latter seems to have better readings, but both may have been borrowed from a common source:

"Sannī jahā pamsugumhiyā
vidhūniya dhamsayai sitam rayam
evam daviovaṇavānam
kammam khavai tapassī māhane":

Just as a bird covered with dust shakes off and gets rid of the dust clinging (to its wings), so the brahman ascetic striving for final beatitude gets rid of (his) karma. (*Sūyagad*. i. 2. 6, p. 113). The Pāli corresponding passage occurs in *Samyutta-Nikāya* ix. 1., pt. i., p. 197:

"Sakuno (v. l. sakuni) yathā pamsugumhito *
vidhūnam pātayati sitam rajam
evam bhikkhu padhānavā satimā
vidhūnam pātayati sitam rajam":

Just as a bird covered with dust shakes off and gets rid of the clinging dust so does the mendicant (bhikkhu) energetic and thoughtful shake off, and get rid of, the (defiling) dust (of human passion) clinging (to him).

For *pātayati* in the sense of *dhamsati*, *apana-yeti* there is a various reading, *sātayati*, "to get rid of." Compare *sātetā*, "a destroyer," *Majjhima-Nikāya*, i., p. 220.

From the metre, &c., we should be inclined to say that the Jaina verse is a "re-setting" of the Pāli Gāthā.

In *Milinda-panha*, p. 371, there is a quotation from *Samyutta-Nikāya* i. 2. 7.

"Kummo va angāni sake kapāle
Samo laham bhikkhu mano-vitakke."
amissito aññam ahetthayāno
parinibbuto na upavadeyya kañāti."

A similar Jaina verse occurs in *Sūyagadamgasutta* i. 8. 13, p. 364.

"Yathā kumme sa-amgāni sae dehe samāhare
evam pavāim medhāvī ajjhappena samāhare."

As the tortoise guards its own limbs within its own body, even so should the sage restrain (the impulses of) sin within himself.

Here there is no doubt about the superiority of the Pāli over the Jaina version. The metaphor of the tortoise is very common in Jaina texts. (See *Kalpa-sūtra*, Jin., p. 118):

"His senses were well protected like those of a tortoise."

"He remains with his hands and feet drawn well together like a tortoise" (*Ov*. vi., p. 30).

* The printed text has—*kundito* wi h the various readings—*kunthito*, *kunditā*. In *Petavattha* ii. 3. 5, pp. 15, 70, we find *pamsu-kutthitā* (!) explained in Commentary by *ugunthitā* (= *ogunthitā*).

There is a passage in Pāli ridiculing those who taught that religious merit could be got by "bathing" or "water-sprinkling." If, as some say, final beatitude is obtained by contact with water, then frogs, tortoises, &c., would first attain to bliss. This heretical notion appears also in a Jaina text:

"Udagena je siddhim udāharamti
sāyam ca pāyam udagam phussamā
udagassa phāsena siyāya siddhi
sijjhamso pānā bahave dagamsi."
Macchā ya kummā ya sirivā ya
maggū ya utthā daga-rakkhasā ya
atthānam eyam kusulā vadanti
udagena je siddhim udāharamti
"Udagam jai kamma-malam harejjā
evam suham iccāmittam evam
amdhān va neyāram anussarittā
pānāni cevam vinīhamti manāā"

(Sūyagadamgasutta i. 7. 14-16, pp. 337-339.)

"Yo ca vuddho vā daharo vā pāpakammam
pakubbati

Udakābhiseccanā nāma pāpakammā panuvecati
Saggam nāna gamissanti sabbe munda-
kaccapā
Nāga sumsumārā ca ye c'āñhe udakecarā
Saccānā nadiyo te pāpam pubbekatam caheyyum
Paññam p'innā caheyyum tena tvam paribā-
hiro assa."

(Therī-gāthā 240-243, p. 146; see Samyutta vii.
2. 11, pt. i., p. 182.)

The Pāli *suddhi* is better than *siddhi*. *Maggu* = *madgu*, "a water-crow," looks like a substitute for Pāli *manduka*, "frogs." *Utthā* in the Jain text evidently puzzled the Commentators, who Sanskritised it as *ushtrā*, and explained it by *jala-cara-viṣeṣāh*. But Sanskrit *ushtra* (Pāli *uttha*) is a camel, and not an aquatic creature. The original text may have had *uddha* for Sanskrit *udra*, Pāli *udda*, "an otter." We sometimes find aspiration of *d* through a following *r*; compare Jaina-prākṛit *amādhā-yamāna* = *amādhriyamāna* (Spec. der Nāyādham-makahā, § 69). The water-demons *dagarak-khasā* (= *jalamāmsāh*) seem to be a substitute for the Pāli *sumsumārā*.

R. MORRIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, Director-General of the Geological Survey, has been nominated by the council of the British Association as president of the meeting to be held next year at Edinburgh.

THE first conversazione of the Royal Society will be held at Burlington House, on Wednesday, May 6.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN will publish immediately, in the Nature series, a third volume of Sir William Thomson's *Popular Lectures and Addresses*, containing his papers treating of scientific subjects connected with navigation, such as the tides, astronomical navigation, dead reckoning, pilotage, &c. At the same time will be issued a new and revised edition of the first volume, dealing with the constitution of Matter.

MESSRS. G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS will issue next week Prof. C. J. Holder's *Life of Charles Darwin*, which is intended more particularly for young readers.

THREE courses of two lectures each are to be delivered in the museum of the gardens of the Royal Botanic Society, in Regent's Park, on Fridays at 4 p.m. The lecturers are—Prof. Marshall Ward, upon "Parasitic Plants, Native and Exotic," beginning on May 1; Mr. W. Carruthers, upon "The Story of Plant-Life on the Globe," on May 15 and 22; and Prof. C. Stewart, upon "Certain Relationships between

Plants and Animals," on May 29 and June 5. The lectures are free to all visitors in the gardens.

THE *Proceedings* of the London Mathematical Society contain an obituary notice of the late Dr. A. J. Ellis, signed R. T., with special reference to his work in mathematics. A list is given of most of his published books and papers in mathematics; and it is stated that he has left a large quantity of MS., consisting (apparently) partly of translations from Martin Ohm, of Berlin, and partly of developments of his own theory of Stigmatics.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Clarendon Press have issued this week the work upon which Mr. Robinson Ellis has been so long engaged, *Notes Manilianae*; sive Dissertationes in Astronomica Manilii. It is bound with special elegance, and has the following graceful dedication:

"Iacobo Iosepho Sylvestro mathematico et poetae egregio Cantabrigiensis Americano Oxoniensi haec studia in Manilium a cognomine Sylvestro Pontifice Romano ante DCCCC annos ex tenebris revocatum ac rescriptum dedico consecroque."

Meanwhile, it must be ranked among the coincidences of literature that a German scholar, Dr. M. Bechert, should have chosen the same week to publish (Leipzig: Hinrichs) a treatise entitled *De M. Manilio astronomicorum poeta*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Journal* of the Royal Asiatic Society will contain papers by Mr. W. W. Rockhill on "Tibet," by Dr. Hirschfeld on "The Jewish Arabic Dialect of the Maghreb," and by Prof. Peterson, of Bombay, on "Pāṇini."

THE famous tenth-century MS. of Demosthenes (Σ) in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris (MS. grec 2934), is being reproduced in heliotype by MM. Berthand, with M. Henri Omont as editor. The facsimile, consisting of two folio volumes of the exact size of the original (1066 pages), will cost 600 francs, and may be ordered from Ernest Leroux, 28 Rue Bonaparte, Paris. The names of subscribers will be published.

WE have received the first number (A—Atepatus) of the *Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz*, by that indefatigable scholar Dr. Alfred Holder. (Leipzig: Teubner; London: Nutt.) As many of our readers are aware, the book is intended to be an exhaustive collection of the existing documentary materials for the study of the ancient Celtic language, whether found in Greek or Latin authors, in inscriptions, or in coins. If we may judge from the part before us, the execution of the work will more than satisfy the high expectations that have been formed from the specimen pages accompanying the prospectus. The proper names, and the comparatively few other Old Celtic words that have been preserved, are registered in their alphabetical place, accompanied by quotations of the passages in which they occur. In addition to this, every recognisable etymological element, even if it be only a thematic suffix, is the subject of a separate article, containing a list of the words in which it is found, together with philological elucidations drawn from the modern Celtic and other Indo-European tongues. It will give some notion of the completeness of the work to say that in the article on the suffix *-āco-* more than five pages (the size is large octavo) are occupied with a bare list of the names containing this suffix. The article "Allobroges" contains four pages of quotations from Greek and Latin authors; and it ends, like all the other articles on ethnic names, with a list of the names of persons who are mentioned as belonging to the people in question. It is needless to

insist on the enormous value of such a complete collection of linguistic material. Dr. Holder states that the preparation for his work has occupied sixteen years. If the whole book maintains the high level of the first part, the result would be well worth this large expenditure of time, even had Dr. Holder produced no other valuable work during the interval. There are one or two points in the method of the book which we do not quite understand; probably they will be explained in the preface. It is, for instance, not clear to us what is meant to be inferred when a local name is given merely with its modern equivalent, without citation of any authority. Now and then, though very rarely, we miss information that we should have expected to find, e.g. under *Ariconium*, the English Erchenefeld, Archenfield, might have been mentioned. The typography seems marvellously correct, but it is not "humanly possible" that misprints can be avoided altogether. We notice "Aunl" for Alun (76, 47), "Candelee" for Candebec (49, 28), "Herfordshire" for Hertfordshire (231, 52). One or two of the abbreviations used are not explained in the prefixed list. "Ci," we suppose, means *conjecit*, and "fig." *figulus*.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ASIATIC.—(Monday, April 20.)

SIR FREDERIC GOLDSMID in the chair.—Count Goblet d'Aviella, the Hibbert lecturer for this year, and Mr. E. K. Corbet, of Cairo, were elected members.—Surgeon Major Oldham read a paper on "Serpent Worship in India." He began with the enquiry: Who were the Nagas over whom, according to the Rajatarangini, Nila reigned when Kashmir was raised above the waters? In the Puranas, the Nagas are generally described as supernatural beings or actual serpents, and are consigned to subterranean regions. But in earlier writings they are mentioned as a people, and as ruling in the valley of the Indus and the neighbouring country, with Patala and other cities as their capitals. The author identifies the Nagas with the Takhas, a Rajput tribe occupying the mountainous country to the eastward of Kashmir. These people have remained under more or less independent chiefs of their own race until comparatively recent times. They have saved their temples and their idols from Mahomedan iconoclasts, and their religion from the orthodox Brahman. Here the serpent gods are still worshipped, with their ancient rites, not as dangerous reptiles nor as symbols, but as the deified rulers of a once-powerful people. The serpent gods Sesha, Vasubi, Takshaka, and others, are represented in human form, but with the hoods of five, seven, or nine Nagas or cobras expanded over their heads, as shown in the illustrations to Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship*. Tradition asserts that these Naga chiefs were rulers of all the country round and of a great part of India. A yearly pilgrimage still takes place to a mountain lake called the Kailas Kund, which is held sacred as having afforded a retreat to Vasubi when surprised by his enemy Gauda. The Takhas are a remnant of a powerful Rajput tribe, who once ruled the Indus valley and nearly the whole of the Punjab, and who sent out colonies to the coasts of India, Ceylon, and the Indo-Chinese peninsula and islands. The author observed that the legend of the churning of the ocean by the serpent Vasubi refers to the commerce carried on by that chief or his people with distant lands. He then went on to show that the Nagas were Asuras, that the Asuras were of the same race as the Suras or Devas, and that, consequently, the Nagas were an Aryan tribe. One result which the author arrives at is that the Buddhist and Jaina religions arose among the Naga people, and that Buddha himself was probably of Naga race. Hence the close connexion between the serpent and Buddhism, which has given rise to so much speculation. Surgeon Major Oldham sums up the results of his enquiries thus: (1) That the Nagas were a sun-worshipping, Sanskrit-speaking people, whose totem was the *naga*, or hooded serpent. (2) That they became known as

Nagas from the emblem of their tribe, with which, in process of time, they became confounded. (3) That they can be traced back to the earliest period of Indian history and formed a portion of the great Solar race. (4) That they, with other divisions of this race, at first occupied the north and west of India, but afterwards spread towards the east and south. (5) That some of these tribes, and among them the Nagas, retaining their ancient customs, and not readily admitting the ascendancy of the Brahmans, were stigmatised as Asuras. (6) That among a portion of the descendants of this people Naga-worship in its primitive form still survives, and that it consists in the adoration, as Devas or demigods, of the ancient chieftains of the tribe. (7) That the connexion between the serpent and the Buddhist and Jaina faiths can be thus explained. (8) That in all Asiatic countries it was only the Naga, or hooded serpent, which was held sacred.

FINE ART.

THE FRENCH SALONS.

I.

Paris: April 28, 1891.

THE French artistic world is in an uproar, owing to the severity that has been shown this year by the juries of the two leading art associations—La Société des Artistes Français (old Salon) and La Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts (new Salon)—towards their brethren of the brush and the chisel. The first-named society, which had hitherto been accused of being too liberal in its admissions, has displayed this year a marked tendency in the opposite direction, for, out of the three thousand and odd pictures sent in, only 1733 have been accepted. On the other hand, the rival society, founded last year by Meissonnier, has been still more rigorous in its selection, for only 260 out of 2400 have been admitted. The five thousand *refusés* have raised a loud cry of indignation against the two juries. Indignation meetings have been held, protests have been circulated and signed, and it has been decided to open a "Grand Salon of the Refused." But where? It is proposed that the huge machinery gallery of the Exhibition of 1889, which is still standing, should be converted into an art-hall of welcome, which would be open to all comers, free from the tyranny of juries and hanging committees, and where every exhibitor will be on the line.

The exhibition of the Society of French Artists, the original Salon of the Champs Elysées, opens on May 1; but, thanks to the private view granted to the press, I am able to forward the following somewhat hurried impressions of a first visit. It is to be noted that 182 out of the 1100 exhibitors are foreigners; of these fifty-six are Americans and thirty-one British, the rest are Spaniards, Italians, Russians, Swiss, Swedes, and even a few are German. With few exceptions, these foreign exhibits are not above the common average of good studio work, and the influence of French teaching is only too apparent.

Probably the most striking feature of this year's Salon is the number of pictures of unusually large dimensions. On entering the Salon Carré we find that almost an entire panel is occupied by M. J. Paul Lauren's "La route d'acier," an episode of the visit of Louis XVI. to the Hotel de Ville two days after the taking of the Bastille. The king is being presented with a tricolor favour to adorn his coat; while a double row of courtiers have drawn their swords, holding them upwards, point to point, so as to form a sort of archway of steel under which the king may pass as he ascends the steps. The grouping, the picturesque surroundings, the historical accuracy of almost every detail of the scene, contribute to make this historic picture one of the best of the year. Of almost equally large dimensions is M. Michelena's "Penthesilea," leading her Amazons in a furious

charge to battle and death—a highly sensational picture. M. H. Martin's "Chacun sa chimère," a procession of nude figures, allegorical personifications of every form of deception that humanity follows in search of happiness, is a strange conception. M. Guay's "Death of the Oak" is also treated on a large scale. In the midst of a beautiful sylvan landscape lies the fallen trunk of an oak tree, recently felled by the woodman's axe. It is dawn; the nymphs of the forest are lamenting the death of the noble tree, and bidding farewell to the "nests of love which peopled its branches." The meaning of this picture is rather vague, but the general effect is charming. The same may be said of "The Singing Class," by Mr. Walter Gay, an American artist, who has most happily depicted two nuns instructing a village choir. This thoroughly artistic composition belongs to what might be termed the "pleasant Impressionist" school. The giant of the collection is M. Rochegrosse's "Fall of Babylon," which covers about eight square metres of canvas. The wild orgies of the night are over in the vast banquetting-hall of the palace. On all sides lie overturned tables and couches; the floor is strewn with vessels of gold and silver, fruit, flowers, and the remnants of the feast, while nude, or half-clad in light oriental vestments, favourites and slaves are plunged in drunken sleep; torches, incense-burners, and coloured lamps cast a lurid light on the scene. Through the wide open gates of the palace, in the dawning light of day, the Persian invaders are seen rushing in to plunder and massacre. High above, on the platform to which leads a monumental marble staircase, stands the king, who realises at last the meaning of the mystic writing on the wall and the certainty of coming death. There is a vast amount of work, of research, and talent in this as in all M. Rochegrosse's pictures, and also a desire on the part of the artist to give as much "local colouring" as possible to this resurrection of the barbaric splendour of Babylon; but the effect of sensual sensationalism is too marked to be pleasing. The same may be said of "The Death of Sardanapalus," by M. Chalon, in which we see the Assyrian monarch seated on a throne erected on a funeral pyre of seven stories, surrounded by his harem and treasures, awaiting death, while the flames bursting out on every side add to the horror of this theatrical apotheosis. M. Renouff's view of the "Bridge of Brooklyn" is worthy, so far as dimensions go, of its great original. M. Chigot's "Lost at Sea," a boat containing two sailors and a boy dying of thirst amid a boundless ocean, is a fine specimen of marine painting. M. Rouffet's "La fin de l'Epopée," a spirited rendering of the last charge of the three thousand cuirassiers at Waterloo, closes the list of the most notable of the gallery pictures.

Fortunately, the Salon walls are not entirely covered with scenes of slaughter and horror, or by bevy of nude nymphs and fauns disporting themselves in outrageously green landscapes. Although many of the best artists of the day have gone over to the rival exhibition in the Champs de Mars, there remains a phalanx of painters and sculptors of fame sufficient to maintain the renown of the Champs Elysées exhibition. Of these I will speak in next week's article; but before closing this brief summary I cannot postpone mentioning a few well-known names. M. Français has sent two exquisite landscapes, one of which, "Une source—le soir," is a beautifully finished specimen of this great artist's best work; M. M. Isenbart, Japy, Guillemet, and other well-known *paysagistes* are to be seen here at their best. M. Bompard's two Algerian scenes are full of repose, sunshine, and local colour. M. Gérôme contributes "A Corner of Cairo," a

vista of endless minarets and terraces which is superior to his second exhibit, "Lion on the watch," in which this talented artist displays his want of anatomical study. As compared with this, M. J. Swan's "Maternity," a lioness and cubs, is admirable in the lifelike appearance of the animals; in fact, it is one of the best studies of animal life in the exhibition. M. de Villefroy's "Cows drinking at a Spring" is worthy of this celebrated *animalier*; while his "Party of Aragonese going to the Fair" is full of movement and gay colouring.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

MENPES'S PICTURES OF INDIA.

MR. MORTIMER MENPES has been to India, Burma, and Cashmere, and has done for us in respect of those places very much what he did in Japan. The walls of Messrs. Dowdswell's room are covered with dainty frames of gold and bronze and silver, modifications or developments of the Whistler frame; and these contain charming bits of Indian life and colour, which, while showing whose pupil he is, and illustrating the influence of photography upon modern painting, testify no less to the individual gifts of Mr. Menpes as a colourist and a draughtsman. He chooses to be a "little master;" but his mastery is certain, and it is doubtful whether any of his subjects would give greater pleasure if treated on a larger scale. There is always a certain pleasure in minute work—the pleasure we get from a jewel painted by Van Eyck, or etched by Jules Jacquemart—and this pleasure is greatly increased when, as in the case of these artists and Mr. Menpes, the minuteness is not attended by a loss of breadth. Mr. Menpes's hand is sure and his eyes are keen, but the microscopic detail of such pictures as "A Child of Nature, Burma" (51), and "When Labour is Done" (52), tell of other than mechanical qualities; for he gives us colour, tone, texture, and expression, as well as exact draughtsmanship. But this child among the large red pots with the bamboo balcony, and these little figures taking a quiet smoke, are only two out of many remarkable little pictures of the same kind from which it is hard to select the best. As in Japan, the interest of the artist seems to have been much engaged by the children; and there is nothing better than the minute study called "A Voice from the Darkness" (12), in which we see a slender girl in a rich red garment turning toward a sort of cave of an inner chamber, where is seen, or rather half-seen, the source of the sound. Here, again, the painting of details like the pots and the flowers is of the most dexterous. Near to this is a broader study, or rather a less finished one, of two children on a bench called "Two of a Kind, Peshawur" (16). But if I were to call attention to all the delightful little peeps into Indian child-life I should have no room to say anything else. Most of these are interiors, or rather semi-interiors, sheds or shaded places before caves or shops; but there is at least one child-scene in the open air which should not pass unmentioned. This is "Waiting for the Race," a delightful group of eager faces, gay costumes, and bright umbrellas, between pale blue sky and pale green grass. Viewing these pictures as veracious records of India, I am disappointed a little at the colour of the sky: it has not the full deep tone of even an Italian sky, but has something of the slaty hue much affected by other modern painters, especially in France. As regards Mr. Menpes's selection of material for his pictures, it may be said generally that he has shown the same kind of discrimination as on former occasions. They are generally street scenes, with brightly dressed figures set out upon backgrounds of shop, or temple, or masses of buildings, mostly

in sunlight and with little sky; and the effect of the sunlight throwing violet shadows is very brilliant without being dazzling. Some of the scenes swim in light, the air seems tremulous with colour, the shadows movable if not moving. To get this quality of colour trembling in the light and mysterious in the shade is no common achievement—one indeed apparently unsought by most artists, whose paint is as dead as a paving-stone. It adds not only to beauty but to sentiment, as may be seen in such pictures as "Lonely Cashmere" (30), "In an Idle Street, Jeypore" (37), or "The Hours are Empty of Labour, Cashmere" (38). I shall not attempt to exhaust even the artistic variety of the show—the charming and fresh arrangements of colour, as in the "Butcher's Shop" with its green awning (72); the picturesque confusion of forms in the scenes on the river at Benares, with their boats and poles and stages and devout figures; the delicate and complicated drawing of architectural masses, the trees sometimes with thin gold leaves melting into a morning sky (118), sometimes flocking a red wall with a trembling network of shadow (101), the dancing girls with their apparently impossible attitudes and rich red dresses (92)—nor will I do more than just draw the attention of the reader to the dexterous pencil drawings and dry points, and "diamond points" on ivory. I will only say with regard to Mr. Menpes's claim to the invention of the latter means of artistic expression that etching on ivory (if not with a diamond point) is by no means a novelty, and is used to-day with beautiful effect for the decoration of furniture. On the whole, Mr. Menpes may be warmly congratulated on an exhibition which shows a development of his true artistic gifts, and will enable many to realise what India is like more fully than any artist perhaps before.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibitions to open next week, besides the Royal Academy, include a collection of pictures by M. G. Loppé, entitled "The Alps in Summer and Winter," at the Fine Art Society's; and two military pictures, of the Crimean War, by Mr. Robert Gibb, at Mr. Groom's Gallery in Pall Mall.

ILL-HEALTH is, we are sorry to say, reported, on good authority, to be at the bottom of Mr. Seymour Haden's determination to sell his collection of prints and drawings. Among the drawings are several Rembrandt landscapes, selected for reproduction in the latest of the volumes of fac-similes of Rembrandt issued in England by Deprez and Gutekunst. Mr. Haden's position as a Rembrandt connoisseur is well known. His collection of etchings by this master—or, at least, some part of it—has already been exhibited at the Royal Society of Painter-Etchers. In addition to the Rembrandts, it will be found, we suspect, that the collection is very rich in the works of Wenceslaus, Hollar, and Claude; nor will the minor Dutch masters be unrepresented. With regard to Hollar, a *mot* of Mr. Haden's—which occurs in his little book *About Etching*—may appropriately be cited. "People often ask me," he says, "what I can see in Hollar. I answer, 'Not quite, but almost, everything.'" Though the Seymour Haden collection consists, as might have been supposed probable, principally of etchings, it includes a few specimens by the great original line-engravers, of whom Albert Dürer, Martin Schöngauer, and Lukas van Leyden are, of course, the chief.

THE much-talked of "Cartoons of Raphael" have arrived in this country, and are now to be seen at No. 4, Cockspur-street. It is claimed

for them that they are the original designs for the Vatican tapestries, concerning which Vasari writes: "Perehe Raffaello fece in propria forma e grandezza tutti di sua mano i cartoni coloriti." They are on loose, unprepared canvas, painted in vegetable colours, of which only six are used, two more (scarlet and dark brown) having been added by a restorer. In three cases—"The Miraculous Draught," the "Healing of the Lame Man," and "Paul at Lystra"—right and left are reversed, as compared with the tapestry and the cartoons at South Kensington. It is suggested that this was done by Raphael's pupils, Francesco Penni and Giovanni Udini, when they prepared the latter for the weavers of Arras. The history of these cartoons is as follows. They were brought from Rome to Russia in the beginning of the eighteenth century by a Polish noble, from whose heir they ultimately passed to the family of their present owner. After lying for a hundred years neglected in an outhouse, they were discovered and identified only a few months ago.

MR. BOWES, of Liverpool, will shortly issue a pamphlet, entitled *A Vindication of the Decorated Pottery of Japan*, in which reference is made to a circular recently issued by Prof. Morse on the subject of decorated and undecorated wares.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co. will publish the first part of *Royal Academy Pictures, 1891*, next week, and Parts 2 and 3 before the end of May.

THE room at the Fine Art Society lately occupied with Mr. Alfred Parson's garden pictures is now filled with another series not very dissimilar in subject by Mrs. Allingham, whose charm is so well known that it seems scarcely necessary to repeat again the praise so often accorded to her lanes and cottages and flowery gardens. A newer claimant to favour here is Mr. A. Wallace Rimington, the merit of whose large etchings of Nuremberg and Giotto's tower at Florence met on their publication due recognition in the ACADEMY. The fifteen drawings and sketches from Italy now on exhibition show that Mr. Rimington is a colourist of unusual subtlety and refinement. His "Doorway to the Doge's Palace, Venice" is a noble drawing of much force as well as delicacy. "In Santa Croce" and "Assisi, Fifth Century Door of Cathedral," though smaller, are equally fine in quality. Among the landscapes there is a beautiful view of Perugia.

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MEYERBEER'S "Le Prophète" was given at Covent Garden on Monday evening. There are flashes of genius in this work, but as in all the composer's operas the music is unequal. With regard to the performance the first two acts passed off tamely; Mme. Richard was flat in the "Benediction" song, M. M. J. de Reszke and Mme. Richard were very fine in the "Cathedral" scene. In the passage in which the former induces his mother to say he is not her son, he revealed, as an actor, power of a very high order. The three Anabaptists, with M. E. de Reszke as the Zacharie, sang well. The scenery and the staging, with the exception of a mishap at the opening of the last act, were effective.

Señor Albeniz gave another concert at St. James's Hall on Friday afternoon, April 24. The programme included Beethoven's A major Sonata for pianoforte and 'cello. Señor Albeniz played Mendelssohn's "Variations Sérieuses" and some light pieces of his own. This pianist may not always give satisfaction in his readings of the great masters, but his delicate touch and brilliant technique are universally acknowledged. Mme. Valda and

Mr. Ben Davies were the vocalists. Indulgence was claimed for the latter, but he sang "Waft Her, Angels," exceedingly well.

MESSRS. W. Hess and Hugo Becker gave their last violin and 'cello recital on Saturday afternoon. Mr. Max Pauer was the pianist, and he took part in Brahms's pianoforte Trio in C minor, and performed, besides, two short solos. He was heard to good advantage, and in the Trio proved a genuine concertante player. Mr. H. Becker gave some solos, in which he showed off his magnificent instrument and skilful technique. Mr. Hess played solos, and Miss L. Lehmann was the vocalist.

On the same afternoon the Crystal Palace season ended with Mr. Manns's benefit concert. The programme contained for the most part familiar pieces. Mme. Schumann's pupil, Miss Adelina de Lara, was the pianist; but she appears to have played under difficulty through the breaking of a hammer soon after she commenced Rubinstein's Concerto in D minor. M. Ysayé was the violinist. In this brief mention of the closing concert we would bear testimony to Mr. Manns's earnestness and energy throughout the series. Fashions come and go, but the excellent orchestral performances at the Palace are still admired and enjoyed.

Master Jean Gerardy gave another 'cello recital at St. James's Hall. There is no need to repeat our praise of this clever boy, but we should like to ask why he confines himself to music of a light or showy kind? It is true that the great composers favoured the violin; but there are the six great Suites of Bach for 'cello solo, only some of which have been played at the Popular Concerts, and that many years ago. Again, Master Gerardy might make himself heard in one of Beethoven's Sonatas for piano and 'cello. Mr. Eugene Holliday, a young pianist and pupil of Rubinstein, made his *début*. He has clever fingers, but his reading of a Ballade and two Etudes was cold, and at times hard. We shall have another opportunity of judging him at his recital next week. Mme. Stone-Barton, the vocalist, sang some light songs; her high notes are somewhat shrill, but she manages her voice with skill.

M. Ysayé gave an orchestral concert at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon, and played Beethoven's violin Concerto, the work in which he made his *début* at the Philharmonic two seasons ago. His reading then of the music was somewhat extravagant. This time he was more in accordance with the composer's intentions. His tone is rich and sympathetic, his execution wonderfully fine; but he does not reveal the full power and grandeur of the music. His conception of the work is thoughtful and interesting, but not purely classical. He played a Cadenza of his own, of immense difficulty, and with great success. He was heard afterwards in some "Variations Symphoniques," by Dr. Joachim; the music is of a virtuosic order, and it was interpreted with the utmost skill, vigour, and brilliancy. He gave besides some short pieces, for which he received enthusiastic applause. M. Ysayé is a great artist, and his command of his instrument marvellous. The programme included Wagner's "Siegfried Idyll," but the rendering, under Mr. Cowen's direction, was rather rough.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

MR. CURWEN has in the press a book entitled *The Boys' Voice*, which is intended as a manual for organists, choirmasters, school and college professors, the clergy, and all who have to do with the vocal training of boys. In preparing the work he has paid visits to many of the cathedrals and college chapels, and has enjoyed the co-operation of the organists, who have written letters describing their methods.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891.

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THE EDITOR cannot undertake to return, or to correspond with the writers of, rejected manuscript.

It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

De Quincey Memorials. Being Letters and other Records, here first published. Edited by Alexander H. Japp. In 2 vols. (Heinemann.)

DR. JAPP has produced a work which any moderately fair and sensible person will find not only interesting but satisfying. To persons who are neither fair nor sensible may be commended the pithy remark of Thomas Fuller, "He who expects what in reason he cannot expect may expect." At this time of day it is certainly not in reason to expect any really important additions to our knowledge of either De Quincey's life or character, and those who open these volumes with an implicit demand for such knowledge will meet with the disappointment which they deserve. If they make a further demand for a justification of the existence of a new book about De Quincey in which this knowledge is not to be found, no reply is needed beyond the declaration that the book justifies itself. Lovers of the English Opium Eater will rejoice to find that, unlike some literary heroes of the latter day, he does not grow less but rather more loveable at close quarters; and those who in whim or ignorance have ranged themselves among his detractors may perhaps be the wiser and the better for what may be described as an object lesson in justice and charity.

As the race of carping critics is not yet extinct, Dr. Japp might have displayed a greater measure of serpentine wisdom had he given to his book some such title as "The De Quincey Family," which would have indicated the nature of a large portion of its contents more accurately than is indicated by the title which has been chosen. But the carping critic is a person who is never at a loss for material, and the question would then have been, "What right to a place in a family record have such outsiders as Wordsworth and Coleridge, Hannah More and John Wilson?" As a matter of fact, the pages devoted to De Quincey himself, to his relatives, and to his friends, have all their own interest and value; and the only portion of the book which the present writer has found somewhat wearisome is the chapter occupied by the correspondence with Wordsworth concerning the pamphlet on the Convention of Cintra, which is a little lacking in both personal revelation and permanent literary importance. It is, however, interesting to discover that De Quincey had so much to do with the pamphlet, both in the way of suggestion and correction, that he may without exaggeration be described as Wordsworth's

collaborator; and there is much that is creditable to both in the elder writer's frank acknowledgments of his indebtedness to the friend who at the time had not reached his twenty-fourth birthday. When Wordsworth, referring to his own work, wrote a letter to De Quincey beginning with the words, "All your alterations are amendments," he paid him a compliment such as very few men indeed were honoured by receiving.

There is no portion of the book to which the epithet "charming" can be more justly applied than the chapter, happily a long one, which contains the letters of Dorothy Wordsworth, who seems to have been an indefatigable correspondent, and who—as we learn from a recent contribution made by Dr. Japp to the *Century*, but not reprinted here—continued friendly communication with De Quincey when her brother and his wife had been alienated by his marriage to the farmer's daughter, Margaret Simpson. These letters realise the ideal of familiar correspondence. They are not literary; they do not elaborate "topics," though now and then they touch them with "a flying finger"; they are simply the instinctive and unconscious revelations of a most winning personality, made through the medium of homely records of the incidents of a life in which homeliness and insignificance could never be confounded. Of course, matter of a purely literary interest is not wanting. Here, for example, is the letter in which Miss Wordsworth, immediately after the sad event, communicated to De Quincey the touching story of the calamity which befell the Green family, and which, as retold by him, is one of the most profoundly impressive of the "Autobiographic Sketches." Here, too, are various delightfully ferocious references to the misdeeds of the *Edinburgh Review*, in which the woman, the sister, and the literary partisan speak with equal emphasis. On May-day, 1809, Miss Wordsworth writes—

"This reminds me of the last *Edinburgh Review* which I saw at Mr. Wilson's. There never was such a compound of despicable falsehood, malevolence, and folly as the concluding part of the review of Burns's Poems (which was, in fact, all I thought it worth while to read, being the only part in which my brother's works are alluded to). It would be treating Mr. Jeffrey with too much respect to notice any of his criticisms; but when he makes my brother censure himself by quoting words as from his poems which are not there, I do think it is proper that he should be contradicted and put to shame. I mentioned this to my brother, and he agrees with me; not that he could do it himself, but he thinks it would be well for you or some other friend of his to do it for him—but in what way? I think a letter might be addressed to him in the *Edinburgh papers*, and in one or two of the London papers. A private letter to himself would be of no use, and of course he would not publish any condemnation of himself in his own Review, if you were to call upon him to do so. I wish you would think about it."

The *naïveté* of the supposition that Jeffrey could be "put to shame" by the most crushing exposure of his mis-representations and mis-quotations is very delicious, but not more so than the remark in another letter,

à propos of a eulogistic review of Campbell, that "there surely can be little sense in the nation, or Master Jeffrey must surely write himself into disgrace." These warlike utterances are, however, mere *obiter dicta*; the correspondence as a whole deals with the peaceful domesticities to which a true woman can always give appetising piquancy. Here and there is a little touch of humour, like the reference to Wordsworth's alleged fears of the consequences should the Cintra pamphlet prove to be libellous,— "William still continues to haunt himself with fancies about Newgate and Dorchester or some other gaol, but as his mind clings to the gloomy, Newgate is his favourite theme"; but the prominent figures in the correspondence are the smaller members of the Wordsworth family, to whom the aunt and the friend seem to have been equally devoted. In one letter is an anxious inquiry about some pictures which had been promised to Johnny and which the young gentleman is eagerly expecting; in another we find a gentle but firm protest against a larger project of generosity hinted at by De Quincey—a new carriage for Johnny and Sissy, which Miss Wordsworth having, like Mrs. John Gilpin, a frugal mind, will not hear of.

"My dear Friend, I believe that you are serious because you have said so to Johnny, but I earnestly hope that you will be prevailed upon not to buy it. We should grieve most seriously that so much money should be expended for a carriage for them, when they are completely happy and satisfied with their own, which answers every important purpose of the other. What matter if it is a little 'harder' to pull? (Johnny often says it is very hard up hill). It is the better exercise for them."

There is the true Wordsworthian stoicism here. The family evidently comprised more than one advocate of "plain living."

Dorothy Wordsworth has, however, been for years a fairly familiar figure to most of us: more of the peculiar and not necessarily despicable interest which attaches to novelty belongs to the numerous letters from De Quincey's mother, of whom previously we have known but little, though that little has been of a nature to arouse some measure of intelligent curiosity. The impression of Mrs. De Quincey, which we derive from her son's fragmentary sketch, is of a strong and finely-poised nature, possessing many of the qualities which demand admiration, but lacking in sweetness, in sympathy, in all those charms and graces of temperament which, wrong and illogical as it may seem, are more generally victorious over human affection than all the virtues of the porch or the cloister. Dr. Japp, in a paraphrase of De Quincey's estimate, seems implicitly to adopt it as his own, and on another page he explicitly sets down his personal conviction that

"there was in Mrs. De Quincey's character something of severity and restraint from spontaneous expression of any of the softer feelings and sentiments, and that she was broadly unresponsive to certain moods and feelings, ungenial and unspontaneous in her ways towards her children in only too many respects."

This indictment may, of course, be just in itself, and it may, moreover, be susceptible of external justification; but I cannot feel

that such justification is supplied by the numerous and obviously characteristic letters of Mrs. De Quincey which are made public for the first time in these volumes. In many of them, where loving and thoughtful motherliness are too manifest to be mistaken, it is vain to look for evidence of the alleged deficiencies and limitations. It must be found, if found anywhere, in the much less numerous letters which testify to a certain strain in the relations between mother and son—notably in those combatting the expressed desire of the latter to leave the school at Manchester, and spend at home the time which must elapse before he could go up to the university. Now, postponing for a moment the consideration whether there were facts which made this special case exceptional, it is obvious that, as a general rule, the widowed mother of a fatherless lad of sixteen would be perfectly right in thinking it inadvisable and possibly hazardous to remove a boy of such an age from a school of good repute, and allow him, for some two years, to follow his own devices, unchecked by any other moral or intellectual restraint than that which she could herself exercise. So far as this main issue was concerned, there is not only force but perfect fairness and no lack of motherly feeling in Mrs. De Quincey's statement of her case. She writes from Chester in the April of 1802 :

"The school must be bad indeed, and in a manner unknown to me, if it is not (with the advantage you possess) much better than wasting time in this town, where there is no access to books, and perhaps no literature either in the heads or on the shelves of the gentlemen. Of this I cannot, however, be certain; but I am well assured a year spent at home in desultory reading, without an object, is an evil of such incalculable extent, that I shall never consent to it, except to avoid something very dreadful to be escaped in no other way."

The good sense of this handling of the general question is surely unimpeachable by either sound reason, or healthy sentiment. It would have been characteristic of a rigid and unsympathetic nature to insist on the application of a general principle to every special case which seems to come within its scope; but Mrs. De Quincey shows herself not merely willing but anxious that her son should give her an opportunity of seeing the situation in question from his point of view. She continues :

"You have urged your misery, and you will urge it again; but cannot you tell me what it is? Surely misery that is real must have a name, and I solemnly pledge myself to remedy any real grievance you endure so far as I can; but to attempt the cure of evils I do not know, to accede to reasons without hearing them, and to comply with *unsettled* schemes are things neither reasonable nor practicable. If there is any friend of mine you would prefer explaining yourself to, I have nothing to say against the intervention of such a third person; indeed, without I see good reason, as in the case of Richard and Henry, for removing you, I must call upon Mr. Hall [De Quincey's other guardian] at least to let him know that the measure is not mine. If I do see sufficient cause for your leaving Mr. Lawson when I know your reasons, I shall not hesitate to remove you; more than this I cannot say."

More than this could not have been said by the most tenderly sympathetic mother who ever lived, if that mother had the good fortune to add sense to sensibility. Mrs. De Quincey is said to have been lacking in imagination; but imagination of a somewhat unusual character is shown in the third sentence of the above quotation where the writer recognises a fact which almost every father and mother ignores—that perfect unreserve between a parent and child may be so difficult to the latter as to be practically impossible, and expresses willingness that his full confidence shall be reserved for another, if only he will give it somewhere.

The truth was, De Quincey had no special confidences to give. His mother knew all that there was to be known, which was that he was rendered unhappy by want of exercise, depression, and the monotony of school life—an unfortunate condition doubtless, but not one that demanded the drastic remedy which the boy, with the natural self-confidence of clever boyhood, prescribed for himself. "We are not infallible, even the youngest of us"; and in afterlife De Quincey admitted that his mother had written wisely in the only letters which can with even a show of reason be adduced in favour of the theory that she was lacking in sympathy.

"Oh, wherefore could I not have been wiser? Wherefore did I not hear that secret whisper of monitory wisdom, that even thou wert sighing over the evil choice which I made? Wherefore was it that to thee I should so obstinately have been deaf? For my powers of long suffering were great: and the burden that oppressed me I could have borne—had I not suffered at that very time under the falsest medical advice. There is no misery which cannot be simulated by a deranged liver; and for me at that time this course existed under a double agency, viz., want of exercise in the first place; and secondly, medical counsel the most extravagantly erring that in this erring world I have ever known."

That Mrs. De Quincey adopted opinions and occasionally employed phraseology which have often been associated with intellectual inflexibility and emotional chilliness is not to be disputed; but to assume that such association must be inevitable and invariable is to be guilty of the very fault with which she is charged. And though she can sometimes be convicted of actual intolerance—as when, for example, she calls Tait's admirable periodical "a disreputable magazine"—I think that the general effect of her letters on the minds of most readers will be distinctly pleasing, and many will be disposed to think that De Quincey's intellectual inheritance from his mother was larger than Dr. Japp seems inclined to allow.

The volumes contain a variety of interesting material, which must here be left with a mere mention—notably a correspondence with Coleridge, which proves that De Quincey's rival opium devotee could be more practical for others than he ever could be for himself; a still longer correspondence with John Wilson, rendered curious by some letters in which Wilson implicitly confesses his utter incompetency for the duties of the Edinburgh professorship of moral philosophy by relying upon De Quincey to act as his "ghost"; a number of letters from Jane De Quincey, so bright and good as to

make us wish for more; and a few poems sent to De Quincey by Branwell Brontë, from whom he seems to have received some of those characteristic communications with which the Brontës were in the habit of favouring their distinguished literary contemporaries. The letters from Lord Altham and his father, the Marquess of Sligo, are of little intrinsic interest, and are admittedly inserted as an answer to Mr. Saintsbury's implied charge that in his autobiographical references to these and other persons of rank the Opium Eater was drawing the long bow. In making the charge Mr. Saintsbury certainly displayed less than his usual shrewdness, for De Quincey was hardly the kind of man who would yield to the temptation to indulge in essentially vulgar bragging; but the critic will not regret to be for the moment put in the wrong by evidence which allows his pleasure in reading the *Confessions of an English Opium Eater* to be unspoiled by suspicions of the veracity of the fascinating narrative.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

ATHENS IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

Geschichte der Stadt Athen im Mittelalter.
Von Ferdinand Gregorovius. In 2 vols.
(Stuttgart: Cotta.)

WHEN a well-known and accomplished writer like Gregorovius undertakes to write on mediæval Greek history, a subject which greatly needs that an interest in it should be awakened in the world of letters, there is little reason for complaint if the work which he produces seems to embrace a wider field, or even to wander into other subjects, than that which he professes to cover. Still, it is the case, when so small a portion of these two large volumes relates to Athens, that the reader who expects to find in them the history of that city cannot fail to be disappointed. We could almost fancy that the name of the author's previous work, the *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*—in the course of compiling which, he tells us, he conceived the idea of dealing with Athens also—had tempted him to affix a corresponding title in a case where it is hardly applicable. The present book might perhaps be more truly described (so far as any single title will represent its varied contents) as "A History of the Occupation of Greece by the Franks subsequently to the Fourth Crusade": anyhow, it is to this subject that three-fifths of the whole work are devoted.

This period is one which has been dealt with in great detail by Hertzberg in his *Geschichte Griechenlands*; but the treatment of it does not lose by its being woven into a continuous story, as it has been in the present work, from the particular point of view of the dukedom of Athens. Thus, the history of the principality of the Morea, it must be confessed, is only indirectly connected with that of Athens, and is out of place in a history of that city; but as the dukedom of Athens held an especially favourable position among the feudal states of Greece, it forms a suitable centre from which to take a survey of them, and of that in the Peloponnese in particular. The story of this epoch is composed of so many threads,

and these are often so tangled, that it requires no little skill to give it unity and continuity, and in doing this Gregorovius has succeeded. He also deserves great praise for the care and judgment with which he has studied and sifted the literature of the subject, which the labours of numerous modern investigators, especially those of Hopf, in Germany, and Sathas, in Greece, have rendered extremely copious.

How slight are the materials for a mediaeval history of Athens may be seen from the following passage of Meursius, which Gregorovius cites with approval.

“Athenae,” he says, ‘ab hoc tempore (Justiniani) annis circiter septingentis, seu deliquitum est historiae seu fortunae lassae quies, omnino nec fecere quicquam, neque passae; certe nihil literarum monumentis consignatum invenitur.’”

Consequently, only two hundred pages of the present work are devoted to the period which intervenes between Justinian and the Fourth Crusade, and a considerable portion of these is taken up with the question of the Slavonic element in Greek nationality. The truth is that, besides the fact that two empresses of Constantinople, Irene and Theophano, were Athenians by birth, and that the names of Athenian bishops occasionally occur in the records of councils of the Church, only two events are mentioned as having occurred at Athens during this interval. In the year 662 the emperor Constans, on the eve of an expedition to the West, passed the winter there; but the fact of his doing so is all that is recorded. Much as we should like to know what was the state of the public buildings, what statues and other works of art remained, whether the emperor took up his residence on the acropolis or elsewhere, absolute silence is maintained on all these points. Again, in 1018, the great conqueror Basil II., after the overthrow of the Bulgarian kingdom, visited Athens to celebrate his triumph there. What was his object in doing so, we are not told; but as he was a rude soldier, we may be sure that he was not drawn thither by antiquarian curiosity. But the feeling that his victory had secured Greece against further inroads may have made him desirous to visit what was still one of its most important cities, and it is not impossible that veneration for the heroes of Marathon and Salamis may have possessed his mind. However, all that is reported concerning what happened on the occasion is, that he worshipped at the church of the Virgin, as the Parthenon was then called, and offered handsome votive offerings there. The cause of this long neglect is not far to seek. M. Gregorovius points out that, whereas in the West the *Imperium Romanum*, which came to an end in the person of the last emperor, seemed to the citizens of Rome to spring up afresh in the Papacy, the informing spirit of Athens was its intellectual life, and no power could revive this when once its works of art had been carried off, and its philosophy had ceased to be taught. To this it must be added, that the emperors at Constantinople were too much engaged in warding off attacks from their own capital to pay attention to a provincial town. The name of Hellen had now become equivalent to “heathen,” and the inhabitants of

Greece were called Helladici. At the same time, in Athens itself, something of the old feeling of art and reverence for the past must have remained; for no buildings in Rome have been spared as the Parthenon, the Propylaea, and the Theseum have been. Many ancient shrines were adapted so as to become places of Christian worship, dedicated to saints who corresponded to certain of their heathen predecessors—either in similarity of name, as St. Demetrius to Demeter, Elias to Helios; or in their characteristic attributes, as the Virgin Mother to Athena Parthenos, or St. Nicholas, the patron saint of sailors, to Poseidon.

The cloud of forgetfulness in which Athens was so long enveloped was at length lifted by the appointment of Michael Acominatos to be archbishop of the see about the year 1175. This remarkable man, the pupil and friend of Eustathius of Thessalonica, and a scholar of no mean attainments, entered on his office full of enthusiasm for the famous city which was to be his place of residence; but he was soon disenchanted by the ignorance which he found to prevail there, and the citizens could no more understand the refined Greek of Constantinople in which he addressed them than a Greek peasant at the present day can understand the language of the Athens press. He describes the place in one of his letters as “a vale of misery”; and there can be no doubt that the absence of local industries, the oppressive taxation, and, worst of all, the prevalence of piracy, had reduced the people to a very low ebb. To Michael's praise be it said, he did everything in his power to ameliorate the condition of his flock during the thirty years that he passed among them; and when Leon Sguros, the governor of Nauplia, made himself tyrant, and endeavoured to seize Athens, the archbishop encouraged the citizens to take up arms, and successfully defended the place. When speaking of the ancient sites, he mentions that the fountain of Callirrhoe, the Areopagus, the Cerameicus, and some other places still retained their classical names; but his silence in respect of the majority of them implies that they were now forgotten.

In the course of his work our author touches on a number of vexed questions connected with mediaeval Greek history; and though he does not himself contribute anything fresh to the discussion of them, his summaries and criticisms of the views of others relating to them are valuable, and he has given useful references to the sources of information in his notes. Some of these it may be worth our while to notice. The formal closing of the philosophic schools of Athens by Justinian in 529 has been generally regarded as an established fact of history; but of late this has been vigorously contested, and the authority for it is so questionable that M. Gregorovius does not admit it. At the same time, he finds that the confiscation of the funds of the educational institutions throughout the empire by that sovereign indirectly produced the same result; though, as an intellectual power, the Platonic school of Athens had already expired shortly before this

time, after a duration of more than 800 years, in the person of Proclus. The derivation of the name “Morea” he considers to be still doubtful; and neither Fallmerayer's etymology from the Slavonic *more* “sea,” nor Hopf's, who regarded it as a metathesis for *Romea*, nor that of Sathas, who believes that it arose from the name of a town called Muria in Elis, wholly satisfies him. As regards the name Navarino, he rejects Hopf's plausible explanation that it arose from a settlement of the Navarrese Company, because it is found in a document earlier than the appearance of those adventurers; and he reverts apparently to the view which would connect it with the Avars, and, as regards the original form, would consider it rather, with Buchon, to have been Neo-Avarinon, than, with Leake, as *εἰς τὸν Ἀβάρινον*. He also notices the different opinions that have been held as to the runic inscription on the body of the marble lion, which once stood in the Piraeus, and is now in the arsenal at Venice. At one time it was thought that this had been deciphered, and it was said to have been the work of a band of Normans, commemorating their re-conquest of the port of Piraeus from the rebellious Greeks. Now, however, it is declared by good Scandinavian authorities that these runes are so much defaced as to be undecipherable; and Gregorovius suggests that they were inscribed by the Varangians in the service of Basil II. at the time of his visit.

The limits which our author has set to his work are the reign of Justinian, which marked the extinction of paganism at Athens, and the Ottoman conquest; but he has furnished his readers with a prologue and epilogue, in the form of a sketch of the early history of the decline of the city, and a summary of what is known concerning its fortunes under Turkish domination, until it once more rose to importance as the capital of the new Hellenic kingdom. As the principal causes of its decline he assigns the wholesale plundering of works of art by Roman conquerors; the spread of Christianity, which gradually, though more slowly than elsewhere, undermined the heathendom of which it was the most permanent home; the foundation of Constantinople, by which men's thoughts were withdrawn from the ancient centre of civilisation; and the inroad of the Goths under Alaric. In comparing the effects of the Frankish and the Turkish rule he decides that the latter was in the long run more favourable to the Greek race than the former, because the Franks, by being formed into a number of states, broke up the nationality of the subject race; while the Turks, by making them all slaves under a common master, restored to them their unity as a people, and thus made their regeneration as a nation possible. He concludes with a well-deserved tribute to the prosperous condition of modern Athens, and the rapidity of its restoration:

“But fifty-three years have passed since King Otho's entry; and already at the present time Athens is, what it never had been since the Roman period, a city of 100,000 inhabitants, the largest and fairest in Greece. . . . It extends in wide squares and streets, with numerous palaces of Pentelic marble, to the foot of Lycæ-

bettns, and beyond the Ilissus and Cophisus, while its port of Piræus has grown to be a second busy city."

H. F. TOZER.

Life of Arthur MacMorrrough Kavanagh. By Sarah L. Steele. (Macmillan.)

THE assimilative genius of the Irish Celt has become proverbial. Many a singular enactment of the Anglo-Irish Parliament bears witness to the fascination which Irish ways had for the English settler who was intended to reform them. To listen to Irish bards, to marry an Irish wife, to speak the Irish language, was to put his "loyalty and civility" in peril; and it was even thought necessary to restrain him from riding without stirrups, an Irish practice the attractions of which it is not easy to understand. But it might easily be shown that the assimilative force has not been exclusively exercised from the Celtic side. In the Tudor wars the overthrow of the great Celtic chieftains was largely accomplished by the aid of the smaller Celtic gentry and their dependents. If the former numbered the Geraldines on their side, the Crown had its O'Sullivans and Maguires, and it has never at any time been wholly without backing from this quarter.

This reflection cannot but occur to the mind when we read the biography of Arthur MacMorrrough Kavanagh, a Celt whose sept was once the terror of the Pale, while its late representative appears as the mainstay of the loyalist party in Ireland during the agitation of the last ten years. If the Celtic genius has assimilated Mr. Parnell, England may fairly be proud of having won for her rule the devoted attachment of such a man as Mr. Kavanagh. Whatever anyone may think of the part he took in politics, no one can fail to recognise in him a spirit of heroic temper—heroic in the deep sense which Carlyle has given to that word: a man who encountered the most crushing difficulties with a valour which nothing could daunt, and who lived and strove for noble and unselfish aims. Everyone knows the extraordinary physical privations which seemed to doom him to a life of hopeless inactivity and gloom. And now everyone may read in Mrs. Steele's well-written biography how he became a daring sportsman and traveller, an honoured member of the legislature, the beneficent ruler of a great estate, and the leader of the Irish gentry—who, indeed, showed themselves little worthy of such a leader—in their struggle against the agrarian revolution.

Among other interesting documents, the diary of his Eastern travel is given here, and it bears wonderful testimony to Mr. Kavanagh's iron will and buoyant energy. We must say, however, that a good many compendious entries, such as the following, might well have been omitted:

"1st March.—Started at sunrise to see the caves of Ellora. Inspected three or four of the best, and then, having had enough, returned to breakfast."

We could have spared a good deal of this in favour of more quotations from the *Cruise of the Eva*, a book which ought not to remain out of print.

But Mrs. Steele's work is, on the whole, well worthy of its subject, and has been written with care, insight, and sympathy. Several unpublished documents of a political nature are given in full, showing the strong intelligence and knowledge of the country which Kavanagh brought to the problem of governing Ireland on the old Liberal principles—by remedying grievances without concession to the national sentiment. At the close of his life, however, we find him agreeing with Lord Grey, Mr. Parnell, and Mr. Hurlbert, that fixity of executive tenure is one of the indispensable conditions of sound government in Ireland, if that government is to be carried on without the concession of a native Parliament—an opinion which seems to imply that the Unionist who holds it is either very hopeless of the success of his cause, or curiously sanguine as to the possibility that the British democracy will contradict, in the case of Ireland, every political tendency it has shown since it has had the opportunity of showing any.

T. W. ROLLESTON.

Poems. By V. (Mrs. Archer Clive). (Longmans.)

"Of *V. Poems* by V., we emphatically say, 'It is an Ennead, to which every Muse may have contributed her Ninth.' The stanzas printed by us in italics are, in our judgment, worthy of any one of our greatest poets in his happiest moments."

It was in these words that the *Quarterly Review* welcomed the nine poems by "V." half a century ago. There is nothing in which a critic may deceive himself more easily than in judging the verse of his contemporaries; and now that these verses reappear with additions, and after the lapse of fifty years, the words of the *Quarterly Reviewer* must seem not a little extravagant and strange. To show their extravagance it is not necessary to reproduce the stanzas in italics: it is better to put some of the Reviewer's own words into italics; to assume that he realised their meaning, and to test his judgment. "*The happiest moments*," he says, and "*of our greatest poets*." With "*our greatest poets*" in their greatest works I suppose the most enthusiastic admirer would shrink from placing "V." in competition. The Reviewer means, therefore, that her verse rivals the verse of Shakspeare in the best of his Songs and Sonnets, or the verse of Milton in the most exquisite of his early poems; that it is equal to Herrick at his best, to the felicities of Gray and Collins, to the Odes of Keats, or to "*Kubla Khan*," or to Wordsworth in "*Laodamia*" and "*The Highland Reaper*." Here are some of "*our greatest poets*"; and I have chosen, I think, some of those pieces which were conceived in their "*happiest moments*." It is to poetry of this order that the nine poems by "V." have been compared. I do not think that the stanzas in italics justify the Reviewer's praise. It would be easy for me to select an equal, or a greater, number of poor stanzas from Mrs. Clive; but I prefer to take a broader view, to say that it is not in style at all that she is distinguished. It is more unkind to provoke a comparison

like the *Quarterly Reviewer's* than to say such a comparison should never have been made; it is not to condemn a poet as bad, to say his work will not bear so tremendous an examination. I put aside the few great names which are suggested by the Reviewer's judgment: I take the whole range of English poetry, and examine it with a view to style; and I make bold to say, that in a selection, made with as fine a taste as Mr. Palgrave has shown in his "*Golden Treasury*," there would not appear a single example from the poems of Mrs. Clive.

One of her poems is introduced by these words from Byron:

"that half-way house, that rude hut, whence wise travellers drive with circum-spection
Life's sad post horses o'er the dreary frontier
Of age, and looking back to youth give one tear."

There is nothing so bad as this in Mrs. Clive herself; but a writer of the surest feeling in style would never have chosen such a painful verse to introduce a poem of her own. In the great body of her work, Mrs. Clive is too diffuse: her poetry has not the texture, the clear outline, nor the composition and arrangement of a great artist in form. And this is not atoned for by fineness of detail; there are no beautiful and happy things said by the way, nothing of that *curiosa felicitas* which relieves simplicity from baldness and elevates plain writing into the highest art. Mrs. Clive is always plain, and always clear; but she has not that incommunicable and perfect gift, which we can feel but not explain in the great masters of style.

For the matter, there is more to be said in praise of Mrs. Clive. Her poems, with Mr. Gladstone, "form a small book which has the life and soul of a great book." This criticism is much nearer to the truth than the criticism of the *Quarterly*. We find in her, everywhere, thought and genuine feeling, sometimes we find passion and almost inspiration: what we do not find is the artistic power to convert these into the finest poetry. In examining Mrs. Clive's work, the reader must be struck by the melancholy of it: not always a tender melancholy, but a melancholy which passes too frequently into forbidden or doubtful subjects. Death, loss, deprivation, are favourite themes of hers:

"Sunt lacrymae rerum, et mentem mortalia tangunt."

"The sense of tears in mortal things" is the cause, no doubt, of our highest poetry; but Mrs. Clive too often passes from the melancholy aspects of death and loss into the realms of corruption and of putrescence. There is too much of the charnel-house about her; she reveals, and revels in, too many secrets of the tomb.

"As when,—the coffin in its breast—
The grave conceals itself in flowers."

This, both in the manner and in the sentiment, is a good example of Mrs. Clive's poetry. In the manner, a fastidious ear will catch the unpleasant jingle of "*coffin in*": this insensibility to metre and to form is not uncommon with her;

"The moon at dewy midnight bright,"
"Her moonlight visage to a dawning morn."

Here are two other examples of it; and it is their frequent occurrence that makes me question the judgment of the *Quarterly Reviewer*. In the sentiment, Mrs. Clive is not content to mourn over the grave, to comfort herself with its flowers: she passes on too often to the corruption within; her visions are too often, not of spirits, but of moving and of mouldering corpses. One of her poems, "The Mother," is an address to an embryo, to what the Psalmist calls "the untimely fruit of a woman," never to be really born. Here again, I think, as well as in her style, Mrs. Clive shows a want of restraint: a want of that sure touch and instinct which the "greatest poets" always reveal to us, not only in their "happiest moments," but constantly and in the large body of their work.

Mrs. Clive's great poem is, undoubtedly, "The Valley of the Morlas," a long piece of almost fifty pages. The beginning of it exhibits her usual fault of diffuseness, of long-drawn and labouring description: not description with the happy phrases of Thomson's

"The yellow wall-flower stain'd with iron-brown";

or of Matthew Arnold's "Resignation" or "The Youth of Nature"; and still less with magic touches like his

"Merlin and Vivian stopp'd on the slope's brow,
To gaze on the light sea of leaf and bough
Which glistening plays all round them, lone and mild,
As if to itself the quiet forest smiled."

Mrs. Clive never recalls the "natural magic" of Matthew Arnold or of Wordsworth, at their best: indeed, she never attains to the pictorial, the descriptive excellence of poets like Thomson and Cowper, at their best. Her own highest excellence is reached, I think, in the middle part of "The Valley of the Morlas," where she narrates how a religion of nature grew into a formal paganism, and that again gave place to Christianity. In a note to this poem, Mrs. Clive remarks, "The last copy made before this final one is honourably marked with approbation in various places, and criticism in others, by one of the ablest pencils of the day." Both the approbation and the criticism are well deserved: the approbation, in the passages I have named.

"Frowns on the rough-hewn brow they plac'd,
And fear'd the frowns themselves had trac'd;
Wrath on the lips, their hands display'd,
And strove to soothe the wrath they made,"

she says of the pagan images; and of the Cross,

"That sign no heavy yoke imposed,
No fear enforc'd, no hope forbid;
And of the Deity disclos'd,
Not what he was, but what he did."

In these extracts, and in the whole passage from which they come, Mrs. Clive is pertinent and happy; her touch is fine and her execution good, because she has conceived firmly what she wished to say. In this poem, and in the song in *Paul Ferrol*, her best verse is to be found. *Paul Ferrol*, with all its interest and all its power, has too much of the melodrama in it; the explanation of Paul Ferrol, "why he killed his wife," has little else. Though Mrs. Clive had a great deal of sensibility

and feeling, she had not an equal sense of restraint and form. The artist's feeling and imagination were given her, but not the artist's touch or hand. In prose, this led her into melodrama; in verse, into the morbid themes which I have noticed. The finest gifts of style were not hers; she never approaches the "greatest poets" in their "happiest moments"; and, therefore, I presume to challenge the venerable opinion of her *Quarterly Reviewer*.

ARTHUR GALTON.

"UNIVERSITY EXTENSION SERIES."—*A Short History of Political Economy in England.*
By L. L. Price. (Methuen.)

THIS book is one of a series which is intended to meet the special wants of university lecturers *in partibus*; and, if it were in any sense exhaustive, it would not be fulfilling its function. A course of lectures may be made a concurrent commentary on the several chapters of the book; but the book itself is meant to be always "in need of its father to help it," and should leave in the reader a desire for the commentator.

Mr. Price has tried very skilfully to avoid the besetting sin of such handbooks, namely the sin of saying either too much or too little, or committing both faults alternately. He tells us perhaps more than was absolutely necessary about the private life and bodily infirmities of eminent economists; but on the whole the parts of the book are well proportioned. The life and works of the most important English economical writers, "from Adam Smith to Arnold Toynbee," are graphically described in less than 200 pages. In one or two of the chief instances, Mr. Price, after giving biographical facts, historical surroundings, and general doctrines, selects for us a characteristic example of his author's reasoning and dwells on it at some length, not forgetting to point out where later criticism has rectified or refuted it. In the case of Adam Smith it is division of labour; in the case of Ricardo, rent; in the case of John Mill it is value that forms the example. These little analyses give a much better taste of an author's quality than the summary presentation of conclusions without reasonings, so common in "Primers." It must be said, however, that such a passage, for instance, as that upon Mill's theory of value shows the uselessness of the self-donating ordinance by which Mr. Price confines himself to departed authors. In saying that without Prof. Marshall's *Principles* and Prof. Sidgwick's *Political Economy* this part of the book could hardly have been written, we are only agreeing with Mr. Price himself. The subject has become so wide since Mill's time that a chapter to contain the supplementary criticisms would perhaps have been desirable. It is hardly fair, we must add, to represent Mill as claiming finality for his own account of the theory of value. The most natural interpretation of his words (quoted p. 98) is rather that he had inherited from his predecessors "a complete theory," which left him and everybody else nothing to do but "solve by anticipation the chief perplexities which occur in applying it." Less important slips are the assertion (on Toynbee's authority) that there is only

one allusion to the cotton manufacture in the *Wealth of Nations*—there being at least two (IV., vii., and IV. viii.)—and the attribution of the expression "marginal utility" to Prof. Marshall instead of Mr. Wicksteed.

Mr. Price modestly disclaims all pretensions to originality; but the latter part of his book goes over ground that has hardly been traversed before. The account of Cliffe Leslie, Bagehot, Cairnes, and Jevons brings out the relation of these authors to each other and their predecessors much more fully than was possible, for example, in Mr. Ingram's general History of Political Economy. In the concluding chapter (on Social Reform), which introduces us to questions of our own day, Mr. Price states the views of Fawcett and Toynbee, as typical representatives of what may be regarded as the two extremes of economical opinion within the Liberal party. Though here as elsewhere he is careful to commit himself as little as possible, it is clear that on the whole he sides with Toynbee in desiring "not a paternal but a fraternal government"—in "accepting the principle of private property, repudiating confiscation and violence," and making only a "reluctant admission of the necessity for State action" (p. 196). Since Toynbee, did not live to give any contribution to economic theory, the prominence given to him may be regarded as in some measure due to the close personal associations that existed between Toynbee and large numbers of men now engaged in the extension of university teaching, as well as to the fact that he practically sacrificed his life in a kindred cause.

J. BONAR.

NEW NOVELS.

Kinsfolk. By Mary Deane. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

An American Duchess. By W. Fraser Rae. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Romantic Rigmorole. By Charles T. C. James. (Ward & Downey.)

Madeline Power. By Arthur W. Marchmont. (Oliphant, Anderson, & Ferrier.)

The School of Art. By Isabel Snow. (Fisher Unwin.)

Coo-ee: Tales of Australian Life. By Australian Ladies. (Griffith, Farran & Co.)

Los Cerritos. By Gertrude Franklin Atherton. (Heinemann.)

Thornleigh House. By W. Edward Chadwick. (Sutton, Drowley & Co.)

READERS who want a novel that can be galloped through in a few hours had better be warned off *Kinsfolk*. It is not a book for them. But readers who prefer a novel that can neither be lightly read nor lightly laid aside—a tale which does not depend for its interest on any of the stock resources of fiction, but draws with the truth of art upon the complex truth of life—may be advised to try *Kinsfolk*. It is distinctly a book for them. The chief fault of most tales in three volumes is that they are too long. The thin material in them is wearily spun out to make up the desired

number of pages. But Miss Deane must have found it difficult to compress her elaborate plot into the customary limits. She has accomplished the task with a skill that compels admiration, but the result is that every page must be scrupulously read. If one were disposed to indicate the lines of the story—and that ought not to be considered a critic's privilege—it would be impossible to do so. There are so many stories involved in one, so many characters with essential parts, so many scenes and interests of importance to the whole scheme of the tale, that one would not know how to begin, or where to leave off, or what to omit. It is enough to say, as to the subject of the story, that it belongs to the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, and that it has to do with the terrible events of that time, consequent on Bonaparte's usurpation, as well as with simple English interests and English life. Instead of the ordinary hero and heroine and the small cluster of subordinate figures who with them make up the *dramatis personæ* of the average tale, there are here more leading personages than could be counted on the fingers of both hands—yet scarcely one of them could be dispensed with. Napoleon himself and Josephine, with the brilliant court of the Tuileries as it was in the days of the First Consul, and the grim shadows of cruelty and conspiracy behind it, have their part, and a conspicuous one, in the moving scene; but there is so much else in it that they do not make more than an episode in the whole story. Every taste may gratify itself among the characters. Perhaps the most powerfully drawn is the beautiful Parthenope. Sirens with faces that tempt men to their destruction, and hearts capable of all manner of devilries, have often been depicted with more or less success. Miss Deane's siren is a very palpable success. Her beauty is not more wonderful than her power, and both have much to do with the shaping of people's destinies. Harden will fascinate many readers by his moral heroism and moral weakness, qualities which gain much from his striking personality. The story of his remorse is most ably told. Anaple is one of those lovable English women, bred in all gentleness, who are found equal to any stress and strain when the crises come that try what is in them. Germaine is such another woman, with just the difference which French blood might be expected to produce. Amar shows what can be done with a sound English stock which has received the polish of a true French refinement. But I must not attempt even a summary of Miss Deane's characters. As a general estimate of all of them, and of the merits of this exceptionally able book, let it be said that *Kinsfolk* deserves to rank among the best works of contemporary fiction.

It would not be just to Mr. Fraser Rae to regard *An American Duchess* as a fair example of the work he is capable of. It is disappointing in an aggravated degree, for expectations are raised in the early pages of the novel which are not in any measure satisfied. The reader is entitled to suppose, when he is introduced to Lord Adullam, Mr. Birmingham, and Lord Reginald Wood-

stock, that some smart parodies of contemporary political life are in store for him; but the passages which are perhaps meant to be of that character are singularly flat and insipid. They are not nearly so entertaining as the political news to be found any day in the newspaper. The very name of the book raises expectations of another kind. One supposes that the Americanisms of manner, language, and character of the transatlantic young lady who becomes an English duchess will give a certain piquancy and freshness to a story written about her. But the Duchess of Windsor is a model of correct behaviour; and though she does sometimes, by chance, "guess" things after the manner of her country, she might pass for a model of British propriety. Captain Roker comes upon the scene at an early period of the story, as a clubman who seems to live by his wits. He has had adventures and seen the world, and the reader hopes he will give some liveliness to the tale. But the more we see of Captain Roker the more prosaic he becomes. Other characters are introduced, among them a Home Rule member of Parliament, whose name savours of fun, but the atmosphere of the story appears to reduce them all to a dead level. The duchess's husband—he and she are Marquess and Marchioness of Slough through most of the book—talks with a priggish accuracy on all occasions. Even Mr. Bayle, the duchess's father, though his American instincts are never quite overborne by his British surroundings, cannot rise above the prevailing flatness. At times he seems to be on the verge of a piece of humour, but it disappears in Johnsonian English when it should have flashed out in the vernacular of Jonathan. There is absolutely no plot in the story. One chapter has evidently suggested another; one person talks like another; one incident is as prominent as another. The exercise of reading the three volumes is like that of walking for a long time on a dead flat, and any one who has tried this last will long for some hills to climb and some valleys to dip into.

Mr. James has a lightness of touch, and a skill in picturesque description, which are very pleasing. His *Romantic Rigmorle* will while away an afternoon as agreeably as any one could wish. The "sylvan joys of Stillwater" might not seem so attractive to people who tried them for themselves as he makes them appear, but his good offices are the more to be valued for that reason. At any rate it would be well to read his account of the ways of Stillwater and its people before making the actual acquaintance of Squire Beaumont and taking rooms at the North Star. Mr. James can write with pathos as well as with humour. The story told in "Dr. Wells's Manuscript" is good enough and touching enough to have been written by Dickens.

In *Madeline Power* materials not at all new to fiction are skilfully used in the working out of a very effective and well-written story. Madeline has a step-mother, who has an eligible son. It is the step-mother's wish, and to her son's interest, that the two young people should marry. But

Madeline loves somebody else, who adores her. The lovers, however, are separated by a crafty design, and each is made to believe that the other has been false to the affection plighted between them. This gives the step-mother the opportunity she has manoeuvred for; but Madeline escapes from the toils she spreads, and supports herself bravely in London. Then some startling things happen, which the reader must discover for himself. He has but to follow the diligent investigations of old Matt Pearce, ex-detective, Madeline's friend and fellow-lodger, and he will be rewarded for his pains. It is needless to say that the course of true love runs smoothly at last.

The School of Art is a slight story, but one of more than average merit. There is a pleasant freshness about it; one has not met any of the people or heard of their little belongings before. Plain girls who are patterns of goodness are not unfamiliar; but Emmeline Harris was something more than this. While her virtues were all intensely practical, she had a genius for art. Her goodness won her the affections of dear old Mr. Stone, who made her rich, and the signs of her genius first attracted the man she married. The story is full of human nature in various shades and sorts, and is told with not a little skill.

A cluster of Australian stories by Australian ladies is something novel; but the novelty has a charm of its own, for the short tales in the volume called *Coo-ee* are exceptionally smart. "The Tragedy in a Studio," by Mrs. Patchett Martin, who edits the volume, is a graphic sketch, full of local colour. The heroine of the story comes to England, and it is in an English studio that the final scene occurs; but the strong air of the antipodes seems to give some of its vigour to the *dénouement*. "The Victims of Circe" is perhaps more distinctly an Australian story, though the types of Circe are pretty much the same all the world over. In this instance the wiles and wantonness of the creature are exceedingly well depicted; her victims—those of them at least with whom the reader feels most sympathy—do not come to much harm. Mrs. Campbell Praed, who, as we are reminded, is an old Australian, contributes a fanciful piece about the "Bunyip," which seems to occupy the same place in Australian lore that the sea-serpent holds in the legends of old-world mariners.

Los Cerritos is strongly suggestive of Mr. Bret Harte, as any story of ranch life in California could hardly fail to be. But it would be foolish to quarrel with a fresh, bright, interesting story because somebody else might have written it, and written it with perhaps a little more freshness and brightness. A heroine born in primitive surroundings, who has a primitive appreciation of Nature, and is very beautiful to boot, makes an admirable central figure for a tale. She does not belong to civilisation, but she is unsophisticated. On the scene of which she is the central figure comes a pronounced representative of civilisation, a San Franciscan capitalist, who knows nothing as yet of her wild West, as she knows nothing of his cultivated city life. The extremes

meet, and adapt themselves to each other, as extremes generally do. There is a pleasant air of romance about the story, though some of its charm may possibly be the effect of distance.

There is neither romance nor charm about *Thornleigh House*, though it, too, may be true to life—the dull and dreary life it describes. But why it should be thought well to reproduce life of this sort, otherwise than in the local parish magazine, one cannot understand. The affairs of the village club, and the gossip and match-making of a small circle in a small neighbourhood, may be matters of considerable interest to a few people, but they are wearisome when they occupy nearly three hundred pages of small print.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

CURRENT LITERATURE.

Graven in the Rock. By Samuel Kinns. (Cassell.) For this stately volume a large circulation may be confidently predicted. It is a popular work, profusely illustrated, wholly un-critical, and of that pseudo-scientific class which nowadays finds so many readers. Dr. Kinns's object is to confirm the historical and scientific accuracy of the Bible "by reference to the Assyrian and Egyptian monuments in the British Museum and elsewhere." The book is dedicated by permission to the Lord Chancellor, and contains an imposing list of subscribers, comprising dukes, earls, fifteen bishops, and similar notabilities, whose names are printed in capitals; those of lesser note being relegated to smaller type. The class of readers for whom the book is adapted is indicated by the courage with which the author sets forth on the title-page his qualifications for the task he has attempted. He is not only a "Member of the Biblical Archaeological Society" (*sic*), but also a "Fellow of Zion College," and possessed of the degree of Ph.D., whether from the university of Weissnichtwo or elsewhere we are left to conjecture. The book is not one for serious review, but a few gems may be selected. Darwinism and the whole modern doctrine of evolution are denounced in no measured terms. "The advent of each species has been a separate act of creation." The Garden of Eden "extended for several miles, and was shut in by an impenetrable fence." Adam and Eve employed themselves in "singing impromptu songs in the glades of that delightful garden." Col. O'Kelly's parrot, which died in 1802, spoke so intelligently that there was no reason why Eve should be surprised when she was "accosted by a beautiful serpent, which, doubtless, had often attracted her attention by its graceful motions and glittering scales." It is, however, greatly to be regretted that Cain made "an improper reply" when asked where his brother was. When Seth was born the population of the world probably amounted to 22,220 souls, which would leave 20,000 to "avenge the death of Abel" if we strike out 2200 for "any casualty" that may have occurred. "Noah would doubtless preserve with great care" the prophecies of Enoch. The book of Enoch, as we have it, is, however, a forgery, with the exception of the passage quoted by St. Jude, "which was inserted to give an apparent authenticity" to the spurious work. There is no real difficulty about "the longevity of the antediluvian" patriarchs, because the Rev. F. Paynter has in his garden an oak tree not less than 800 years old; while the author, when on a visit to Lord Shaftesbury, found yew trees growing in the park which were quite two thousand years old; and, since Isaiah says "as the days of a tree are the days

of my people," we may expect on the arrival of the millennium a return to the longevity of Methuselah; but how two thousand years could be comprised in a single millennium we are not informed. Possibly there may be some mistake about the age of Lord Shaftesbury's yews. At the time of the deluge the population of the earth amounted to "at least two millions." The palaeolithic people of Western Europe could not then have been in existence, since "every human being was destroyed," though the deluge did not extend to Europe, the waters of the Mediterranean being "in all probability tilted over the land by an earthquake" in an easterly direction. All existing nations are descended from Noah. Dr. Kinns ignores all modern criticism as to the dates of the books of the Old Testament. The objections to the Mosaic authorship of the Pentateuch are "untenable," and there is "no doubt" that the whole of the book of Daniel was written by Daniel. Dr. Kinns tells us that he has "amalgamated his own thoughts and discoveries with those of eminent Egyptologists"; and he has also "amalgamated" the irresponsible chatter of various persons who happened to sit near him while he was pursuing his studies in the reading-room of the British Museum. "Thus," he moralises, "we help one another to collect and distribute interesting information." He seems to have consulted Lempriere's Classical Dictionary, which is "a generally excellent work," though occasionally "incorrect." He has also made use of the works of the late Dr. Kitto and similar authorities, which have led him to the conclusion that "the mythologies of the Egyptians, Assyrians, Greeks, Romans, and Hindus, were all based upon perversions of the original story of Redemption." It is noteworthy that the first edition of this silly and pretentious work, consisting of a thousand copies, was exhausted in a fortnight, and that a second edition is announced for immediate publication.

Sketches from a Nile Steamer. By H. M. and N. Tirard. (Kegan Paul & Co.) Our author's experiences were confined to the Nile voyage on one of Cook's excursion boats, and Mrs. Tirard tells us in her preface that it is for such tourists that her book is intended. She has skilfully chosen her audience. There is a large class of travellers who find "Murray" too abstruse, and prefer a guidebook sprinkled with descriptions of crocodiles, sunsets, and donkey-boys, and bedewed with gushes of admiration conveyed in dubious English. And it is for the benefit of such tourists, who will doubtless appreciate the forthought, that words like "backsheesh," "cartouche," "sheikh," and "hieroglyphics," are translated in footnotes. Mrs. Tirard tells us that the illustrations may serve to prove that "sketching is quite possible" from a steamer in motion. And it must be confessed that the hasty and unfinished appearance of her sketches is precisely what might be expected under the circumstances. Although the date of the tour is not given, it appears from internal evidence that it took place three or four years ago; the descriptions of some of the Theban temples are, therefore, misleading, owing to the progress of recent excavation. Unseen sights, however, are not left undescribed. On p. 90 our author extracts from her guidebook an account of certain sculptures, though, as she ingeniously states, "they are entirely covered up with rubbish." The note on p. 242, concerning the recent discovery of mummies at Deyr-el-Bahari, reproduces, with all its errors, the telegraphic report which appeared at the time in the daily papers; M. Grébaud actually figuring as M. "Grévant." The concluding chapter is the best in the book. It gives a graphic account of Cairo and the neighbourhood; while the numerous plans of temples are correctly reproduced from

the usual sources, and will be useful to those who do not possess the original works.

Alone Through Syria. By Helen E. Miller. (Kegan Paul & Co.) This is a book of a different type to the preceding. It is conscientiously written, though somewhat goody in tone, which will not render it less popular with the average Philistine reader; while some of the experiences it describes are novel and even amusing. The first part of the volume deals with the beaten track of the Nile trip; but the interest begins when Miss Miller relates her adventures in Syria, where, unprovided with a tent, she was accompanied only by a native servant, and had to trust for nightly shelter to local hospitality. When missionary stations were unavailable, she was forced to sleep in the houses of native families upon a rug spread on the floor, in rooms bedless and windowless. It was hardly necessary for Miss Miller to inform us that she views "ecclesiastical matters from the standpoint of a Churchwoman"; scraps of hymns or texts, applicable or inapplicable, are persistently dragged in; while it was needless to designate so constantly the Copts as "heretics," and religions other than her own as "false." On p. 274 there is a mysterious paragraph concerning the workers at the British Syrian Mission at Tyre, who "deplored to me the activity of the Roman Church there, from which, and from the Greek Church also, it seemed that their few converts had been made"! Apparently, the ladies of the Mission would rather see the natives Moslems than Roman Catholics. And it would seem as if the perversion of members of other Christian churches is the aim and object of our missionary societies. Miss Miller must be congratulated on her pluck and the tenacity of purpose with which she carried out her plans in face of all difficulties.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. WHITLEY STOKES, who was already a *correspondant*, has now been elected one of the eight *associés étrangers* of the Académie des Inscriptions—an honour which, we believe, he shares among Englishmen only with Sir Henry Rawlinson.

MR. SAMUEL RAWSON GARDINER has consented to take the chair at the annual Wykehamist dinner, which will be held in London in June. Mr. Gardiner entered Commons in 1841, during the early years of Dr. Moberly's rule; and among his contemporaries were the present Lord Justice Lopes, Bishop Randall, Admiral Sir Anthony Hoskins, the Rev. H. Furneaux, the Rev. H. F. Tozer, and Colonel Mallison.

MR. GEORGE RUSSELL'S memoir of Mr. Gladstone, in the series of "Prime Ministers of the Queen," will not be published until the second week in July, in order to take advantage of the American copyright act. Among books which have been postponed to the autumn we may mention Sir Edwin Arnold's descriptive account of his tour in America and Japan, and Archdeacon Farrar's novel dealing with the early Christians.

LADY ELIZABETH CUST is printing at the Cliswick Press, in a limited edition for private circulation, a handsome quarto volume, to be entitled *Some Account of the Stuarts of Aubigny*. This history of the eleven Scottish Seigneurs of Aubigny in France of the name of Stuart begins with an account of the martial exploits of Sir John Stuart, of Darnley (the ancestor of the Stuarts of Lenox), to whom Charles VII. of France granted the Seigneurie of Aubigny in 1422, as a reward for his services against the English; and it ends with the life of Charles Stuart, the last Seigneur of Aubigny

and Duke of Lenox and Richmond, of the Stuart line, who died in 1672. The Queen, who is descended from the first Seigneur of Aubigny, through the marriage of Mary Queen of Scots with Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, has accepted the dedication of the work, in which a pedigree will be found showing the relationship of the Stuarts of Lenox and Aubigny to the royal house of Stuart. Another pedigree will exhibit the many English and Scottish noble families who are descended from the daughters of the two Esme Stuarts, the first and third Dukes of Lenox, who were also the sixth and seventh Seigneurs of Aubigny, giving also their descent from the historic families of Visconti of Milan, and della Scala of Verona.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & Co. will shortly add to their "Social Science Series" a volume entitled *The Destitute Alien in England*. The work will be a symposium from the hands of fourteen writers, who share the conviction that the time has now arrived for preventing the free importation of destitution and vice into England. The Earl of Dunraven, Lady Dorothy Nevill, Mr. W. A. MacArthur, and a prominent civil servant are among the contributors. The book will be edited by Mr. Arnold White, who prefixes a general statement of the case.

Appropos of the Royal Naval Exhibition. Messrs. Cassell & Co. will publish next week Southey's *Life of Nelson* as a volume of their "National Library," and also an octavo edition of the same work with eight full-page plates. They are also about to issue *In a Conning Tower*; or How I took H.M.S. *Majestic* into Action, a story of modern ironclad warfare by Mr. H. O. Arnold Forster, with original illustrations by Mr. W. H. Overend.

ANOTHER idea born of the Naval Exhibition is Mr. John Ashton's compilation, *Real Sailor Songs*, the dedication of which has been accepted by the Duke of Edinburgh. The work will appear almost at once in sumptuous form from the Leadenhall Press, and will be full of quaint illustrations.

THE following are some of the more important articles in the seventh volume of *Chambers's Encyclopædia*, which will be published in June:—"Isle of Man," by the Rev. Tom Brown; "Marlowe" and "Marston," by Mr. A. H. Bullen; "F. D. Maurice," by Judge Hughes; "Mecca" and "Medina," by Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole; "Meteorology," by Dr. Buchan; "Milton," by Dr. Richard Garnett; "Mimicry," by Mr. E. B. Poulton; "Molière," by Mr. G. Saintsbury; "Money" and "National Debt," by Prof. J. S. Nicholson; "John Morley," by Sir Edward Grey; "Mountains," by Prof. James Geikie; "Mythology," by Mr. F. B. Jevons; "Names" and "Palaeography," by Canon Isaac Taylor; "Negroes," by Dr. D. G. Brinton; "Nelson," by Prof. J. K. Laughton; "Newman," by R. H. Hutton; "Nihilism," by Prince Kropotkin; "Numismatics," by Dr. Barelay V. Head; "Ogam," by Prof. Rhys; "Orchard," "Peach," and "Pear," by Mr. R. D. Blackmore; "Oxford," by the Rev. Andrew Clark; "Painting," by Mr. P. G. Hamerton; "Palestine," by Mr. Walter Besant and Prof. Hull; "Parliament," by Mr. T. Raleigh; "Father Parsons," by Mr. T. G. Law; "St. Patrick," by Prof. G. T. Stokes; and "St. Paul," by Archdeacon Farrar.

MESSRS. HENRY & Co. have at press *The Bachelors' Club*, a collection of bizarre humour and topical literary satire, by Mr. Zangwill, illustrated by Mr. George Hutchinson. The book will be published simultaneously in England and America at a popular price. Messrs. Brentano are the American publishers.

MR. THOMAS ST. E. HAKE, author of "In Letters of Gold," has a novel in the press,

entitled *Within Sound of the Weir*. Messrs. Cassell & Co. are the publishers.

A book entitled *What God hath Wrought* is now in the press, giving a detailed account of the recent mission tour of the Rev. G. C. Grubb through Ceylon, South India, Australia, New Zealand, and Cape Colony. Messrs. E. Marlborough & Co. will be the publishers.

MESSRS. WILLIAM ANDREWS & Co., of Hull, will publish at once *My Christ and other Poems*, by the Rev. Elvet Lewis, author of "The Sweet Singers of Wales."

MESSRS. DIGBY & LONG have in the press a fifth edition of Mr. Percy Russell's *Author's Manual*, with prefatory remarks by Mr. W. E. Gladstone.

MR. FREDERICK WEDMORE'S short story in the new number of *The Fortnightly Review* is, perhaps, the first purely "literary piece" that he has chosen to publish since *Pastorals of France*.

THE forthcoming number of the *Religious Review of Reviews* will contain articles on "Nonconformity in England," by the Rev. Dr. Bradford; "An Eternity of Idleness," by the Rev. Dr. Clifford; a sermon by Archdeacon Farrar; and a portrait of the late Dr. Pressensé.

MR. JOHN FROWDE, chief librarian of the Barrow-in-Furness Public Library, and formerly of Liverpool, has been appointed to fill the position of chief librarian to the Public Library at Bermondsey.

THE meeting of the Sette of Odd Volumes on Friday, May 1, was of exceptional interest, owing to the fact that Mr. Charles Plumtre Johnson made a communication of his discovery in a defunct magazine, *The Britannia*, of an hitherto unrecorded contribution by Thackeray, entitled "Reading a Poem," a *jeu d'esprit* of the Yellowplush period, satirising the noble poetasters of the day. Mr. Johnson read a long extract, and offered a limited reprint, in the format of the Sette's opuscula, for the acceptance of the brethren. The meeting was the first under the newly elected president, Mr. Charles Haité, the well-known black and white artist. Among the guests present were Mr. R. D. Blackmore, Mr. Alma Tadema, Mr. Edwin Long, Mr. Henry Moore, Mr. Onslow Ford, Mr. Norman Maccoll, Mr. Alfred East, Mr. Clement Shorter, Mr. T. C. Venables, Mr. Charles Holme, Mr. G. E. Fletcher, Mr. Richmond Ritchie, Dr. George Johnson, Prof. Sylvanus Thompson, Prof. Crookes, Mr. William Carruthers, and Mr. Fred Villiers.

ON Monday next, and the three following days, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling a portion of the library of Lord Brabourne, who has apparently resolved to disperse the almost unrivalled collection of county histories and other topographical works which he has been acquiring during the past few years. Many of them are large-paper copies, handsomely bound. There are also included in the sale a large number of letters addressed to Sir J. Banks and Sir E. Knatchbull, and nine holograph letters of Jane Austen, whose correspondence (it may be remembered) Lord Brabourne edited in 1884. These letters seem to be addressed to Miss Cassandra Austen, Lord Brabourne's great-aunt.

MR. W. E. HENLEY'S *Book of Verses* (David Nutt) has just attained the distinction of a third edition, in handsome paper and binding. For the encouragement of young poets, it may be noted that the first edition appeared in June, 1888, and the second edition in April, 1889; and that each of these consisted of one thousand copies. The third is a reprint of the second, which contained a few poems not to be found in the first.

A BERLIN paper publishes the following epigrammatic *éloge*, which Prof. Buchheim sent to the late Count von Moltke on the occasion of his ninetieth birthday:

"Durch Worte nicht, durch Thaten nur,
Hast du den höchsten Ruhm errungen;
Und weil du nie viel Worten hold,
Sei dir dies kurze Lob gesungen."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE Earl of Derby has been appointed by the Crown to be chancellor of London University, in the room of the late Lord Granville.

DR. ALFRED BARRY, sometime Bishop of Sydney, has been appointed by the heads of houses at Oxford to deliver the Bampton lectures for next year. Dr. Barry, who was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, received the honorary degree of D.C.L. from Oxford at the commemoration of 1870, when the Marquis of Salisbury inaugurated his chancellorship.

PROF. P. VINOGRADOFF, of Moscow, has been appointed to deliver six lectures on the Ilchester foundation at Oxford, upon "Slavophilism and Western Ideas in Russian Culture." The first lecture will be given at the Taylor Institution on Thursday, May 21.

DR. PEILE, master of Christ's College, has resigned the readership in comparative philology at Cambridge, to which he was appointed on the creation of the office in 1884. The Dixie professorship of ecclesiastical history at Cambridge is also vacant, owing to the promotion of Dr. Mandell Creighton to the see of Peterborough. This chair was founded in the same year.

THE vacancy in the office of registry at Cambridge, caused by the death of Dr. Luard, must, in accordance with statutory provisions, be filled up on Wednesday next, May 13, when the senate will elect one of two members nominated by council on the previous day. Mr. C. E. Grant, of King's, who has been assistant-registrary since 1883, and Mr. H. M. Taylor, of Trinity, have already issued their addresses as candidates.

MR. JAMES BRYCE, regius professor of civil law at Oxford, was to deliver a public lecture to-day (Saturday) upon "The Nature of Sovereignty."

THE Physical Society of London propose to hold their usual fortnightly meeting to-day (Saturday) at Cambridge.

WADHAM COLLEGE, Oxford, has lent to the Royal Naval Exhibition the portrait of Blake that hangs in its hall, and also the two gold medals struck to commemorate Blake's victory at Santa Cruz, which are among the finest specimens of Simon's work.

THE Hon. Auberon Herbert has issued a fly-leaf inviting adhesions to a scheme

"for offering to those undergraduates who dislike reading with a view to examinations as an end in themselves an examination (or school) by which a degree of high character should be given at the universities without competition of any kind, and with the least possible disturbance of study pursued for its own sake."

It is proposed to have a public breakfast on Tuesday, May 19, either in London or Oxford, for the purpose of forwarding this scheme and receiving suggestions concerning it.

THE office of visitor to the Slade school of fine art, recently instituted by the council of University College, London, has been accepted by Mr. E. J. Poynter. Prof. J. H. Middleton, of Cambridge, has undertaken to give three lectures at University College on May 27 and 29 and June 1 at 4 p.m. upon "The Development of Art, historically treated."

DON RAFAEL ALTAMIRA, the author of the *Historia de la Propiedad Comunal*, has in preparation a volume on the teaching of history. It will give a descriptive account of the methods pursued by the chief professors of history in Europe and America, including Great Britain. The palm for excellence seems to be awarded to the French professors, and after them to those of Germany and of the United States. The work may be expected next month.

VERSE.

PRAISE OF THANATOS.

THANATOS, thy praise I sing,
Thou immortal, youthful king!
Glorious offerings I will bring;
For, men say, thou hast no shrine,
And I find thou art divine
As no other god: thy rage
Doth preserve the Golden Age.
What we blame is thy delay—
Cut the flowers ere they decay!

Come, we would not derogate,
Age and nipping pains we hate;
Take us at our best estate!
While the head burns with the crown,
In the battle, strike us down!
At the bride-feast do not think
From thy summons we should shrink;
We would give our latest kiss
To a life still warm with bliss.

Come, and take us to the train
Of dead maidens on the plain
Where white lilies have no stain;
Take us to the youths that thou
Lov'st to choose, of fervid brow,
Unto whom thy dreaded name
Hath been simply known as Fame:
With these unpolluted things
Be our endless revellings!

MICHAEL FIELD.

OBITUARY.

DR. H. R. LUARD.

WE regret to record the death of the Rev. Dr. Henry Richards Luard, senior fellow of Trinity, vicar of Great St. Mary's, and registry of the university since 1862. He died at his residence, No. 4, St. Peter's-terrace, Cambridge, on Friday, May 1, in the sixty-sixth year of his age. From the nature of his office, no man was better known throughout the university; and none was more universally esteemed, alike for his devotion to duty and for the courtesy of his manners. He kept the records of the university, both past and present, in admirable order, and proved by his own example that antiquarian learning is no disqualification for the conduct of practical affairs.

His first literary work was, we believe, a memoir of Porson, contributed to the volume of *Cambridge Essays*, published in 1857. Later, he returned to the same subject, and edited the *Correspondence of Porson* (1867). At about this time, also, he compiled a catalogue of the theological MSS. in the university library. In 1872 he brought out a catalogue of Cambridge graduates since the beginning of the century, of which a second edition appeared in 1884. Almost the only book that he published in the regular way was a short treatise on *The Relations between England and Rome during the Earlier Portion of the Reign of Henry III.* (Cambridge, 1877).

But Dr. Luard's fame as an historian will always be maintained by his numerous and learned contributions to the series of *Chronicles and Memorials of England* during the Middle Ages, published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls. In the very first year that this series was started (1858), his name appears as the editor of three Lives of Edward

the Confessor, one in Norman French and two in Latin. In the next year (1859), this was followed by an edition of the *Chronicle of Bartholomew de Cotton*, a Norwich monk, whose history is particularly valuable for the latter years of the thirteenth century. In 1861 he edited the *Letters of Grosseteste*, bishop of Lincoln in the reign of Henry III., and pointed out in his Introduction the light thrown on the ecclesiastical and social condition of England at that time. Between 1864 and 1869 appeared the five volumes (including an Index and Glossary) of his *Annales Monastici*, which contain the ten most important chronicles compiled in religious houses in England during the thirteenth century—a period which Dr. Luard had now made especially his own. Next (1872-1884) came his edition in seven volumes (including *Additamenta* and *Index*) of the *Chronica Majora* of Matthew Paris, of which the portion preceding the Norman Conquest had never before been published. And only last year (1890) appeared the third and concluding volume of his last work, the *Flores Historiarum*, collected by Matthew of Westminster. To have made such important contributions to the accurate knowledge of early English history would have been much for a mere student; but with Dr. Luard it was only the *requies oblectamentumque* of his daily work at Cambridge.

NEXT week we hope to print a notice of Thomas Hare, the famous author of the minority scheme of representation, who died on May 6 at the great age of 85.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

IN the *Expositor* for May Prof. Ramsay retells the story of Glycerius the Deacon, who, according to Archdeacon Farrar, about 373-374 A.D., "left the town [Vesna] by night with a band of girls and some youths, and scandalised the country by wandering about with them in a disorderly manner, dancing and singing hymns, amid the jeers of the coarse rustics." Prof. Ramsay gives translations of the two letters from Basil of Caesarea and Gregory Nazianzen, and a letter from Basil to Glycerius, and shows how even the evidence of Basil (who is opposed to Glycerius) reveals various details inconsistent with the received version of the story. No one who realises the significance of dancing in the old popular cults will be inclined to accept our Church historian's view without protest: and Prof. Ramsay gives ample ground for supposing that Glycerius did not give in his adhesion to a naïve ceremony of early Cappadocian Christianity, which Basil, as the advocate of the Catholic system, was determined to stamp out. Prof. Sanday gives his fourth paper on the Synoptic question, with a survey of recent hypotheses (Abbott, Wright, Resch, Marshall). Prof. Marshall, in his new paper on the Aramaic Gospel, examines the linguistic evidence by which Resch supports his theory that there was a primitive evangelic document written, not in Aramaic, but in Hebrew. Prof. Massie re-examines the "Barachias" question (Matt. xxiii. 35), à propos of a passage in an address by Dr. Martineau; Prof. Cheyne touches on the possibility of "psalms of Solomon"; and a first instalment is given of the characteristic theological correspondence between Delitzsch and his friend Hofmann.

THE *Jewish Quarterly Review* for April contains a sketch of Judaism in France at the present day by Rabbis S. Debré; a long study on Jewish ethical wills by I. Abrahams; and the conclusion of his sketch of Bacharach by Prof. Kaufmann, who also contributes a paper on three centuries of the genealogy of the most eminent Anglo-Jewish family before 1290.

Mr. Abrahams writes a critical notice of Streane's translation of the Talmudic treatise *Chagigah*, and Dr. Neubauer reviews of Blau's *Massoretic Investigations*, Epstein's *Eldad ha-Dani*, and Röhrich's *Bibliotheca Geographica Palaestinae*. Dr. Kohn justifies his reading *Sifre Himeros* ("books of pleasure") for *Sifre Himeros* in the Talmud, and gives some other Talmudic notes.

THE *Theologisch Tijdschrift* contains articles on recent criticisms of the Epistle to the Galatians, by Dr. Meyboom; on Cerinthus in the Apocalypse by Dr. Völter; and on the report in Josephus touching the cause and the date of the execution of John the Baptist, compared with the narratives of the Synoptics; also reviews and notices of books by various writers, including Prof. van Bell and Prof. Kuenen. Among the books noticed are Taylor on the Text of Micah, Hoffmann's *Hiob*, Dillmann's *Textkritisches zum Buche Hiob*, and Renan's *Histoire d'Israel*, Part iii.

THE SOCIETY OF HISTORICAL THEOLOGY.

THE reconstitution of the old Taylerian Society (founded in London in 1874) as the Society of Historical Theology will, it is hoped, render the appliances of theological study in Oxford slightly more complete. The old name was thought by some Oxford friends to commit the society to the critical or theological views of the late J. J. Tayler more than was desirable. It seemed important, therefore, to remove even the shadow of a suspicion of theological partiality by reorganizing the society under a new name. This was effected at a meeting held in Oriel College common room on Tuesday, May 5. The object of the society is the furtherance of theological study, partly by meetings for reading and discussion of papers, partly by the performance of some common piece of work in some branch of theological research. It is hoped that members of very various shades of opinion may be attracted towards this society, the first president of which is Prof. Cheyne, and the second, elected in anticipation for the next year, will be Dr. Fairbairn. Though the name of the society emphasizes the predominantly historical (and therefore critical) nature of its object, it is expressly understood that the philosophical basis of theology is, equally with the historical progress of religious thought, a fit subject for the researches of its members. A solid piece of work in Biblical criticism has already been taken in hand, but the increased interest in philosophy in Oxford is a guarantee that the philosophy of religion will not be neglected. The membership of the society is not confined to Oxford; like the old Taylerian, it seeks to provide a centre for the friends of theology scattered in many places. The hon. sec. is Mr. J. E. Carpenter, 109, Banbury-road, Oxford.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BOURGET, P. Nouveaux pastels (dix portraits d'hommes). Paris: Lemerre. 3 fr. 50 c.
DURAND, L. Le crédit agricole en France et à l'étranger. Paris: Marese. 10 fr.
HORN, E. La grande nation 1870-1871. Préface de Jules Simon. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
HCOO, Victor, œuvres inédites de. Voyages. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
LAVÉLEYE, E. de. La Monnaie et le bimétallisme international. Paris: Alcan. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAILLARD, le Colonel L. Eléments de la guerre. 1re partie. Marches; stationnement; sûreté. Paris: Bando. 12 fr.
NISARD, D. Essais sur l'école romantique. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
RAMIRO, E. L'œuvre lithographique de Edouard Rops. Paris: Conquet. 20 fr.
SCHROER, M. M. A. Ueb. Titus Andronicus. Zur Kritik der neuesten Shakspeareforschg. Marburg: Elwert. 3 M. 20 Pf.

SEELKE, W. Voltaire's Roman Zadig ou la destinée. Eine Quellenforsch. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 UHDE, C. Baudenkmäler in Grossbritannien u. Irland. 2. Lfg. Berlin: Wasmuth. 25 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

BANASCH, R. Die Niederlassungen der Minoriten zwischen Weser u. Elbe im 13. Jahrh. Breslau: Koebner. 1 M. 20 Pf.
 MARMOTTAN, P. Le Général Fromentin et l'armée du Nord, 1792-1794. Paris: Dubois. 7 fr. 50 c.
 OHLY, F. Königtum u. Fürsten zur Zeit Heinrichs IV. II. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 PAPPEITZ, R. Thuri, seine Entstehg. u. seine Entwickl. bis zur sicilischen Expedition. Berlin: Gaertner. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 RICHTER, O. Verfassungs- u. Verwaltungsgeschichte der Stadt Dresden. 2. u. 3. Bd. Dresden: Baensch. 12 M.
 TRUNDENBUCH, pommerisches. 3. Bd. 2. Abth. 1296-1300. Bearb. v. R. Primers. Stettin: Nagel. 12 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

BAUSCHINGER, J. Zweites Münchener Sternverzeichnis. München: Franz. 12 M.
 BEITRÄGE zur Physiologie. Carl Ludwig gewidmet. Marburg: Elwert. 5 M. 40 Pf.
 HASSELT, K. Die Nordpolargrenze der bewohnten u. bewohnbaren Erde. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M.
 KUEHL, E. Beiträge zur Kenntniss d. Glykogens. Marburg: Elwert. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 PAOLUCCI, L. Flora Marchigiana. Turin: Loescher. 20 fr.
 PILLOU, F. L'Année philosophique. 1^{re} Année. 1890. Paris: Alean. 5 fr.
 RUBNER, M. Calorimetrische Methodik. Marburg: Elwert. 2 M. 20 Pf.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

FUERST, J. Glossarium graeco-hebraeum od. der griech. Wörterschatz der jüd. Midraschwerke. 4. Lfg. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M. 50 Pf.
 GODFREY, D. Dictionnaire de l'ancienne langue française. 656 fasc. Paris: Bouillon. 5 fr.
 GOETZ, K. Geschichte der cyprischen Literatur bis zu der Zeit der ersten erhaltenen Handschriften. Basel: Reich. 2 M. 40 Pf.
 LIEPERT, J. De epistula pseudaristotelica *περὶ βασιλείας* commentatio. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.
 PIRANDELLO, L. Laute u. Lautentwicklung der Mundart v. Gingenlo. Bonn: Cohen. 2 M.
 SCHARFELIN, F. Ueb. den Platonischen Dialog Kratylus. Basel: Reich. 1 M. 80 Pf.
 SIEMERING, F. Die Behandlung der Mythen u. d. Götterglaubens bei Lukrez. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M.
 ZIMMELT, J. Die deutsch-französische Sprechgrenze in der Schweiz. 1. Th. Basel: Georg. 3 M.
 ZIVT, J. Der Commentar d. Maximonides zum Tractat Demai. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHAUCER'S "COMPLEYNT OF VENUS"—A PROPOSED EMENDATION.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: April 27, 1891.

In the first stanza of the second Ballade of the so-called "Compleynt of Venus," Chaucer has literally followed Granson's original "word by word," as he calls it, save in one line, where the French:

"Plaindre en dormant et songier a la dance"

is rendered (according to the printed editions):

"Pleye (*var*, Pley) in sleping, and dremen at the daunce."

Chaucer may have written *pleye* with the object of adding point to the line; but, seeing how closely he has kept to the original in the rest of the stanza, it is probable that the real reading is *pleyne* (in MS. *pleje*)=*plaindre*. A comparison of Chaucer's version with the original will show how close is the correspondence between the two:

"Certes, amours, c'est chose convenable
 Que voz grans biens vous faciez comparer:
 Vieillier ou lit et jeuner a la table,
 Rire plourant et en plaingnant chanter,
 Baissier les yeux quant on doit regarder,
 Souvent changier couleur et contenance,
 Plaindre en dormant et songier a la dance,
 Tout a rebours de ce qu'on vult trouver."

"Now certes, Love, hit is right covenable
 That men ful dere bye the noble thing,
 As wake a-bedde, and fasten at the table,
 Weping to laughe, and singe in compleyning,
 And down to caste visage and loking,
 Often to chaungen heve and contenance,
 Pleye (Pleyne?) in sleping, and dremen at the daunce,
 Al the revers of any glad feling."

Here the translation is as faithful as possible,

but in many passages Chaucer has evidently found it impracticable

"to folowe word by word the curiositee
 Of Graunson,"

and he has in consequence here and there quite changed Granson's meaning.

We owe the identification, quite recently, of the original Ballades of Oton de Granson to M. A. Piaget, who has printed them in *Romania* (Tom. xix. pp. 411-416).

It may be worth while to point out that it is now evident that the title, "Compleynt of Venus," applied to Chaucer's poem, is a misnomer. Shirley appears to be responsible for this title. He supposed "that Graunson made this last balade for Venus, resembled to my lady of York; answering the compleynt of Mars"; in which case, says Prof. Skeat (*Chaucer's Minor Poems*, p. 393), Granson must have read Chaucer's "Compleynt of Mars," and attempted a reply to it, which Chaucer, by request, Englished soon afterwards.

Granson's three Ballades, however—there is no evidence that he ever wrote a "Complainte de Venus"—were, as M. Piaget shows, written in his youth (he was born about 1340), i.e., in all probability before the "Compleynt of Mars," to which Prof. Skeat (p. lx.) assigns the date 1374; so that Shirley's theory is, to say the least of it, hazardous, if not altogether untenable. For the same reason it is impossible now to accept the conjectural date, 1393, assigned by Prof. Skeat to Granson's composition, though he is probably right in his supposition that Chaucer's translation of it was made in or about that year.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S TREATMENT OF HERETICS.

Record Office: May 4, 1891.

The question proposed to me by Mr. Watkiss Lloyd is really not very difficult to answer. Suppose that, instead of a Lord Chancellor of England, it were the case of a respectable game-keeper who was compelled for some reason or other to give up his employment. Suppose that such a one were to say to a friend, "You may write upon my tombstone that I served my master faithfully for many years to his entire satisfaction, and that all honest men about me held me in good esteem; but that I was a very troublesome man to thieves, to murderers, and above all to poachers." Here you have precisely the same "ascending scale" that you find in the epitaph More wrote for himself; but it surely would not imply that even a gamekeeper considered that poaching (especially poaching from mere thoughtlessness or ignorance of the law—was quite as bad a thing as robbery or murder. It would only mean that the gamekeeper's duties brought him into direct collision with poachers, but that occasionally he had to deal with some of the most desperate characters, as indeed poaching, a wrong thing in itself, was very apt to lead on to worse things.

So also Sir Thomas More, as Chancellor, had but little to do with the ordinary administration of the criminal law; but we know that he sat on Commissions for the suppression of heresy and heretical books. And I presume that as a leading member of the Privy Council he must have had heretics sometimes brought before him in the Star Chamber. In fact Erasmus extols his clemency in that, having the power of putting men to death for heresy, he strove only to cure their mental condition and prevent the spread of the evil. For it was difficult to deny that, judged by its fruits, heresy was a very real evil in those days. In Germany it had given rise to a Peasants' War, and shortly after More's resignation of the Chancellorship it gave birth to a formidable

insurrection of Anabaptists at Münster. In England it was publishing scurrilous pamphlets full of the most shameful falsehoods and irreverence. It was no more a mere theological evil than Mormonism. More hated it with all his soul, and did his utmost to suppress it, but by means strictly humane as well as legal.

No doubt More considered erroneous theology to be the fountain-head whence social evil flowed; and though I do not accept all his theology myself. I know not that he was wrong. But a heretic, it should be remembered, is not one who holds wrong opinions—we all do that, more or less in the course of life; he is one who arrogantly asserts, in the face of authority, that he is right, when he is not competent, either in learning or in judgment, to discuss the matter. Thought was as free in the Middle Ages as it is at the present day; but if a fresh thinker saw any new light upon old questions he was expected to dispute the point in the schools with competent theologians, and not pour a flood of sophistries into the minds of admiring congregations, while claiming absolute irresponsibility for the position he took up. Of course, *nous avons changé tout cela*; the old system has passed away, for good and evil. It was breaking down even in Sir Thomas More's day. Yet if it had been fairly administered by men of his spirit, the resort to faggots abandoned, and the independence of the spiritual head at Rome upheld by the common consent of the secular princes, a united Church throughout Europe might possibly have reformed itself and defined (somewhat differently from what the Council of Trent did) the doctrines that were really essential to Christianity, leaving a large freedom of opinion on those that were not. As it is, we are left to the operation of those laws by which one poison is sure to counteract another in the long run.

JAMES GAIRDNER.

CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Merton, S.W.: May 2, 1891.

Some interesting facts concerning Cyril Tourneur, the dramatist, are to be found in the petition of his widow Mary to the Council of War praying allowance for her husband's service. It is dated April 16, 1632.

Tourneur, having settled means under the States of Holland of £60 per annum, was chosen by Edward, Viscount Wimbledon, to "go upon the Cadiz action as secretary to the Council of War and of the Marshal's Court, and received £10 as imprest on both places." He executed both places from August 2, 1625, to September 26 following, when "Mr. Glanville was sent by his Majesty as Secretary of the Council of War, which was the only place for credit, and wherein his pay would have come to £400." Tourneur went the voyage, notwithstanding, as secretary to the Marshal's Court, and on his return died in Ireland on February 28, 1626, leaving his widow destitute. Annexed to the petition is the certificate of Lord Wimbledon. Tourneur would thus appear to have been a military man who had seen service in the Low Countries. (Consult Calendar of State Papers, Domestic Series, 1631-33, pp. 309, 430; 1628-29, p. 511; 1629-31, pp. 486, 529).

GORDON GOODWIN.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "FANE."

Barton-on-Humber: April 23, 1891.

It is amusing to read in Richardson (*Dict. Eng. Lang.* 1836), "Lat. *Fanum*, a temple, from the Gk. *Naos*, by transposition *avor*, and prefixing the Digma *Favor*." I venture, however, to think that the usual etymology,

apparently based on the view of Livy (x. 37, cf. Servius, *ad Aen.* i. 446), is really quite as far from the truth. Prof. Skeat (*Etymol. Dict.* in voc. "Fane") says, "Lat. *fanum*, a temple; supposed to be derived from *fari*, to speak, in the sense 'to dedicate.'" The Imperial Dictionary (1882) agrees with this view; but Mr. Wharton (*Elyma Latina* in voc.) gives "*fānum* temple: 'sacred' = **fās-nūm* fr. *fās*."

But, as various Etruscologists have long asserted, and as was also stated in antiquity, the Lat. *fanum* is derived from the Etruscan *fanu*; and the meaning "temple" is altogether secondary. Fabretti (*Glos. Ital.* in voc. "Fanu") defines the word as "*proprie locus Diis sacer*"; and quotes Orioli that it was impossible to doubt that the Etruscans used it "in senso di sepolcro." The Inscr. Fab. No. 2279 reads:

et fanu sacce lantn pumpris,

which Mr. Sayce renders:

"This (is) the-sepulchre & (e = *que*)-place-of-cremation-of-the-freedman, &c."

So in Inscr. No. 1915 we find *et fanu lantn*. But I do not think that *fanu* means "sepulchre," because (1) there are other Etruscan terms for "grave," "tomb," "vault," &c.; and (2) forms in other dialects are not forthcoming; while, on the other hand, when we find the correct meaning of an Etruscan word, it does not stand alone. I would connect the Etruscan *fanu* with the Magyar root *ven* (cf. Turkic *war*, *ur*, = Mandchu *fari*, = Magyar *cer*. Schott. So English *funerane*), "senex"; Finnic *vanha*, "antiquus," *vainaja*, "defunctus," "beatius post mortem"; Esthonian *vana*, "old," &c.; and read: "This is the ancient place, &c." i.e., the old abode of ancestral spirits. The "*Fanum Voltumnæ*," the place of the annual assemblage of the Etruscan nation, "was not a temple, but has been identified with the vast cemetery now called Castel d'Asso" (Taylor, *Etruscan Researches*, 326). The Etruscan temple-tomb—the sepulchre was, in fact, the shrine of the Manes" (Dennis, *Cities and Cemeteries of Etruria*, ii. 451, n. 8)—and an ancestral cult are, of course, thoroughly Turanian.

ROBERT BROWN, JUN.

THE LONDON LITHUANIAN BIBLE.

London: May 4, 1891.

In his letter on the London Lithuanian Bible (ACADEMY, April 18, 1891), Mr. Morfill says:

"The fullest account of it is given by Joher. . . who states that he saw an imperfect copy preserved at Wilno, which only extended as far as Psalm lx. This copy has not been discovered as yet."

This is not correct. A fragment of this Bible in precisely the same condition as that described by Joher, and most likely the very copy he saw, has been found, and is now in the library of the Roman Catholic Ecclesiastical Academy in St. Petersburg. See *Ob etnograficheskoi poyezdky po Litve i Zhmudi lyetom 1887 goda*. "Ethnographical travels in Lithuania and Samogitia during the Summer of 1887," by E. A. Volter (St. Petersburg, 1887, p. 60.)

Mr. Morfill continues:

"On examining. . . a little work, entitled *Oratio Dominica*, &c. (London: 1700), I was agreeably surprised to find a version of the Lord's Prayer in Lithuanian on p. 41 [it should be p. 43], with a reference at the side, 'Conf. Bibl. Lituan., Lond., 1660.' It appears that the compiler of the book had access to this Bible, which must have existed in his time in a form at least as complete as to include the Gospels, whereas Joher's copy only extended to the Psalms."

Upon examining p. 43 of the *Oratio Dominica* I find that there are two references given thus: "Auctor. Wilk. n. 35," and immediately under it "Conf. Bibl. Lituan., Lond., 1660." The

versions of the Lord's Prayer in Lithuanian in Bishop Wilkins's book and in the *Oratio Dominica* are identical. Surely if the compiler of the *Oratio Dominica* (B. Mottus, according to Brunet) had seen this Bible and copied the Lord's Prayer from it, common sense would have compelled him to place a reference to the original in a prominent position, and that to a copy from it afterwards. But he has not done so, because he did not see the Lithuanian Bible, as I shall presently show.

Upon reference to *Dzieje Kościółów Wyznania Helweckiego w Litwie* "History of Churches of the Helvetian Confession in Lithuania," by J. Łukaszewicz (Posen, 1843, Tom. 2, p. 264) it will be found that the order for the printing of the New Testament, together with orders for the printing of various parts of the Old Testament, were issued by the Protestant Synod held at Wilno in 1663 to their "Delegatus." That person left Lithuania in the same year and returned in 1664, the attempt to print a Lithuanian Bible in London having collapsed. How could then the compiler of the *Oratio Dominica* have seen a copy of this Bible dated 1660 "in a form at least as complete as to include the Gospels," when the order for the printing of the New Testament belonging to it was not given till 1663?

The question now is from whom had the compiler of the *Oratio Dominica* copied his version of the Lord's Prayer in Lithuanian and the reference by the side of it? He did so, I think, from *Oratio Orationum*, edited by T. Ludekenius (Berolini, 1680.) On p. 56 of that book there is a version of the Lord's Prayer in Lithuanian identical with that in the *Oratio Dominica* with the same references: "Auctor Wilk. n. 35. Conf. Bibl. Lituan., Lond., 1660."

JOHN T. NAAKE.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, May 10, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Plato's Republic," by Mr. J. M. Macdonald.
 MONDAY, May 11, 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Benue and its Northern Tributary, the Kibbe," by Major C. M. Macdonald. Illustrated by the Oxy-hydrogen lantern.
 TUESDAY, May 12, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Bacteria, their Nature and Functions," III., by Dr. E. E. Klein.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Glass-Painting," by Mr. H. Arthur Kennedy.
 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Discussion, "Railway-Train Lighting," by Mr. W. Langdon.
 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Inter-British Trade," by Mr. C. E. Howard Vincent.
 8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "The Origin and Sacred Character of certain Forms of Ornament in the South-east Pacific," by Mr. C. H. Reed.
 WEDNESDAY, May 13, 4 p.m. Mrs. Jopling's Art School: "The Poets as Painters, VI, Byron, Shelley, Keats," by Miss Elsa D'Esteer Keeling.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "Fast and Fugitive Dyes," by Prof. J. J. Hummel.
 THURSDAY, May 14, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Recent Spectroscopic Investigations," VI., by Prof. Dewar.
 3 p.m. Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead: Annual Meeting.
 8 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Growing Uses of Tussur Silk in European Textile Manufactures," by Mr. Thomas Wardle.
 8 p.m. Mathematical: "Functions determined from their Discontinuities and Boundary Conditions," and "A Certain Riemann Surface," by Prof. W. Burnside; "The Disturbance produced by an Element of a Plane Wave of Sound or Light," by Mr. A. B. Basset; "Relations between the Divisions of the First n Numbers," by Dr. Glaisher; "Wave Motion in a Heavy Heterogeneous Liquid," by Mr. A. E. H. Love.
 8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
 8.30 p.m. Historical: "The Old Irish Church," by Prof. Julius von Pfungk-Hartung.
 FRIDAY, May 15, 4 p.m. Botanic: "The Story of Plant-Life on the Globe," I., by Mr. W. Currethors.
 8 p.m. Philological: "Inscribed Vases," by Mr. Talfourd Ely.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "Crystallisation," by Prof. O. D. Liveing.
 SATURDAY, May 16, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Artificial Production of Gold," II., by Mr. H. G. Harris.

SCIENCE.

The Future of Science: Ideas of 1848. By Ernest Renan. Translation. (Chapman & Hall.)

SOME years ago a series of amusing letters appeared in *Punch* purporting to be addressed to mature and grey-headed statesmen by their own alter ego's of some thirty years before. The point of interest and of humour in each case was the transformation which "the whirligig of time" had effected in the course of its revolutions. It was only occasionally that the youth turned out to be the natural or lineal sire of the old man. New circumstances, associations, and aspirations had induced so many deviations from the promised track that they were equivalent to new and often startling departures. Similarly, in *The Future of Science*, we have the young Renan of 1848 in the midst of the varied revolutionary tumult which then agitated his country and which found a sympathetic reflex in his own ardent feelings and aspirations, addressing prospectively the old Renan of 1890—in other words, we have him comparing the new-born ideas and hopes which then animated him with the realised conclusions to which he now finds they have given birth. This retrospect of a great man's career—his Pilgrim's Progress—has in general more than a personal interest. A cynical religionist might perhaps remark that in Renan's case the pilgrim retraces his steps to the City of Destruction whence he took his departure; but the philosopher and critic will regard with more tolerant interest this remarkable manifestation of a youth whose mature age has been crowned with so much merited celebrity.

In truth, this retrospective interest of Renan's career deserves more than passing attention. A Chinese proverb tells us that "he is a great man who never loses his child's heart"; and whatever other claims to renown be denied him, Renan may, at any rate, lay claim to this much of greatness. His *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse*—a work whose personal and autobiographical interest closely connects it with his present *Future of Science*—revealed in his own naïve and charming manner the intense fascination which his early associations continue to exercise on his later years. His birthplace with its old monastery and its quaintly picturesque streets, his Breton mother with her simple yet pious and thoughtful culture, his sister Henrietta, the delightful scenery of the Breton coast, are memories to which he looks back with unabated reverence and interest. But just what these reminiscences are to his ordinary life, that his early training, his struggles with and gradual emancipation from the thralldom of Romanism, his insight into and resolute grasp of the perennial facts of nature and humanity, his fervent aspirations for science and for man as contained in this volume, are to his mental life. It would seem that, in order to reproduce in all its vivid colouring this picture of the Renan of 1848, the author had only to go to his drawer and therefrom extract a MS. of some 400 pages of octavo and pica type. Here, therefore, we have, not the doubtful records of a past whose memories are beginning to fade, but the actual contemporaneous scrip-

tograph, if the word be allowed, of his then life, the mental and spiritual throes which attended his conversion from Romanism, the intoxication of his newly-acquired ideas of freedom, the ferment of a convergent if not quite homogeneous crowd of new opinions, sentiments, and hopes, not only in theology, but in science and philosophy as well.

Probably the feature of all others which would strike the reader of *The Future of Science* is the evidence it affords of the continuity of Renan's mental life. So far back as 1818, in the seething ferment of that "revolutionary epoch," he not only foresaw his own future, but was able to form a fairly accurate prognosis of the general direction and outcome of that *Sturm und Drang*. To few men has such a prophetic insight into their mental evolution been granted. Renan then mapped out his life, and has been able to follow and fill up its outline. He formed plans, and has been able to realise them. He laid hold of truths which still remain to him corroborated by the thought and lapse of years. He formed hopes, and has been able either to transmute them into realities or to foresee that they are bound to be so transmuted. Renan's vision of truth, like Wordsworth's vision of the rainbow, joins his youth to his old age with the self-same links of sympathy and kinship. He might have taken as the motto of his book—

"The child is father of the man,
And I would wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety."

The complacency with which the distinguished author surveys this record of his early views and aspirations is apparent on nearly every page. Thus he not only apologises for its unsmooth style, in which the long involved sentences seem to struggle with each other in order to gain articulate expression, but he even deprecates in comparison with it the incisive epigrammatic brilliancy in which he has since attained so indisputable a mastery. He thinks it probable that

"A day may come when the critics will maintain that the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Journal des Débats* spoil me, inasmuch that they taught me to write—that is, constantly to condense and prune my ideas."

Whether this be probable or no, few thoughtful readers of the best French prose will fail to appreciate the truth of the following remark:

"The clearness and tact exacted by the French, which I am bound to confess compel me to say only part of what one thinks, and are damaging to depth of thought, seemed to me a tyranny. The French only care to express what is clear, whereas it happens that the most important processes, those that relate to transformations of life, are not clear; one only perceives them in a kind of half light."

More generally, Renan's complacent regard of his original starting-point is expressed in the following terms:

"Consequently, I was right at the outset of my intellectual career firmly to believe in Science, and to make it the object of my life. If I had to begin again, I should do exactly as I have done, and during the little time that remains to me I shall go on as I began."

The foregoing observations will of them-

selves suggest that *The Future of Science* has a two-fold interest of unequal scope and validity—viz.: (1) personal or historical, (2) general or speculative. I am bound to say that, in my judgment, the former largely preponderates over the latter. In its way the book is Renan's *Apologia pro Vita sua*—his intellectual and spiritual autobiography. As such, its interest exceeds that of any other of his published works, even if it does not surpass all the rest put together. Fascinating in the highest degree is this self-portraiture of a genuine truth seeker—probably the most remarkable in this nineteenth century—who, urged by the *saera fames* of knowledge, explored in early life all the main avenues of Science, who by the sheer force of his own individuality and sense of truth broke away from his earlier creed, but who, relinquishing a faith untenable to his intellect, found himself unable to surrender all its graceful, picturesque, and sentimental associations. It is this fondly retrospective Lot's-wife attitude that lends such a singular and tender charm to this book. The enthusiasm of most converts for their new faith has long passed into a proverb. Not content with abandoning it, they must attest their sincerity by insulting it. They not only put out of existence the foe that was once their friend, but they abuse and mutilate the corpse. They are not satisfied with burying it, but they must perform a *pas seul* on its grave. Nothing can be more opposed to this petty lack of magnanimity than Renan's attitude. Though he has forsaken Romanism, he still looks back with passionate yearning to the faith which only the imperious sense of truth compelled him to surrender. The old shrine, the old creed, still retain a place in his affections, though he is no longer a worshipper at the shrine or a believer in the creed. Few regrets over a vanished illusion have ever been written more exquisitely pathetic than the last sentences of this book:—

"O God of my youth! I have long hoped to return to thee with colours flying and in the pride of reason, and perhaps I shall return humble and vanquished like a feeble woman. Formerly, thou didst listen to me. Some day I hoped to see thy face, for I heard thee answer my voice. And I have seen thy temple crumble away stone by stone, the sanctuary has no longer an echo, and instead of an altar ornamented with lights and flowers, I have seen rise before me an altar of brass against which prayer, severe, unadorned, without images, without tabernacle, blood-stained by fatality, shatters itself. Is it my fault? Is it thine? Ah, how willingly I would beat my breast if I could hope to hear that beloved voice which formerly made me tremble. But no, there is only inflexible nature: when I search thy fatherly eye I find only the orbit of the Infinite, empty and baseless; when I search thy celestial brow, I dash myself against a vault of brass which coldly sends me back my love. Farewell, then, O God of my youth. Perhaps thou wilt be the God of my death-bed. Farewell, although thou hast deceived me, I love thee still."

These touching sentences may be taken as indicating both the tone of his work and the object of its author. Renan represents himself as a truth-seeker—who has demonstrated his sincerity by being also a truth-

confessor. But he is not satisfied with this statement of his position in general terms, he sets before us in detail his method. This embraces two aptitudes or tendencies to which he gives the names of—(1) free inquiry, (2) ideality.

M. Renan is the most renowned example in our day of what the ancient Greeks termed a Skeptic—i.e., a man who had a natural distrust of dogma or finality in speculative subjects of all kinds. He confesses that he loves inquiry, intellectual investigation, for its own sake, and wholly irrespective of what its issues might be; indeed, not being very solicitous whether any results were even possible. The outcome of this intellectual habit in the case of the Greeks was *ἀραξαία*. Indeed, the great leaders of the successive schools of Greek skepticism were never tired of recommending free inquiry as a prescription in order to acquire absolute mental tranquillity. It seems important to note that Renan has found the old prescription efficacious in his own case. The following passage has not only a special significance in reference to himself, but has a further implication for those perverted thinkers of our time who maintain that some system of infallible dogma is an absolute prerequisite of mental restfulness and spiritual serenity. This is how Renan begins chap. xvii. (*Trans.* p. 299; original ed., p. 318):

"Would to God that I may have succeeded in making clear to a few lofty minds that there is, in the pure cultivation of human faculties and of the divine objects which they attain, a religion as genial, as rich in delights, as the most venerable forms of worship. I have tasted in my childhood and early youth the purest joys of the believer, and I say from the bottom of my heart that these joys are nothing by comparison with what I have felt in the pure contemplation of the Beautiful and the passionate search after Truth. I desire for all my brethren who have remained orthodox a peace to be compared with that in which I live since my struggle is over, and since the appeased storm has left me in the midst of this great Pacific Ocean—a sea without wind or storm, upon which one has no star but reason, no compass but one's own heart."

But if free inquiry be Renan's philosophic method, it is limited, qualified, coloured by the condition of its exercise; or, taking himself as an illustration, by that fundamental idiosyncrasy, both of his intellect and feelings, which he calls Ideality. The influence of this tendency over Renan's life and works constitutes their most remarkable characteristic. It forms the atmosphere, warm, misty, vague, and variously iridescent, in which he delights to contemplate all truth, scientific as well as theological. It gives the clue at once to his theological speculations and to his critical conclusions. It would be wrong to say—after the well-known epigram—that he resorts to his imagination for his facts; but it would not be wrong, it would be the merest justice, to charge him with setting all his most cherished truths in an imaginative or sentimental framework. Indeed, one might go a step further, and say that all historical truth acquires, in Renan's estimation, an increase of verisimilitude by its capability of

picturesque presentation, and a corresponding decrease of probability by its inherent crudeness, harshness, or nakedness. It is from this subjective, aesthetic standpoint that he regards the dogmas and saints of Romanism, depriving them of their traditional halo of truth and sanctity, but reinvesting many of them in the warm nebulous corona of his own artistic culture and reverential piety. This is especially the secret of his filial regard for the religious surroundings of his childhood. To his sympathetic temperament and acutely domestic feelings the Romanism of his native Brittany presented itself—like the light through a stained-glass window—in a variety of pleasing diversified hues. The simple placid piety of his Breton neighbours, their ancient picturesque weather-beaten churches, the quaintness and prettiness, from a purely aesthetic standpoint, of their religious services, their holiday observances, and even their superstitions, appealed both to his artistic culture and to his tender many-sided catholicism of feeling. Nor is this sympathetic attitude restricted to the popular religionism of Renan's personal experience; it is extended to all forms of genuine devotion, however strange they may seem. Thus it is startling to find him defending the Indian *satti*, and stigmatising its suppression by the English as a strange mistake. He tells us on this subject:—

"In those sublime and picturesque exaggerations of human nature there is a foolhardiness, a spontaneousness, which the healthy and regular exercise of reason, do what it will, will never equal, and which the poet and the artist will always prefer."

In these days of hyper-aesthetic culture, we may perhaps expect a monograph on the "sublimity" and "picturesqueness" of self-immolation beneath the wheels of Juggernaut's car.

I have already alluded to the value of this work as attesting the continuity of Renan's mental evolution. The most interesting illustration of this is his forecast and plan of his great work on the Origins of Christianity, which he was destined to complete some thirty-five years later. This is how the enterprise presented itself to him in 1848:—I have no space for the whole quotation, which the reader may find on pp. 262-3 of the translation, and pp. 279, 280 of the original.

"People think that the subject [the origin of Christianity] is exhausted when they have mentioned the fusion of Judaism, Platonism, and Orientalism, without having any notion what Orientalism is, without their being able to say how Jesus and the Apostles came by any traditions of Plato. Because as yet no one has dreamed of looking for the origins of Christianity where they really exist, in the Deutero-Canonical Books, in the Apocryphal writings of Jewish origin, in the Mishna, in the *Pirke Aret*, in the works of the Judæo-Christians, &c. . . . As for me, if ever I undertook that great work, I should begin by an exact catalogue of the sources. . . . then I should devote a volume to the criticism of those sources," &c., &c.

I have dwelt so much on the personal aspect of this volume that I have no space left for its general significance. How far the future of science will be altogether a

progress on the lines marked out by Renan in 1848 seems to me questionable. It is a future which demands for its realisation a considerable and successful diffusion of Renanesque culture, with its rare combination of generally incompatible qualities. Indeed, he is himself not sanguine of any wide dissemination of that union of philosophy and religion of which he is himself so powerful and charming an advocate. That in some of the directions marked out by him in 1848 there has been an advance since that time we must, I think, concede, though this is probably not so much the case among ourselves as in France; but the fulfilment in any general sense of this prophecy of science must be pronounced hopelessly Utopian.

M. Renan is too much a master of literary form and style not to be aware of the defects of this production, and too ingenuous not to admit them. At the same time I think it right to say that he has considerably underestimated them, as well as their prejudicial effect on his readers. The book is in fact chaotic, without plan, arrangement, or methodical sequence. It is, no doubt, divided into chapters, but there is no reason why the chapter headings and contents might not be exchanged indefinitely. It is also marred by repetitions, inconsistencies, and other similar products of immature and unrevised literary fervour. At the same time, it abounds with interesting self-revelations, generous enthusiasm, and keen philosophical insight into the conditions and destinies of much of our current thought. It is however, a book which I recommend my readers to peruse, if possible, in the original. The translation is not creditable to the translators, or even to the publishers' reader. It abounds with misconceptions of the author's meaning, as well as with an extreme and unpardonable carelessness, extending even to punctuation. It is true, Renan's style is more difficult and involved in this than in any other of his published prose writings; but that is but an inadequate excuse for an unsatisfactory rendering of a most interesting, valuable, and opportune work.

JOHN OWEN.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A BUDDHIST AND JAINA GĀTHĀ.

Dedham School, Essex: May 2, 1891.

In *Jātaka*-book iv., p. 383, v. 9, we find the following stanza:

"(Girim nakkena khaṇasi ayo dantena khādasi
jātaṇḍam padahasi yo isim paribhāsati."

"The rock with nail thou diggest, the iron with
teeth thou eatest,
The fire (to put out) thou strivest who a sage
revilest."

The commentator, not understanding "*jātaṇḍam padahasi*" = "the fire (to put out) thou strivest," paraphrases it by "*aggim gilitum vāyamasi*" = "the fire thou strivest to swallow." But, as "nail" and "tooth" are mentioned in the first line of the gāthā, we naturally expect "foot" in the line following.

The verb *padahati* does not take an accusative in Pāli; *niddahasi*, "to extinguish," with *pādena*, "understood," would seem at first sight more appropriate. *Pradhā* does not occur in Sanskrit nor in Jaina-prākṛit in the sense of to "strive"; in the latter dialect *apadhāna*,

"exertion," is equivalent to the Pāli *padhāna*. Some MSS. for *dantena* read the plural *dantehi*; perhaps the original verse had *nakhehi*, *dantehi*, and *pādehi*, instead of *nakkena*, &c.

In the Jaina *Uttarādhyayana* xii. 26, p. 365, we find a parallel passage that seems to throw some light upon the reading *padahasi* in the Pāli gāthā:

"Girim nakhehim khaṇaha ayan dantehi khāyaha
jāyaveyam pādehim hanaha je bhikkhum avaman-
naha."

Here we see that, while the metre of the second line of the *Jātaka* verse is tolerably correct, that of the Jaina is faulty, having two syllables more than are required. If we write the short form of the instrumental plural *pāde* for *pādehi* (for which there is very good authority) and *hatha* for *hanatha*, we shall get in the following Pāli version a better reading in the second line:

"Girim nakhehi khaṇatha ayan dantehi khādatha
jātaṇḍam pāde hatha yo bhikkhum avaman-
natha."

In the Jaina verse *bhikkhum* and *avamannaha* replace Pāli *isim* and *paribhāsati*. The verb *paribhāsi* is not used in Sanskrit nor in Jaina-prākṛit in the sense of *apadhāsi* or *avaman*.

Taking a hint from the Pāli rendering of the Jaina verse, we may proceed to restore the true reading of the *Jātaka* verse by removing *padahasi* from the text, and substituting *pāde hasi* or *pāde hasi*, the equivalent of *pāde hatha*, "with feet thou extinguishest." The Sanskrit *hamsi* would become, in Pāli, *hasi* (cf. *sandāsa*, Sanskrit *saṇḍarāga*) or *hasi* (cf. *dasana*, Sanskrit *daśana* and *āsasati* for *āsaṇṣati*).^{*} As the phrase *pāde hasi* comes nearest to the faulty *padahasi*, we would, therefore, read:

"(Girim nakhehi khaṇasi ayo dantehi khādasi
jātaṇḍam pāde hasi yo isim paribhāsati."

There is not a very great difference in form between *pāde hasi* and *padahasi*; the former, however, gives us a line that can be both translated and construed.

R. MORRIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE following fifteen candidates have been selected by the council of the Royal Society, to be recommended for election on June 4:—Mr. W. Anderson, Prof. F. O. Bower, Sir J. Conroy, Prof. D. J. Cunningham, Mr. G. M. Dawson, Mr. E. B. Elliott, Prof. P. F. Frankland, Mr. P. C. Gilchrist, Dr. W. D. Halliburton, Mr. O. Heaviside, Mr. J. E. Marr, Mr. L. Mond, Mr. W. N. Shaw, Prof. S. P. Thompson, and Capt. T. H. Tizard.

IN commemoration of the centenary of the birth of Michael Faraday, September 22, 1791, the following have been elected honorary members of the Royal Institution:—Prof. Edmond Becquerel (of Paris), Prof. Marcelin Berthelot (of Paris), Prof. Alfred Cornu (of Paris), Prof. E. Mascart (of Paris), Prof. Louis Pasteur (of Paris), Prof. Robert Wilhelm Bunsen (of Heidelberg), Prof. H. L. F. von Helmholtz (of Berlin), Prof. August Wilhelm Hofmann (of Berlin), Prof. Rudolph Virchow (of Berlin), Prof. Josiah Parsons Cooke (of Cambridge, U.S.), Prof. James Dwight Dana (of Newhaven, U.S.), Prof. J. Willard (of Newhaven, U.S.), Prof. Simon Newcomb (of Washington, U.S.), Prof. S. Cannizzaro (of Rome), Prof. P. Tacchini (of Rome), Prof. Julius Thomsen (of Copenhagen), Prof. Tobias Robert Thalen (of Upsal), Prof. Demetri Mendeleef (of St. Petersburg), Prof. Jean C. G. de Marignac (of Geneva), Prof. J. D. Van

* The stem *ha* for *han* occurs in *abhihassati* = *abhihanissati* in Jāt. iv., p. 92. We also find *hanasi* for *hamsi*, together with *hanasi* (Jāt. iii., p. 199) = *hanam*, on account of the metre.

der Waals (of Amsterdam), Prof. Jean Servais Stas (of Brussels).

THE Whitsuntide excursion of the Geologists' Association will be to Northampton, under the direction of Mr. Beeby Thompson and Mr. Walter D. Crick. The local museum contains the fine geological collection of the late Marquis of Northampton, and also part of the collection of Samuel Sharp; and in the churchyard of St. Peter's lie the remains of William Smith, "the father of British geology."

A COURSE of six lectures will be delivered in the lecture room in the gardens of the Zoological Society, Regent's Park, on Thursdays at 5 p.m., beginning on May 28, by Mr. F. E. Beddard, prospector to the society, upon "The Animals living in the Gardens."

A VALUABLE bequest has been made to the Department of Science and Art by the late Miss Marshall, of Kensington. In addition to a large number of scientific books and instruments which are left for the use of students, a sum of £1000 is bequeathed for the founding of scholarships, or for application in any other way that may be considered best for the advancement of biological science.

DR. HANS REUSCH, director of the Norwegian Geological Society, has reprinted from the Year-book of the Society (Christiania: Aschehoug) a paper entitled "Glacial Striae and Boulder-clay in the Varangerfjord (Finmark), of a Date much older than the Ice-Age." The paper is written in Norse, but a summary of the contents is appended in English.

DR. A. BLANCHET, a well-known botanist, has just published (Bayonne: Lasserre) a *Catalogue des Plantes Vasculaires du Sud-Ouest de la France*. This little work, though not exhaustive, supplies a want greatly felt, and will be of much assistance to all tourists between Bordeaux and the Hautes Pyrénées.

Familiar Objects of Everyday Life: a Hand-book of Lessons in Elementary Science. By J. Hassell. (Blackie.) This little book has been prepared to assist teachers in bringing the claims of science as a class-subject before the scholars of elementary schools. Such teaching is encouraged by the Education Codes of 1890-91, and cannot but prove useful, not only directly, but perhaps still more by stimulating the faculties of the mind. Hard-worked schoolmasters find it difficult to provide elementary science teaching. Mr. Hassell, already known favourably as a purveyor of information on this subject, supplies them here with admirable object-lessons of a character to keep children's minds interested. These lessons, he warns his readers, are not to be regarded as single instructions so much as parts of a course which may contain six or even more chapters. It is encouraging, also, to be assured that they are mostly expansions of lessons actually given by the author to young children. Still, as in all teaching, they need discretion on the part of the teachers; and then children are enabled by these chapters to follow any of the various "courses" in elementary science set down in schedule ii., or in the supplement to schedule ii., which appears in the Code of 1891. General information is first given on common objects. These are supplemented by separate courses on the ordinary birds of everyday life, on plants, mechanics, natural history, agriculture, chemistry, and even more recondite sciences, such as magnetism and electricity. The book is fully illustrated, and may be cordially recommended not merely to schools, but also to children who are educated at home. It is extremely practical, and though full, is yet terse, which is the peculiar virtue of such manuals. The lessons on photography and chemistry are particularly good. It might be well in a future edition to omit such directions

as "tell the children" so-and-so, or "ask the children" this and that. Immense pains have been evidently taken with the book, which deserves success and will succeed.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE Archduke Rainer's collection of Egyptian papyri—including more than 1000 pieces in ten languages, and covering an unbroken period of 2700 years of history—will shortly be arranged as a permanent exhibition in six rooms of the Industrial Art Museum at Vienna. An explanatory catalogue is being printed, under the superintendence of Prof. Karabacek, who has done so much towards the deciphering of these papyri.

THE forthcoming number of the *Babylonian and Oriental Record* will contain the following articles:—"Vocalic Harmony in Lycian," by Mr. W. Arkwright; "The Antiquity of the Chinese Sacred Books," by Prof. C. de Hartz; "From Ancient Chaldea and Elam to Early China," an historical culture-loan, by Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie; and a bibliography of the late George Bertin.

THE second volume of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology* (London: Edward Arnold) affords an interesting example of the current tendency of these studies in America. Out of nine articles, not one has to do with textual criticism, still less with that form of textual criticism, namely, conjectural emendation, which is still so popular at Oxford and Cambridge and Dublin. Not one has to do with linguistics, or the science of comparative philology. Four deal directly with grammatical constructions in Greek or Latin authors, with the help of copious examples; and most of the others likewise treat their subjects according to the same statistical method. In this respect American scholars have bettered the example set by their German instructors, by applying to the classics an organon borrowed from the quantitative sciences. Suffice it to mention that Mr. J. R. Wheeler here classifies under seventeen headings, arranged in a tabular statement, the combinations of the verbs *παραδέναι* and *κέρειν*, as found in the earlier Greek writers; while Mr. Morris H. Morgan examines, with the help of another table, the usage of Andocides with regard to (1) the infinitive with impersonal verbs, (2) the infinitive with *μέλλω*, and (3) the moods in indirect discourse. Of more general interest is a similar investigation, by Mr. Frederic D. Allen, into the vexed question whether the praenomen *Gaius* was two syllables or three. After considering all the evidence to be obtained from the poets, from inscriptions, and from Greek transliteration, he comes to the following conclusions:

"(1) That the name designated by the Romans by the letter C was originally *Gaius*: (2) that this form at Rome had passed into *Gaius* by 190 B.C., though it survived longer in some of the provinces of Italy: (3) that for some reason, not assignable at present, the customary pronunciation (of the educated classes at least) remained *Gaius* (trisyllabic) at any rate until the end of the first century of our era, and probably still longer."

Two other papers deserve mention. Under the heading "Quaestiones Petronianae," Mr. H. W. Hale discusses (in Latin), to the extent of forty pages, two questions: (1) at what time are Encolpius and the other personages in the Satires supposed to have lived? and (2) at what city was the banquet of Trimalchio held? To the former question he answers pretty confidently "circa A.U.C. 740" to the latter "Puteoli." Finally, Mr. J. W. White, in view of the architectural theory of Dr. Dörpfeld—that the "stage" had no existence in the time of the great dramatists—examines the internal

evidence afforded by the comedies of Aristophanes, with the object of proving that they could not have been performed on the stage described by Vitruvius. Hereafter he promises to deduce the same result from an examination of the tragedians.

THE *Mémoires de la Société de Linguistique de Paris* (tome vii., fasc. 3) contain an elaborate paper by Dr. Raoul de la Grasserie, entitled "Des Recherches récentes de la linguistique relatives aux langues de l'extrême orient, principalement d'après les travaux du Prof. Terrien de Lacouperie." The author, in clear and forcible language, explains, with the necessary amount of evidence, the important discoveries of our contributor on (1) the primitive monosyllabism of Chinese and other so-called monosyllabic languages; (2) the origin of tones; (3) the origin of the Chinese writing; (4) the action of hybridity in the formation of present Chinese; and (5) the psychical importance of the rule of position, which is the main feature of the isolating languages.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ZOOLOGICAL.—(Anniversary Meeting, Wednesday, April 29.)

PROF. FLOWER, president, in the chair.—The principal business was the reading of the sixty-second annual report. According to this document, the fellows numbered 3046 on the 1st of January, 1891, as compared with 3075 at the corresponding date in 1890. The income of the society for the year 1890 amounted to £25,059, being more than a thousand pounds less than that of 1889, which was increased by abnormal causes, but more than a thousand pounds more than that of 1888. A comparison of the last two years, however, showed a serious loss of nearly £500 on the garden receipts, which was attributed to the bad weather of last summer. The expenditure for the year was £23,312, to which must be added a sum of £230 spent in finishing the repairs of the monkey house. The flourishing state of the society's finances had enabled the council not only to pay off £1000 of the mortgage debt on the society's house, thus reducing that debt to £5000, but also to buy £1000 in Consols as the nucleus of a new reserve fund. The report also announced that the death-rate of the gardens showed an improvement upon the previous year, the most important losses being a male thylacine, purchased in 1884, a grizzly bear, an Australian cassowary, and a common crane, which was bred in the gardens in 1863 and died on December 12, 1890. Among the important additions to the menagerie in the course of the year were a male gray hyppocollis, a pair of hartebeest antelopes, of which there have been no specimens in the gardens for ten years, two Batrix antelopes, a young wild bull from Chartley-park, a young waterbuck antelope from the Somali coast, a young bee-eater, a young horned screamer, a young Speke's antelope, and a young "fossa" (*Cryptoprocta ferox*) from Madagascar. Many of these have reached Europe alive for the first time. The proceedings closed with an interesting ceremony, in the shape of the presentation of the society's silver medal to representatives of Mrs. Edmondston, of Bunness-house, Shetland Isles, and Mr. R. T. Scott, of Melby, Shetland Isles, in recognition of services rendered by the late Dr. Edmondston and Dr. Scott in preserving the great skua at two out of three British breeding stations. The report, in explaining this novel practice, called attention to the extermination of species in various parts of the world, and particularly in British colonies, and showed that the great skua had narrowly escaped extinction, having been reduced to three pairs in 1831, to one pair a few years later, and having risen, under the care of Dr. Scott and Dr. Edmondston, to as many as thirty pairs at one time.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Anniversary Meeting, Wednesday, April 29.)

THE report of the council having been read, the president delivered his address, after which the following officers were elected for the year ensuing:

president: Sir Patrick de Colquhoun; vice-presidents: the Duke of Devonshire, Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir Charles Nicholson, Sir Collingwood Dickson, Sir Charles T. Newton, Mr. Joseph Haynes, Mr. W. Knighton, Lord Halsbury, the Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, and the Duke of Northumberland. Council: Mr. Percy W. Ames, Mr. Arthur Benson, Mr. John W. Bone, Mr. E. W. Brabrook, Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael, Mr. George Cawston, Mr. William H. Garrett, Col. Joseph Hartley, Major Alfred Heales, Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, Mr. R. Burbank Holt, Mr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, Dr. John Hayball Paul, Dr. J. S. Phené, Mr. Herbert J. Reid, and Dr. G. A. Tucker. Treasurer: Mr. Joseph Haynes. Auditors: Mr. Israel Abrahams and Baron de Worms. Librarian: Mr. Herbert J. Reid. Foreign secretary: Mr. C. H. E. Carmichael. Secretary: Mr. Percy W. Ames.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

I.

THE summer exhibition of 1891 at Burlington House will be chiefly remembered as the year in which the hanging committee, vigorously waving the academic birch over the heads of the foreign and British painters professing *plein air* principles, has sternly relegated to the skies—or rather the ceiling—those among them whose minor degree of popularity renders taboo a pretty safe thing. It will also be remembered as the year of Mr. J. S. Sargent's "La Carmencita," Mr. Orchardson's "Portrait of Walter Gilbey, Esq.," Mr. Luke Fildes's "The Doctor," Mr. Alma Tadema's "Earthly Paradise," and Mr. Brock's "Genius of Poetry" (an old friend, however, now metamorphosed from plaster into marble); other works of interest being Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's "Ulysses and the Sirens," Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Christ and Magdalen," and Mr. George Hitchcock's "La Maternité"—this last a typical instance of cruel and deliberate skying, for which no valid excuse can possibly be found.

It has evidently been Sir Frederick Leighton's chief endeavour to make his "Perseus and Andromeda" as unlike any previous representation of this favourite academic subject as might well be. The bride of Perseus that is to be is bound nude to the rock; as usual, but she is entirely overshadowed by the vast wings and body of a golden-scaled dragon vomiting forth flame and fury, but already more than half quelled by the all-penetrating arrow shot by Perseus, who appears high in the clouds mounted on the steed Pegasus. This beast has a suspiciously Augustus-Harris-like aspect, and suggests rather the cumbrous Fafner of the Nibelungen trilogy than the classic monster of the old myth. It is somewhat strange to find the President giving to the Argive hero the winged horse and the arrows which are the special properties of Bellerophon, slayer of the Chimæra, instead of being content to leave to him his own proper attributes—the winged sandals and the helmet, which Perseus, after having accomplished his deeds of daring, presented to Hermes. Both this and the President's other contribution—"The Return of Persephone"—show the same pallid, bloodless forms daintily fashioned, the same flying draperies with intricate crumpled folds, to which we are by this time so well accustomed. In the latter work there is a striking absence, not only of the generalised breadth and the vigour which such a subject demands, but also of that element of life and emotion which the Greeks themselves, if they chastened and restrained, yet never failed adequately to suggest.

The dramatic element is what is lacking in Mr. J. W. Waterhouse's very curious and highly wrought "Ulysses and the Sirens," a work which has evidently been to the painter a

labour of love. Borne on the sapphire-hued, sparkling Mediterranean, appears in a narrow rock-guarded cleft the bark of Odysseus, well manned by his mariners, who, with their ears guarded against the unearthly thrill of the Sirens' song, busily ply the oar. The Wanderer himself is bound erect to the central mast; and all around hover, flying close to the ship and singing, the Sirens. To them the painter has chosen to give the lovely faces and the rich flowing tresses of women, but the bodies, the wings and claws of strong birds of prey; thus making of them Harpies strong in attack and prepared to take the offensive, rather than Sirens proper according to the Homeric version, luring the unwary to their rock by the magic of their irresistible song. There is much exquisite work in this canvas, and especially in the delicate open-air modelling of the heads of the feathered temptresses, which are based, however, too entirely on one fair (manifestly English) model. The great weakness of the conception is the Ulysses, so calm and self-possessed that he surely requires no bonds to save him from the magic spells woven around him. The same artist's "Flora" is a delightful little study with much of the technical charm of an Alma-Tadema, yet with a greater vitality, and a certain human quality which is not often attained by the Anglo-Dutch master.

Mr. Tadema's chief contribution—other than the strange portrait of the Right Honourable A. J. Balfour, M.P., to which we shall refer later on—is "The Earthly Paradise," with the quotation, from Mr. Swinburne, "All the heavens of heavens in one little child." In the sumptuous marble-lined bath-room of a Roman villa lies, on a wondrous couch inlaid with precious materials and covered with a rich woven fabric, a beautiful naked child, with whom his mother, kneeling at the side of the couch, plays. She is of the ruddy-haired type beloved of this master, and wears a filmy inner garment of indigo-blue, with a necklace of gold and amethysts, while at her feet lie garments of pale greenish blue, and on the couch and floor are strewn purple anemones. The lighting of the chamber in all its recesses is admirable; the colour-harmonies, composed out of the elements just indicated, are alike strong, subtle, and novel; and the splendid accessories are more sparingly introduced than usual—less suggestive of a selection made among the Pompeian treasures of the National Museum of Naples. Yet somehow the artist's object is not fully accomplished. Not only are the lines of the group formed by the figures of the mother and child far from happy, but the invisible bond of love which should here make them one and undivided is hardly suggested. We never lose the sense that we are in the presence of two beautiful models, not over well placed; and thus the high task which the artist has set himself—as his quotation reveals—remains more than half unachieved.

It seems unnecessary to say much about Mr. Solomon J. Solomon's "Judgment of Paris," a large and flimsy presentment of the well-worn theme, which is of decorative aspect in virtue of light, delicate tints deftly harmonised, but does not even pretend to give an adequate version of the subject. We see no special reason either for the existence of Mr. Margetson's huge "Pygmalion," which, notwithstanding certain merits of draughtsmanship and composition, neither gladdens the eye nor adds anything to the beautiful old legend. Mr. E. J. Poynter has not been able to contribute anything this summer, save a version, on a very small scale and with certain variations, of his elaborate "King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba," privately exhibited on a previous occasion. An absentee whom we especially regret, as one of the subtlest colourists, one of the greatest decorators among contemporary

artists, is Mr. Albert Moore. It may be that he is tired out by the persistent failure of the Forty Immortals to recognise the position which he holds *quand même* in English art; but we hope not.

It was a happy notion of Mr. Briton Rivière's to paraphrase, as he has done in his curious triptych, "A Mighty Hunter before the Lord," the great Assyrian reliefs at the British Museum, showing warrior-monarchs victoriously hunting the lion of the desert. The central panel—or rather canvas—presents the royal hunter, as, swiftly driven by his charioteer across the parched desert overhung with clouds of sand, he spears the king of beasts, who in despairing fury attacks the car from behind. In the wings of the triptych are displayed, under the starlit skies of an eastern night, the slain lions mourned over by their mates. We could well imagine a greater passion, a greater power and certainty of realisation in the central composition; while in the groups of the wings Mr. Briton Rivière sins, as so many English animal-painters have sinned before him, by giving to his beasts a pathos too human, and a play of facial expression proper to mankind alone.

Mr. Arthur Hacker's "Christ and Magdalen" commands attention and respect in virtue of the beautiful lines in which his group of the repentant sinner kneeling in adoration at the feet of the Saviour is cast. The painter has evidently been disquieted by the naturalistic and modern view of sacred art taken by Herr Fritz von Uhde; yet he has endeavoured to strike out a new line for himself midway between the *actualité* of the Saxon artist and his own natural leanings towards ponderated and classical composition. He makes, however, the capital mistake—one, too, into which his German antitypes have not fallen—of imagining the Christ himself as a suffering mortal of mean physique and unimpressive presence. The drawing of the Magdalen's up-turned face has great beauty, its expression great intensity; but the passion it reveals is rather that of earthly love than of devout worship. Altogether, apart from technicalities, we fail to find in this very clever performance the true ring of sincerity, which to-day alone gives a *raison d'être* to such a subject.

Inspired also by German art—but by that, not of the nineteenth, but of the fifteenth or sixteenth century—is Mrs. Marianne Stokes's "Hail, Mary!" a novel [and interesting version of that most favoured of sacred themes, the Annunciation. This artist shows the Virgin as a mediæval figure, which might have stepped out of a triptych by Zeitblom or some cognate painter of Ulm or Augsburg. She listens with head bent and an air of deep contemplation to the archangel Gabriel, who stands, not this time in front of, but behind her, holding his wand of lilies and whispering into her ear the words of promise. Here, again, we have rather a clever performance, thought out with a view to novelty, than a work properly coming within the category of sacred art.

Mr. Frank Dicksee gives proof of a noticeable step in advance in his two important canvases, "The Mountain of the Winds" and "The Crisis." The former is an ambitious allegorical composition, showing, in lieu of the classical "Cave of the Winds," a mighty cloud-capped mountain, on the summit of which the Winds take breath before they sally forth to dominate the earth. Zephyr, a beautiful youth, pours rose leaves into the lap of the sweet South Wind—here depicted as a fair half-nude woman—while the North is wrapped in darkness and mystery, and the East Wind appropriately appears as a male figure of cruel and venomous aspect, drawing forth a murderous blade of keenest steel. Mr. Dicksee has nowhere else

so unmistakably shown the quality of imagination as in this happily conceived figure. The colouring has the key, and the light, bright tints requisite to give the work the character of a monumental decoration, yet it errs in the direction of flatness and want of brilliancy; for the painter is not a born, but only an educated colourist. "The Crisis" is a death-bed or sick-bed scene, in which appear only two figures—those of a young woman worn by sickness to the verge of the grave, and of a grey-haired yet vigorous man, whose strongly marked features under their enforced calmness betray the workings of deep emotion. The pathos, though obvious, is real enough; while the drawing of the two heads shows unerring precision and mastery, and the *blafard*, almost monochromatic, scheme of colour is here well in its place.

It is not a little unfortunate for Mr. Dicksee that this painting should quite accidentally have appeared simultaneously with Mr. Luke Fildes's important canvas, now to be described. This is "The Doctor," a work which, notwithstanding its lugubrious subject, will certainly command the sympathies of the general public in a higher degree than any picture of the year. The scene is a cottage chamber, homely but not squalid, in the centre of which, stretched on two chairs and supported by pillows, is the pallid and motionless form of a sick child. It is silently watched, under the light of a lamp cast full on its face, by the doctor, a staid, sympathetic personage, whose features display an anxious gravity in which lurks still—as it seems to us—a ray of hope. In the background appear the parents, he erect and watchful, yet near to despair, while she silently weeps, bowing her head on her arms. Dimly lighting these figures, the dawn struggles, as yet feebly, through a window at the side, contrasting strongly with the yellow light of the lamp. Traces of a hand conscious of technical mastery, yet guided by a sure and restraining taste, are everywhere shown in the execution. Nothing could be better than the concentration of tragic interest on the central group, the quite unexaggerated pathos of the doctor's face, the emphasising everywhere rather of the mental rather than the physical suffering. Only in the figures of the sorrowing parents—quiet as these are—does the painter for a moment verge upon melodrama, and leave the path of absolute simplicity and truth. It is quite possible to hold that such a subject does not, in the obviousness of its pathos, belong to a high category of art; but it would be difficult even for the most captious to find fault with the fashion in which it has here been presented.

Mr. Orchardson this year reveals, certainly, no new side of his talent, whether as a painter or a keen student of human nature, in "An Enigma"; but he has, nevertheless, produced a work of great excellence, not unworthy to take its place with previous performances of the same class. We are in it again introduced to one of those apartments, half in the Adams half in the Empire style, which the Scotch master is seemingly never tired of depicting, no doubt because the technical difficulties presented afford him endless opportunities for the display of a consummate, well-controlled skill. On a sofa are seated a pair of genuine Orchardsonian lovers, who are shown at a moment of indefinable misunderstanding and *énervement*, noted with an extraordinary subtlety in the management of facial expression. This rare and characteristically English quality in modern art has been displayed by no one in so supreme a degree as by Hogarth in his less caricatural moods, and after him by Sir David Wilkie; and to these masters Mr. Orchardson shows himself in this particular a worthy successor. We must again—at the risk of re-

peating ourselves—take exception to the monotony of his scheme of colour, both in this piece of *genre* and in his admirable portraits. Not that we wish to deny to him the possession of great skill in the management of the mustard-like, russet and golden tones which he so much affects; but surely to see persistently in humanity and nature only colour-harmonies of this tawny and artificial kind is deliberately to tinge one's spectacles in a purely arbitrary fashion. We cannot refrain from mentioning here, although out of its proper place, the same painter's masterly portrait of "Walter Gilbey, Esq.," in which this well-known authority on the breeding of horses is presented with an inimitable truth and a sly humour which it would be hard, indeed, to surpass. The pose has all the ease and none of the occasional ungainliness of nature, while the very essence of a droll and sympathetic personality is grasped, as it were, by intuition, and placed with perfect simplicity before the beholder.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE FRENCH SALONS.

II.

If the show of portraits at the Champs Elysées is below the average, this is not to be attributed solely to the fact that several of the best portrait-painters have gone over to the Champs de Mars, but rather to a falling off in the performance of those who remain. M. Bonnat has sent the full-length portrait of a lady, in a rich white satin dress, all bedizened and bejewelled, standing out against this artist's favourite dark-brown background. But the lady, as well as her dress and attitude, is stiff and formal; the painting is hard; the whole thing is utterly wanting in life and movement. The same may be said of M. Bonnat's second exhibit, "Young Samson struggling with the Lion," which is singularly coarse and uninteresting. M. Chartran's portrait of Mlle. Brandès is the gem of the Salon portraits. It is not only a highly-finished piece of work, but a clever study of one of the most mobile and changeful of faces; the deep and, at times, sphinx-like look of the well-known *comédienne* has been rendered with great ability and delicacy of touch. Notable alike for the character shown in the features, and for the natural effect produced by the accessories, are M. Cormon's portrait of M. Gérôme in a grey jacket and trousers, standing, palette in hand, before the modelling table, and giving the last touch of tinting to a Tanagra statuette; the likeness of M. Falguière, by M. Calbet, who shows us the celebrated sculptor at work; and M. Lemenuier's portrait of his master, M. Detaille, perched on the last step of a ladder, the floor below strewn with arms and military accoutrements. Excellent also as an equestrian picture is "Mr. G. Smith," by Mr. J. Guthrie. M. Aman Jean exhibits two portraits in the impressionist style, which by simplicity of treatment and mellow harmony of grey tints are interesting to the artistic eye. Chaplin is represented by his last work—the portrait of a lady of very attractive appearance, painted with exquisite taste and delicacy of colouring, and that particular *fleur* which was the distinctive feature of the late master's Cytherean portraits. M. Benjamin-Constant, Lefebvre, Munkacsy, Collin, and other fashionable "portraitists" have sent their customary contributions of pretty girls and *décolletés* matrons—more or less truthful likenesses, painted to pay and to please, but only moderately interesting as works of art.

Among the *genre* pictures M. Jules Breton's "Pardon de Kergoat" ranks by itself. On the left is depicted the old church of Kergoat; the procession of pilgrims winds its way under

an avenue of trees, headed by a group of long-haired, wild-looking old Bretons, each bearing a lighted taper; they are followed by a band of girls in picturesque red-cloth dresses, richly embroidered; others in white and blue follow; then parties of men and women carrying banners, crosses, caskets of holy relics, and, on a large wooden tray, the image in carved wood of a patron saint. The procession gradually disappears in the distance, amid a flutter of white caps, silk banners, and the flickering flames of candles, while, in the foreground, the hideous cripples common throughout Brittany crawl about begging for alms. The *ensemble* of this picture is so good, the technical details so perfect, and the colouring so brilliant, that it is worthy to be placed alongside the same painter's delightful "Procession dans les Blés," now at the Luxembourg; but I suppose it will go to America some day or the other. Mr. Edwin Weeks, the American who has painted so many pleasing illustrations of Indian scenery and bazaar life, has, for once, forsaken the luminous atmosphere of the East for the grey sky and arid landscape in which he has set three Arragonese beggars, all tattered and torn, emaciated, but picturesque after a fashion. Yet I prefer Mr. Weeks's picture last year, "The Golden Temple of Amritsar."

There appears to be a growing tendency among young artists nowadays towards scenes of sorrow, pain, and death. To this class belong M. Jameson's "Viatique," M. Geoffroy's "Asile de Nuit," M. Pearce's "Civil Funeral," and, more particularly, "The Shadow of Death," by a young American artist, Mr. Morley Fletcher. In a room, darkened by heavy tapestry curtains, a young man and woman lie on a divan, dressed in very modern attire; both, of equally unattractive appearance, are gazing apparently into space. Are they suffering from dyspepsia? Are they victims of the morphia habit? Where is the shadow of death? Such are the questions of the unsophisticated visitor as he gazes at this decidedly clever but unsatisfactory picture. And it is with a sigh of relief that he turns to Mr. Ridgeway Knight's pretty idyll "The Shepherd's Friends"—a young shepherd talking to two pretty French peasant girls in a landscape radiant with sunshine; or to M. Wagrez's "Proclamation of an Edict—Venice, Fifteenth Century," an interesting historical reminiscence on canvas. Those who are not tired of a clever artist's constant repetition of certain characters and scenes will chuckle over M. Vibert's highly-finished picture of a party of cardinals who have scarcely finished enjoying a most *recherché* dinner; coffee has just been brought in, and the *chef* has been called from the kitchen to receive due commendation for the talent he has displayed. The Monseigneurs are a jovial lot, and toast the disciple of Vatel, who stands up, white cap in hand, sleek and smiling, fully aware that he is a great artist, but modest withal. I have nothing to say for or against M. Bongueureau's impeccable nymphs and cupids, nor of M. Jenner's exquisite ivory-toned torsos, nor of M. Desgoffe's *bibélots*, nor of M. de Pennes' dogs and *tutti-quanti*; for these exhibits are, and ever will be, as accomplished as they are uninteresting. But, before leaving the picture gallery, I would call the particular attention of the "chosen few" to No. 3070 in the architecture room, which consists of nine plans and drawings of the Temple of Baion at Angkor, drawn by M. Delaporte, restorations made from the plans of Lieutenant Delaporte, of the French navy.

Several beautiful specimens of the sculptor's art are to be seen in the garden of the Palais d'Industrie. M. Falguière's "Diane," the fourth reproduction of the same figure, is lovely. M. Carlés' "Eternelle Poème" is a life-size nude female figure of admirable proportions.

The same artist also exhibits a charming bust of Mlle. Deutz. The late M. Chapu's marble statue of the Princess of Wales (done to order for M. Jacobsen) is unworthy of the sculptor's reputation. The likeness is not good, and, in its *ensemble*, the statue is wanting in the grace and dignity which distinguish the Princess: it is *très bourgeois*. A fine piece of voluptuous realistic work is M. Sinding's (Norwegian) group, "Homme et Femme."

CECIL NICHOLSON.

THE BOLCKOW SALE.

EVERY month we read of some forthcoming auction at Christies' as certain to be the sale of the season. Whether or not it is to be considered so, depends, of course, upon the point of view. With one person the amount of money that changes hands on the occasion is the gauge of the importance of sale; with another the question is rather whether his favourite masters or his favourite department of art will or will not be amply represented. *Chacun à son goût*. To the plain man there seems no doubt, however, that the Bolckow sale—chiefly of modern pictures—held last Saturday must prove the event of the sale season. The drawings were of a popular and meritorious kind, but were not, speaking generally, of extraordinary importance. It was otherwise with the oil paintings, several of which had, on the dispersal of previous collections—from which the late Mr. Bolckow had acquired them—fetched prices that had become a matter of history. Most people have in remembrance a portrait of Rosa Bonheur, with a favourite animal introduced therein: the animal, of course, by Mlle. Bonheur herself, and the portrait by Edouard Dubufe. It was engraved about a score of years ago by Samuel Cousins. On Saturday it sold for 1250 guineas. A very fine and famous Troyon—a Troyon not easy to surpass—fetched the immense sum of 4700 guineas; while a Meissonier of great character, which had never before come under the hammer—Mr. Bolckow having bought it direct from the studio—fetched 6450 guineas. This was "The Sign Painter." Among English pictures, a canvas by Mr. Erskine Nicol sold for what seemed to us—notwithstanding its unquestionable cleverness—the decidedly substantial sum of 1200 guineas. This was "The China Merchant"—a work of fully twenty years ago. A masterpiece of moderate size by the late Thomas Webster sold for 1150 guineas. This was "Roast Pig." The celebrated Linnell, from the Mendel collection, called "The Hillside Farm," realised 2000 guineas; and another canvas that was in the same collection, "The Grapo Seller of Seville," from the hand of John Phillip—whose brush, to quote the ornate utterance of Lord Beaconsfield, was "steeped in the splendour of Andalusian skies"—realised 2300 guineas. The surely extravagant sum of 4120 guineas was bestowed upon the most celebrated of the Landseers; an "Interior of St. Peter's at Rome," by David Roberts, fetched 1400 guineas; and a Collins, which very likely it would have been fitting that the nation should possess, "The Minnow Catchers," fetched 1500 guineas. But the very greatest price has yet to be chronicled. Before Hogarth's "Gate of Calais" fetched 2450 guineas, and just after Müller's "Chess Players at Cairo" had been knocked down, properly enough, for about a thousand less than it fetched on the last occasion it was seen at auction—a decrease, be it noted, of only five and twenty per cent., after all (not counting interest of money)—there was offered a very famous and exquisite Turner, "Walton Bridges," which Mr. Bolckow had of Mr. Gillott, and Mr. Gillott of the painter. Before it was sold, Mr. Woods, who was, of course, in the rostrum, addressed the assemblage to the

effect that this work should by rights be in possession of the nation. But the nation is exceptionally rich in the works of our greatest landscape painter, and it could hardly have afforded to pay 7000 guineas for this confessedly most lovely thing. Seven thousand guineas—the highest price yet paid for a Turner, if we remember rightly—was, however, a sum which it seemed good to somebody to offer; nor do we opine for a moment that the money was ill spent. With the disappearance from the scene of this admirable masterpiece the interest of the sale subsided and soon came to nought.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. W. HOLMAN HUNT'S "May Morning on Magdalen Tower" will be on view next week in the Gainsborough Gallery; and also Mr. Rudolf Blind's picture of "The World's Desire," at Mr. W. J. Stacey's—both in Old Bond-street.

WE may also mention that a fresh collection of paintings by British and foreign artists has been arranged in the picture gallery of the Crystal Palace; and that a second exhibition of art brass-work, blades, &c., will be held through next week at Armourers' Hall, Coleman-street, E.C.

THE ninth annual meeting of the Society for Preserving Memorials of the Dead will be held in the parish room at Fulham on Thursday next, May 14, at 3 p.m., when the president, Mr. W. Tipping, will deliver his address. At 4 p.m. the members will assemble in Fulham Church to hear a paper from Dr. T. J. Woodhouse on "The Monuments in the Church and Churchyard," where almost every Bishop of London since the seventeenth century lies buried; and afterwards a visit will be paid to Fulham Palace.

AT the next meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries of Ireland, to be held at Kilkenny (the original home of the society), on Monday, May 18, the following will be proposed by the council for election as honorary members, in consideration of their services in the advancement of archaeological science:—Prof. John Rhys, president-elect of the Cambrian Archaeological Association; Dr. Robert Munro, secretary of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; Prof. Sven Söderberg, director of the Museum of Antiquities, Lund; Prof. Luigi Pigorini, director of the Museo Kircheriano, Rome; Sir John Lubbock; Dr. Hoffman, professor of ethnology, Smithsonian Institute; M. D'Arbois de Jubainville; Mr. John J. Gilbert; Miss Margaret Stokes.

THE Grolier Club in New York has of late been exceedingly active in holding exhibitions of the kind which are hardly likely to appeal to the dealer. It has recently held an exhibition of "artistic posters." The fact speaks volumes for the progress of art in America. In England such a show would not be possible; for, in regard to the "artistic poster," it has been said truly "the thing itself does not exist."

THE new number of the interesting artistic quarterly called *English Etchings* (Sampson Low) is worth notice beyond a doubt. A tasteful etching by Dr. Evershed, and a very daintily and freely-sketched landscape by Mr. W. Holmes May, are to be commended; and there is a quiet etching of singular power by Mr. William Strang, called "The Tragedy of a Night." It will be recognised as the plate of which, under the name of "Drowned," an impression was exhibited, and much remarked, at the Painter-Etchers. The plate is accompanied in *English Etchings* by a page or so of text, very tragic in

intention and conception, but a little exaggerated in style, and therefore less impressive than the etching. As it is written without much command of the literary art, it may very likely be the work of some pictorial artist—possibly even Mr. Strang himself. The magazine contains likewise a plain-sailing and direct criticism on the annual exhibition of that society which is most likely to have special interest for the contributors and readers of *English Etchings*.

THE STAGE.

THAT Mr. Wilson Barrett's season at the New Olympic should end prematurely, this very night, is an event which no one could have expected, and which all must deplore. "The Acrobat" has not been a success in London; we shall still venture to prophesy for it a success in the provinces. In town, no doubt, Mr. Barrett would have had a better chance had he played, as his last card for the present season, one other novelty. What the Olympic wanted was a new piece that should be in itself a hit. It had everything but a piece. Thoroughly renovated and improved, no one can say that it is not a rich and handsome playhouse. Its stage has been filled by an excellent company. Mr. George Barrett is as attractive as ever; Miss Winifred Emery has been an acquisition; Miss Lillie Belmore has shown herself more than before a bright and inspiring comedian. As for Mr. Wilson Barrett himself, he has never acted more earnestly, more energetically, or with better judgment than this year. But the very stars in their courses have fought against him, and ill-luck has followed upon ill-luck. So well, however, does Mr. Wilson Barrett deserve of the theatrical profession and of the general public, which has benefited by his many years of intelligent and generous management, that we cannot doubt but that, after the completion of the tours now in prospect, he will again be visible in London.

MR. LAWRENCE KELLIE gave a miscellaneous entertainment at the Steinway Hall on Tuesday, which was well attended and interesting. Much of it consisted of the singing, by Mr. Kellie himself, of some well-known and some quite new songs of his own composition. As a singer, it may be said of him that his enunciation is of the utmost distinctness and his delivery very expressive. He is, indeed, as a vocalist, not without style. Were it our business to criticise music in this column, we might have a word to say in his favour as a composer; but, as it is, we must confine ourselves to praising the taste which he displays in selecting the words for the exercise of his own art. Most composers deal with pure rubbish—violent in sentiment but idiotic in phrase and thought. Mr. Kellie, on the contrary, has a penchant for literature. He presses Shelley and Tennyson into his service. We liked, distinctly, his quite new setting of

"Sunset and evening star
And one clear call for me."

For the present this exists only in manuscript. It will doubtless be published. Miss Adrienne Dairrolles, the skilled young French comedian, was to have recited on Tuesday; but Mr. Kellie found himself under the necessity of reading to the audience a telegram that announced the sudden ulceration of that young lady's throat, a visitation, probably, of the influenza microbe. Mr. Frederick Upton took Miss Adrienne Dairrolles' place, and told two stories in a very dry and telling fashion. He was a great success. And so, of course, was Mr. Haydon Coffin, in whose voice there is the Ninth Concerto of Spohr. Mr. Beerbohm Tree is going to recite on the next occasion.

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS gave Boito's "Mefistofele" at Covent Garden on Saturday evening; and the oftener one hears this interesting opera, the more one regrets that the composer has not yet produced the long-promised "Nerone." Boito's conception of Goethe's poem is deeper than that of Gounod; but the public cannot serve two masters, and for the moment the French composer has a firm hold. It may always be so, for "Mefistofele," in spite of its originality and many excellent qualities, has dramatic faults. The performance, with Mme. Albani as Margherita, M. E. de Reszke as "Mefistofele," and M. Montariol as "Faust," was, on the whole, one of considerable excellence. Mr. Randegger conducted. "Carmen" was given on the following Monday, with Mlle. Zeli de Lussan in the title-role. Her conception of the part is good, but she did not play with her usual vivacity. Altogether the performance was below high-water mark.

The singing of "Che farò" by Mlle. Giulia Ravogli and the performance of Schumann's D minor Symphony, under Mr. Cowen, were the two most interesting features of the fourth Philharmonic concert last Thursday week. The former was marked by skill and pathos; and the acceptance of the encore, if not praiseworthy, was quite pardonable in the concert room. Mlle. Sofia Ravogli sang "Piano, piano" from "Freischütz," and her conception of the song was better than the quality of her voice. M. Emile Sauret played Raff's second violin Concerto, and one could only regret that such excellent playing should be thrown away on so uninteresting a work. The sisters Ravogli sang a duet from Pacini's opera "Saffo" with good ensemble if not perfect intonation.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their first vocal recital on Friday, May 1. In consequence of growing success, they have moved from Princes' to St. James's Hall. The success is not difficult to explain: the programmes are well selected, and the performances all that can be desired. There is much to enjoy, but nothing that calls for detailed notice. Mr. and Mrs. Henschel need no praise; but the artistic efforts of two such accomplished artists deserve record.

Mr. Eugene Holliday gave his pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall on Saturday afternoon. He repeated Chopin's Ballade in F, in which

we still thought him a cold player. But in the same master's B flat minor Prelude and B minor Scherzo he warmed up, and the effect produced was decidedly good. Mr. Holliday is a pupil of Rubinstein's, and has caught much of his master's manner; but does he think and feel for himself? He is young, and it is difficult to answer that question. If he has resources in himself, he will succeed, for he has exceedingly well-trained fingers. His performance of Beethoven's Sonata in B flat (Op. 106) gave proof of this, but the choice of such a work was scarcely commendable: in the hands of the greatest pianists it is not all pure gold. Mr. Holliday's rendering of the "Etudes Symphoniques" of Schumann was unequal: some of it was brilliant and good, but some hard and exaggerated.

Miss Margaret Wild gave a pianoforte recital on Monday afternoon. The two important works in the programme were Beethoven's Sonata in C (Op. 53) and Brahms's Sonata in F minor (Op. 5). The latter work is now attracting the attention of pianists, and it well repays study. Miss Wild's reading of the Beethoven was earnest, but she gave one the impression of having worked too much at it. She has good fingers, also in one or two places her technique was at fault. She yet played short pieces by Chopin, Rubinstein, &c.

Herr Waldemar played Beethoven's violin Concerto at the first of his two orchestral concerts at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. He has much improved since we last heard him; he plays with more refinement, and his reading of the work was pure and intelligent. His performance of three movements from Bach's Suite in E was correct, but lacked fire. The orchestra was under Signor Randegger's direction. Mme. Nordica was announced, but unable to appear, so there was no vocal music.

Mr. Ernest Kiver gave his seventh annual concert at Princes' Hall on Tuesday evening. The programme included Brahms's pianoforte Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 2), one of those early works of the composer which caused Schumann to prophesy good concerning him. It has power and imagination; the writing is unequal, and reminiscences are not wanting, but the music is interesting in itself and full of promise. Mr. Kiver gave a conscientious reading of the Sonata, which is by no means easy to play. The concert commenced with a new pianoforte trio by Miss Ellicott. The music is light and melodious; but the influence of

Mendelssohn is perceptible throughout, and indeed becomes greater with each succeeding movement. Another English work was Mr. E. Prout's pianoforte Quartet in F (Op. 18). Mme. C. Samuelli was the vocalist.

Master Jean Gerardy gave his last cello recital at St. James's Hall on Wednesday afternoon. He took part with M. Ysaye and Herr B. Schönberger in part of Rubinstein's B flat Trio, and acquitted himself well. Mlle. Irma Sethe, a pupil of M. Ysaye, performed the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto. She has good technique, plays with wonderful energy, and has copied most of her master's mannerisms. She was much applauded. Miss Marie Bremer sang two songs, one by Schumann, the other by Kjerulf, with taste, intelligence, and remarkably clear enunciation. Mr. Schönberger played solos.

We were able to hear only a little of Mr. E. Haddock's first concert at the Steinway Hall on the same afternoon. In a light violin solo by L. E. Bach, and in a clever Suite for piano and violin by the little-known Russian composer, Cesar Cui, he proved himself a skilful executant and an accomplished artist. We shall hope to hear him again at his second concert, May 27.

A fine performance of Sullivan's "Golden Legend" at the Albert Hall on Wednesday evening deserves mention, however brief. The vocalists—Mme. Nordica, Mme. Belle Cole, and Messrs. Ben Davies and Henschel—all sang well, and Mr. Barnby's choir, as usual, greatly distinguished itself. As conductor, Mr. Barnby deserves high praise for the determined manner in which he opposed the public demand for a repetition of "O Gladsome Light." A little more firmness of this kind, and the public would soon give up asking. There was a large audience.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

Sir Robert Peel in Early Life, as Irish Secretary and as Secretary of State (1788-1827), from his Private Correspondence. Edited by Charles Stuart Parker. (John Murray.)

To the recently published monographs by Mr. Justin McCarthy and Mr. Thursfield we have now to add the first volume of what is to be, or more correctly speaking, of what is to furnish the materials for, a full and authoritative Life of Sir Robert Peel. The volume, which so far as the title-page is concerned is complete in itself, terminates with the death of Canning in 1827, and consequently does not directly touch upon either of those two burning topics—the Catholic Emancipation Act of 1829, and the Repeal of the Corn Laws in 1846—with which the name of Peel is inseparably connected. Nevertheless, even with this limitation, it is a volume of first-rate importance—as, indeed, must every scrap of information be which serves to throw fresh light on Peel's character as a statesman and the motives which led to his "conversion" on these two critical occasions. A few of the more important documents here printed have, it is proper to remark, already appeared in the Lives of Canning and Eldon, the Croker Papers and elsewhere; but Mr. Parker, rightly judging that to omit them would impair the usefulness of the book, has reprinted them along with the mass of new matter placed at his disposal by the trustees of Peel's papers—Viscount Hardinge and the present Speaker of the House of Commons—and other contributors. For the sake, however, of the biographer and historian (not to mention the reviewer), I would venture to suggest to Mr. Parker that it would conduce greatly to lighten their labours if in the forthcoming volumes some hint, either by means of an asterisk or a short note, were to be given as to what papers have already been printed. For the rest, with the exception of one or two unimportant misprints, Mr. Parker has performed his duties as editor in a perfectly efficient manner, and with a strict regard to Peel's own injunction—

"that no honourable confidence shall be betrayed, no private feelings unnecessarily wounded, and no public interests injuriously affected in consequence of premature or indiscreet publication."

So far, indeed, from causing pain to persons of the most sensitive nature, the present volume can, I imagine, only furnish unalloyed satisfaction to the admirers of one who in his day was certainly the most central and commanding figure in English political life.

In July, 1812, when he was only twenty-four years of age, Peel became Chief Secretary for Ireland. He had already for two years filled the post of Under-Secretary for War and the Colonies, and was recognised on both sides of the House as a rising politician; but, except for the fact that he happened to represent Cashel in parliament, he was totally ignorant of both Ireland and Irish politics. It was therefore all the more deplorable, considering the prominent part which Irish politics were to play in his career, that he should at this comparatively early age have been forced, as it were, into a sphere for which he was at that time wholly unqualified, and that a bias should thus have been given to his views, from which the natural ingenuousness of his mind, had he been allowed to develop himself freely, would in all probability have saved him. In saying this, I do not wish to be understood as suggesting that his opposition to the Catholic claims was not perfectly sincere. His position in this respect was neither absurd nor illogical; and it must be remembered that, when he did eventually yield on the subject, he yielded rather to the logic of events than to the arguments of the advocates of Catholic Emancipation. "For my part," he wrote in 1815, after the conclusion of the war had relieved the government from all fear of danger from abroad,

"I have formed a sincere and strong conviction that no arrangement will be (as some suppose) completely satisfactory to the Catholics which (having removed every distinction and disqualification on account of religious opinion from all classes of the inhabitants of Ireland) shall continue to maintain a separate Church establishment for the religion of one-fifth of the population."

This position he never abandoned; but there is ample evidence in the present volume to show that, while he regarded Catholic Emancipation as an evil fraught with danger to the connexion between the two countries, he was at the same time prepared to meet it as a necessary evil, and, if need was, to sacrifice his opinion to the pressure of circumstances. He has been charged by competent authority with lack of political foresight, but I do not think the charge finds any support in the present volume. It is true that, even after the elections in Waterford and Louth in 1826, he was not quite certain that a reaction against the influence of the priests would not restore the balance in favour of the landlords; but he was by no means blind to the paramount significance of those elections. He would, he declared, have been glad to believe that Catholic Emancipation would satisfy the aspirations of the Irish; but having no hope in that direction, he set himself resolutely to consider what securities could be obtained against Catholic ascendancy.

"The greater the prospect of the success of the Catholic question," he wrote to Mr. Leslie Foster in November, 1826, "the more important it is that all its bearings should be thoroughly understood. When I see it inevitable, I shall (taking good care to free my motives from all suspicion) try to make the best terms for the future security of the Protestant. How can this be done if we close our eyes to actual or possible dangers?"

Was not this exactly the position he took up in 1829? He refused, it is true, in 1827, after the fatal illness of Lord Liverpool, to hold office under Canning, and his refusal was grounded entirely on the antagonism between them on the Catholic question; but his keen sensitiveness as to the probable misinterpretation of his motives no doubt also weighed something in the balance.

"I do not choose," he wrote to his brother, "to see new lights on the Catholic question precisely at that conjuncture when the Duke of York has been laid in his grave and Lord Liverpool is struck dumb by the palsy. Would any man, woman, or child, believe that, after nineteen years' stubborn unbelief, I was converted, at that very moment that Mr. Canning was made Prime Minister, out of pure conscience and the force of truth?"

Peel, as I have said, became Chief Secretary for Ireland in 1812. His first experiences were not calculated to impress him favourably with the duties of his new position, or with the class of persons to whose support he had chiefly to look. Ireland he found on his arrival on the eve of a general election; and, as the channel through which the patronage of the government flowed, he was soon overwhelmed with requests and petitions of all sorts, from a tide-waiter's place up to a peerage, as the price open and avowed of political support in the forthcoming contest. It was a dirty piece of business, but it was afterwards a source of satisfaction to him that he had endeavoured to keep his hands as clean as possible by refusing to gratify any private wish of his own by the smallest appointment. The elections over to the entire satisfaction of his own party, and the Catholic question, owing to the division among the Catholics themselves on the subject of the veto, shortly afterwards comfortably shelved for a season at least, Peel settled down to his work of administration. In this connexion the importance of the press was too great to be overlooked. The case of John Magee, the proprietor of the *Dublin Evening Post*, is well known and needs no comment; but in these contests Peel soon found, as he wrote to Croker, that it was much "easier to silence an enemy's battery than to establish one of your own." Every year government was accustomed, under cover of a proclamation fund, to spend £10,000 in subsidising friendly newspapers; but this was not sufficient for Peel. He had already tried his hand in light political contributions to the *Courier*, and shortly after his arrival in Dublin he had expressed to Lord Liverpool his hopes of putting the Irish papers on a "better footing." In this respect, however, he was not entirely successful; and the zeal of these inspired publications sometimes so far outran their discretion—as in the case of the *Dublin Journal*, which had inserted a gross forgery professing to be a protest of the Catholics against the Bill for their relief—as to elicit an angry rebuke from him for the inconvenience they caused him. Notwithstanding the excitement incidental to the agitation for Catholic Emancipation, the state of Ireland in 1814 was one of comparative tranquillity. Isolated acts of violence, due mainly to causes of a more or less permanent character, there no doubt were; and these

were, of course, magnified by alarmist magistrates and others into symptoms of a new rebellion. But Peel, while not altogether misled by the reports that reached him, was strongly impressed with the necessity of providing some more effectual method of repressing local disturbances than was afforded by the effete system of county constabulary in force. His Police Bill—a measure which, though not without its vicious side, as revealed at a later period by the reforms of Drummoud, has probably done more than any other single Act for the cause of good government in Ireland—passed easily and almost without opposition through Parliament. But in Ireland the measure was denounced as wholly inadequate to the emergency; and Peel was forced, partly against his own will, and to the surprise of his colleagues, to revive the Insurrection Act which had expired in 1810. In order to secure its safe passage, a bogus conspiracy case was concocted by some subordinate government official; and, though the fraud was happily discovered in time, it gave Peel a much-needed lesson as to the value of official evidence. Still, while it is impossible to deny that the sobriquet of "Orange Peel" which attached itself to his name was not, so far as the general tone at any rate of his administration was concerned, altogether unmerited, one cannot help feeling that Peel, as he stands revealed in his private correspondence, was not simply as he was described—the spokesman of an intolerant faction; and that, despite his prejudices on the main question of the day, he did try to pursue an honest and impartial line of conduct. His attitude, of course, brought him into violent collision with O'Connell; but it speaks well for the sincerity of his motives that a resolution expressing the highest approbation of his administration, "with the single exception of his vote on the subject of Catholic Emancipation," could have been passed at a full meeting of the inhabitants of Carriack-on-Suir. Of his quarrel with O'Connell the less said the better. The documents connected with it fill several pages of the present volume; but the only one I have been able to read with any satisfaction is a letter to Peel from his brother-in-law, William Cockburn, afterwards Dean of York, imploring him not to let "such calamitous results be produced by the mere balance of a straw or the nice explanation of a word."

Already in 1815 Peel had expressed his earnest wish to be relieved of the Irish Secretaryship; and it was with an undisguised sense of relief that he quitted Ireland in the summer of 1818. His attitude on the question of Queen Caroline's treatment, co-operating with other causes, leading him to decline the post of President of the Board of Control with a seat in the Cabinet, he remained out of office till the resignation by Lord Sidmouth of the Home Secretaryship in December 1821 rendered it possible for Lord Liverpool to make him a more attractive offer, which he at once accepted. Meantime, however, he had not been idle, having in 1819 been appointed Chairman of the Currency Committee, whose report embodied in the Act which bears his name

represents Peel's first great financial achievement. What slight weight he attached to the vote he had given in 1811 against Horner's proposal for the resumption of cash payments appears clearly from the following passage in a letter to his old tutor, Dr. Lloyd:

"I conceive my chief, perhaps my only, qualification for the office for which I have been selected by the Committee is that I have not prejudged the question, am committed to no opinion upon it, and shall be, therefore, at least disinterested in the result of our investigation."

The Report of the Bullion Committee of 1810 he found, as might have been expected, incontrovertible; but he was not so easily satisfied as to the expediency of returning to a system abandoned twenty-one years previously:

"*Revocare gradum, hic labor, hoc opus est.* . . . I believe the demonstration of the Bullion Report to be complete, still there are facts apparently at variance with their theory. If the demonstration is complete, this can only be so apparently. They are like the triangles that I used to bring to Bridge, and declare that the angles of those particular triangles amounted to more than two right angles. The answer in each case is the same. There is some error in the fact and in the triangle, not in the proof, which was as applicable to that fact and to that triangle as to any other."

In connexion with the monetary crisis in 1825-6, and the proposal, favoured by Mr. Baring, to establish a bimetallic standard, Mr. Parker prints some interesting correspondence between Peel and the Duke of Wellington, to which, however, I can here only refer the reader interested in such matters. Peel's laudable efforts to reform the criminal code on the lines laid down by Romilly and Mackintosh threw a lustre over his tenure of the Home Office, and gained for him a well-deserved popularity. Among those who hastened to offer him their congratulations on that occasion not the least notable was the Rev. Sydney Smith, who to his congratulations ventured to add some friendly advice on the subject of secondary punishments.

"I hope," he wrote, "you will consider the effects of Botany Bay as a punishment. A sentence of transportation to Botany Bay translated into common sense is this: 'Because you have committed this offence, the sentence of the Court is that you shall no longer be burdened with the support of your wife and family. You shall be immediately removed from a very bad climate and a country overburdened with people to one of the finest regions of the earth, where the demand for human labour is every hour increasing, and where it is highly probable you may ultimately regain your character and improve your future. The Court have been induced to pass this sentence upon you in consequence of the many aggravating circumstances of your case, and they hope your fate will be a warning to others.'"

R. DUNLOP.

The Poets and the Poetry of the Century.
Edited by Alfred H. Miles. Vols. 1 and 6.
(Hutchinson.)

AFTER saying that we opened these volumes with rather high expectations, we are unfortunately obliged to add that we have

closed them with feelings of considerable disappointment.

In his Preface Mr. Miles very truly says: "A work of this kind should be so impeccable that a student may turn to it for quotations as fearlessly as he turns to the original text. Otherwise half its value is lost." And he informs us that "no pains have been spared to render the text absolutely accurate." An editor who thus expressly claims for his work the distinction of being textually "impeccable" is a courageous man, but Mr. Miles has been hardly less rash than courageous. From some cause—apparently imperfect correction of the press—errors of a most regrettable kind have crept into his book. For example, in his selection from Blake he prints the last two lines of the "Introduction" to the "Songs of Innocence" thus:

"And I wrote my happy songs
Every child my joy to hear."

The last *my* should be *may*, and of course the error—a very obvious one—quite destroys the sense. A more ludicrous mistake disfigures a sonnet of Wordsworth's, in which Mr. Miles makes the poet allude to the English Channel as "a *pan* of waters." Of course it should be *span*. Then we have such slips as "Jeffery" for "Jeffrey," and, in a poem by Lord De Tabley, "roseness" for "rosiness," while on one page occur such spellings as "antient" and "relicks," although there is not elsewhere any disclosure of an intention to reproduce obsolete or eccentric orthography as a feature of the book. In a blank verse poem of Lord De Tabley's we find the following line:

"My dream was glory and their delight:"

but as we have not at hand the means of referring to the original source, we can only venture to express a strong suspicion that something here has gone wrong, as also in another ostensible line of blank verse which reads as follows:

"I'm sent among damsels at the board."

With regard to these two instances, however, we speak under correction, for the reason just given. But if we happen (appearances notwithstanding) to be wrong in this case, and Mr. Miles right, he has only himself to blame for our inclination to trust our own unverified suspicions when aroused by such palpable and indisputable errors as elsewhere appear.

Since writing the above, we have been looking at random here and there in Mr. Miles's two volumes, and have noted the following mistakes in the selection from Crabbe: "mortal" for "mortals," "tongue" for "tone," "show" for "shown," "noble" for "nobly," "illuminated" for "illumed," and "free" for "flee"; in the selection from Hogg, "mountain" for "fountain"; in the selection from Mr. Robert Buchanan, "rape" for "reap." These are all pure errors of transcription, about which no sort of doubt can exist. It may be thought by some readers that we have devoted undue attention to matters of this kind; but the unusual pretensions to an absolutely "impeccable" text which Mr. Miles has put forward must plead our excuse. If, for his own future use, he desires to have chapter

and verse for the various items in our partial list of inaccuracies, he has only to signify his wish.

He tells us that in all cases where he has adopted readings other than those which were last approved by the poets themselves, the final versions will be found in his notes. Yet in printing, without any annotation, Hogg's song, "When the kye comes hame," he adopts, throughout, the reading, "When the kye *come* hame," which is certainly more grammatical—and, to our mind, we must say, preferable intrinsically—but is also certainly *not* the rendering last sanctioned by Hogg, if it ever had his sanction at all. The Ettrick Shepherd himself says:

"In the title and chorus of this favourite song I choose rather to violate a rule in grammar than a favourite Scottish phrase so common that, when it is altered into the proper way, every shepherd and shepherd's sweetheart account it nonsense. I was once singing it at a wedding with great glee the latter way ("When the kye came home") when a tailor, scratching his head, said it was a terrible affectit way that! I stood corrected, and have never sung it so again."

In the very important matter of punctuation, Mr. Miles's errors are simply innumerable. To record them all would occupy more space than we can afford, and would not be very lively reading either; but we have no right to make so serious a charge without bringing substantial and detailed proof of its correctness, so we shall confine ourselves to producing evidence under this head from a single section of Mr. Miles's book—the anthology from Wordsworth. The following is a stanza of "Expostulation and Reply"—

"One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
When life was sweet, I knew not why,
To me my good friend Matthew spake,
And thus I made reply:"

Mr. Miles, in printing this stanza, distorts the meaning by omitting the comma at the end of the second line; and in the following stanza from the same poem Mr. Miles similarly clouds the sense by substituting a comma for a semicolon at the end of the second line.

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness."

In "The Sparrow's Nest" are the following lines:

"The Sparrow's dwelling, which, hard by
My father's house, in wet or dry, &c."

Mr. Miles introduces confusion by placing a comma after "hard by." In the well-known "She was a Phantom of Delight," the couplet,

"But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn,"

is ruined, in Mr. Miles's book, by a semicolon after "drawn." From the end of the first line of the fourteenth stanza of "Resolution and Independence" a comma is omitted, with injurious results, though the case is not so bad as the previous ones. In the sonnet, "Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind," a comma and a colon are omitted, at the end of lines 8 and 11 respectively, with disastrous effect in each instance. In the "Westminster Bridge" sonnet, at the end of line 8, a comma has

been substituted for a period, also with painful consequences; and in the noble sonnet, "After-thought," which concludes the Duddon series, the magnificent lines, "Enough, if something from our hands have power

To live, and act, and serve the future hour;" are printed with a comma after "power," which, although extraneous and slightly obstructive, is the least positively harmful of all the above-noted errors.

It is proper, and perhaps necessary, to remark here that this is no case of an editor having, with more or less show of reason, made his choice from a variety of punctuations discoverable in different editions of the poet's works. It is, indeed, just possible—we do not affirm the contrary—that one or two of these bad punctuations may occur in some edition of Wordsworth's writings. We greatly doubt it, however; and even if they do so occur, they are clearly blunders of the most detrimental kind, such as no capable editor of Wordsworth has reproduced, and which unquestionably were not permitted to disfigure any reprint issued under the poet's own supervision. Indeed, we feel morally certain that they are, one and all, neither more nor less than slips due to careless transcription; and they certainly constitute an irredeemable blot for which no possible excuse can be made. We cannot go on filling columns with a list of these minute though irritating inaccuracies; but—we say it with a full sense of the responsibility attaching to a statement which we nevertheless have not leisure circumstantially to illustrate—other parts of the book appear to be sown no less thickly with errors than the part to which attention has just been paid. And, of the two volumes under review, those portions which we have had any opportunity of testing at all bear a small proportion to the whole.

It is a relief to turn to other features of Mr. Miles's work. He himself contributes the prefaces to his selections from Blake, Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Bloomfield, and Scott; and he writes almost invariably well. We think he over-estimates Bloomfield (of whose "Farmer's Boy," by-the-way, we learn that "some twenty-six thousand copies are said to have been sold in less than three years"), and we are unable to share very enthusiastically his admiration of the line—

"The splendid raiment of the spring peeps forth."

We have a stupid "Philistine" prejudice in favour of words used properly, and "raiment" can no more "peep" than it can botanise. But, as has been said, Mr. Miles usually writes very well; and he has the merit of appreciating just those kinds of excellence which are most apt in our day to be undervalued. His account of Crabbe, for instance, could hardly be bettered; and he says very truly that

"Crabbe was the first to give the lie to the false ideals of rustic happiness and virtue that pervaded the poetry of his predecessors; the first with iconoclastic hand to destroy the images of rural felicity and peace which had for so long deluded the ignorant and mocked the poor."

We fancy Coleridge may have had Crabbe in his mind when, in the "Ode to Georgiana

Duchess of Devonshire"—which, by the way, is somewhat regrettably absent from Mr. Miles's book—he alludes to poets of the opposite class, who

"in verse and music dress
Tales of rustic happiness.
Pernicious tales! insidious strains!
That steel the rich man's breast,
And mock the let unblest,
The sordid vices and the abject pains,
Which evermore must be
The doom of ignorance and penury!"

Mr. Miles very justly observes that,

"Crabbe was fortunate enough to gain the approval of both schools of contemporary criticism. His adoption of the old forms gained for him the friendship of the one, and his infusion of the new spirit excited for him the sympathy of the other."

Mr. Miles's selection from Crabbe seems to be everything that could be desired, which is more than we can say of the selection from Coleridge. For this latter Mr. Horace G. Groser apparently shares with the editor-in-chief his responsibility. The quantity of verse belonging to a very high class is, it will be generally admitted, not large in Coleridge; and there is no reason why a work on such a scale as Mr. Miles's should not have contained every really splendid thing that Coleridge wrote in verse, exclusive of drama. Yet it does not contain "The Garden of Boccaccio"; and while we may be wrong in thinking that "The Visit of the Gods" should have been given, we feel no fear of contradiction in saying that room should certainly have been found for "A Tombless Epitaph," in which occurs Coleridge's noblest passage of blank verse. What makes the omission of these fine pieces all the worse is the fact that some of Coleridge's comparative failures are included. We may here remark, incidentally, that we notice in "Christabel" a paragraph improperly broken into two. On a cursory examination, the selection from Wordsworth seems very well made. At all events, there is nothing in it which we could wish away; but we have not looked through it with a special view to determining its relative adequacy on the score of comprehensiveness. In the instances where Mr. Miles has adopted an early reading and relegated the later one to an appendix, he has on the whole decided wisely, but not, we think, always so. Take, for example, this stanza:

"Often as thy inward ear
Catches such rebounds, beware—
Listen, ponder, hold them dear:
For of God—of God they are."

Wordsworth afterwards altered the first two lines to

"Such rebounds our inward ear
Catches sometimes from afar,"

and to us this seems finer, though Mr. Miles has preferred the earlier version. We are, however, treading in the region of opinion here; and we do not affect to lay any stress upon our own view.

In vol. vi., published with vol. i., we are among our contemporaries, the selections ranging "from William Morris to Robert Buchanan." This sounds oddly to our ears—somewhat as if one should call the roll of English statesmen "from Disraeli to Gladstone"; but it appears

Mr. Morris was born in 1834 and Mr. Buchanan in 1841; and these two poets, with others born in the interval between those dates, yield the material of Mr. Miles's sixth volume. Mr. Addington Symonds writes in a wholly admirable manner about Mr. Roden Noel, and Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse pens a graceful estimate of the poetry of Mr. Richard Garnett. The editor himself writes with just appreciation of the delicate excellence which we associate with the name of Mr. Austin Dobson, and pays a well-deserved tribute to the great poetic ability of Lord De Tabley. Both here and elsewhere, however, in these "appreciations," we are irritated by an irrelevant trick of quoting laudatory notices from the periodical press of the day—the *Saturday Review*, the *Athenæum*, &c. The public, outside the little ring of professed litterateurs, feel slightly amused by the spectacle of reviewers taking each other so solemnly. Mr. Walter Whyte contributes a preface to a very scanty selection from the work of Mr. Alfred Austin, and, oddly enough, ascribes to the lyrical pieces of that vigorous poet an Elizabethan flavour which is about as foreign to them as it could be. Another poet who is not too largely represented is Mr. Herman Charles Merivale. Mr. J. Ashcroft Noble writes restrainedly and sympathetically about David Gray and Mr. R. Buchanan; while Mr. Arthur Symonds shows us that his fervid admiration of Mr. Swinburne does not betray him into idolatry.

With regard to one or two other prefatory notices in this volume we wish Mr. Miles had seen fit to exercise a little editorial supervision. The criticism of Mr. Wilfrid Blunt's poetry is diversified by allusions, in the most singular taste, to that gentleman's personal appearance—his "extraordinary good looks," as the critic, over whom in pure mercy the aegis of anonymity shall be thrown in these columns, expresses it. A sentence in another article by the same hand contains, among other curiosities, a stranded nominative case which waits inconsolably for the verb that never comes. In a living poet's work, we are told, "one feels the great handling of the chisel, but one's eye cannot rest satisfied with the mounting sweep of the unspent curve." A certain poem is described as "gentle cousin" to a certain other, and we learn that "each will doubtless felicitate the other on the relationship." We hear of music "sonorous with conviction," and metres which have the "vowelled turbulence of a deep strongly-flowing stream."

In the forthcoming instalments of this work it is to be hoped that Mr. Miles will avoid the repetition of such blemishes as detract so seriously from the value of the two volumes which lie before us.

WILLIAM WATSON.

Black America: a Study of the Ex-Slave and his Late Master. By W. Laird Clowes. (Cassell.)

As the Special Commissioner of *The Times*, Mr. Clowes visited the United States last year to study and report upon the latest phase of "the nigger question." This report—which was contained in a series of

letters to the journal named—is here reprinted with additions. It is a careful and impartial estimate of the situation. We may not acquiesce in all Mr. Clowes's conclusions, but manifestly they have been well and carefully weighed. His judgments are the judgments of a judge, and not of an advocate usurping the judge's seat. Mr. Clowes had no preconceived notions on the subject, or, at any rate, did not permit them to bias him. He looked the facts fairly in the face and allowed them to carry their own lesson. He has conversed, he says, without prejudice, "with whites and with blacks, with Republicans and with Democrats, with men who are in office and with men who are anxious to find themselves there;" and he has not consciously closed his ears "to any argument from any quarter." The result is a valuable contribution to this pressing question.

The position, briefly stated, is this:—As a result of the Civil War, negroes were formally recognised by Amendment XV. of the Constitution of the States as citizens. At the same time, in the districts where negroes were most numerous, the whites were subjected to certain disabilities on account of the part they had taken in the Rebellion. They thus found themselves in the unenviable position of being in subjection to the persons who had lately been their slaves. Had the latter been judicious, and capable of governing, the position would have been serious enough; but in the nature of things they were as unfitted as they well could be for their new responsibilities. Goods and chattels, with neither rights nor responsibilities, cannot be turned into men all at once, even by an Act of Congress. It is not clear that the new citizens were any worse than the old ones—any more greedy or less scrupulous; but the old ones had learned by experience that even men in office must restrain themselves. The newly enfranchised negroes had had no experience. They were like Dick Bultitude in *Vice Versa*, who, when the Garudâ stone had transformed him into a respectable city merchant, made toffee with his errand boy. His father's amusements may have been quite as trivial, but they were more seemly and, generally, less inconvenient. To add to the troubles of the negroes, the carpet-baggers made their appearance—rascals from the North who saw a chance of plunder. They posed as the negroes' friends, secured the chief offices of the Southern States, and dipped their hands freely into the treasury. The Government at Washington, not for the first time and not for the last, proved its incapacity to secure even a moderate degree of justice and order.

Mr. Clowes gives many instances of this misgovernment; and although the testimony is for the most part that of Democrats or Secessionists, it may be taken to prove at least a very great abuse of power on the part of the newly-made rulers. One of the worst cases was that of Franklin J. Moses, jun., Governor of South Carolina in 1872. He was reputed to spend 30,000 dollars to 40,000 dollars a year, with a salary of 3,500 dollars; and the taxation for State expenses rose to 2,000,000 dollars, against 400,000

dollars formerly required. "The total amount of the stationery bill of the House for the twenty years preceding 1861 averaged 400 dollars (£80) per annum," but for one year during the governorship of Moses it was £3200. After he fell from power this man developed into a common criminal, and was ultimately arrested for stealing overcoats from the hall of a house.

The ignorance of the negro, more than his cupidity, was responsible for this and much other scandalous misgovernment. He was the victim of such men as Moses. Not that he was himself admirable, being deficient in good principle and good policy alike. But while the rascally white man showed in his rascality what his developed nature amounted to, in the negro, with all his errors, were certain undeveloped possibilities of good. In 1864, and for many years after, the real nature of the negro could not be known. His qualities as a slave had been fully ascertained; his qualities in a condition of freedom were yet to be discovered. That he blundered so badly at first was not surprising and was no ground for any final condemnation.

Nevertheless his blunders, whatever the cause, were intolerable. They justified some kind of rebellion against the constituted authority, and such a rebellion—known as the "reconstruction" of the South—did take place. In a few years the rule of the negroes had been overturned, and the white men, if not legally, still none the less actually, were in power again. It does not seem, however, that they, with all the advantages of civilisation, had even yet learned wisdom. As the negroes had ruled in their blundering way for their own advantage, so now the whites, when their turn came—instead of showing what honourable government was and, accepting the changed conditions, trying to make the best of them—resumed their old tyranny. They were more judicious, no doubt; but not one whit more virtuous or, in the long run, more wise. The negroes might be crushed for a time; in the good old times of slavery they had been crushed, and, again, when "reconstruction" came, they seemed to collapse. But this could not always be so. The spirit of liberty had entered in and must grow more and more. Had the whites only seen it, they might have ruled so wisely that all future trouble would be averted. They did not see it. They were blinded, not only by lust of power, but still more by hatred of the race they had so long oppressed. To hate a man thoroughly you should have done him an injury; and surely the whites had done the negroes mortal injury. White-rule, as described by Mr. Clowes, is quite as disgraceful as the black-rule it had superseded. Every evil device for overriding the law, from falsifying voting papers and making voters drunk to the use of revolvers, was resorted to. There was no secret about the devices, because there was no sense of shame. "There is no conceivable scoundrelism," writes Mr. Clowes, "that is not, or has not, been practised in the South to neutralise the negro vote" (p. 85). The result was that the white minority in all the States not only gained the ascendancy, but left the black popula-

tion unrepresented and worse than uncared for.

This could not last for ever. The negroes by degrees began to realise their rights and to feel their strength. The best of them were conscious of the defects under which they laboured—defects of education and of a sense of moral responsibility. It may be true that the negro can never develop as far as the white man, that at his highest he is comparatively childish. The testimony on the point is contradictory. Perhaps here, as elsewhere, it is true that we cannot tell what the negro is capable of until he tries. Assuredly, in the quarter of a century which has elapsed since he had any chance of progress at all, he has moved forward wonderfully. And, be his highest reach what it may, it is higher than the reach of the lower order of white men. The tyranny of ignorant negroes succeeded the slave tyranny of the whites, and was in turn succeeded by the white tyranny, which still obtains. But since the downfall of negro rule in the South, the mental and moral condition of the negro has greatly changed; and when the day of reckoning comes—as come it must—the Southern white will have to render his account to a race very different from that which he reckoned with before. The present crisis is due to the blundering of the Southern white. He has neglected his opportunity.

The idea of the Southern white, says Mr. Clowes, seems to be that, though danger is ahead, it is too far ahead for him to trouble himself much about it. "I do not fear the negro," he says in effect, "I do not believe in his power of organisation; and, if he were to rise, we could crush him into resignation." So he will not mend his ways; and his unbelief will continue until the day when the negro, wearied of oppression, shall arise and prove his power. What he endured when he was a slave he will not always endure now that he is, or has the chance of being, a free man.

Of course "remedies" have been proposed. "Education" is one; but education, even in this country, has not ennobled the lower sections of society. It gives the capable a chance; to the incapable it is useless, and to the ill-disposed it is a weapon for mischief. It is too late to withdraw from the negro the nominal equality the law has given him, else it might be hoped that the white man, having reduced him to a state of dependence, might treat him more tolerantly; but, if it were practicable, this would be no true remedy. Intermarriage and the consequent unification of the races seems to be impossible for some centuries to come at least; and the problem will not wait for a solution until then. According to Mr. Clowes, the ideal solution is the abolition of the negro by sending him to Africa. That the race which has laboured for so many generations on American soil should be sent from what is now its native land to foreign parts, seems hardly just. But just or unjust, such a solution is not likely to be effected. For one thing, the numbers to be removed are too great. It is more possible that the negroes might be induced gradually to concentrate themselves in some portion of the States; but neither this nor

any other peaceable method is likely to be put into operation, for the reason given to Mr. Clowes by "one of the most distinguished of living American statesmen":—

"If my country should ever come to incurable disaster," he said, "it will be, I am convinced, because it is the incurable habit of my countrymen to cherish the belief that they are so much the special care of Providence that it would be superfluous on their part to take even simple and ordinary precautions for their own protection."

For this reason Mr. Clowes himself is not hopeful that his "ideal" or any other "remedy" will be adopted.

And it is idle to expect that white and negro will dwell peacefully side by side, each respecting the rights of the other, without attempting to intermingle. The race-hatred is too intense ever to be rooted out of the white Americans. The stories told by Mr. Clowes are of precisely the same order as those commonly told in the last days of slavery. The lowest type of white holds himself, and is held by other whites, to be immeasurably superior to the highest specimen of a negro. Mr. Clowes writes:—

"Throughout the South the social position of the man in whose veins negro blood courses is unalterably fixed from birth. The child may grow to be wise, to be wealthy, to be entrusted even with the responsibilities of office, but he always bears with him the visible marks of his origin, and those marks condemn him to remain for ever at the bottom of the social ladder. To incur this condemnation he need not be by any means black. A quarter, an eighth, nay, a sixteenth of African blood is sufficient to deprive him of all chances of social equality with the white man. For the being with the hated taint there is positively no social mercy. A white man may be ignorant, vicious, and poor. For him, in spite of all, the door is ever kept open. But the black, or coloured man, no matter what his personal merits may be, is ruthlessly shut out. The white absolutely declines to associate with him on equal terms. A line has been drawn, and he who, from either side, crosses that line has to pay the penalty. If it be the negro who dares to cross, cruelty and violence chase him promptly back again, or kill him for his temerity. If it be the white, ostracism is the recognised penalty" (p. 87).

Even supposing all negroes could be banished from America, the question would still remain how to dispose of the Southern whites. Their disregard of law is developing. Italians are the latest victims of their murderous instincts. And the government at Washington can give no satisfactory assurances to the Italian government simply because in the South it is helpless against the prevailing and too long permitted and even encouraged lawlessness. Mr. Clowes asserts that

"if the racial crimes and outrages which are of daily occurrence in the Southern States were taking place in a semi-civilised part of Europe," and were "only half as well advertised as the events in Bulgaria were," "the public sentiment of Europe would be aroused, and reform secured even at the cost of war."

Such public sentiment, as to the negro at least, does not exist even in the North, where "Sambo" may indeed be a man, and as

such despised, but is certainly not recognised as a brother. The truth is, the long-continued slave-system, based as it was on a total disregard of human obligations and rights, has resulted in an arrested moral growth; and the roots of the present trouble lie not so much in negro inferiority as in this defect in the moral sentiment of the white population of the South.

Before the Civil War, Theodore Parker predicted that slavery "would go down in blood." Plenty of remedies were proposed in those days for the peaceful solution of that problem. One was not unlike the present "ideal" remedy advocated by Mr. Clowes and others. But a peaceful settlement was impossible then, as it is impossible now. How far short of a true settlement the Civil War was, we know. Not war, not even the American constitution, with or without Amendment XV., could liberate the negro. He is not free even yet. He has not in him the true spirit of freedom, or without him the requisite social conditions. But, although war and law could not make him free, they did him this service, that they opened up the way, so that he could seek liberty for himself. He is seeking it, and with more ability than might have been expected. His sense of freedom is growing; and by-and-by, when he feels his power, that fool's dream of the Southern whites—that they can afford to despise him and are able always to crush him—will be rudely broken, and the new tyranny, like the old, will go down in blood. That will not be a remedy. No remedy but time and what it brings is possible. But it will be a step onward.

WALTER LEWIN.

MEDIEVAL TREATISES ON ENGLISH HUSBANDRY.

Walter of Henley's Husbandry, together with an anonymous *Husbandry*, *Seneschaucie*, and *Robert Grosseteste's Rules*. Translations &c., by Elizabeth Lamond. Introduction by W. Cunningham, D.D. (Longmans.)

It is not always recognised how closely the land and its cultivation were bound up with the development of early institutions, with the possibilities of the progress of society, and of the social condition of those who, under the much abused feudal system, drew their livelihood from it.

A most important contribution to these studies in England is the issue by the Royal Historical Society of the four treatises which, from about the thirteenth to the sixteenth centuries, formed the chief written guidance on husbandry available to our forefathers.

"The general subject" of these tracts, says Dr. Cunningham, "is the management of estates; and in the management of an estate the successful working of the home-farm—under the superintendence of a bailiff, and by means of the services of the villans, with the assistance of hired labourers—was the chief element of success. They deal primarily with bailiff-farming . . . as it was organised in the thirteenth century;" containing "practical hints set forth by practical men to assist others in the management of their affairs."

The chief of these tracts, that by Walter

of Henley, treats of tillage, the care of animals, and other rural operations, and how the lord, himself supervising all, may thriftily manage his estate. The directions for obtaining an "extent" or survey of the property, for choosing servants and oversight of workers, are suggestive of something else besides husbandry—a connexion recognised by Sir A. Fitzherbert's printer, three centuries later, who, seeing how well the "Boke of Surveying" "agreeth with the argument of the other small boke, as court baron, court hundred, and chartuary," printed them all together.

The second tract deals with "the way in which a man ought to direct bailiffs and provosts about rendering the account of a manor," entering into details of the cost of carts, seed, and payment of labourers, of the return from produce, the dairy and live stock, large and small. Not many MSS. of this are known; but of these few one is at Paris, incorporated with Walter's treatise, the contents of the two having been rearranged. This compound work was printed by Lacour in 1856 as one composition, under the title of "Traité inédit d'économie rurale."

The Seneschauce (our third tract) describes the duties and functions of the various manorial officers, the steward, bailiff, &c., including the lord himself, down to the waggoner and the dairy-maid. This tract, together with a larger proportion of Walter's, furnished much material to the compiler of Fleta for parts of chaps. lxxi.-lxxxviii. of his second book, showing of how much authority and value were these practical guides, whose date is thus indicated as not later than Edward I.

The Rules were made to help a great lady "to guard and govern her lands and house." They teach little of husbandry, but more of the management of produce and the rule of a household. They are full of social and domestic details; and it is with a curious sensation that we sit behind the old-world curtain and watch the ordering of the servants, the seating of the guests, the courtesy of the table, the stately behaviour of the mistress. Like the later Anglo-French "Manière de Langage" of the fourteenth century, published by M. Paul Meyer, all these treatises, but particularly the Rules, shed a reflex light of a most fascinating hue upon our early social life.

The most important, however, and the most permanently in use was Walter of Henley's work, of which the editors have examined and compared twenty-one MSS. (six of which are at Cambridge), besides indicating others. The text is printed from the Luffield MS. in the university library at Cambridge, as presenting the closest approach to the original form. A translation on which Miss Lamond has expended much loving care, renders all these tracts accessible to the many students for whom the old Anglo-French of the originals is a stumbling-block, while Dr. Cunningham prefixes a useful sketch of the economy of an estate in the thirteenth century.

One interesting sign of the vitality of the old English speech in the midst of the contemporary French, only glanced at by the editors, may be pointed out here,

viz., the quotation of proverbs in English. One of these,

"Wo that strechet forberre þan his wytel [whittle] wyle reche
In þe straue his fet he mot streeche,"

occurs in Walter's prologue, where a couple of French proverbs also come in. In one of the chapters of Fleta, which draws upon Walter of Henley (lib. ii. cap. 72), we find "*quod Anglice dicitur, Ofte treste lokes maketh treuue hynnen*"; and all may be compared with several similar English utterances quoted by Nicole Bozon in his *Contes* a few years later.

LUCY TOULMIN SMITH.

NEW NOVELS.

There and Back. By George Macdonald. In 3 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

Bell Barry. By Richard Ashe King. In 2 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

The Laird o' Cockpen. By "Rita." In 3 vols. (White.)

Maisie Warden. By J. D. Hutcheson. (Alexander Gardner.)

The Weird of Deadly Hollow. By Bertram Mitford. (Sutton, Drowley & Co.)

A Little Irish Girl, &c. By Mrs. Hungerford. (Henry.)

The Cobbler of Cornikeranium. By Rev. A. N. Malan. (Sampson Low.)

The Children of the Fire Mountain. By T. B. Clegg. (Biggs.)

Always in the Way. By Thomas Jeans. (Trischler.)

THERE is such a strong family resemblance between Mr. George Macdonald's novels—at least those later novels which are compounds of piety, mystical theology, passion, strong speech, and strong action—that when an addition is made to the family, the only criticism that need be passed consists in saying if it is a credit or not. Granting, then, that Mr. Macdonald has a right to place his ideals of conduct and righteousness before his readers in the form of men and women who are always thinking aloud, even at the risk of occasionally boring them, it should be said at once that *There and Back* is one of the best books its author has recently published. There are strong incidents and strong characters in it, but not too many of them. Sir Wilton L'Estrange, the testy, selfish, sensual baronet, and Mrs. Wylder, the Australian wife of the squire, who has never disciplined her nature, takes morphia at home, and reads French novels in church, make a good pair; while Richard, the baronet blacksmithson, and Barbara, Mrs. Wylder's loveable daughter, make another. Lady Ann, the baronet's last wife, in spite of her limited intellectual horizon, is an excellent because natural sketch; and even the clergyman—Wingfold the rector—who, as the impersonation of the awful power of goodness is bound to figure in any work of Mr. Macdonald's—is not too much in evidence. Then the folks with whom Richard, Barbara, and Wingfold are naturally brought into association, and whom they influence—of course for good—are such as might be found in

ordinary life or ordinary fiction. In short, Mr. Macdonald has not published a more generally readable or enjoyable story than *There and Back*; and, although there are in it many passages full of religiosity and "philosophy" which are eminently skipable, they are so dotted over three volumes that the skipping of them is an easy matter.

Bell Barry is a provoking book. There is a great deal of farcical and almost Handy-Andyish Irish cleverness in it; but this almost spoils the plot, which is in reality serious nearly to tragedy. By himself, Bell Barry's father, the teetotal lecturer, supplies a good deal of fun, in spite of his being, or because he is, "a mere picture or shadow of a man—like all pedants—or rather a wooden figure, carved by other hands, with as much animation, mobility, and naturalness as the figure-head of a collier." He affords mirth to his audience and, through his very Hibernian servant, to the readers of this book, while he supplies Dick, the volatile Irish journalist and the moving spirit of the story, with any number of excuses for mischievous tricks. Occasionally, however, this sort of comedy jars with the main plot, which deals with the discovery of the murderer of Stewart Rivers's unworthy wife—a discovery that is as remarkable a piece of detective business as has figured in recent fiction. But, in spite of this, little fault can be found with *Bell Barry*, which is, in point of ability, very far superior to the average novel in which the average Irishman plays his pranks. The ultra-feminine reader, perhaps, will not see much in Stewart Rivers to recommend him to Bell Barry; but Bell herself is an admirable embodiment of courageous womanliness, as she shows in the scenes on board ship, where, on account of what looks like an elopement, she is the target for the slings and arrows of an enraged and uncharitable Mrs. Grundy.

In *The Laird o' Cockpen* the writer who styles herself "Rita" is good enough to take a tour in Scotland and even to express her horror of a Scotch Sunday. But while she has taken "*The Laird o' Cockpen*" for the title of her story, its spirit is the spirit of "*Auld Robin Gray*." It is true that the laird whom the half-Scotch half-English heroine marries, and even learns ultimately to love, is not quite so old as the successful rival of "Young Jamie;" but he makes up by social stiffness for any deficiency in years, and is a sufficient contrast to the vivacious Douglas Hay. If the reproduction of the "*Auld Robin Gray*" story were all the work that "Rita" had set for herself in her new book, it would hardly have been worth giving up three volumes to. But she makes Hay not only in love with the sensitive, impressionable heroine Athole, but also entangled by a siren, Dora Dunleith—the familiar "vision in pale amber silk, clinging in soft folds to the lissom slender figure"—and she brings on the scene and into the centre of the plot Huel Penryth, a strong Cornishman, whose life the siren has wrecked. She has thus abundance of material out of which to make a good story, and it may be allowed that she does make the most of it. The return of the laird from the dead after—very fortunately

—Athole, as a widow, has rejected Douglas Hay, and so earned an encomium from Huel Penryth, is the only altogether commonplace incident in the best story that "Rita" has yet written. Scotch and English manners and religion are contrasted rather too often.

As a modern Scotch story, with a considerable amount of modern Scotch dialect in it, *Maisie Warden* undoubtedly deserves more than a word of cordial praise. Some of Maisie's characteristics seem English rather than Scotch; but on the whole she makes a fair present-day Mysie Happer, while her father, the miller, is a good specimen of the crusty Scotch father. It must be allowed, however, that there is not an adequate equivalent to Sir Piercie Shafton. Stephen Wingate who, for a time, seems likely to take the part, proves finally quite unequal to it. He shows himself indeed to be, in the English school-boy slang—of which, by-the-way, there is a considerable amount in this book—"an out-and-outcad," whose seems quite willing to get another person accused of murder, if not positively to commit murder himself. Stephen's rival, Alan Maitland, will hardly seem to lovers of love-stories to be quite spirited enough for such a girl as Maisie Warden to accept as a sweetheart; and probably Barbour, the miller's own favourite for the hand of his daughter, will be generally regarded as the superior of both Wingate and Maitland in all genuine manly qualities. The incidents of the story, although they are undoubtedly of the "stock" kind, are very well managed. Altogether, the writer of *Maisie Warden*, when he has mastered the art of condensation, will make a more than average novelist.

The Weird of Deadly Hollow is simply a supper of human horrors, served up with no literary sauce to speak of. Still, a big feed, even if only fit for a savage, is a big feed; and Mr. Bertram Mitford certainly provides it. Beginning with a wild domestic quarrel, which ends in what has all the appearance of a murder close to Earl's Court, he proceeds to South Africa and the gorges of the Rooi Ruggens Bergen; and there he excels the writers of all penny dreadfuls and of all shilling shockers. Not to speak of the Niekirk fratricide and its attendant tragedies, which are thrown in as it were gratis, he makes his hero commit bigamy, unintentionally it is true, but not the less really. Then the second wife is murdered under circumstances of almost unmentionable atrocity by a Bushman, and the Bushman is literally roasted to death by the infuriated husband. The first wife turns up, expressly to prove the bigamy, of course; and in the last page even she is seen contemplating being murdered a second time. It is only fair to Mr. Mitford to say that he has considerable powers of graphic description, though even in this department of art he is too much of an impressionist.

Mrs. Hungerford is seen at her simplest—one had almost said at her silliest—but not quite at her best, in the little volume of stories of which "A Little Irish Girl" is the longest. She requires more elbow room than is here allowed to do justice to the feminine flutterings, flirtations, and vacilla-

tions in which she revels. No doubt the "adventures" which give an excuse for some of the short stories that appear here are agreeably comic—such as "The Wrong Turning," in which a too typical young gentleman of the period by a natural mistake finds himself, and in his agitation leaves his watch, in the bedroom of a far too typical young lady. The end is one characteristic of Mrs. Hungerford. "'Was' (plucking nervously at the bottom of the coat)—'was I looking *very* dreadful?' 'Oh! darling heart! *How* could you look that?' cries he, straining her to his breast." A somewhat similar adventure, styled "Sans-culotte," is not quite so successfully managed. It suggests somehow that the scoundrel in it should either have attempted nothing at all, or have attempted a great deal more by way of injury to a rival than he actually accomplishes. All things considered, "A Little Irish Girl" is the brightest and best because most truly Irish of this collection; and that in spite of the fact that the provoking heroine does not know her own mind for forty minutes together, and acts in such a way as would have disgusted a man looking out for a fair amount of balance of judgment in the girl he contemplated making his wife. Still, Mrs. Hungerford never fails to be prettily piquant alike in style and in incident, and this volume will probably be enjoyed quite as much as anything she has ever written.

Mr. Malan communicates to the public in his preface the interesting information that he writes the stories which have secured him a considerable reading constituency among boys almost entirely between nine and eleven p.m. Evidently, however, inspiration is a variable quantity with him as it is with most other writers, for in *The Cobbler of Cornikeranium* he is certainly not up to his usual mark. It is too preposterously improbable, this story of the discovery by means of a dream of a treasure which enables Cobbler Joe Grabber to set up in business as a farmer, and also to relieve the embarrassments of an impecunious, though pious and philanthropic, clergyman. Then county society—consisting of the usual elements, the squire, the doctor, the vicar, and the captain—is rather roughly sketched. Finally, the incident of Joe's capture of the brush has too slight a connection with the general plot. Yet *The Cobbler of Cornikeranium* is a cheery, wholesome book, that might well be put in the hands of a boy. The love-making between Joe and the farmer's daughter is very pretty of its kind. But there is far too little of it.

There is an air of special knowledge about *The Children of the Fire Mountain*; its author is evidently familiar with the South Seas, and with the infamies of the thinly-disguised slave trade there. It is not notable, however, for originality of plot. Rufus Morgan—or rather the pseudo-Rufus—is a commonplace scoundrel of the familiar buccaneer type; and the adventures of the children of the fire mountain, although sensational enough in their way, are such as might be manufactured by any Australian imitator of Mr. Rider Haggard. This book is good for

rendering a short railway journey tolerable. That is all that can be said for it.

Always in the Way is in effect the autobiography of a good-natured little man, who is in the habit of "getting in the way" whithersoever he goes, but who also has a knack of getting out of all his scrapes, and who, after proving a good genius to a brother—that, however, deserves such treatment—is finally settled in a village in the Bavarian Tyrol. There, indeed, he seems to be at last safe from all tormentors. This book is simply a bit of good, kindly fooling. Poor little Rummin's adventures in Scotland are especially well told.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

A Commentary on St. Paul's Epistles to the Ephesians, Philippians, Colossians, and to Philemon. By Joseph Agar Beet. (Hodder & Stoughton.) To those who are acquainted with Mr. Beet's previous works, it will be enough to say that the present volume, on the third group of St. Paul's Epistles, is marked by the same high qualities of accurate scholarship and exegetical skill as distinguished those excellent commentaries. Mr. Beet writes expressly for two classes of readers—"for students of the Greek Testament and for intelligent readers of the English Bible"; and it is no doubt for the sake of the latter that he supplies a literal translation, which, however, will be fully appreciated only by the former. As his chief helpers he takes, "as before, Meyer and Hofmann among German, and Ellicott and Lightfoot among English commentators," but without sacrificing to any of them the independence of his own judgment. As an example of his ability as an expositor, we may refer particularly to his interpretation of the critical passage, Phil. ii. 6. In the introductory sections and in special notes and dissertations, Mr. Beet supplies all needful matter for the intelligent study of the Epistles of the imprisonment; but why does he persist in speaking of Paul's prison and of the damp walls of his dungeon, seeing that Paul, though in bonds, was nevertheless, according to the Acts, permitted to live in his own hired house? Of the Epistles before us, Mr. Beet considers that that to the Philippians, evidently written from Rome, was the earliest, and consequently that the others must have been written from Rome also. Their genuineness, he thinks, may be accepted "without a shadow of a doubt," on the ground "of their universal and confident reception throughout the Roman Empire, by friends and enemies, in the latter part of the second century, of their deep and broad and minute agreement with the thought and phraseology of Paul, and of their matchless, independent worth"—the errors at Colossae and the Gnosticism attacked in the Epistle being no obstacle. Mr. Beet does not supply an exhaustive discussion of this subject, which could not be looked for in a work of this compass; but his treatment of it is able and fair-minded, and his conclusion will meet the approval of the majority of Biblical students in this country. It may be pointed out to him, however, that, though Cerinthus was a contemporary of the apostle John (in his old age), it would not follow that his influence was abroad so early as the time of Paul.

Geschichte des Neutestamentlichen Kanons. Von Theodor Zahn. Zweiter Band: Urkunden und Belege zum ersten und dritten Band. Erste Hälfte.—Zweite Hälfte; I. Abtheilung. (Leipzig: Deichert.) In these two volumes, or

rather parts of one volume, the student has placed before him a rich fund of materials for the history of the New Testament canon; the first treats of the most important lists of the New Testament writings and other kindred matters; the second deals with Marcion's gospel and "Apostolicum," Tatian, Aphraates in comparison with the Peshito, spurious letters of Paul (the Epistle to the Laodiceans, &c.), and ends with the commencement of a section on the Apocryphal Gospels. More than one hundred pages are devoted to the Muratorian Canon, which Prof. Zahn has made the subject of a more minute and elaborate criticism than any previous writer. He supplies both an emended Latin text and a re-translation into Greek; but some of his conjectures, especially his attempt to foist in 1 Peter, and at the same time get rid of Peter's Apocalypse, are of questionable value. It is improbable, he argues, that the writer should have omitted Peter; but the same remark applies to James, and was he likely, after having disposed of the Epistles, to bring in 1 Peter as the very last of the authentic books in connexion with the Apocalypse of John? The inclusion of the Revelation of Peter as the last of the New Testament books in the *Catalogus Claromontanus* shows how little this emendation is warranted. The conjecture (adapted from Tregelles) of *ἐνδὲ φίλων* after the mention of the Wisdom of Solomon, as the original which the writer erroneously translated *ab amicis*, as though he had read *ἐνδὲ φίλων*, is ingenious and plausible. As to the date and origin of the Canon, Prof. Zahn dissents from the usual judgment of critics. In the precision with which Pius is described as sitting on the cathedral chair of the church of the city of Rome, he sees rather evidence of a non-Roman, though still admitting a distinctly Western origin; and in the relation of the writer to Montanism a proof of a much later date than that generally assumed as implied in *superrime*, probably about 210. But perhaps Zahn's most important service to Biblical scholarship in the present instalment of his work is the attempted restoration of Marcion's text, so far as it varies from Tischendorf's *Editio VIII. critica major* (1869-1872). We cannot here go into details, but Prof. Zahn seems to have ground for his contention that previous restorers have erred from not giving Tertullian credit for being at least as good a Grecian as themselves: for example, in Luke xiv. 21, where Tertullian particularly emphasises *motus* as Marcion's reading for *ὀργισθῆναι*. His own restoration, with ample commentary supplying all the original authorities, will certainly be welcomed as an invaluable boon by Biblical students.

The Epistle to the Hebrews. With Notes. By C. J. Vaughan. (Macmillan.) The Epistle to the Hebrews has certainly received a great deal of attention of late, and it is indeed a remarkable coincidence that within the last seven years no less than four commentaries on this Epistle should have come from Cambridge, all by ex-fellows of the same college (Trinity) and former masters in the same school (Harrow). The Dean of Llandaff's little book, as he himself calls it, will not indeed compare in completeness any more than in bulk with Dr. Westcott's elaborate work published before his elevation to the episcopate; but it will not on that account be unwelcome to the student. For one thing, it contains no introduction, except so far as the short preface supplies the place of one. Here, indeed, Dr. Vaughan finds space to intimate his views on some of the leading questions proper to *Einführung*; and his remark on the impossibility of the Paul of the Romans and the Ephesians changing into the Paul of the Hebrews and then changing back again into the Paul of the Pastoral Epistles, makes an effective point. Dr. Vaughan does not pretend

to say who wrote the Hebrews; and, while admitting the suggestion of Apollos to be "a plausible guess," he considers the silence of antiquity to be unfavourable, if not fatal, to it. His notes on the text are particularly full on the phraseology of the Epistle, with ample illustrations from the Septuagint and the New Testament. In the *locus vexatus*, ix. 4, he adopts the explanation of *ἐξουσία* usual with orthodox commentators, to which, however, there appears the decisive objection that it leaves the enumeration of the contents of the holy place as incomplete as before, with the added difficulty that the writer knew better. Dr. Vaughan's work, which is the result of thirty years' practical experience in preparing students for ordination, may be confidently taken as well adapted to the requirements of the young candidate for orders.

NOTES AND NEWS.

HENRIK IBSEN will, in all probability, visit England within the next few days, attracted, it is said, by the glowing accounts which have reached him of the acting of his last work "Hedda Gabler" at the Vaudeville.

PROF. SAYCE—if it be not premature again to style him so—hopes to be back in England by about the beginning of June. After coming down the Nile in his newly-bought dahabiah *Istar*, he made a short archaeological excursion in the Delta, and proposed to leave Alexandria on May 20.

THE annual Wykehamist dinner—at which, as we stated last week, Mr. S. R. Gardiner is to take the chair—will be held on Wednesday, June 17, at the Criterion. Among the stewards are Prof. S. R. Driver, of Oxford; and Mr. G. E. Buckle, editor of the *Times*. Old Wykehamists will be interested to know that, besides Mr. Holgate's Register of Commoners from 1836 to 1890, a collection of "Notions" has just been brought out by Mr. R. G. K. Wrench, who has spared no pains in tracing the etymology and dialectal usage of the words. Both of these books may be obtained from Mr. J. Wells, bookseller to Winchester College.

MRS. ALEXANDER IRELAND'S Memoir of Mrs. Carlyle is delayed, like so many other books of popular interest, until the American Copyright Act comes into force, in July.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly publish *Studies of the Gods in Greece at Certain Sanctuaries Recently Excavated*, by Mr. Louis Dyer, formerly assistant-professor in Harvard University. The book represents a course of lectures delivered by Mr. Dyer at the Lowell Institute, Boston, U.S.A.; but the material has undergone very thorough revision, and notes and appendixes have been added on special points. After an introductory chapter on Greek religion in general, Mr. Dyer deals successively with Demeter at Eleusis and Cnidus, Dionysus in Thrace and old Attica, Dionysus at Athens, The Gods at Eleusis, Aesculapius at Epidaurus and Athens, Aphrodite at Paphos, and Apollo at Delos.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a new book of travels by Mrs. Bishop (Miss Isabella Bird), entitled *Winter's Journeys in Persia and Kurdistan*, with a Summer in the Upper Karun Regions, and a Visit to the Rayah Nestorians. It will be illustrated with a map.

MESSRS. WILLIAM BLACKWOOD & SONS have in the press *The Earlier Religion of Israel*, being the Baird Lecture for 1888-89, by Dr. James Robertson, professor of oriental languages in the university of Glasgow.

MESSRS. JAMES R. OSGOOD, McILVAINE & Co., of Albemarle-street, will be the English publishers of Mr. George Kennan's articles, reprinted from the *Century* with the original

illustrations, on "Siberia and the Russian Exile System."

THERE has been more delay than was anticipated in the preparation of the *Guide Book to Books*, owing to the peculiar difficulties of compiling a work of this nature; but it is now ready, and will be published by Mr. Henry Frowde in the course of two or three weeks. The number of books arranged alphabetically by subjects is about six thousand, which have been carefully selected by more than a hundred specialists, under the editorship of Mr. E. B. Sargant and Mr. Bernhard Whishaw. In addition to the titles of books, there are also given the prices, and in many cases brief descriptive notes.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press a History of England for Pupil-Teachers, by Mr. Osmund Airy, inspector of schools for Birmingham, and editor of the Lauderdale papers for the Camden Society.

The Mission of Christianity: a Modern Religious Enquiry, by Mr. Frank Ballard, is announced for immediate publication by Mr. Elliot Stock.

MR. HEINEMANN will publish next week a popular edition of Mr. Sidney Whitman's *Imperial Germany*, which brought the author complimentary letters not only from such authorities as Prof. Goldwin-Smith and Prof. Blackie, but also from Prince Bismarck and Count Moltke. The new edition is dedicated to Prince Bismarck.

MR. RICHARD JACKSON, of Leeds, will publish early in June an Historical Guide to Yorkshire, by Mr. William Wheeler, with more than 200 illustrations from the pencil of Mr. J. Ayton Symington. There will also be a large-paper edition, bound in two volumes.

THE next volume of the Camelot series will be *Shorter Stories of Dickens*, with an introduction by Mr. Frank T. Marzials.

MR. WILLIAM HEINEMANN is to-day publishing a shilling edition of Mr. Buchanan's *The Moment After*, which relates the curious experiences of Maurizio Modena in the few moments during which he was suspended upon the gallows, before the rope broke and saved his life.

ANOTHER copy of the original edition of Browning's *Pauline* has just turned up, making eight copies now known to be extant. It is an uncut copy, some of the leaves being unopened, and is in the possession of Miss Millard of Teddington.

DR. A. C. MACKENZIE, principal of the Royal Academy of Music, will, on Thursday next, May 21, begin a course of four lectures at the Royal Institution on "The Orchestra considered in connexion with the Development of the Overture"; and Mr. A. H. Church, professor of chemistry in the Royal Academy of Arts, will, on Saturday, May 30, begin a course of three lectures on "The Scientific Study of Decorative Colour."

THE first annual meeting of the trustees after the passing of the recent Shakspeare Trust Act was held at the Town Hall, Stratford-upon-Avon, on May 5, Mr. C. E. Flower in the chair. The accounts for the year ending March 31 last showed that the receipts for the admission of visitors to the birthplace, the museum, and New Place reached the total of £857 15s., while the income from funded property amounted to £71 0s. 6d., which, with a £1 rent and £3 3s. fees for photographing the birthplace, brought the entire income to £932 18s. 6d. The annual expenditure for salaries, wages, and pension was £366, and the rates, taxes, repairs, fuel and other expenses being added, the whole disbursements came to £596 17s. 9d., leaving a very satisfactory balance. The number of people

who visited the birthplace during the year is estimated to be 22,017, which, as compared with the year ending in 1881, when the total was only 12,300, shows an ever-increasing interest in the memory of the poet.

WE are glad to see that Mr. Elliot Stock has received sufficient encouragement to issue a fourth volume of *Book-Prices Current*, which, as readers of the ACADEMY know, has now found a French imitator in M. Gausseron. It is needless to point out how the value of this work, to both librarians and bibliophiles, is greatly enhanced by being extended over a series. It happens that 1890 was not conspicuous for the quality of the collections dispersed. Undoubtedly the most notable sale was that of "a portion of the library" of Mr. Thomas Gaisford, whose 2218 books realised £9183. This high average of nearly four guineas each was caused by the presence of the four folios and several of the quartos of Shakspeare, and some of the rarest of Blake's illustrations. In quantity, the first place must be given to the library of the late Sir Edward Sullivan, some time Lord Chancellor of Ireland, whose 6919 books sold at an average of £1 11s. 7d. But, as the editor, wearily remarks—

"the majority of sales were made up of lots which have been noted over and over again—which never were of great interest at any time, nor hardly worthy of fresh consideration now."

We must not conclude this brief notice without testifying, from not a little experience, to the extreme accuracy with which the index is compiled. We have never found it at fault.

WE are permitted to quote the quatrain which the Poet Laureate has prefixed to the edition of the fourteenth-century poem, *Pearl*, which has just been brought out by Mr. I. Gollancz:

"We lost you—for how long a time—
True Pearl of our poetic prime!
We found you, and you gleam re-set
In Britain's lyric coronet."

THE Rev. Dr. Kinns has written to us protesting against the general tone of the review of his book, *Graven in the Rock*, which appeared in the ACADEMY of last week. In particular, he states that he received the diploma of Ph.D. some thirty years ago from the University of Jena.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE *National Review*, published since its foundation in 1883 by Messrs. W. H. Allen & Co., has been transferred to Mr. Edward Arnold, who will issue the June number at 18, Warwick-square, Paternoster-row.

THE June number of *Harper's Magazine*—the first to be published by Messrs. James R. Osgood, McIlvaine & Co.—will contain the opening chapters of Mr. du Maurier's first essay in fiction, "Peter Ibbotson," illustrated by the author; and also the first of a series of historical and descriptive articles on London by Mr. Walter Besant.

PAPERS of note in the June *Century* will be "Play and Work in the Alps," by Mr. and Mrs. Pennell, with illustrations by the former; and the continuation of "At the Court of the Czar," by Mr. George Dallas, of whom a portrait will appear as frontispiece.

THE novel to be published in the June number of *Lippincott's Magazine* will be "Gold of Praise," by Mr. George Parsons Lathrop.

A NEW serial story by Mr. J. E. Muddock, entitled "For Sweet Love's Sake," will be begun in *Tinsley's Magazine* for June; Mr. Hugh Clements will resume his "Weather Forecasts," in a series of six articles; and a

new feature will be Monthly Notes on Indoor and Outdoor Games.

MESSRS. GEORGE PHILIP & SON will issue, on June 15, the first number of the *Blue Peter*, a new illustrated monthly journal, devoted to ocean travel, price 3d.

THE following, which we quote from the *New York Critic* of May 2, is instructive as showing the character which the publication of "literature" in newspapers is assuming in the United States. Not one of the authors whose names are thus advertised can strictly be considered an American:

"To-morrow's publications in the newspapers of the McClure syndicate will include a paper by Prof. James Bryce on the international questions involved in the New Orleans lynching, Lord Wolsley's article on Gen. Sherman, and essays or fiction by Mr. Gladstone, Sir Morell Mackenzie, Miss Ellen Terry, Messrs. Stevenson, Haggard, Conan Doyle, and Marion Crawford."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

MR. JOHN WILLIS CLARK, formerly fellow of Trinity, has been elected to succeed the late Dr. Luard in the office of registry at Cambridge, by a majority of 362 votes to 184 given to his competitor, Mr. C. E. Grant. Mr. Clark is best known as the editor—or rather joint-author—of Willis's *Architectural History of the University and Colleges of Cambridge*; and has at present in the press the Book of Observances of the Augustinian House of Barnwell, from MS. Harl. 3601 in the British Museum. The success of the long series of Greek plays at Cambridge has also been largely due to his energetic services as secretary to the committee from the first.

THE hebdomadal council at Oxford has appointed a committee to consider the drafting of a statute for the creation of a new degree of Doctor of Letters; and it is further suggested that the committee should take into consideration the institution of a parallel degree in science.

ANOTHER proposal that is gaining support at Oxford is the establishment of a new final honour school in English language and literature.

THE University of Cambridge has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Dr. W. C. Doane, Bishop of Albany, New York; and also the honorary degree of M.A. upon Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, university lecturer in geography.

THE office of high steward at Cambridge is rendered vacant by the death of the Earl of Powis, who was elected in 1863, in succession to Lord Lyndhurst. The election, which is vested in the members of the Senate, has been fixed for Tuesday, May 26. The names of the Earl of Derby and Lord Rayleigh are mentioned as probable candidates.

PROF. CHEYNE—whose recent indisposition was caused by nothing worse than an attack of influenza—was to deliver on May 13 and May 20 his two postponed public lectures upon "Critical Problems of the Second Part of Isaiah."

DR. CHARLES WALDSTEIN will deliver a public lecture at Cambridge, on Friday, May 29, upon "The newly discovered Tomb of Aristotle (?)," illustrated with lantern slides from photographs.

UNDER the auspices of the teachers' training syndicate, a course of six lectures is now being delivered at Cambridge by Prof. S. S. Laurie, of Edinburgh, on "Moral Education and Discipline." Single lectures will be given, later in the term, by Mr. J. G. Fitch, on "The Life and Work of Lancaster"; and by Mr. H. J. Mackinder, on "The Teaching of Geography."

THE Clerk Maxwell Scholarship, at Cambridge, for research in experimental physics, has been awarded to Mr. W. Cassie, of Trinity.

THE delegates of the common university fund at Oxford have nominated Mr. E. A. Minchin, of Keble, to be the first holder of the scholarship attached to the occupancy of a table at Dorn's marine laboratory at Naples.

THE candidates selected for membership of the Royal Society include an unusual number of men holding academic offices—the professor of botany at Glasgow, the professor of anatomy at Dublin, the lecturers in physics and in geology at Cambridge, the lecturer in physics and geology at Keble College, the mathematical lecturer at Queen's College, Oxford, and the assistant professor in physiology at University College, London.

MANSFIELD COLLEGE, Oxford, has received a legacy of £3000, under the will of the late P. S. Macliver, of Bristol. The preacher in the chapel next Sunday will be Prof. Flint, of Edinburgh.

At the meeting of the Convocation of the University of London on Tuesday last, May 12, the draft supplemental charter—proposed with the aim of reconciling the existing system of examinations with the views of those who desire a teaching university in London—was rejected by the decisive majority of 461 votes to 197. The speakers adverse to the scheme included Mr. Boupas, Mr. R. H. Hutton, and Mrs. Scharlieb; those on the other side were Lord Herschell, Sir Richard Quain, and Dr. Pye Smith.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

EXPERIENCE.

In the sunny years of youth,
When we battled for the truth,
Daring danger, toil, and wrath,
Hope was flashing o'er our path.

When our eager youth at last
Into manhood's prime had past,
Still we dreamed that we were strong
To loose the world from sin and wrong.

Now the evening shadows play
On our strength's declining day;
Hope is dead, and well know we,
What has been must ever be.

A. H. S.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS HARE.

ON May 6 Thomas Hare passed away at the age of eighty-five.

When only twenty-one Mr. Hare wrote a pamphlet in support of the relaxation of the navigation laws, which, having been seen in MS. by Mr. Huskisson, was published by that statesman's desire; and in this he may be said to have struck one of the keynotes of his life, the opposition to all regulations interfering with the free activity of the individual, which was afterwards to be combined with the advocacy of all organisations that might give greater scope for such activity. He was first, however, to become known at the bar, to which he was called in 1833 by the Society of the Inner Temple, of which he was ultimately elected a bencher. Here, as reporter in the court successively presided over by Vice-Chancellors Wigram, Turner and Wood, he issued eleven volumes which hold their place among the most valued authorities on chancery law, both for the deserved reputation of those judges and for the convincing lucidity with which Mr. Hare condensed their oral judgments. In 1853, on the establishment of the Charity Commission, Mr. Hare left the

bar with the post of an inspector of charities, to which that of assistant commissioner was added much later. As an inspector in the early days of the Commission, he had to inquire into the charities throughout a large part of England, more especially into those of London, his reports on which were long afterwards printed in a collected form as vol. iii. of the Report of the Royal City Charities Commission, 1880.

In this occupation Mr. Hare's thoughts were led to one of the two subjects which engrossed his interest for more than thirty years. The one now referred to is the great results which might be effected for the good of the community, and especially of the working classes both in town and country, by a proper use of charity property, combined with improved local government, and, in the case of great cities, with a systematic organisation of their material structure. His ideas on this subject were the outcome of deep sympathy with the less fortunate, and of a vivid imagination delighting in pictures of general advancement. What London might become if such a character was common may be seen in *Usque ad Coelum*, a little tract full of great thoughts which he published in 1862, and which made an impression on some of the most earnest minds in the generation then rising. And there is no doubt that Mr. Hare is one of the chief of those to whom the great improvement is due which, within the last forty years, has taken place in the application of public endowments to the needs of modern England.

The other subject by which Mr. Hare is and will be most widely known is that of proportional representation. The limited and cumulative votes had been already proposed as means of avoiding the disfranchisement of local minorities, when Mr. Hare, in a pamphlet entitled *The Machinery of Representation* (1857), proposed the system of the quotient, or of the single transferable vote, not only as a more effectual means of accomplishing that object, but especially with the view of setting the voter free from all avoidable restraint in the choice of a candidate for whom to vote, and thus drawing out in the fullest manner whatever capacity for political thought might exist in the electorate. Indeed, so much did the subject present itself to him in this light that latterly he preferred the name "personal representation," as better indicating the close tie which he desired to see established between the thinking voter and the member in whom that voter should feel that he had obtained his truest political expression. The pamphlet was enlarged into the treatise on *The Election of Representatives, Parliamentary and Municipal*, commonly known as "Hare on Representation," which reached its fourth edition in 1873.

It is well known how warmly J. S. Mill hailed the invention of the single transferable vote, together with the ingenious machinery which Mr. Hare joined with it from the first, in order to reconcile the extension of the voter's choice to all candidates throughout the country with the continued existence of constituencies distinct for certain purposes. We may mention that, besides his published commendations, Mr. Mill said in a private letter that Mr. Hare had "raised up the cloud of gloom and uncertainty which hung over the futurity of representative government, and therefore of civilisation." At this time there was in the air, among thinkers of many countries, a revolt against hampering the majority in a nation with the condition of winning only through a sufficient number of local majorities, a condition which is often destructive of its very victory. In 1835, though the fact was unknown to Mr. Hare—and indeed in England—Mr. Andrae, the minister of Denmark, had also invented the system of the quotient, and procured its application, in the election of the

upper house, to single constituencies returning several members each. The enthusiasm and authority of Mr. Hare and Mr. Mill came as a great reinforcement to this movement. Students of scientific politics recognised the value of the single transferable vote in emancipating the elector far more completely than the limited or cumulative vote, at the same time that it protects him from the waste of voting power which often accompanies the latter. But the applications of political thought, having to follow the pace of the many and not that of the few, are usually a little behindhand; and the immediate result of the attention drawn to proportional representation was the adoption of either the limited or the cumulative vote in many countries for various purposes, notably of the latter in the State of Illinois for the election of the house of representatives, in the State of Pennsylvania for that of municipal bodies, and in England for that of School Boards, all which instances date from 1870. Now at last the system of the quotient has distinctly gained the upper hand in the schemes which are proposed for adoption, not indeed in the full measure of Mr. Hare's ideas, but chiefly in that of the *liste libre*, in which the transfer of the votes not required for the election of the first-named candidates is regulated by a grouping of the candidates, which however the electors are free to form for themselves. It seems probable that the impending revision of the Belgian constitution will find room for this system in some part of the national institutions.

Concurrently with the performance of his official duties, from which he retired a few years since, Mr. Hare was actively engaged in furthering his ideas, both philanthropic and on the subject of representation, and he was a familiar figure at gatherings with which those objects could be connected. In Transactions, especially those of the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science, and in pamphlets he contributed largely to the minor literature of his favourite subjects. Everywhere his marked ability and originality, his modest and winning manner, and, latterly, his venerable appearance, surrounded him with respect and affection. And his memory will live as that of a man who strove, and not without success, to leave the world considerably better than he found it.

J. WESTLAKE.

SOPHIA POOLE.

SOPHIA POOLE, who died last Wednesday week (May 6) at the great age of eighty-seven, deserves a record as a wise and unselfish helper of three generations of scholars.

She was the constant companion of her brother, Edward William Lane, the great orientalist, for forty years, until his death in 1876, and has since been the devoted friend of his widow. Her elder son, Edward Stanley Poole, to whose early training by his mother his after success was largely due, entered the Civil Service, and proved singularly efficient as chief clerk of the Department of Science and Art. Though his career was closed by his early death in 1867, he left evidence of his knowledge of Arabic art, while his surviving colleagues do not forget his justice and kindness. The younger son, Reginald Stuart Poole, Keeper of Coins in the British Museum, is equally indebted to his mother for his training; and his archaeological work is a proof of a directing influence to which he owed the power of heavy and sustained labour. On Stanley Poole's early death, his two sons passed under their grandmother's care. Both have distinguished themselves: the elder, Stanley Lane-Poole, by a brilliant literary career, springing from oriental studies, but carried on in wider fields; the younger, Reginald Lane-Poole, of

Balliol College, mainly by mediæval learning of the highest order. In all these cases Lane's example must not be forgotten; but his leisure was small, and the larger share of early instruction came from his sister. While Mrs. Poole powerfully aided her near kin, she also formed and maintained friendships never broken but by death. Her literary work was not voluminous; but *The Englishwoman in Egypt* has survived as a true and simple picture of the women of the East as she saw them during her stay at Cairo from 1842 to 1849. To her family she has left the example of firm resolution, entire unselfishness, the love of learning, and a lifelong piety as simple as it was strong.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Antiquary* has much improved of late, and the present number is a particularly good one. Mr. G. W. Thorpe's article, entitled "New Light on the Execution of Charles I.," is interesting as showing what a mine of historical information yet lies among the Civil War tracts in our great libraries. Mr. John Wright continues his "Out in the Forty-Five." There is, perhaps, little that is new therein; but it brings before the reader those old days when for the last time the dream of divine right was a force in politics in a far more life-like manner than the popular books from which we are wont to gather what we know of the last rising in favour of the Stuart line. Miss Margaret Stokes contributes an excellent paper on the impression of the hand of Saint Columbanus reported to exist at Bobbio in the Apennines. The article contains much illustrative matter which will be of service to folklore students. Impressions of the hands and feet of persons reputed to have been holy exist nearly all over the world. There is an anonymous article on George Cruikshank which will repay the reader, but seems rather out of place in a journal devoted to archaeology. Mr. R. le Schœn contributes a useful paper on the Brighton Museum.

THE SHAKSPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILE SERIES.

THE completion of this important series is certainly worthy of being recorded. Among recent aids to the Shakspeare student prominent rank has been assigned to it by Prof. Dowden. The merit of projecting the series is due to Dr. Furnivall, under whose general superintendence it has been carried on to completion. Eleven years have elapsed since the issue of the facsimiles of the 1603 and 1604 Quartos of *Hamlet*, both of which were edited by Dr. Furnivall himself. And now the whole series, numbering forty-three issues, has been placed in the hands of the student at the price of some thirteen pounds, a price very moderate indeed, when compared with the costly productions of Mr. Ashbee, and rendered possible only by the mechanical process of photo-lithography.

The concluding volume, which Mr. Quaritch is just issuing to subscribers, is *The True Tragedy*, photographed by Mr. C. Praetorius from the unique copy of the 1595 edition in the Bodleian Library. It is preceded by an Introduction written by Mr. T. Tyler. The chief interest of *The True Tragedy* results from its being the basis of the Third Part of Shakspeare's "Henry VI." Miss Jane Lee, in her well-known paper in the New Shakspeare Society's *Transactions* (1875-76), of which Mr. Tyler gives an abridgment, argued that Shakspeare took no part in the composition of *The True Tragedy*. Mr. Tyler, on the other hand, maintains that, though Shakspeare was not one of the original authors, the play has come to us in a form more

or less modified by him. According to Mr. Tyler, the line "Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide," which Greene, in the *Groatsworth of Wit*, parodied by the change of "womans" into "Players," was written by Shakspeare, who, acting under instructions, had undertaken to make certain changes and modifications in the play—a proceeding which drew upon him the wrath of Greene and caused the latter to describe Shakspeare as a "Johannes-fac-totum," or "Jack-of-all-trades." From a comparison of Greene's *Groatsworth* with Chettle's *Kind Harts Dreame*, Mr. Tyler makes some new suggestions with respect to the relations between Shakspeare and Marlowe.

That there should be some inequalities in the execution both of the texts and the introductions was inevitable; but, nevertheless, the series reflects much credit on Dr. Furnivall, on Messrs. Griggs and Praetorius, the photolithographers, and on Mr. Quaritch, who has furnished the funds which have rendered the completion of the undertaking possible.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- DAUDET, Alph. Robert Helmont. Paris: Dentu. 3 fr. 50 c.
DENKMAELER, antike. Hsrg. v. k. deutschen Archäolog. Institut. 1. Bd. 5. Hft. Berlin: Reimer. 40 M.
D'HAUSSONVILLE, le Comte. Madame de la Fayette. Paris: Hachette. 2 fr.
FÜRSTENAU, H. Das Grundrecht der Religionsfreiheit nach seiner geschichtlichen Entwicklung u. heutigen Geltung in Deutschland. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M. 20 Pf.
GÖSSGEN, C. Rousseau u. Basedow. Burg: Hopfer. 2 M.
HENRIET, Fr. Les campagnes d'un paysagiste. Paris: Renouard. 10 fr.
JOINEAUX, P. Souvenirs historiques. T. 1. Paris: Flammarion. 3 fr. 50 c.
LAITNER, M. Wer ist Rembrandt? Grundlagen zu e. Neubau der holländ. Kunstgeschichte. Breslau: Kern. 11 M.

THEOLOGY.

- BACHMANN, J. Präparation u. Commentar zum Deutero-Jesaja. 2. Hft. Jesaja Kap. 49–58. 1 M. 20 Pf.
Präparationen zu den kleinen Propheten. 5. Hft. Jona u. Haggai. 80 Pf. Berlin: Mayer & Müller.
KLORPER, A. Der Brief an die Epheser, erläutert. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 4 M. 40 Pf.

HISTORY.

- AUVRAY, L. Les Registres de Grégoire IX. Fasc. II. Paris: Thorin. 10 fr. 20 c.
BAIHRT, W. Geschichte der Reformation der Stadt Hannover. Hannover: Hahn. 2 M. 40 Pf.
BELOCH, G. Studi di storia antica. Fasc. I. Rome: Loescher. 6 fr.
BODEMANN, E. Aus den Briefen der Herzogin Elisabeth Charlotte v. Orléans an die Kurfürstin Sophie v. Hannover. Hannover: Hahn. 20 M.
CONRAT, M. Geschichte der Quellen u. Literatur d. römischen Rechts im früheren Mittelalter. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Hinrichs. 4 M.
COURCY, le Marquis de. L'Espagne après la paix d'Utrecht, 1713–1715. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
ELTZ, J. van der. Aus Luxemburgs Vergangenheit u. Gegenwart. Historisch-polit. Studien. Trier: Lintz. 2 M. 40 Pf.
HORN, P. Die Denkwürdigkeiten Schäh Tahmâsp's d. Ersten v. Persien (1515–1576), übers. u. s. w. Strassburg: Trübner. 3 M.
JÜRGENS, O. Geschichte der Stadt Lüneburg. Hannover: Hahn. 3 M.
LINCKE, A. Forschungen zu alten Geschichte. 1. Hft. Zur Lösg. der Kambyes-Frage. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
MAAG, R. Die Freigrafesch. Burgund u. ihre Beziehungen zu der schweizerischen Eidgenossenschaft vom Tode Karls d. Kühnen bis zum Frieden v. Nynawegen (1477–1678). Zürich: Hübner. 5 M.
SCHULTHESS, O. Der Prozess d. Caius Rabirius vom J. 63 v. Chr. Frauenfeld: Huber. 2 M.
SKALOEVSKY, C. Les Ministres des finances de la Russie, 1802–1890. Traduit du russe par P. de Nevsky. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
TOMMASINI, O. Scritti di storia e critica. Rome: Loescher. 5 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BONNET, R. Grundriss der Entwicklungsgeschichte der Haus- u. Jagdthiere. Berlin: Parey. 8 M.
CARRÉZ et DADYILLÉ. Annuaire géologique universel. Tome 6, 1889. Paris: Rue de Tournon. 15. 20 fr.
EXNER, S. Die Physiologie der facettirten Augen v. Krebsen u. Insecten. Wien: Deuticke. 14 M.
FELIX, J. u. H. LENK. Beiträge zur Geologie u. Paläontologie der Republik Mexico. 3. Thl. Stuttgart: Schweizerbart. 20 M.
PLESKE, Th. Ornithographia rossica. 2. B. 4. Lfg. Rohrsänger (Acrocephalus). Leipzig: Voss. 7 M. 15 Pf.
SIMEDON, H. Die Nachtschnecken der portugiesisch-azorischen Fauna in ihrem Verhältniss zu denen der paläarktischen Region überhaupt. Leipzig: Engelmann. 15 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- BECHER, F. Zum 10. Buch d. Quintilian. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.
BLAU, L. Masoretische Untersuchgn. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M.
BRETTNER, H. Studien zu dem Roman de Renart u. dem Reinhart Fuchs. 1. u. 2. Hft. Strassburg: Trübner. 7 M. 50 Pf.
MUGICA, P. de. Gramática del Castellano antiguo. 1. parte. Fonética. Berlin: Heinrich. 2 M.
PAUL, C. Altitalische Forschungen. 3. Bd. Die Veneter u. ihre Schriftdenkmäler. Leipzig: Barth. 40 M.
SCHLEICHER, A. W. Afrikanische Petrefakten. Ein Versuch, die grammat. Bildgn. u. Formwurzeln der afrikan. Sprachen durch Sprachvergleich festzustellen. Berlin: Fröhlich. 3 M.
TRAUBE, L. O Roma nobilis. Philologische Untersuchgn. aus dem Mittelalter. München: Franz. 4 M.
VINSON, J. Essai d'une bibliographie de la langue basque. Paris: Maisonneuve. 30 fr.
WEHMANN, M. De *Sorte* particulae usu Herodoteo, Thucydideo, Xenophonto. Strassburg: Trübner. 1 M. 50 Pf.
ZEUNER, R. Wortschatz d. sogen. Kentischen Psalters. 1. Stück. Gera: Nuzel. 1 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LITHUANIAN BIBLE OF 1660.

Oxford: May 7, 1891.

That the so-called Chylinsky Bible contained also the Gospels is evident from Adelung's *Mithridates* (II., p. 709), where he, or the late Prof. Vater, says that the Lord's Prayer which they give from an old altar at Vilno did not contain the doxology, which is therefore supplied by them from the 1660 London Bible; it is as follows: *Nes tawo ira Karalijste, ir Galijbe, ir Sslowe, ant Amsjin. Amen.*

However, the date of 1660 seems more than doubtful. In the first instance, W. Crowe in his *Elenchus Scriptorum*, &c. (1672, p. 22), does not mention any date. He says: "Bibl. S. Lingua Lithuanica a Samuele Boguslao Chylinski, Lithuanico, trad. nescio an edita." On the margin, "Obiit hic in Anglia, 1668." On the other hand, the following entries in Kennet's *Register and Chronicle Ecclesiastical and Civil* (vol. i., London, 1727)—pointed out to me by my friends Mr. F. Madan and the Rev. W. D. Macray—do not admit 1660 as the date of the issue of Chylinski's translation. We read on folio 697 as follows:

"Whitehall, May 21, 1662. In Council, upon hearing the Business between the Delegate of Lithuania and Chibnisky, who hath begun a Translation of the Bible in the Lithuanian language: It was ordered that Chibnisky should speedily send over a copy of all that he hath printed (being to the End of the *Psalms*) and all that part he hath written fair, to be viewed and corrected by the Churches, and so be returned to be printed. Also that the said Chibnisky should speedily transcribe the rest, and so from Time to Time send it over to the Churches to be corrected by them, and to do it within five or six Months at the farthest, and to have four Pounds the Month for his Entertainment in the mean Time: and Mr. Fenn the Treasurer of Lithuania, to pay six Pounds to Mr. Nathaniel Adams, at the desire of the Delegate."

Again, on p. 707 we find the following:

"Friday, June 6, *Whitehall*, Council-Board. Upon the several Petitions of Samuel Rogislaus Chylinsky, the Translator of the Lithuanian Bible, and Evan Tyler Printer of the same: Ordered, that the Treasurers appointed for the Lithuanian Collection to pay to Evan Tyler, Printer of the said Bible, 76*l.* 1*s.* 4*d.*"

Consequently, the Lithuanian Bible was printed at Edinburgh, where Tyler worked and was in 1662 not printed further than the *Psalms*.

Dr. O. von Gebhardt, of the Royal Berlin Library, drew my attention to Wislocki's *Przewodnik Bibliograficzny* (1886–8, p. 159), where it is stated that the so-called Chylinski Bible exists in the library of the Marienstifts-Gymnasium at Stettin. The book has no title-page; on the fly-leaf, however, the following MS. note is to be found written by a former owner, Andreas Müller:

"Biblia Lithuanica | Copta quidem . . . | Londini 166. | sed | preveniente morte Autoris Samuel |

Bohuslai Chylinski a. 1688 [1668] non absoluta . . . Andreae Mulleri Greiffenaghii 1684."

This Bible consists of 383 ff. (but ff. 337–368 are missing), and extends to Job, chap. 6. In his *Oratio Dominica*, edited posthumously by Sebastian Gottfried Stark in 1703 (Berlin, 4to, p. 56), Müller has also the reference on the margin as follows: "Auctor. Wilk. n. 35. Conf. Bibl. Lituan. Lond. 1660," evidently copied from Ludeken, who seems to be the originator of the date 1660, which was probably copied by Le Long, and thus became a *fait accompli*.

Therefore, the Bible which Jöcher saw at Vilno and that of Stettin are both incomplete, and have not the New Testament. It is to be hoped that the copy which Adelung-Vater had at their disposal will turn up at Halle in the Waisenhaus Library. The compiler of the *Oratio Dominica*, B. Motte (London, 1700) (ACADEMY, No. 989, p. 370), evidently never saw the Lithuanian Bible of London, 1660, which does not exist, and took his date only from hearsay, for the prospectus of the book appeared in 1659. An autograph letter of Chylinsky written in Latin, dated February 7, 1659, addressed to Prof. Henry Wilkinson at the University of Oxford, in which he asks for some help, exists in MS. Tanner, 51 (fol. 40) in the Bodleian Library.

From this Tanner MS. I hope soon to give further information respecting the attempted completion of the work.

A. NEUBAUER.

P.S.—Mr. Naaké's interesting letter confirms my statement, but Adelung's doxology still remains a riddle.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S TREATMENT OF HERETICS.

London: May 11, 1891.

My best acknowledgments are due to Mr. James Gairdner for the very prompt tender of his assistance to get Sir Thomas More and myself

"Powers
Eternal; such names mingled!"

out of our difficulties.

I fear that Mr. Gairdner's gamekeeper would be taken seriously, as I take More, and perhaps be as little surprised as offended—considering what comparative sentences for interference with game and mankind—the feathered creation and the two-legged animals differentiated by absence of feathers—he may have greeted approvingly from the bench at quarter sessions.

Shakspeare in his play of "Henry VIII." shows More as Chancellor quite ready to fall in with a plot for the committal of Cranmer to the Tower and its natural consequences. The original second title of the play was "All is true"; and having found it in other respects the only trustworthy history of the reign, I cannot consent to do injustice to the poet out of tenderness even to a character, in many respects so admirable, as More. How far More, who admittedly "hated heresy with all his soul," was likely in doing "his utmost to suppress it" to restrict himself "to means strictly humane" has to be considered; and it is here I find myself bewildered, in conjunction with words of his own, to this effect:

"As soon as Tewkesbury heard that, he went from it again by-and-by, and that so far that finally he would not agree that before the day of doom there were either any saint in heaven or soul in purgatory or in hell either. Nor the right faith in the Sacrament would he not confess in nowise. For which things, and divers other horrible heresies, he was delivered at last unto secular hands and burned; as there was never wretch, I ween, better worthy."—*Sir Thomas More's Works*, p. 348, ed. 1557.

W. WATKISS LLOYD.

THE ANNEXED BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Brighton: May 6, 1891.

In the ACADEMY of March 7 (p. 231) there is a paragraph on the publication, by the Queen's printers, of a facsimile of the original or "Annexed Book" of Common Prayer by a photographic process. As I am the only living man that can speak of this interesting book from nearly forty years intimate acquaintance with it, I trust you will permit me to correct two or three errors and misstatements that appear in your account and that have been perpetuated in other papers likely to mislead the public.

I deny that it has ever been lost or missing in the strict sense of the words. We have it recorded as perfectly safe in the early part of this century, as proved by a starred note in Ruffhead's folio edition of the Statutes (published, I think, in the year 1819 or 1820), occurring at the bottom of the page on which the Act of Uniformity (13 and 14 Car. II.) is set out. I saw it for the first time in 1841; it was shown to me by my superior officer, and he spoke of it as being quite familiar to him for some years previously. From 1844 to 1849 I saw it on at least eight or ten occasions. After that it was missing for nearly two years (and was eventually discovered and restored to light by myself), from being dropped over and wedged at the back of a high wooden press in the Jewel Tower about the year 1851 or 1852. I was about to restore it and join it to the Act as it originally had been; but I was directed to hand it to the Clerk of the Parliaments, who, after retaining it for some years, returned it to me in 1863. In 1864 the Acts were moved from the Jewel Tower to the Victoria Tower, under my personal direction and superintendence, when I again tied the Book and Act together and placed them in numerical order; No. 4, I believe, among the Acts of 13 and 14 Car. II. This arrangement only lasted a few months, when the Clerk of the Parliaments—in direct opposition to the Chief Clerk's strongly expressed opinion and wishes—ordered it to be handed to the Librarian, and in his custody it still remains.

In expressing my opinion I am sure it will be supported by all of those most competent to judge rightly; it is that the "Annexed Book" and the Act should at once be restored to their original positions, in which no doubt they were when the Act received the Royal Assent, and thus in future all chance of it being lost a second time will be avoided.

A RETIRED CIVIL SERVANT.

Our correspondent's name, which he has privately communicated to us, is sufficient evidence of his good faith. We may, however, remark that the statement in the ACADEMY was carefully worded: "it was at one time thought that the Book was lost." In the Preface of the publishers to the facsimile it is stated that

"The Annexed Book had been supposed to have been lost since the year 1819; it was, however, discovered in 1867. It had been preserved among the originals of the Acts of Parliament, which included the Act of Uniformity itself, but had been detached from the Act. When the Book was found it was placed, and has since remained, in the custody of the Librarian of the House of Lords."

In a preliminary Prospectus, issued by the publishers, the vicissitudes of the Book are thus given, "chiefly taken from James Parker's *Introduction to the Revisions of the Book of Common Prayer*."

"Some time after the year 1819 it appears to have been detached from the Act by a clergyman, who, for greater convenience of collation or perusal, cut the strings which bound the two together. For many years afterwards it seems to have been kept in the same press as the Act of Uniformity, but in

a different compartment of the press. In about the year 1840 or 1841, a gentleman applied to inspect the book, with the object of ascertaining the exact terms of the Fifth of November Service; and on search being made by the official having charge of Acts under the Clerk of the Parliaments, it was reported that the Book was not to be found. In 1867 the late Dean Stanley was anxious to ascertain for himself the truth of the statement which he had heard for many years, viz., that the book was lost, and that, therefore, although the Sealed Books which were copied from it had sufficient legal authority given to them by the Act, yet the authentic original was no longer accessible. It appeared, however, that the Book had remained in the Jewel Tower until 1864, when, during the removal of the Acts, it was, with other volumes of MSS., minutes, &c., handed over to the Chief Clerk, who locked it up in a closet in his room in the Palace of Westminster, and since that time it has been most jealously guarded."

ED. ACADEMY.

DARWIN'S WORKS IN AMERICA.

New York: May 1, 1891.

In the ACADEMY of April 4, under the heading of "Current Literature," we notice the following sentence: "It was otherwise with Darwin, not one of whose works, we believe, has ever been reprinted in America." You will pardon us if we express some surprise at this statement, inasmuch as we have been the authorised American publishers of Darwin's works since 1860. We have published, we believe, all his works; and we are happy to say that from every point of view the results have been gratifying to the author and to ourselves.

D. APPLETON & Co.

We are surprised to find the warmth of feeling that has been aroused in the United States by our innocent expression of what seems to be an erroneous belief. Even the usually courteous *Nation* (April 23) brands it as "the most amazing piece of literary *news* [sic] that we remember since"—never mind what.

The simple truth is we wrote from recollection of a letter (in the *Times*) affirming that Darwin's *Origin of Species* had never been reprinted in the United States, and that all the American editions of that work had been issued from English plates. So far as we know, that allegation was not traversed at the time; nor has any of our censors expressly denied it now. Its truth would be consistent with what Messrs. Appleton write. But we are quite willing to admit that we were wrong, and more particularly wrong in extending our belief (without any justification) to all of Darwin's works. Nothing was further from our intention than to cast any imputation upon Darwin's authorised American publishers; nor can we yet see how our words (quoted above) are capable of conveying any such imputation.

On turning to the article "Darwinism" in the *Encyclopædia Americana* (vol. ii., no date, but copyrighted in 1884) we find it stated that "numerous American editions [of *The Origin of Species*] had appeared before 1870"; while the references in that article are always made to "Am. ed.," which we assume to be that of Messrs. Appleton. Unfortunately, we are unable to compare the pages cited with the earlier English editions; they do not agree with the sixth and final edition (1872). In his Preface to that edition Darwin wrote: "The second American edition was from the English second, with a few of the additions given in the third." It would seem, therefore, that this, in part at least, must have been set up afresh in the United States.

ED. ACADEMY.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, May 17, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Liberty and Legislation," by Mr. B. Bosanquet.
TUESDAY, May 19, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Four Periods of Stage History, I., Betterton," by Mr. W. Archer.
WEDNESDAY, May 20, 8 p.m. Microscopical: "Illuminating Apparatus," by Mr. E. M. Nelson; "A New Cysticercus and the Taenia produced from it," by Mr. T. B. Rossiter.
THURSDAY, May 21, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Orchestra considered in connexion with the Development of the Overture," I., by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
8 p.m. Chemical.
8 p.m. Electrical Engineers.
FRIDAY, May 22, 4 p.m. Botanic: "The Story of Plant-Life on the Globe," II., by Mr. W. Carruthers.
9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Molecular Process in Magnetic Induction," by Prof. J. A. Ewing.
SATURDAY, May 23, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Artificial Production of Cold," III., by Mr. H. G. Harris.
3.45 p.m. Botanic: Fortnightly General Meeting.

SCIENCE.

The Nemean Odes of Pindar. With Introduction and Commentary by J. B. Bury. (Macmillan.)

It is a little surprising to hear, on unimpeachable authority, that there has been only one complete English commentary—that of Dr. Fennell—on Pindar since Donaldson's edition. Mr. Bury, intending apparently (see Pref., p. vi.) a complete edition, has begun upon the comparatively unfamiliar Nemean; thence he intends to pass on to the Isthmians, and finally, if life and opportunity allow, to revert to the Olympian and Pythian Odes. In this great task—for the greatness of a task lies in its difficulty rather than in its length—he has "great allies": to wit, a strong enthusiasm for his original, considerable ingenuity in emendation, and a remarkably vigorous and poetical style in translation. Enthusiasm, ingenuity, and style—when combined with a considerable reputation for scholarship—form a good outfit, even if some of the defects of these high qualities are present. To us Mr. Bury appears at times too dogmatic: somewhat onesided in his estimate of Pindar's genius as exclusively bright, exultant, ever youthful; somewhat too much inclined to invent new horizons for words, to find clues and cues almost such as Mr. Donnelly might think into Shakspeare, to translate every other paragraph for the joy of being able to do it well. None the less, he has written a most enjoyable and interesting commentary, and nearly succeeds in giving to the Nemean Odes the sort of glory which common opinion has denied to them, in comparison with the Olympians and the Pythians.

Of the first point—Mr. Bury's estimate of the gladness of Pindar's genius—the following extract, full of florid eloquence, from the Introduction (pp. xxxi.-ii.), may serve as an illustration:—

"Pindar might be described as the poet of the 'pride of life.' He consorted continually with the great of the earth, he moved among the strong and the beautiful, where none was 'sick or sorry,' he derived his inspiration from success, being himself too intellectually successful in realising his desire of perfection. Kingdom and victory, nobility and wealth, strength and comely limbs, ἀγλαία and εὐφροσύνη, inherit his palaces of music. The impression left on the mind, after reading the Odes of Victory, is that 'Lo, the kings of the earth are gathered and gone by together.' . . . A divinity crowned with flowers is a happy image for the spirit which presided over 'the delightful things in Hellas,' and illuminated Pindar's imagina-

tion. By the shores of the midland sea, not yet 'dolorous,' were raised, under a really benignant breath, palaces of music, shining afar, and statues of ivory and gold. Haggard forlorn faces, wizened forms did not haunt the soul, nor were there any yearnings to heavenward, Grace, which maketh the ways of men soft, being arbitress then with undivided right, and 'crowned with flowers' in those bright pagan borders. The spirit of man, bland but without effeminacy, dwelling, as it were, in a strong and beautiful body, had no thought of the faintness of old age, no foreboding of a day when it should leave the broken shell, naked, stark, pallid—as the Roman Emperor conceived the soul sundered from the body—and be swept along dreary ways into wild places and 'devious coverts of dismay.' . . . Pindar may well interest us as the most characteristic poet of that fortunate spirit."

This is not, we venture to say, the view of Pindar that any one would take from reading him, who was not strongly predisposed to take it. There is, of course, "pride of life," there are "kings of the earth," in abundance, in Pindar: but no sadness? no sorrow? no thought of the faintness of old age? Passage after passage rises to the mind to protest against Mr. Bury's estimate, which is as true, or as little true, as it would be of Sophocles or Aeschylus. We need not go back to the Olympians or the Pythians for an illustration; here, in the XIth Nemean, is proof enough (p. 222)—

ἐὶ δὲ τις ἄλβιν ἔχω μορφῇ παραμύεται ἄλλων,
ἐν τ' ἀέθλοισιν ἀριτεῖαν ἐπέδειξεν βίαν.
Θατὰ μεμνᾶσθω περιστάλλων μέλη
καὶ τελευτὰν ἀπάντων γυν' ἐκφροσόμενος.

Is there no skull at the Pindaric banquet there? Mr. Bury sees enthusiastically, but partially: he "averts his ken from half of human fate"; but Pindar does not.

On the second point—Mr. Bury's determination to find cue-words and undetected guides in the text—it would be necessary to quote many pages of his Introduction, many passages from his Commentary. There is no denying the extreme ingenuity with which he works out his theories; the difficulty in accepting them is partly that one can with difficulty believe Pindar to have been so methodical in thought as the theories imply. "He elaborated," says Mr. Bury, "his poems to such a point that every phrase was calculated, and no word was admitted that did not 'tell' in the total effect." Of this proposition Mr. Bury is peremptorily certain; yet it is one where not only does certainty walk in a vain shadow, but the general judgment, we imagine, of those who have read Pindar will be against him. But, as a specimen of Mr. Bury's turn for emendation, nothing will do better than his dealing with *Ol.* vi., l. 83 (Introd. p. xvii.). The famous

δόξαν ἔχω τιν' ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ ἀκόντας λιγυρᾶς,

in the context in which it occurs certainly presents very harsh features. Now see how imaginatively Mr. Bury clears it all up.

"A little consideration will show what word originally held the place usurped by ἀκόντας. From ἔχω ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ it is evident that the writer had in his mind the proverbial *βοῦς ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ*, signifying silence; and as his meaning clearly is 'I cannot be silent touching Metopa,' we must infer that for the ox of muteness he substituted a singing creature, a bird. And to be

really suitable to the context, to harmonise with the presence of the sea and the rivers, the voice of a sea bird was required. 'On my tongue I have (not an ox but) a certain fancy of a vocal seabird,' &c. And this, I believe, was what Pindar wrote:

δόξαν ἔχω τιν' ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ ἁλκόντας λιγυρᾶς

The seabird that he chose was a kingfisher. And the idea is more than a mere metaphor; for the seabird, as it were, flies seaward and draws the minstrel after it to the 'deep thundering' ocean from the waters of Metopa and the Stymphalian lake, in Arcadia, thus symbolising the passage from Stymphalus to Syracuse, from home to home (οἴκοθεν οἴκαδε). Nor is the imagery mixed; for not the bird, but the imagination thereof, is said to be ἐπὶ γλώσσᾳ."

It is very ingenious; but most of us will refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, and will adopt the simpler view of Prof. Jebb, here courageously appended in a note. Similar ingenuity is constantly exhibited, e.g. in the conjecture (*Nem.* i. 66) of πῶσειν, Aeolic for πῶσειν, instead of δόσειν; in *Nem.* iii. l. 82, that κραγέται, besides its proper meaning, suggests also the rapacious birds of Akragas, which still appear on its coins: again, in the last line of *Nem.* i. (where the best MSS. read δόμον), the conjecture of Bergk, σταθμόν, is defended as being a felicitous final suggestion or reproduction of the opening words—ἀμπνευμα σεμνόν being echoed by σεμνόν σταθμόν. But this seems fanciful in the highest degree. If δόμον really produced any difficulty, these guesses might be worth considering; but the sole objection to δόμον being the occurrence of δόμασι in the previous line, it is hard to see why MS. authority should yield to ingenious theories of echoes. Again, in *Nem.* iii., ll. 18 and 53 are dealt with on the same principle, and a fantastical over-meaning given to Νεμέα. More, perhaps, may be said for the conjecture οἶνας, ventured by Mr. Bury in *Nem.* viii., l. 40. But, on the whole, we should say that Mr. Bury is better at making a plausible conjecture than at justifying it or proving its necessity; as an example see his note on *Nem.* x., l. 84, αἶρος.

Notwithstanding these defects, Mr. Bury has written a fascinating commentary; and his versions, as we have said, are always spirited and often excellent, though perhaps more numerous than is necessary. His quotations are not always quite accurate; e.g., in the note on ἀγλαόκολλον (*Nem.* iii., l. 56, p. 56), the citation from Mr. Swinburne is incorrect, for "bosom" read "breast"; and the punctuation (p. 69) of the version given of *Nem.* iv., ll. 13-22, seems defective.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME NOTES ON GODEFROY'S OLD-FRENCH DICTIONARY.

II.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk.

N.B.—The dagger (†) indicates that the word, word-form, or phrase, is not in Godefroy's Dictionary. (See ACADEMY, April 11, p. 350.)

† Calketrappe, kalk., *sf.* Caltrop, snare (mod. chaussetrappe):

"Auxint le maufee par ses cauticles nous meue de peeché en peeché, tant qe il nous eît en sa calke-

trappe enuombré e des cordez de nos pecchez demeyne enlacez."

Contes Moral. de Nicole Bozon (ed. Toulmin Smith et P. Meyer), p. 185.

"Quaunt le venour est aperceü de un cief gras e fort . . . espye on soñ haunt seït a soñ recet, on le cief se soleit reposer, e la va mettre prive-ment un kalketrappe, e la coevere."

Ibid., p. 182.

"Nostre Seignur . . . quant le deable nous ad guilee en sa kalketrappe menee, si nous voloms a lui erier e de sa merci lui prier, de la corde nous delivre."—*Ibid.*, p. 186.

† Camaille, *sm.* Camel, old form of chameau: "Vous oscowez les wibetez e transglutez le camaille."—*Ibid.*, p. 34.

Campevole, *sf.* Bell; add † Campervole: "Nous mettrons un campevole entour son col . . . e par ceo seroms de sa venue garniz."

Ibid., p. 145.

† Carfouke, Quarf., *sm.* Cross-roads, the English "Carfax" (see *New Eng. Dict.*, *s.v.*), Mod. Fr. *carrefour*:

"Deus compaignoñs estoient jadis, le un fol, l'autre sage, taif qe vyndrent un jour al carfouke de une veie. . . . Ces deus compaignoñs soñt cors e alme; le quarfouke de la veie si est frankes arbitrement a prendre bien od mal."

Ibid., pp. 51, 52.

Carmesin. Add † Quermesin (Arab. *karnesi*), *sm.* crimson dye, crimson cloth:

"En Baudas se labouront de moult de façons de draps de soie et a or; ce sont nasich et nac et quermesin et de mains autres draps de moult belle façon."

Le Livre de Marco Polo (ed. M. G. Pauthier), chap. xxiv.

Cester, *vn.* To stumble; add example from *Nicole Bozon*, p. 151:

"Jeo vy un homme porter furnage près de un fontaigne, e le homme cesta, e un furnage lui eschapa e chey en la fontaigne."

1. Chacier, *va.* To drive away; add † Chaisier:

"Hai me vos ke tant vos travaillez
C'aie marit, et de ci me chaisiez."

Alfanz. Rom. und Pust. (ed. Bartsch), p. 12.

Chienaille, *sf.* Rabble, low people; add † Kenaille:

"Por ce est fols qui ne s'i garde,
Quant il sent que mort le travaille,
Qui trop se fie en la kenaille
Del suen garder."

Guillaume le Maréchal (printed by P. Meyer in *Romania*, Tom. xi., p. 66).

† Chiton, *sm.* ? Paul Meyer suggests that this word is derived from English *chit*, with the sense of young animal. It perhaps is intended to represent the English *kitten*, the Anglo-Norman text in which it occurs being full of similar words borrowed from the English:

"De ceux qu'avés nomee ne ay qe feare tant ne quant, qar le beof est trop hurtañt e le chival trop regiwañt e le leverer trop rechinañt, mès jeo moy preñt al sienget e al chiton e al cheveret." Auxint font les grauntz seignours . . . touz se apuent ja al chiton, as foux qe suent lur folie e lur volentee, e al seengeot qe lur fet bien rire de vanité, e al cheverot qe soñt aliez a eux par parentee."

Contes Moral. de Nicole Bozon (ed. Toulmin Smith et P. Meyer), pp. 78, 79.

Commande, *sf.* Command, power; add † Commendie:

"Bien eüst lors sa besongne fornée,
Tote la terre fust en sa commendie."

Aymery de Narbonne (ed. Louis Demaison), vv. 107, 108.

Commant, *sm.* Command, will; add phrase † venir a commant a (impers.), "to be the will, the pleasure of":

"Diex," dist il, "Sire, vrais peres omnipotent . . . Seor mon oncle, se toi vient a commant." *Aliseans* (ed. Guessard et Montaiglon), vv. 425, 428.

† Condemmer, *va.* In special sense, to bind, confine:

"Super lis piez ne pod ester,
Que toz los al li condemnets."

Vie de St. Leger, st. xxviii.

† *Contrempris*, sm. Offensive ally, confederate:
"Molt volt savoir

E molt volt en escrit avoir
Cels qui eurent ses contrempris
Et qu'en eüst les nous apris."

Guillaume le Maréchal (in Romania, Tom. xi, p. 65).

† 3. *Copel*, *cupel*, sm. Top; the sense in quotation below seems to be "scalp," if *corune* here mean "tonsure"; perhaps the latter refers to the archbishop's mitre, in which case the meaning would be simply "the top of the mitre":

"Enz el chief de l'espee grant colp li vait duner,
Si que de la corune le cupel enporta,
E la hure abati e granrent entama."

Garnier de Pont Sainte Maxence: Vie de St. Thomas (ed. Hippeau), vv. 5495-7.

Corn, *cor*, sm. Add expression *cor del escu*, meaning corner (?) or boss (?) of shield:

"Li valles au cor del escu (*var.* au pié del escu)
Le prent."

Perceval le Gallois (ed. Potvin), vv. 1425-6.

2. *Coroneor*. Add † *Coronner*:

"Et voluns qe si nul homme soit trové occys . . .
qe hom face le Coronner hastivement venir."

Britton, English Laws (ed. Nichols), § 4.

† *Cout*, sm. Whetstone:

"Mynieres de albastre, mynieres de marbre noir
et blanc, mynieres de couz (*var.* couetz) de
raseurs."

Debat des Heraults d'Armes de France et d'Angleterre (ed. Pannier), p. 36.

Cruel, adj. Add † *Cruyer*:

"Li tres cruyeres pousseures fut subitement muez
en tres feaule picheor. . . En ses mains furent
atroveies les lettres de sa tres cruyer legacion."

Quatre Livres des Rois, avec Choix de Sermons de Saint Bernard (ed. Le Roux de Lincy), pp. 554-555.

† *Culcheür*. In the phrase *ure culcheür*, bedtime:
"Mes aneis que venist dreit ure culcheür (*var.* ure
de c.),

Li vint tele novele dunt il out grant honur."

Chronique de Jordan Fantosme (ed. Francisque-Michel), vv. 1954-5.

In the *Roman de Brut* a similar phrase occurs, which is printed by Le Roux de Lincy as under:

"A nuit, fait-il, à celc ore

Que l'on apele *celce ore*" (vv. 385-6).

It would probably be more correct to print *ore* . . . *coleore*, the phrase being apparently identical with the *ure culcheür* of *Fantosme*. The awkward rime *ore-ore* (both times in the same sense) would in this way be obviated.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Philosophical Society of Berlin offers a prize of 1000 marks (£50) for the best essay on the relation of philosophy to the empirical science of nature. The essays may be written in German, French, English, or Latin, and must be sent in before April 1, 1893.

THE late M. Cabours has bequeathed to the Académie des Sciences, of which he was himself a member, the sum of 100,000 francs (£4000) for the following purpose:

"I desire that the interest of this sum may be distributed every year by way of encouragement among young men who have made themselves known by some interesting works, and more particularly by chemical researches. I express further the formal desire that this choice should fall, so far as possible, on men without fortune not having salaried offices, and who, from the want of a sufficient situation, would find themselves without the possibility of following up their researches. These pecuniary encouragements ought to be given during several years to the same young men, if the Commission thinks that their productions have a value which permits such a favour. Nevertheless, in order that the largest number of young workers may participate in the legacy, I desire that the encouragements may

cease when those who have enjoyed them obtain sufficiently remunerative positions."

Our Canine Companions in Health and Disease. By J. Woodroffe Hill. (Sonnenschein.) Had Mr. Hill not indulged in a preliminary chapter on dogs in general, in which a tendency for fine writing has proved his bane, this excellent book might have been unreservedly commended. But what shall be said of such sentences as "those individuals who scoff at devotion, but too often hypercriticise it for outward show"; or of "reasoning actions being reflex, automatic, emotional, or spontaneous"? Much more in the same vein might be quoted, but it is pleasanter to pass over the first twenty pages. Then it may be affirmed that no lover of dogs ought to be without the book. Dogs' diseases and the drugs which form the remedies are alphabetically and lucidly treated; and a second part of the book deals with a subject on which little is known save by experts, viz., the exact list of good points which each kind of dog should possess, and the number of marks assigned to each at dog-shows. All this is concisely and carefully handled, together with a useful appendix on dog-law. The author pours contempt upon the use of the muzzle. Of whatever description this may be, he deems it "an instrument of torture, and its application is only excusable under the most exceptional circumstances." The practice of giving dogs arsenic to get them into condition he absolutely condemns. By an amusing Americanism, he speaks of dogs, and not their teeth, as "canines."

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 4.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—A paper was read by the Rev. H. Rashdall on "The Principle of Authority in its relation to Ethics." The paper started with a criticism of Rational Utilitarianism as expounded in Prof. Sidgwick's *Methods of Ethics*. Accepting his three axioms of Prudence, Rational Benevolence, and Equity, the reader dissented from his hedonistic interpretation of Ultimate Good. Even on Prof. Sidgwick's own premisses Benevolence ought to be included in the conception of the Good which it is right to promote for others; but there are other elements must be recognised in the supreme *εὐδαιμονία* if Utilitarianism is to be reconciled with the parts of our moral conscientiousness, e.g., Truth and Purity. This modification of the utilitarian criterion involves practically the admission of intuitions though not as to the morality of particular arts, but as to the value of ultimate ends. But these intuitions are not equally strong in all persons, and in some are very weak or even non-existent. The average man takes them on authority, though more or less confirmed by his own weaker moral intuitions, and few men, even the *φρόνιμοι*, are wholly independent of the judgment of other *φρόνιμοι*. The authority, however, must be accepted on moral grounds. The man concludes that the judgments of those whose general moral principles and character commend themselves to his moral consciousness are likely to be right even where his own intuitions are weak or defective. This admission supplies a basis for the ascription to Jesus Christ of moral authority which to those who admit his sinlessness or perfection must amount to moral infallibility—an admission which by itself approximates to the admission of a divine sonship. It also supplies a basis for the recognition of an authority, though not an infallible authority, in the Church. The value of this authority in ethical matters is much higher than in pure theology. An ideal Church would be an organ for the expression of the highest ethical conscientiousness. No Church has ever been more than an approximation to this ideal, but, with all reserves, actual Churches have assisted to give expression to this diffused Christian conscientiousness by which the received moral code has been largely determined.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

NEW SHAKSPEARE.—(Friday, May 8.)

DR. F. J. FURNIVALL in the chair.—A paper on "The Character of Hamlet," by Mr. Dorchester, professor of English literature and of political economy at Boston University, U.S.A., was read by Mr. R. G. Moulton. While Shakspeare was at his greatest in delineation of character, and of character which belonged to our common humanity, in some of his dramas, the characters, like a wreath of flowers, divided our interest; in others, as in "Lear" and "Hamlet," the interest centres in one overpowering character. A careful analysis of Hamlet's character was therefore a first necessity to the understanding of the play. The first element which went to the making of his character was heredity. The powerful nature of his father had to be considered, as well as his being of Teutonic race, with its exaltations, carousals, corresponding fits of depression, and generally melancholic temperament. It loves generalisation and speculation. So Hamlet is always for the essentials; Laertes, his contrast, is satisfied with appearances. Laertes had had no intellectual training; Hamlet has to transmute every feeling into thought; he cannot rest satisfied in the feeling alone, like Romeo. Disinclined to action, he remains the student and amateur. This is interesting, because we know Shakspeare to have thought little of reflection unless translated into action; he found his type of the perfect man according to Gervinus, in the man of action, Henry V. Hamlet, on the other hand, was like Amiel, and the source of disturbance in his nature was over-reflection, and the want of the instant radiation of thought into action. While the ordinary view considered Hamlet's plain duty to be the avenging of his father, and his failing to do so an evasion of his duty, Prof. Dorchester considered that it was his high conscience, loftier than that of his fellows, which resisted the murderous suggestions of the ghost, and, steadfast in opposition, combatted his lower carnal nature and its cry for blood. Next, we had to consider the circumstances of his life; the influence of a great sorrow, the absence of even the solace of constant employment. Then, the strong carnal nature of the man, with his will and intellect in opposition to it. What was it that held his lower nature in check, and restrained the impulse for vengeance? He was no coward. It was his intellect, and conscience, and moral sensibility, which could not view the killing of Claudius in the light of a duty. Even when he eventually kills him, it is in a moment of exasperation. There is little of Hamlet in that last scene of slaughter; he is more like Laertes when first hearing of his father's death. In his speech to Horatio, Hamlet reveals his ideal of character, and this throws light upon his own. Fortinbras the strong man, saviour of Denmark, fitly closes the play.—In the discussion which followed, the chairman felt bound to differ with Prof. Dorchester in his view of what Hamlet's duty was in the play. It was not, he held, Hamlet's carnal sense that called to him to kill Claudius, but his sense of what was just and right. And the question was, was the power that restrained him doing this, his intellect, or the weakness of his nature? Or was his intellect made an excuse for weakness of will? Hamlet shirked his duty constantly. To murder, as such, he had no objection. He sent his companions to death without remorse, when he found they were treacherous to him, and the death of Polonius was taken as a light matter. His intellect only served to furnish excuses for not carrying out a task he disliked.—Dr. Bierfreund objected to the theory that there was anything especially German about Hamlet; this was only an instance of the appropriation of that race who had already assigned to themselves Shakspeare and Thorwaldsen. England only could produce the type, because only in England could men afford to be idle. Other members who followed mostly agreed with the chairman in his view.—Mr. Moulton, replying for Prof. Dorchester, whose points he agreed with throughout, thought there had been a confusion between what was Hamlet's duty and what Hamlet thought to be his duty. In moments of passion, we often think that what it urges us to is our plain duty. The point of the paper was, that Hamlet's passion suggested revenge, his moral nature checked it. It was especially noticeable that it is only up to the point of the play scene that Hamlet hesitates; from that

moment, once his suspicions are confirmed, his duty is perfectly clear, and he never hesitated again. But from that moment circumstances conspire to thwart and hinder him.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

It is strange that Mr. Calderon, having, with a certain amount of audacity, chosen for the subject of a large canvas "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation," should have treated it with a meanness and a timidity which almost render prurient what might have been powerfully dramatic. The royal saint kneels here, as naked as her mother Eve, on the stone steps of the altar, and, in the presence of her confessor and of certain monks and nuns, renounces all the pomps and vanities of this world. But the gentle queen is little more than a feebly-drawn lay figure, wanting in distinctiveness alike of form and of expression; while nowhere is the dramatic situation at all adequately expressed. Such a theme demands, indeed, the lurid romanticism, the Hugoesque contrasts, in which a Jean-Paul Laurens revels. Moreover, it would appear that Mr. Calderon's conception of the scene rests upon a misapprehension, and that Hungary's queen by no means played the Lady Godiva, but merely, while performing her act of renunciation, put off her outer and more splendid garments, and with them the insignia of royalty.

It is painful to be compelled to note the very notable decadence betrayed by the work of the veteran Sir John Gilbert, who, when his medium is water-colour, still shows a measure of the old skill and of the peculiar conventional romanticism which he has inherited from Cattermole. His large "Don Quixote discourses upon Arms and Letters" is a complete failure, lacking from a technical point of view both certainty of execution, colour, and relief, and making up for these defects by no genuine humour.

We can find nothing new to say about Mr. Gow's "After Langside: Queen Mary's Farewell to Scotland," one of this painter's usual anecdotic, rather than truly and passionately romantic performances, remarkable for skill of draughtsmanship, in the French rather than the English mode, but for no pictorial strength or unity of impression.

Mr. Val. Prinsep has in his page from Byzantine history, "The Emperor Theophilus chooses his Wife, A.D. 829," done unusually well, getting rid of a good deal of that leatheriness and opacity which usually disfigures his flesh-painting, and producing an *ensemble* of considerable brilliancy of aspect, if otherwise of no great significance. The costumes of these richly-clad damsels assembled in a splendid hall adorned with Byzantine gold mosaics, in order that the youthful emperor may among them make his choice of a consort, do not strike us as specially accurate from an archaeological point of view; but at any rate their draperies make, with the gorgeous vestments of the Porphyrogenitus, brilliant and pleasing harmonies.

Mr. Hubert Herkomer's huge piece of *genre* "On Strike" is the melodramatic and almost transpontine rendering of an episode suggested by the late revolts of the trades unionists. A hulking workman of threatening aspect fronts the spectator, unmoved by the mute entreaty of the wife who clasps him from behind, while the white faces of starveling children peep out from the half gloom of a doorway. The sentiment is of the class we have often had occasion to note in dealing with Mr. Herkomer's paraphrases of popular life; that is, studied, we

should say, from the theatre, with a view to obvious effect, rather than direct from nature, with a view to truth. The modelling, too, with a superficial appearance of breadth, is of an unsatisfactory emptiness too characteristic of this popular painter, which makes itself still more disagreeably apparent in his numerous portraits.

Though among the many visitors to the Academy hot controversy will no doubt rage with respect to Mr. J. S. Sargent's "La Carmencita," and some may pronounce it as unlovely as others will find it entrancingly interesting, there can be little doubt that to the painter and the true amateur it will assert itself as emphatically the picture of the year, leaving its deep impress on the memory as surely nothing else does. It is a simple yet passionate presentment of a black-haired, audacious Spanish dancer, wearing a splendid national costume of yellow satin, with a charmingly-arranged scarf of the same colour, and a flower of pale primrose in her raven-hued locks. The handsome face frankly exhibits the white and red of the theatre; the lips have that painted scarlet so attractive to the modern French poets; the lean arm and hand—for one only is seen—is full of life; and the little Andalusian feet, though in perfect repose, literally bite the ground. The execution, if slight, has the masterly breadth obtained by a long study of Velasquez, in imitation of whom the sloping floor is depicted as a grey space without defined limits. "La Carmencita" is undoubtedly a creation sprung from the artificial soil of the expiring century, a veritable "Fleur du Mal," such as would have delighted Baudelaire himself; but it would be impossible to give more spontaneous or more passionate expression to a conception which, in its mingled strangeness and naturalistic truth, expresses the very poetry of modern realism. It may be convenient to mention here Mr. Sargent's other contribution, a "Portrait of Mrs. M.," which, if necessarily more ordinary than the preceding fantasy in portraiture, has much piquancy and elegance, marred to a certain extent, however, by the painty quality of the flesh in the neck and arms. Hard by hangs—not overwell hung—Mr. Fantin-Latour's sober yet delightful portrait, "Sonia, Daughter of General Yanovski," which, we fancy, is the same that was last year exhibited at the Salon. It is merely the representation of a young lady, posing simply, in ordinary walking-costume; but it exhales a perfume of innocence and true *ingénuité* such as modern French art but seldom affords.

The Newlyn school, in this a fellow-sufferer with the foreign artists, has legitimate cause of complaint against the hanging committee. Mr. Frank Brangwyn's large canvas "Assistance" is so effectually skied that it would be unsafe to give a definite opinion as to its merits; while in not very much better plight is Mr. W. H. Y. Titcomb's "Old Sea Dogs," an admirably truthful and sympathetic presentment of three old fishermen enjoying in the open air their *otium cum dignitate*. This is painted in the light, decorative key of grey-blue, which is now the rule in French but as yet the exception in English, art. It has not been possible to deal so unceremoniously with the most popular members of the school, Mr. Stanhope Forbes and Mr. Frank Bramley. The former has "Soldiers and Sailors—the Salvation Army, 1891," showing on the quay of a fishing-town (perhaps Newlyn) a company of Salvationists massed together in a close group, and in all *naïveté* and reverence lifting up their voices and playing their uncouth instruments under the free dome of heaven. All composition has been wilfully abjured, and the colouring is too heavy and black in its grey-ness; but some of the types of these haggard and unlovely "Salvation Lasses" are unsur-

passable in simple pathos, in truth of expression and movement. Very similar in technique is Mr. Frank Bramley's "Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven," showing on a stone quay or pier, skirting the sea, a sad procession of white-clad mourners and singers, some chanting hymns, others carrying the flower-strewn coffin of a little child. Here again simplicity is sought for by an avoidance of all artificiality of composition, and a commendable reticence is observed in the suggestion of the pathetic side of the subject. Somehow, however, Mr. Bramley appears to have failed to get at the root of his subject, perhaps because by an avoidance of this same artificial, or rather artistic, composition, he has lost the power of sufficiently emphasising his main motive. The open air effect, the atmospheric envelopment of the figures, is admirably given, though at the expense of all charm and variety of colour. The painters of this school are, as we think, unfairly blamed for choosing to employ French technical methods in the expression of purely English subjects. We would rather quarrel with them for the unduly photographic aspect which they give to their works—conceiving them almost as scenes which should be actually noted by the aid of the camera, and then built up and elaborated on that basis. Their favourite grey tonality is not so much that of their French antitypes—for it lacks the brilliancy and the occasional sparkle which marks the work of the best of these—as a darker, sadder, and heavier open-air tonality of their own, attributable, perhaps, to the atmospheric conditions of our climate, but none the less dispiriting and unpictorial.

Mr. George Hitchcock's "La Maternité," to the unfair ostracism of which we have already passingly referred, is not a new work, but one which has already secured a high reputation at the Salon, and then, if we mistake not, at the Universal Exhibition of 1889, and which has since been seen in London as the central ornament of an exhibition of the American artist's works, brought together at Messrs. Goupil's in Bond-street. It shows in a barren but pictorially beautiful and suggestive landscape—the predominant elements of which are pale grey sand and rank grey-green herbage—a French peasant woman advancing slowly, willingly bearing the burden of one child of tender years, as she shows the way to another. This simple motive is treated with admirable technical skill, the beautiful and quite natural group formed by the figures fitting perfectly into the sad landscape, and forming, as it were, an integral, an inevitable, part of it. The artist has perfectly achieved what he has attempted, both in the way of pathetic suggestion and of pictorial impression. Why, then, if this excellent work was accepted at all, was there not accorded to it a decent place, instead of making of it a Pelion superimposed on Ossa, in the main gallery? Some two years ago Mr. Hitchcock's "Tulip-culture," a brilliant and sensational performance, not equal in artistic merit to "La Maternité," appeared at the Royal Academy in a place of honour, and was there appreciated at its full value.

Military subjects, unless they be of the anecdotic or the obviously pathetic order, like those contributed in former years by Lady Butler (Miss Elizabeth Thompson), are greeted in England with but faint approval compared to the passionate interest which they excite on the other side of the Channel. Mr. Vereker M. Hamilton's large canvas, "The Attack on the Peiwar Kotal," shows considerable novelty of treatment and an unusual attention to atmospheric effect; moreover, it has abundance of martial energy—dramatic, if not absolutely convincing. Mr. Ernest Croft's "The Morning of Waterloo: Napoleon's

Headquarters" is a frigid and anecdotic conception of the familiar type, true enough, no doubt, in all the details of the uniforms and of the mean *milieu* where the scene passes, but trivial and uninspiring, especially in the watery, feeble rendering of the Emperor himself as he appears at the dawn of the day which is to decide his fate. After Gros, after David and Ingres, after Meissonier, it is well to let the Napoleonic legend alone, unless it be more worthily handled than in the present instance.

Portraiture is year after year encroaching upon *genre* and landscape, until it has obtained far more than its fair share of space in the exhibition. And the portraits shown are too often those of estimable old gentlemen who may have deserved well of their constituency, their county council, or their parish, but whose respectable features, how palpiating soever be the interest which they may inspire in those who are acquainted with their merits, leave cold the outside and uninstructed public. When Mr. Orchardson, or a painter of like eminence and charm, is charged with the execution of the regulation "presentation portrait," the result may, as in the masterly "Walter Gilbey, Esq.," be delightful; but otherwise a dead level of dispiriting dullness and general boredom is the not easily to be avoided result. Mr. Orchardson's own "Sir Andrew Barclay Walker, Bart.," is only less fine than the portrait just now mentioned, and is especially remarkable for the beauty and artistic treatment of the not unduly prominent accessories.

Mr. Watts's sole contribution to the exhibition, "The Lady Katherine Thynne," is no doubt here and there weak in modelling; but it is, for all that, better than most recent performances of the master. None but he could have given, quite as he has given it, this type of gracious and characteristically English womanhood.

It is distressing to find Sir J. E. Millais' portraits so deficient in elegance and artistry of arrangement, so cold and purely external in conception, as they are on the present occasion; for, in truth, they are not redeemed by that energy and distinctiveness of characterisation which goes far to make up for all other deficiencies. The "Mrs. Edward Gibbs" says nothing to us, though it may not be open to any special reproach, so far as technique goes; the "Grace" is a pretty but unmeaning and not a little painty portrait-study, in which the best passage is the powdered dark hair of the fresh young model who poses in a riding habit of the last century. Best is the "Mrs. Chamberlain," marred though it undoubtedly is by the failure completely to harmonise the component elements of the picture, and especially by the ugly, uninviting brownish background. In some degree, at any rate, the freshness and ingenuous grace of the sitter is conveyed, while many portions of the canvas, such as the lady's mauve dress and the porcelain tea-set treated *à la Chardin*, show the firm hand of the master. Here, however, as in many other recent portraits from the same hand, there is a curious impersonality about the presentment, a curiously cold detachment from the individuality which the painter is seeking to characterise; and this, more than any merely technical shortcomings, disconcerts the beholder. Such was not always Sir J. E. Millais' attitude as a portrait painter, as the admirers of his finest performances of this class are well aware.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE FRENCH SALONS.

III.

THE New Salon, that of the Société Nationale des Beaux-Arts, is in many respects superior to the old Salon at the Champs Elysées. The number of exhibits has been limited to 951 pictures and 101 pieces of sculpture. Instead of a suite of small and indifferently lighted rooms, we have four long galleries admirably lighted, in which there are no dark corners. There are only two rows of pictures on the walls, and plenty of space between them; and the works of each exhibitor are grouped together in such a way as to produce as harmonious an effect as possible. The hall downstairs has been converted into a pretty garden, in which the works of sculpture are seen at their best. A novelty in this year's exhibition is the section of original works of decorative art, specially instituted for the benefit of art craftsmen, who will henceforth have the opportunity of displaying, under the most favourable circumstances, specimens of their skill as jewellers, silversmiths, enamellers, and also as workers in decorative iron and woodwork. This interesting innovation is likely to be attended with more really useful results than have hitherto been attained at the annual Exhibition of the Fine Arts applied to Industry, which does about as much for the development of artistic taste among the artisan class as the annual gingerbread fair. The foreign contributors are even more numerous than at the Champs Elysées; for out of the two hundred names in the catalogue, there are over ninety Americans, Belgians, English, Danes, Swiss, Swedes, Germans, and Russians. This increase in the number of foreign exhibitors is worthy of notice, as a proof of the spread of international art culture; and it must be noted that these exhibitors are not all pupils of celebrated Frenchmen, but, especially in the case of the Norwegians, Spaniards, and Swedes, home-bred and home-educated artists.

The most striking feature of the present exhibition is the interesting show of portraits. Conspicuous among them, and most painful to behold, is the portrait of M. Alphonse Daudet by M. Cassière. Poor Daudet, broken down with illness and suffering, is represented reclining on a couch, his little daughter beside him. The young poet—of whom it was said when he first came up to Paris that he was *beau comme un jeune dieu*, and that when he shook his fair locks they gleamed like the rays of his native Provençal sun—is no more; but in his stead we have the shadow of his former self, the face half-paralysed and deeply-furrowed by anxiety and pain, the body reduced almost to a skeleton, the sunken eyes like two black spots in which no trace remains of the bright, laughing glance of former days. Alas, the portrait is only too cruelly true; and the dull grey, misty atmosphere in which M. Cassière delights to envelop his figures only adds to the sad impression this picture leaves on the spectator. How different is M. Courtois' portrait of Mme. Gautreau, the Parisian professional beauty. Her classical profile, the exquisite curve and bend of her neck, the splendid modelling of her shoulders, arms, and bust, have been admirably rendered. Mme. Gautreau has little or no complexion; she is as white as marble; her dress is white also, and the rich auburn colour of her hair serves to enhance the effect of this symphony in white. Though a wonderful piece of artistic work, this portrait is wanting in life and expression; but this is no fault of the painter's. M. Courtois has also sent a delightfully natural portrait of M. Von Stetten, taken as he stood in his free and easy *atelier* attire. M. Von Stetten, who is a young German artist of great promise, himself sends four exhibits; two clever studies, a brilliant piece of colouring, "The Flower Girl," and "Evening

at Fiesole." The master-portraitist, M. Carolus-Duran is represented by nine portraits, among which are a splendid full-length of a young American lady, and a good likeness of Gounod; M. Duran also contributes, as usual, a nude study, which this year is entitled "Danae," and gives the measure of the technical ability of this brilliant colourist. - M. Ducez's full length portrait of Monseigneur Filon, Cardinal-Archbishop of Lyons, is also a fine painting; the same may be said of the Countess de M—, by M. Gervex, and of Mr. Sargent's portrait of a little boy. M. Raffaelli has portrayed with great ability the general appearance of Mr. Dannat, the American painter; and M. Ary Renan has done his best to produce a good likeness of his father, the Oriental scholar. M. Roll, who is now one of the leading masters of the *plein air* school, contributes several portraits, among which is a lifelike "Amiral Krantz" in full uniform, with a face like the rising sun; his study of two nude female figures, *vuës de dos*, lying in a meadow, is a fine piece of work. When compared with this, Mr. Whistler's "Lady in Black" (arrangement in black, No 7) comes as darkness after light; the same artist has also contributed a small "Harmony in Green and Opal," which would very likely pass unnoticed were it not for the signature. Messieurs Blanche, Boldini, and other well-known portraitists are well represented; and before ending this rapid enumeration, I must not forget to mention an admirable portrait of M. Spuller by M. Anders Zorn, who has sent several other exhibits, including a beer-tavern at Stockholm, and a ball scene.

M. Puvis de Chavannes, president of the society, contributes three panels. The first, "Summer," is a large composition—a lovely landscape, through which flows a river where nymphs are bathing, while others are reclining in the sunshine, a fisherman is throwing his net, in the background peasants are gathering in hay; the general impression is that of the charm and repose of nature in its sublime simplicity. This panel is intended to be placed in one of the reception rooms of the Hôtel de Ville. The other two are decorative panels for the Museum at Rouen. Mr. Besnard has sent eight cartoons to be executed in stained glass, for the new School of Pharmacy. These are very novel in effect, wonderfully brilliant in colour, quite out of the common, and interesting, like everything Mr. Besnard does.

I must postpone until next week any further account of the contents of the galleries of the Champs de Mars Exhibition, which opens to the public on May 15.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MUTILATION OF MONUMENTS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

Farahoot, Egypt: April 30, 1891.

THE ACADEMY of April 18 is just to hand, and I have been looking over Mr. Petrie's letter on his work at Medum. I cannot help but wish that the "official spy" who watched Mr. Petrie—as that job has been completed—could be sent to look after an affair of which I am going to tell you.

This last winter was the third season that certain very popular blocks of wood inscribed with the cartouche of Seti I. have been on sale in the antiquity shops of Ekhnim and Luxor. They all come from Abydos. They are wooden keys taken from the niches cut to receive them at the point in the walls of a temple where two large stones come together. Anyone who has ever visited the Temple of Seti I., at Abydos knows that these blocks of wood are not lying round there loose.

The fact of the matter is, that the large stones are in some cases thrown off the wall, and in other cases the walls are quarried into, in order that these wooden blocks may be secured. Such is the story told me of the way in which the pieces are secured by a dealer, who also says that the pieces bring a good price, but that he is rather timid about selling them lest he get into trouble.

It is not long since we were given the report of how the temple at Abydos had been so shut in by a wall that only persons having tickets of admission can enter. However successful the Antiquity Administration may have been in closing the temple against sight-seers unprovided with tickets, it is evident that mutilators are still permitted to carry on their depredations almost, if not altogether, undisturbed.

It does seem that while officials are so abundant that one can be placed to watch over a man who has long and undisputedly been known as an honest worker in the interests of science, one might also be spared to overlook the work of these destroyers, and see that they do no quarrying and do not tumble the stones entirely off the wall, but that, after removing the stone sufficiently to get possession of the wooden key, they be required at least to return the stone to its position.

CHAUNCEY MURCH.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. A. S. MURRAY, keeper of Greek and Roman Sculpture in the British Museum, is engaged on a handbook of Greek Archaeology, which will treat in detail, and with many illustrations, of sculpture, vases, bronzes, gems, terra-cottas, and mural paintings.

WE are very glad to be informed that Mr. Dunthorne is organising, for the middle of June, an exhibition wholly above the customary shows in artistic value and interest. This is a display of the collected work of Mr. Alphonse Legros—not so much of his oil paintings, as to the importance of which, in his general *œuvre*, opinions may differ, but rather of his masterly etchings, drawings in black and white, and silver-points. In all these things Mr. Legros's position is such as admits of no manner of doubt among the real connoisseurs of art. Though the artist has so long resided in our midst, he was himself a partaker in the movement some thirty years ago, for the revival of etching in France. He was one of the pioneers; and in France the pioneers—Bracquemond, Jacquemart, Legros, Meryon—have neither been surpassed nor equalled by the men who have followed in their track. Then again, leaving out of the question Mr. Legros's part in the revival of Etching, he claims attention by the splendid austerity of his work with the pencil and the silver-point. Silver-point—a medium now often absurdly misapplied by the beginner, in whose hands so delicate a weapon must needs be a weapon of offence—is exactly the medium for the exhibition of the accomplished learning and the severe genius of Mr. Legros.

THE only exhibition to open next week that we need mention is that of the painting of "The Judgment of Paris," known as the Duarte Rubens, which will be on view at the gallery of Messrs. Charles Robertson & Co., in Piccadilly.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that a much larger edition of *Royal Academy Pictures, 1891*, had been prepared than any previous year, the entire issue of Part I was exhausted on the day of publication.

THE Kurtz Sale, which took place on Saturday and Monday, at Christie's, showed, as regards the oil paintings, how easy it is to possess very little art by the expenditure of a

great deal of money. Dull Landseers were by no means the least desirable part of a collection generally disappointing. The pictures, speaking broadly, must, as purchases, have been ill-advised—perhaps even more ill-advised than is habitually the case when the buyer is concerned with contemporary work which, when painted by an R.A. or an A.R.A. and exhibited at the Academy, in heavy gilt frames, is wont to attain, very temporarily, a wholly artificial value. These things are hardly investments for the commercial, and hardly delights for the cultivated.

We quote the following from the *Oxford Magazine* :—

"Prof. Ramsay and Mr. Hogarth propose to visit Eastern Cappadocia again this year. Prof. Ramsay will start very shortly, and make a preliminary tour in Cilicia, in the hope of clearing up certain doubtful points with regard to the discoveries of the expedition of last year and of Mr. Theodore Bent. Mr. Hogarth (who will probably be accompanied by Mr. Munro) will go out to Tarsus as soon as the Oxford term is over, and there join Prof. Ramsay; and the party will cross the Taurus and make for the Euphrates. Their plan is to explore the Kurd country north of Malatia, and follow the river up as far as Nicopolis, whence they will either turn westwards to the rock-cities of Boghaz-Keui and Eyuk, or go northwards into Pontus. In any case they hope to come out on the Black Sea. Two very different problems await solution in this country: the character of the early race which is responsible for the Hittite sculptures and inscriptions; and the scheme of the Roman frontier defences. It is hoped that the expedition of this year may make discoveries which will elucidate both problems, if they manage to avoid troubles with the Kurds and the ever-present fever.

THE Cyprus Exploration Fund is about to issue an appeal for subscriptions, in order to continue the work of excavation begun last year on the site of Salamis.

THE December number of the *American Journal of Archaeology* (London: Kegan Paul & Co.) is chiefly notable for the "Summary of Recent Discoveries and Investigations," which alone fills nearly one hundred pages, special attention having been given to Egypt and Asia Minor. This is a fresh sign of the growing devotion to oriental studies in the United States, of which mention has frequently been made in the ACADEMY. There are only two original papers, and only one plate. Mr. A. S. Murray, of the British Museum, describing a vase of the Mykenai type, in the museum of the Historical Society of New York, which had come from Upper Egypt, takes the opportunity to discuss the general relations of this early class of pottery and the other objects found with it. His conclusion is that, while the latter are the work of Phœnicians, the pottery itself and also the engraved gems and the designs in gold may be credited to the Greek or semi-Greek populations of Asia Minor and the islands. Finally, he throws out a suggestion of Celtic influence, in the latest period. Dr. Charles Waldstein contributes a report upon the excavations at Plataia, conducted in the spring of 1890 by the American School at Athens. The chief object of these excavations was topographical—to make a careful survey of the walls and of the battlefield. One unexpected result was to ascertain the existence of no less than twelve Byzantine and Frankish churches scattered over the site. There was also found a second slab of the famous edict of Diocletian, in Greek, containing the prices of textiles. This will be edited by Prof. Mommsen.

Chinese Currency. By J. Edkins, D.D. (Shanghai: Kelly and Walsh; London: Kegan Paul & Co.) The new points made in these essays are that paper currency began in China before rather than after the printing of books.

The use of seals entered China 2100 years ago. Their convenience in printing led to superstitious charms being multiplied for wide circulation. Commercial paper in the form of bills of exchange naming sums payable on demand came next. Book-printing followed in the tenth century, A.D. Copper coins and paper currency ruled in the commercial world of China till the Ming dynasty, when silver from America was first exchanged for silk and porcelain, and afterwards for tea. Paper currency had become depreciated to an intolerable extent, and silver took its place. The revenue, to a very large extent, is even now collected in silver, instead of in copper cash and in grain. The result is that, within a period of 800 years, copper coins have been depreciated to a fifth part of their original value. China has quite recently adopted a tentative silver currency in dollars, and a mint has been established at Canton.

THE STAGE.

AT the Vaudeville Theatre Mr. Thorne has revived "Confusion," to sustain, doubtless, that reputation of his house as the home of the light-hearted drama, which the most recent of his productions must have somewhat imperilled. The cast is good, and the performance and the piece are received with laughter and delight. Detailed criticism of this not unwelcome revival is, however, quite unnecessary.

ANOTHER revival, and it is again at the Olympic. Instead of being closed for several months, as we had feared, this theatre, under Mr. Wilson Barrett's direction, re-opens to-day. "The Silver King" will be played, and its performance is likely to be continued until the end of the season. Mr. Wilson Barrett, it is hardly necessary to say, resumes his part of Wilfrid Denver—possibly the only "Wilfrid" who remains in great repute just now; and the faithful service of the antique world will be illustrated, or excelled, by the sympathetic performance of Mr. George Barrett as Jaikes.

MISS WINIFRED EMERY goes to the Shaftsbury Theatre, and so do Mr. Cyril Maud, Mr. Lewis Waller, and Miss Annie Hughes—indeed, a very strong cast has been engaged for the opening drama under the new management.

THE performance of an English version of Ibsen's "Lady from the Sea," at Terry's Theatre, on Monday afternoon, is spoken of with something approaching to ridicule by the most qualified critics. We confess we were not present at the function. We had no ardent wish to be. Those who were present must be contented with our heartfelt sympathy. There are many happier ways of spending a spring afternoon than that of either worshipping or scoffing in the temple of the faddist.

THE last nights of "Lady Bountiful"—which has not proved one of Mr. Hare's most marked successes—are announced at the Garrick, where shortly will be witnessed a revival of the ever-welcome "Pair of Spectacles."

WE are threatened with not one but several pieces which will be pure pantomime—which will not contain one single spoken word. That is what we pay for having enjoyed "L'Enfant Prodigue" at the Prince of Wales's. People do not seem to distinguish between the real cause of its success and the mere accident which accompanied it. It is not because not a word is spoken on the stage that "L'Enfant Prodigue" has succeeded—it is not because the only writing in connexion with the piece is the writing of the *scénario*, or of the book of exits and entrances and directions as to stage action.

What has succeeded at the Prince of Wales's is the acting of Mlle. Jane May and her colleagues. They are one and all exceedingly clever people, and such masters of pantomime that they have been enabled to give interest to and to endow with humour and pathos a piece of which the performance is deprived of the charm of literature and the charm of the human voice. But would the ordinary comedian be able to do this? Would anyone of less flexibility and less infinity of resource than these comedians of France be able to do it? We think not. And in any case it is lamentably easy to have a superfluity of drama without literature. Nay, indeed, there are those who say that even now our drama, though by no means without words, is well nigh without literature.

By the omission of a line last week, we were made to express the opinion that the voice of Mr. Hayden Coffin was like an adagio of Spohr's. We intended no such simile; and had the line been in its place, the reader would have gathered only that which he was meant to—viz., that Mr. Hayden Coffin's voice had music in it (which he knew already), and that Miss Marianne Eissler played upon the violin a certain well-reputed piece of music by Spohr.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

ON Monday afternoon there were two pianoforte recitals—one at St. James's, the other at Prince's Hall. At the latter was Mme. Burmeister-Peterson, who was recently heard at the Crystal Palace. In a pianoforte transcription of a Bach Toccata and Fugue, she displayed strong fingers, excellent technique, and, besides, feeling and intelligence. But why play Bach's organ works on the pianoforte? However good the performance, the proper effect cannot be produced. The lady's interpretation of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 26) was singularly unequal. The Scherzo and Finale were well rendered; but the opening Andante with variations was taken at funeral pace, and the "Funeral March" was hard in tone and jerky. If we may judge Mme. Peterson as an interpreter of Chopin from her performance of the Ballade in G minor, then our verdict must be an unfavourable one: there was, at times, too much sentiment; at others, not enough.

We heard, of course, only the latter part of Mr. Borwick's programme at St. James's Hall. Chopin and Grieg are not the composers which suit him best. The C sharp Scherzo by the former, and the Ballade in variation form by the latter, were given with great skill and in a conscientious manner. If there was not all the charm and poetry one could wish, it would be unfair to make this a subject for reproach. Mr. Borwick may find these things added to him in time; the foundation is thoroughly good. He concluded his programme with Liszt's "Don Juan" Fantasia. The playing was exceedingly fine, and the enormous difficulties were overcome in a brave and spirited manner. But we would appeal to Mr. Borwick as a young and accomplished artist, as a pianist who has the means worthily to interpret the works of the great masters, and ask him if he thinks he is rendering good service to art by performing a mere show piece, and one, moreover, which even great pianists like Menter and Rubinstein have failed to make acceptable. Why should not Mr. Borwick try to avoid music in which technique is an end rather than a means to an end? He cannot do better than follow the example of his revered teacher.

M. Ysayë gave his second violin recital at St. James's Hall on Tuesday afternoon. Raff's Sonata in E minor for violin and pianoforte

(Op. 73) is a work full of excellent workmanship, but there are moments when the mode in which the thought is expressed seems of greater value than the thought itself. We like the Andante movement the best, though even that is spun out. The performance by Messrs. Ysayë and Schönberger was marked by great taste and skill. M. Ysayë won, however, his highest triumph in Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor, three movements from the same master's Suite in B minor and the Prelude in E. The tone was pure and the execution perfect. The applause was enthusiastic. The programme further included Beethoven's Sonata in C minor for violin and pianoforte, which was well rendered.

The Bach Choir gave an interesting concert at Prince's Hall the same afternoon, but commencing at five o'clock. The programme included three 8-part Motets by Brahms (Op. 109), which were only published at the beginning of last year. They are remarkable for vigour, learning, and effective contrasts. No. 3, "Wo ist ein so herrlich Volk," was the one which appeared to us the most striking. They are not easy to sing, and fair if not full justice was rendered to them by the choir. They were followed by Palestrina's short 4-part Motet "Adornamus te," an admirable specimen of religious music. This Motet has been erroneously ascribed in modern reprints to Anerio, Pitoni, and other composers. Bach's grand Motet, "Singet dem Herrn," was sung with much vigour and intelligence. It is a long and trying piece for the voices. Besides these some standard English madrigals of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and Morley's Ballet, "You that went to my pipe's sound," were given with much effect. Miss Adelina de Lara contributed some pianoforte solos. Beethoven's Variations in C minor lacked finish, and the Schumann Romance in F sharp major lacked charm, but Brahms's Scherzo in E flat minor was successfully rendered. Dr. Villiers Stanford conducted the choral music with his accustomed ability.

Herr Waldemar Meyer gave his second orchestral concert on Wednesday afternoon. Brahms's Violin Concerto may not be through-

out an inspired work, but the music is dignified and full of noble effort. Moreover, it is a work which grows upon one at each fresh hearing. Herr Meyer gave an earnest reading of the music. He also performed a Ries Suite with much skill. Mrs. Moore-Lawson sang a graceful Aria from Mozart's early opera, "Il re pastore" (with Violin Obbligato by Mr. G. H. Betjemann), and some effective songs by Ries and Hubert. She has a good and well-trained voice. The orchestra was under the careful direction of Mr. Henschel. Mr. C. E. Stephens also conducted the Finale of his Symphony recently produced at a Philharmonic Concert. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

IN addition to the works already announced for performance at the Handel Festival next month, the programme on the Selection Day will include a "Gloria" for double chorus and double orchestra. It was composed in 1707, when Handel was twenty-three years of age. The original autograph MS. signed "G. F. Hendel, 1707, 13 Gulio, Romae," belonged to Mr. Kerslake, of Bristol, but was burnt in the fire which destroyed his library at Clifton in February, 1860. A copy, now in the possession of Mr. W. H. Cummings, has been obtained from the Colonna Library in Rome. Mr. W. S. Rockstro, in his Catalogue of Handel's works mentions a "Gloria" as "disputed."

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LITERATURE.

The Oxford Movement, 1833-1845. By the late Very Rev. R. W. Church. (Macmillan.)

THE late dean of St. Paul's had earned an esoteric reputation as a sort of guileless Ahitophel, even higher than the public distinction which he gained by one memorable act of courage,* and by the tantalising books, full of glimpses of unexplored horizons, which were all that he had strength to give us. His latest, and in some ways his ripest, work is tantalising too. He expressly disclaims any idea of giving a theory of the movement or of its place in history: his aim, he says,

"was simply to preserve a contemporary memorial of what seems to have been a true and noble effort that passed before my eyes, a short scene of religious earnestness and aspiration, with all that was in it of self-devotion, affectionateness, and high and refined and varied character, displayed under circumstances which are scarcely intelligible to men of the present time."

And they are left scarcely intelligible still. There can be very few left with either the right or the opportunity to judge whether Newman really misconstrued his mysterious individuality: whether it was really given to him to make others feel more than he habitually felt himself. The same question suggests itself as to Wesley, who, with more practical organising power, less spiritual and speculative insight, less—much less—affectionate sensitiveness, presents the same combination of a keen conscience, a clear mind, and a cool temperament. The question will probably remain unanswered, as Dean Church has left it untouched. He fully confirms Newman's older account of his receptivity, and how much he was influenced by those he led. He tells us that he would have been a more effective leader, a far more formidable opponent, without his touching anxiety about the opinions and the feelings of his friends. One phrase is very significant. "If he had had the hardness of heart of the proselytiser—" Was F. W. Faber so hard-hearted, who, as soon as he went himself, set to work to convert his parish? Something of the same eagerness would have spared Newman and others very much in the dreary years between Tract XC and the Essay on Development. Were these years a wasting sickness, or a refining fire, or both? Any way, the tender, pathetic respect for the faith of others, the care to keep them back rather than draw them on, prolonged the

pain. Most readers of the *Apologia* are under the impression that the pain was inevitable, that he had started on the road to Rome as soon as Froude's influence succeeded Whateley's, and that if he was not unfaithful he had to go on to the end. Dean Church dwells upon the possibility that, if only Ward had been less importunate and the heads of houses less inquisitorial, Newman might have been spared leaving those who loved him and those whom he loved for strangers from whom he hoped nothing: that he might have grown old among friends for whom he had done much instead of among aliens for whom, with all his gifts, he was to do but little. Certainly it does seem as if, after he lost Froude, Newman was very liable to be perplexed by opposition, to watch for omens, to be at the mercy of accidents.

In fact, the book makes us ask whether the Oxford Movement itself was not a sort of gigantic accident, both in the ordinary and the Aristotelian sense. Dean Church never knew R. H. Froude personally, but his careful and luminous study of him puts his historical significance in quite a new light. He compares him to Pascal, who wrote some classical pamphlets and some imperishable fragments. Froude, who wrote nothing worth reading,

"stretched out his long length on Newman's sofa, broke in upon one of Palmer's judicious harangues about bishops and archdeacons and suchlike with the ejaculation, 'I don't see why we should disguise from ourselves that our object is to dictate to the clergy of this country, and I for one do not want anyone else to get on the box.'"

After all, Froude effected more than Pascal. He was the first to see through all the hereditary compromises from which the *élite* of the English clergy have been trying for two * generations to cut themselves loose. Pascal provided French Protestants with a basis for their belief, and French men of the world with a good case for despising Jesuits. Koble converted Froude, and Froude influenced Newman. Indeed, there would have been no Tractarianism without Froude. There would have been an ecclesiastical reaction and a religious revival without the Tracts; and the Tracts themselves, as Dean Church tells us, derived their real importance from the sermons of the Vicar of St. Mary's. Oddly enough the originators of the movement, the two Kebles (Tom was quite as important as John) and their most intimate disciple, Isaac Williams, were startled and not exactly edified by the great speculative propaganda that had been started, and, above all, by the fact that Newman actually looked for visible results. The "Bisley school"

"would have been quite content with preaching simple, homely sermons on the obvious but hard duties of daily life, and not seeing much come of them; with finding a slow abatement of the self-indulgent habits of university life, with keeping Fridays, with less wine in common-room."

Nevertheless, it was the fate of Williams (who started the Plain Sermons, to provide the movement with ballast) to compromise

it with his tract on Reserve, as Keble did by his tract on Patristic Mysticism.

The light thrown upon the relation between Froude, Newman, and the Kebles is probably the most important single contribution which the Dean makes to history. The sketch of Marriott, who with considerable speculative power deliberately chose to be the disciple, and, in a sense, the servant, first of Newman and then of Pusey, is also interesting, though the quaint outlines of a lovable figure have been given more picturesquely by Dean Burgon. There is a vivid picture of the Oxford of sixty years ago—so provincial, and so much more powerful than the cosmopolitan Oxford of our day; a miniature *πῶλις*, with its hebdomadal oligarchy, who lived apart in a sort of state, simply enough by the standard of the outside world, but, as members of common-room thought, luxuriously.

Dean Church is very severe upon the heads of houses. He is quite impartial; he condemns their treatment of Hampden as well as their censure of Tract XC. He brings out more clearly than has been done hitherto the exact character of Hampden's inconsistent orthodoxy, and proves that Newman did not calumniate him. He distinguishes clearly between acts of repression against an individual which, though invividiously, may fairly be called persecution, and the incidental disadvantages which may fall on individuals under the terms of a permanent settlement; but, with all his desire to be fair, he says, "The note of failure is on this mode of repression."

What were the poor heads of houses to do? They were the appointed guardians of a traditional system which commended itself to common sense and was not constructed to meet speculative criticism. Hampden was more learned in a perverse way than most of them; the Tractarians were abler and better. Was that a reason why they were to desert their post or to fold their hands and watch? The wisdom of Gamaliel may earn the curse of Meroz. At first, it seemed as if even Conservatives might make allowances for the Tracts. Arnold and Whateley lost their balance in the presence of the menacing coalition of Dissenters and Whigs as completely as Keble. But the danger was over as soon as the majority in favour of letting the Church alone had asserted itself: the danger was over, the authorities were free. Were they to let the traditional orthodoxy be sapped by the endless developments of a revolutionary theory, started to prepare for disestablishment and disendowment, and lately remodelled to meet the scruples of those who thought Tridentine Romanism a better working system than Caroline Anglicanism? The battle in which the Bishop and the Hebdomadal Board were defeated by Newman and Pusey was not unlike the battle in which St. Callistus put down Tertullian and St. Hippolytus. It is true there is no appeal from the verdicts of history, but we need not take the responsibility of indorsing them. Dean Church gives some very valuable and pregnant hints on the question what right the movement had to survive the loss of its leader. He thinks that in the Lectures of 1836 the whole case against Rome was not stated.

* Characteristically, in the present work all the credit is given to his colleague, Mr. Guillemand.

* The third is making new compromises of its own.

"Rome has not such a clean record of history, it has not such a clean account of what is done and permitted in its dominions under an authority supposed to be irresistible, that it can claim to be the one pure and perfect Church entitled to judge and correct and govern all other Churches."

No doubt the mediæval and also the Tridentine papacy asserted and even held more power than it could use; the same is true of the undivided hierarchy of the fourth and fifth centuries. The appeal to the past fails too. But this does not affect Dean Church, who always looked forward, who never committed himself to the *γενναίον ψεύδος*, on which "Anglo-Catholicism" has thriven these fifty years, that the Church of England holds and teaches all that the undivided Church hold and taught, and that the witness of the undivided Church is clear. His favourite among the second generation is clearly J. B. Mozley, who laid the axe to the root of the tree. When all had been said, when all that history has proved, or may prove, had been faced, no doubt it was true that

"the English Church was, after all, as well worth living in and fighting for as any other; it was not only in England that light and dark in teaching and in life were largely intermingled, and that the mixture had to be allowed for."

The temper whose last word is *Σπαρτὰν ἔλαχες* is a very high one, but it is far from the peremptory exclusiveness of the *Lyra Apostolica*. Nothing of the original movement survives in a writer like Dean Church, beyond austere aspirations and a respect for history.

G. A. SIMCOX.

The Life of John Ericsson. By Colonel W. C. Church. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

THE subject of this work was a shining light of our wonderful age of material invention. In the case of Ericsson, as in that of Brunel, audacity and genius sometimes failed to secure the success accorded to patient thought, and originality was more marked than caution and judgment. But Ericsson accomplished great things for mankind. He effected a revolution in naval construction; he enriched the whole domain of engineering science; his experiments and calculations may be precursors of vast improvements in the estate of humanity. These volumes are an elaborate review of the life and achievements of this master of his art; and though somewhat marred by extravagant eulogy—Mr. Church thinks that Ericsson was never in the wrong—they form an excellent and well-arranged biography. The author is well fitted to deal with his theme; his industry and research are praiseworthy; he has collected materials from numberless sources; and his style is simple, but terse and lucid. We have seldom read a more agreeable book.

John Ericsson was born in 1803 of mingled Swedish and Scotch descent. His childhood was passed in his native Vermland; and the lakes, the mountains, and the woods of that region seem to have attracted his attention, from his earliest years, to the marvellous play of the forces of nature, from which he drew inspiration in his life

of invention. While quite a boy he gave remarkable proof of the mechanical skill which made him famous; he made models of a pump and a sawmill, which were the wonders of his rustic home; and he showed extraordinary proficiency in sketching and mapping. He was an overseer, when in his later teens, of the Gota Canal, an important work, and still one of the best in Europe; and the ideas that led to some of his triumphs and discoveries were formed in this youthful period. He served in the army not without profit; his talents for topography were reported to Bernadotte, by this time raised to the throne of Sweden, and by the advice of the old Napoleonic soldier he went off to England to seek honour and fortune. Ericsson settled in London in 1826, and was long a partner of the late Mr. Braithwaite, the head of a firm of repute for the manufacture of machines. The age of steam had, for some time, opened, and the capacity of Ericsson was soon displayed in his skill in applying this tremendous force. The germs of some of his best inventions belong to this time; and he made many improvements in steam machinery, which economised fuel to a large extent, an object he kept in view through life. One of his first achievements in London was a steam fire engine, of power before unknown; but he hardly became conspicuous before 1829, when he competed for the prize for the best locomotive for the new Liverpool and Manchester Railway, then deemed a portentous birth of time. There can be no doubt that Ericsson's "Novelty" was a better engine than Stevenson's "Rocket": it attained a much higher rate of speed, and had the immense advantage of artificial draught, a mechanical discovery of extreme value; but it was hastily constructed, and the boiler burst; and Stevenson's care and caution prevailed. The superiority of the design of the "Novelty" is, however, attested in the record of *The Times*; and Ericsson's "steam-blast" was, in fact, a mechanical appliance without which the modern locomotive would be impossible. The next achievement of the now rising engineer forms one of his principal titles to fame. The invention of the screw, as a propeller for ships, in the place of the paddle, has been claimed by mechanicians of several countries; but Ericsson certainly was the first who turned this great instrument to practical account, and perceived how navigation, and, more especially, the construction of naval force, would be affected by it. Having fitted a steamboat with the new device, he offered the screw to the Admiralty in 1837; but, with the obstinacy of professional routine, always of great strength in the naval service, the Board rejected the strange contrivance as utterly worthless, and, indeed, foolish. Ericsson betook himself in disgust to the United States, and often declared that this was the worst of the many exhibitions of official blindness of which he had experience in a long life.

The *Stockton*, prepared for Ericsson's screw, was the first vessel of the kind to cross the Atlantic; but she made the voyage under sail only. The device was obviously adapted to inland waters; and before long a flotilla of screw steamers

appeared on the lakes and rivers of the West. Yet Ericsson found the Naval Department at Washington quite as difficult to move as that which now holds its state at Whitehall; and it was not until 1841 that the notion of applying the screw to men-of-war was even entertained in the United States' Navy. The *Princeton*, built from Ericsson's plans, was launched in the spring of 1842. This remarkable vessel became the precursor of the screw steam fleets of the maritime powers; but it was not until many years afterwards that this method of propulsion was frankly recognised, though it might have been supposed that the enormous advantage possessed by the screw in armed naval construction would have been obvious from the first moment. The *Princeton* had more speed than most war steamers; her motive power was hardly exposed to an enemy; her machinery occupied but scanty space; her consumption of fuel was comparatively small; and her superiority, therefore, over ships trusting to the paddle, and intended to fight, was palpably manifest. Ericsson is entitled to the honour of the grand invention. By 1858—a revolution in itself—the screw had completely replaced sails and paddles as the principal force for moving men-of-war of the larger classes; and no one who beheld the sight can forget how in 1855 the French *Napoléon* forced her way, by the aid of this mighty instrument, up the Bosphorus against a strong wind and current, and no ship under canvas attempted to follow. Genius, however, especially if it aspires high, cannot in all instances command success; and the next experiment made by Ericsson in applying a new force to locomotion at sea failed, though it contained a fruitful principle, destined, hereafter, perhaps, to become most precious. While still quite a youth he had been struck by the extraordinary expansive power of heat; he persuaded himself, as he grew in years, that he could make this agency supplant steam; and he resolved, after his success with the *Princeton*, to design a "caloric ship," the engines of which would be moved by hot air in a state of combustion. For two reasons this "new fire ship" failed: the machinery was too large and complex; and the heat below the deck was too fierce to be borne; and possibly this is one of the instances in which Ericsson was too eager and sanguine. Still, caloric engines, on a small scale, have been turned to account for many purposes; and good judges have thought that a caloric ship is a possibility, at least, of the future. It is a most important point that, in constructions of the kind, the economy of fuel is very large.

Ericsson's next construction certainly was the crown of his triumphs in the art of mechanics. Sixty years ago wooden ships of war were condemned, in the judgment of men of science, by the Paixhans shell, a most destructive missile, which, it was foretold, would turn them into "mere shambles." Yet—such is the power of tradition and habit—these magnificent structures, with their clouds of sails—the noblest spectacle ever seen on the ocean—continued to be built for many years; and their efficiency was not really doubted until they had to contend with the forts of

Sebastopol. Iron floating batteries, of French construction, did excellent service in the Crimean war; and—the cry “Keep out shells” having become decisive—this experience led to the ironclad warship, the first specimens of which were *La Gloire* and *The Warrior*. As every one knows, these vessels were a compromise between the old sailing ship and an iron battery meant to keep the sea; and to this day they remain the essential type of most of the armoured ships of modern navies, which retain a comparatively high seaboard, and fight their guns on the broadside principle. Ericsson, with the intuitive glance of genius, thought this mode of construction utterly wrong; and he embodied conceptions completely different in the warship, which was his greatest invention. He had noticed in youth how a low raft could float with safety on the most stormy lake, and could be steered from a hut rising from the deck; and science had taught him the enormous force of a few great guns throwing weighty projectiles. The famous *Monitor*, with her low line of freeboard, her pilot-house, and her ingenious turret, containing huge cannon, and made to revolve, so that they could fire in every direction, was the creation that grew out of these ideas; and the duel at Hampton Roads in March 1862, which astounded, and perhaps alarmed, Europe, proved the extraordinary power of the new ship of war under conditions favourable to her fighting qualities. The invention of Ericsson caused at once a revolution in naval construction. Every maritime state set to work at “Monitors,” and added these craft to its existing navy; and the colossal turret-ships of the present day are simply “Monitors” enlarged and improved. The experience of war alone, perhaps, can prove if vessels of this description will fulfil all the requirements that are expected from them. The fate of the *Captain*, although unjustly, may have created prejudices in this respect; and the large majority of the ships of war of Europe are still built with a high freeboard, and carry their guns in the old broadside fashion. Ericsson, however, was never shaken in his faith. He held through life that the “Monitor” was the true type of the modern warship; and he insisted that the navies of England, of France, and of Italy, were largely constructed on false principles.

We have no space to examine, in detail, other inventions of this great engineer. The genius of Ericsson inclined to the mechanism of war; he had the Swedish dislike of Russia; and he was jealous of the supremacy of England on the sea. He designed fleets of gunboats for Sweden and Spain, which proved, when tried, of the greatest use; he turned his attention to torpedo warfare, and he maintained that this discovery might be made destructive to the huge ironclads of England and France, and might equalise the conditions of power at sea, giving weak nations extraordinary strength. He invented and improved many kinds of weapons and appliances for artillery at sea; and he addressed himself for years to one of his chief objects, the saving of fuel in the use of steam. Many of the inventions of the last thirty years for making ordnance

and small arms more effective, for giving the steam engine increased force, and for reducing its consumption of coal, are due to this most remarkable man. Indeed, Ericsson, as he said himself, had a claim to more patents than any other inventor. He devoted himself towards the close of his life to one of his favourite speculations, the power of hot air; and he made curious investigations on the heat of the sun, and in the uses it might possess in mechanics. He died in 1889, at the age of eighty-six, on the anniversary of the great fight of the *Monitor*; and his remains were fitly transferred to Sweden, his adopted country having first mourned his death, and acknowledged his many and splendid services. Ericsson was certainly one of the greatest masters of mechanics in an age of mechanical genius.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

News from Nowhere. By William Morris. (Reeves & Turner.)

Not long past, there was published a book, of an ugliness so gross and a vulgarity so pestilent, that it deserved the bonfire and the hangman, the fate of no worse books in a bygone age. The book has been bought by tens of thousands, and by hundreds of thousands, in England and America; clubs and societies have been called after its author's name. That book is *Looking Backward*. It purported to give us an insight into the perfected society of the future; and what we saw was a nightmare spectacle of machinery dominating the world. Yet, despite the ugly and the vulgar features of Mr. Bellamy's dream, it was easy to sympathise with his intention: that modern society is far from perfect, that competition can be most cruel, that our conditions of life are restless and mean, few will deny. Whether the preaching of Socialism or of Communism be a happier solution of our difficulties, than a strong faith in the virtues of patience, of courage, and of time, is another question. We are all agreed, that the existing state of the world is not over pleasant.

But among all the Utopian or ideal pictures of a reformed world, drawn for our contemplation by enthusiasts, this book by Mr. William Morris has a singular charm. It cannot, indeed, rank with the great schemes of Plato, More, and Bacon: it has far less perfection of workmanship, less completeness of design, less dignity of tone. But these “Chapters from a Utopian Romance” do not pretend to completeness; they aim at one thing only, the description of an “Epoch of Rest.” Life to-day is restless, busy, and troubled; full of sordid cares, and wasted by laborious trifles: we hurry and scramble round the world, pushing and hindering one another, losing all the peace and joy of life. Mr. Morris here shows us, what sort of life he would like to live, what is his conception of the *mens sana in corpore sano*. And from that point of view we will dwell upon the book, with only one remark about the preliminary politics, or the historical origin, of the happy state which it depicts. Mr. Morris draws a vivid, and upon the whole, a convincing sketch of the social revolution in its last stages of open conflict,

and a no less vivid sketch of its ultimate outcome; he does not tell us the details, nor even sketch outlines, of the most important period, the period of transition. He gives us a dim notion, just a vague glimpse; but so far as his book be meant for more than a beautiful dream, it is here that he is weak. No man, however inclined to fight side by side with Mr. Morris, could risk the terrors and the horrors of civil war, unless he had a greater certainty than this book could give him, that all the misery and the bloodshed would end in peace and happiness; not in some English version of the French Republic, or even of the American Commonwealth.

But we are not bound to take *News from Nowhere* as a socialist guide book: let us consider it as a vision of the Promised Land. The two chief tenets of this new faith are these: pleasure in work is the secret of art and of content; delight in physical life upon earth is the natural state of man. Whatever interferes with that pleasure, and with that delight, is wrong; work that cannot be done with pleasure, ideas that fill men with despair and gloom, stand self-condemned. We must have no grinding and tyrannous machines of labour; no poisonous and blighting influences of thought. If your factory life makes of you a sickly shadow, or a sullen brute; if your subtil introspection turns you into a barren dreamer, or a moping pessimist: then, says Mr. Morris, and surely we all say so too, then away with those manufactures and with those metaphysics! Life has become endlessly complicated by all sorts of interests and of wants, that do not make life happier; we must simplify ourselves, and return to “the primal sanities” of nature. That fine phrase of Mr. Whitman describes the spirit of this book: we are sophisticated, let us go home to the early “primal” sources of simplicity and joy; we are perplexed, let us go back to the sources of “sanity” and strength. Upon the relations of art and work, no one is any longer doubtful, where the truth lies. Although little advance be made towards the perfect conditions of beautiful workmanship, in theory we are all agreed. But the second point is less firmly recognised. What Browning called “the mere joy of the living” becomes less valued every day. Nowadays people seem to pride themselves upon having headaches of body and soul; to relish the sensitiveness of their nerves, their delicate and diseased condition. Effeminate persons give us sonnets upon nature, full of fantastic sentiments, and of refined phrases; but a twenty miles' walk or a sleep under the stars would be to them a painfully athletic pleasure. Nor have they that loving and personal regard for the very earth itself, which Mr. Morris so rightly prizes: that sense for the motherhood of the earth, which makes a man love the smell of the fields after rain, or the look of running water. These things, to the modern poet, are so much material for rhyme and metaphor: “rain” and “pain,” “stream” and “dream.” We have fallen in love with a way of torturing nature into complicity with our vague emotions: we

should do well to gain the Homeric simplicity and grandeur of mind, the Lucretian sense of majesty and power, the Virgilian sense of rapture and of glory, in the presence of the natural earth. Mr. Morris, from his earliest poems up to this book, has always shown this rightness of mind, this healthy delight in physical existence, because the world is so exhilarating and so lovely. Man has been distinguished from the other animals in many ways; not the least distinction is this: that man alone takes a double pleasure in his life upon earth, a pleasure of the mind and of the senses.

Mr. Morris, in his account of the reformed world, reminds us of many various authors. Much of his homely affection for the seasonable works of agriculture recalls those "homespun Georgics," as Southey called them, of Tusser, redolent of the farm and field, full of honest country mirth and manners. Then, again, many phrases in the old man's description of this new Arcady remind us of Athenian writers and ideas: "We live amongst beauty without any fear of becoming effeminate, we have plenty to do, and on the whole enjoy doing it. What more can we ask of life?" It is like Pericles' great speech: Athens, he said, is very admirable, φιλοκαλοῦμεν γὰρ μετ' εὐτελείας καὶ φιλοσοφοῦμεν ἄνεν μαλακίας. Only we cannot help having a general impression that Mr. Morris's Utopia or Arcadia, for all its beauty and its energy, would be a little stupid. Perhaps, in his laudable dislike of everything affected or merely academic, Mr. Morris represents his ideal folk as underrating slightly the very joy and pleasure of books and learning. Upon the whole, his conception of man, as he should be, has much in common with Aristotle's: not, of course, in the practical ideas of citizenship and of politics, but in the moral ideas of man's character and business. "A long life of virtuous activity, according to your own nature, and as developed by exercise." Mr. Morris would accept that definition of a good life. But it includes the full development of all the faculties; one faculty cannot do duty for another. One man is good at harvest, and another over painting, and a third in literature; now Mr. Morris at times is inclined to say, that if you are serviceable in the fields, it will do instead of improving your mind with books. It is merely an excess of zeal, in defence of despised and neglected employments, that so makes Mr. Morris unjust to those which have been exalted with exaggeration. There are too many books in the world; we judge too much by a literary standard; we ignore the culture of mind and body in other ways; but good books remain the best things in the world, after the hills and the fields.

The picture of London, embowered in orchards and set with gardens, is very inviting; but there is one thing which in conscience we cannot pass by. Mr. Morris classes together as "silly old buildings" and as "poorish buildings" St. Paul's and the British Museum; and he speaks of St. Martin's-in-the-Fields and of the National Gallery in one breath as "an ugly church" and a "nondescript ugly cupolaed building." That any man, and far more that Mr.

Morris, should couple together the splendid works of Wren and of Gibbs with the absurd productions of such as Wilkins, is deplorable. There are many men—and I am not ashamed to be one—who, while enjoying and reverencing to the full the medieval masterpieces, would give up a dozen other cathedral churches, could that save St. Paul's from destruction. It is bad enough to have Wren's design spoiled by such an abomination as the present reredos; but that is removeable. The attack of Mr. Morris will remain. Is it that Vitruvian design in architecture is to him very much what "frigid classicality" is in literature? Let me quote the wise words of Mr. Selwyn Image:

"Do not go demanding everywhere your own idols. In many shrines learn to worship the Divinity, which is revealed entirely at none. For sensitiveness, for flexibility, for an inexhaustible capacity of appreciation, send up your perpetual prayers."

But there is so much beauty, so much strength, so much sanity in this short book, that our chief thoughts of it must be thoughts of gratitude. Its readers will turn, again and again, to these virile and pleasant pages, and especially to those which tell of England's natural beauty, of the sylvan Thames, and of the Oxfordshire meadows. Like that other Oxford poet, who loved "the shy Thames shore," Mr. Morris consoles and heartens us. We see, our eyes clear of city smoke,

"Bathed in the sacred dew of morn,
The wide aerial landscape spread—
The world which was ere I was born,
The world which lasts when I am dead;
Which never was the friend of one,
Nor promised love it could not give,
But lit for all its generous sun,
And lived itself, and made us live."

LIONEL JOHNSON.

The Book of Record: a Diary Written by Patrick, First Earl of Strathmore, and other Documents relating to Glamis Castle, 1684-1689. Edited by A. H. Millar. (Edinburgh: University Press.)

THE above volume is the latest issued by the Scottish History Society, which was founded under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, some four years ago, for the discovery and printing of hitherto unpublished documents illustrating the civil, religious, and social history of Scotland, and in exceptional cases for the translation of printed works of a like nature that have not hitherto appeared in an English version. The names of Prof. Masson and Mr. T. Graves Law, the chairman and honorary secretary of the society, and those of the well-known historians and specialists who appear on its committee, are sufficient to indicate that its management is distinguished by knowledge and judgment; and this is proved by the interest of the eight volumes that have been already published, the only translation among them being the Rev. Canon Murdoch's English version of "The Grameid" of James Philip. The ninth volume, the "Glamis Papers," now issued, is not the least interesting of the series.

It consists of "The Book of Record," or diary, with autobiographical interpolation, of Patrick, First Earl of Strathmore, edited from the MS. now at Glamis, and supplemented by unpublished contracts and accounts connected with that restoration of the castle to which the diary mainly relates. It details, in a manner curiously intimate, the struggles of an impoverished young Scottish nobleman to better the fortunes of his family: struggles which, involving hourly self-denial and the exactest care and frugality, issued in his reducing the burdens upon his estates by more than one-half, and raising from their ruins his patrimonial seats of Castle Lyon and Glamis Castle.

Patrick Lyon, third earl of Kinghorn, created Earl of Strathmore in 1677, was the only son of John, second earl, and Lady Elizabeth, daughter of the first earl of Panmure. His father, a facile, easy-going man, had gradually entangled himself in various troubles, political and monetary; and when he died, in 1646, his four-years-old heir was left with an involved and impoverished patrimony. His curators appear to have been careless or worse; his mother made a second marriage, and her husband, the Earl of Linlithgow, proved a most rapacious relative. So, in this youth's case, the customary result of a long "well-nursed minority" did not ensue; and when, in the Restoration year, he left St. Andrew's University he had troubles enough before him.

Denying himself "the satisfactions which the most part of youth of that age desire, of going abroad and travelling," the lad of seventeen set himself earnestly to "the restoring of my family to some condition of living, for which I was determin'd to spare no pains or travell, after which time I did verie seldome give my curators the trouble of meeting together."

In May of that year, 1660, he took up his residence at Castle Lyon (now known by its original name of Castle Huntly) in the Carse of Gowrie. So dismantled was the place, that he was obliged to borrow a bed from Mylne, the minister of Longforgan, and to buy back from his father-in-law, "att a deere enough rate," the furniture of a single room, and certain silver spoons, "whereupon my father's and mother's names were," finding also "some old potts and pans q^{ch} were verie usefull, so within few days I gott two rowmes more dressed up as a begers cloak consists of many cluts of divers colors." Next he sent for his only sister, the devoted Elizabeth, afterwards Lady Aboyne; and her woman's hand gave some beauty to the place, stitching and arranging the "suite of arras hangings and the English cloth" that had come from London. For "so young as were both, we consulted together and partlie by our owne conclusions and partlie by advice" they "got together as much of cours furniture as in a verie mean and sober way filled all the rooms of my house."

To London he himself went in the autumn, "to kiss his Majesty's hands":

"But I bought litle or nothing that yete safe cloaths q^{ch} were necessary for me, time even verie litle of that being still in mourning for my mother. Some things I brought for my

sisters use fitt for her when her mourning was over, so that I made all my journey for two hunder pond sterlin, and had I been as moderate in all my severall journeys to that place since from q^{ch} I have brought things of great value for the furniture of my houses, I had saved many a pound and pennie, but I acknowledge a great dale of weakness in my humour that way inclining to be verie profuse upon all things of ornament for my houses as I have been upon building. Let this only serve to excuse me if in this I have exceeded that what has been bestowed upon the first or expended upon the second has been acquir'd with pains and industrie, and performed with much care and labour, and will be tokn's of my both (*being things of Long insurance*) to my posterity who I hope shall enjoy the pleasur of it whereas indeed, I have suffered the toil."

Presently, however, in August, 1662, came his marriage to Lady Helen Middleton, second daughter of the celebrated soldier of fortune of the name, then in the heyday of his short-lived power as royal representative in Scotland. The ceremony was performed in the Abbey of Holyrood-house, by Archbishop Sharp, the Commissioner's close ally at the time. Now, surely, was an occasion when the virtuoso-bridegroom might fittingly indulge his taste; so "I caused bring home a verie fin cabinet the better was not in the Kingdome in these days which I never told my wyfe of till her coming home, and upon her first coming into her own chamber I presented her with the keyes of the Cabinet."

The first eight years of their wedded life were spent at Castle Lyon, where the earl, gradually as his means permitted, carried on the building operations begun by his father, which transformed the house from "a mere place of refuge in time of trouble, with ane old scurvie battlement," into a dwelling suited to modern ways of life."

"Such houses as it formerly was," remarks the peace-loving, "gear-getting" earl, "truly are quyt out of fashione, as feuds are, which is a great happiness . . . and I wis that everie man who has such houses would reforme them, for who can delight to live in his house as in a prisone."

Next he turned his attention to "Old Glammiss," which had been improved and added to by his grandfather, the first earl, who is stated by tradition—unsupported, however, by documentary evidence—to have worked from plans furnished by Inigo Jones. In 1670 he removed with his family to his principal seat, adjoining his greatest estates, establishing himself "in that storry of the old house q^{ch} is on the top of the great staircaice for that storry was only glazed att that time": and the rest of the diary contains a detailed account of his restorations, and of the management of his estate and general affairs. It breaks off with an entry, on 15 June, 1689, of a payment to "Mr. Rankyne, Catechist in Dundee," the reason for its abrupt ending being that the writer was much occupied, just then, with—an attempted rebellion. He had engaged, along with his son and the Earls of Southesk and Callander, in a conspiracy to restore James II.: but presently he submitted himself to the dominant powers, retired to Glamis, resumed the improvement of his houses and estates, and finally died peaceably seven years later.

The various entries in the diary include much that is interesting to the student of social manners and conditions. Mr. Millar, in his careful introduction, has pointed out, in particular, the light that is thrown upon the monetary condition of Scotland at the time; how inadequate was the supply of metal coinage; to how large an extent payment in kind survived; and how commonly bonds, passing through various hands, were used as a substitute for a paper currency. The involved "tripartite compact" between Lord Strathmore, the Crown, and the town of Edinburgh, referred to at p. 90, may also be noted as a strange method of financial adjustment.

Not less interesting are the references to art that occur in connection with the restoration of Glamis, and the adornment of its newly erected walls. Whatever doubt may exist regarding the architect of the structure in the beginning of the seventeenth century, there is none as to the designer of the important additions of Lord Strathmore's time; for he tells us that he

"did not call in such as in this age were known & reput to be the best judges and contrivers, for I never bestowed neither money nor gold upon this head," but "I did upon my first resol^{on} of the chenge which I have made here make a skame and draught of my whole project, for unless men so doe they will infallibly fall into some mistake, doe that w^{ch} they will repent yinselves aftr, & be obleiged to pull their own work downe agane. Therefore necessarie it is for a man to desyne all at once (chalk is no sheers, and the desyning thereof does not impose any necessity upon the projector but that he may veie well prosect his designe by peccemals as he can . . .) . . . yet a man by this way prosecuting his designs, w^{ch} certainly is the best and easiest, needs extremely to be tempered with patience."

The walls once erected, he set to work upon their decoration. We have record of purchases from "Bailzie Brand in Edin^r," of "a cabinet for my fyne bed chamber, a very large looking glass for the drawing-roume, Table & Hands of Italian paste, very fine, & two special good glasses." Mr. Millar prints James Bristowe's contract for repairing the organ at Glamis, an instrument probably purchased by the Earl; for the editor shows good reason for believing that this may have been the organ of the Chapel Royal in Holyrood, "masterfully broken down" by the Presbyterians in 1638, which the kirk session of that parish decided, in 1643, should "be sold for a tolerable price & the money given to the poor."

The contract which the Earl entered into, in 1688, with "Mr. De Vite," or "Dewett Limner," for the execution of portraits and decorative work in the castle is printed in full. This artist was the Dutch painter, Jacob de Wet, who, with Jan Van Santvoort, the carver, is responsible for the series of royal portraits and the decorations at Holyrood Palace. The accounts for his work there, which was ended in 1686, have been printed by the late Dr. Joseph Robertson in the third volume of the Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland. The settlement for payment of what he did at Glamis led to a protracted law-suit: and the painter's account, with his Lordship's quaint remarks thereon, is given at page

107 of the present volume. The items include pictures of "Diana," "Europa," and "Icarus"; and the Earl notes that he had paid more than the contracted price,

"w^{ch} he choiced rather to doe then to fall short, considering lynnung a generous trade, and the Earle himself being ane encourager of artists designed no unjust thing to Mr. d'vit, and the Earle wishes w^t all his heart that Mr. d'vit had made as good and profitable acct. of his tyme ever since as he did for the short time he was w^t the Earle of Strathmore."

The reference here is to the fact that, after ending his work in the North, De Wet had embroiled himself in politics, had been seized and roughly treated by an anti-Orange mob in Edinburgh, and had been obliged to accept shelter for himself and his daughter at Glamis.

Other interesting references bearing upon art occur in Mr. Millar's notes, appended to "The Book of Record." These include an excellent brief biography of Sir William Bruce, of Balcaskie and Kinross, architect of the portion of Holyrood Palace erected by Charles II.; and by far the best account that has yet appeared of John Slezer, an account founded upon Mr. Millar's "Roll of Eminent Burgesses of Dundee," supplemented by an examination of documents in the Advocates' Library, and in the possession of Mr. C. S. Home-Drummond-Moray.

We have indicated the value of the volume as illustrating social manners and art in Scotland towards the end of the seventeenth century. But perhaps, after all, its deepest interest may be a more purely personal and individual one, an interest lying in the curiously intimate picture which the book affords of this old-world Scottish lord, who, from the humble days when he was "but a nominal Earle and in every man's apprehensione the estate irrecoverable," was gradually "out of weakness made strong"; and who, with his eye continually fixed upon "things of Long insurance," was able—simply by constant and scrupulous care for those small matters, which, disregarded, cause a man to "perish little by little"—to build up the walls of one of Scotland's stateliest castles where, now that two centuries have gone, his descendants still inhabit. J. M. GRAY.

La Fin du Paganisme. Par G. Boissier. (Paris: Hachette.)

M. GASTON BOISSIER, so agreeably known by his sketches of Cicero and his friends, his account of Roman religion earlier than the Antonines, and his *Promenades Archéologiques*, has been making a series of excursions into a period not so familiar and far less purely classical. He writes like a man who has enjoyed a change, and, with his wonted skill, he makes his readers share his pleasure. But M. Boissier's way of composing a book—the uniting of papers previously published singly—lends itself very readily to an art in which he excels, that of making a little go a long way; and our enjoyment of his limpid and well-weighted essays is at times marred by the reflection that their clever author might be doing more full and solid work. M. Boissier has gold to give, but, like the gold

which Martial received from his friend Paullus, it is gold beaten out rather thin.

The period of the later struggles of paganism and Christianity has been well, though not very recently, worked; and M. Boissier does not care to write a complete history, to give all the facts, or to make out a complete list of the causes which determined the issue of the contest. About the curious and almost unstudied phenomena which a dying religion presents, he has little to say. But he gives us taking portraits of the last pagans and of the first Christians, and a succession of bright pictures of men, of institutions, and of incidents. The attractive character of *Praetextatus*, the truth about the persecutions, the mission from the senate to Gratian to reclaim the altar of Victory, are brought vividly before us; and Symmachus helps us to live in the better pagan society of the end of the fourth century, polished, tolerant, and with no sense of coming danger from abroad.

But there is at least as full an account of the early Christians, studied not in their beliefs or practices, but in their writers. From Constantine, of the truth of whose conversion M. Boissier is more certain than some historians have been, we pass to a survey of the Fathers, whom a rough division classifies as "opportunists" or "intransigents." The judicious Augustine; Tertullian, uncompromising, but bent on spoiling the Egyptians; Minucius, the fair-minded; Jerome, the regretful scholar; and the unflinching Ambrose—all these stand out in their relation to the great questions of their day. Few questions were more important than that of the education for young Christians, and few distinguish more clearly the two veins of reasonable and of fanatical Christian feeling.

"Parmi les chrétiens qui appartenaient aux classes lettrées de l'empire, il n'en est presque aucun chez qui l'on ne retrouve l'influence des deux enseignements qu'ils avaient reçus, celui de l'école et celui de l'église."

But not all were well disposed to the former.

M. Boissier has acquitted himself very successfully on the difficult subject of the apostate emperor Julian. He does justice to his remarkable versatility of talent. He brings out the full importance of the emperor's essay on King Sun (one of our most important documents for the right understanding of the curious character of Julian), and shows how Julian was much less of a philosopher than a mystic. He goes pretty fully into the question why Julian failed in his religious enterprise, though he overlooks the decisive fact that the emperor's days were too few in the land. But Julian's attempt to reconvert the world to its old paganism was a hopeless one. Religions have their day; and the pagan religion, like the art which sprang out of it, had completed its cycle of development and decay even before Julian's time. Had he succeeded in turning men away from Christianity, his new-old State religion would have been something very different from what he looked back to. That religion, with cults considerably modified,

"avec un clergé bien organisé et surveillé

sévèrement, un enseignement moral et des dogmes, des hospices dépendant des temples et tout un système de secours charitables dans la main des prêtres, était en réalité une religion nouvelle."

FRANKLIN T. RICHARDS.

NEW NOVELS.

Kilmallie. By Henry Johnston. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.)

A Rainbow at Night. By M. E. Le Clerc. In 2 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

The Seal of Fate. By Lady Pollock and Walter Herries Pollock. (Longmans.)

Pretty Miss Smith. By Florence Warden. (Heinemann.)

The Soul of Countess Adrian. By Mrs. Campbell Praed. (Trischler.)

Save Me from my Friends. By E. F. Knight. (Longmans.)

Drifting Apart. By Katherine S. Macquoid. (Percival.)

Monsieur Judas. By Fergus Hume. (Spencer Blackett.)

PERHAPS the best, and certainly the easiest, way of indicating briefly the nature of Mr. Johnston's *Kilmallie* is to say that in theme and treatment it reminds one almost continuously of Mr. J. M. Barrie's masterpieces—*Auld Licht Idylls* and *A Window in Thrums*. This, however, is a remark which is susceptible of being misunderstood in two ways; and it is, therefore, necessary to explain that there is no intention of representing Mr. Johnston as Mr. Barrie's equal, which would be flattery, or as Mr. Barrie's imitator, which would be injustice. The writer of the *Thrums* stories is unmistakably a man of genius; the writer of *Kilmallie* cannot be so described, though he has sufficient observation, humour, and literary skill to make his book very enjoyable reading. Mere imitative work it certainly is not, for it follows on the lines of its predecessor, *Chronicles of Glenbuckie*; and, when the *Chronicles* appeared, its author, as a delineator of rural life in the Lowlands, was practically alone, with no later rivals than Galt and Dr. Alexander. The new book, like its forerunner, is not a novel of the ordinary kind, but rather a series of sketches, held together by a thin thread of continuous narrative; and its interest, like that of Mrs. Gaskell's *Cranford*, lies in the veracious, sympathetic, and humorous presentation of the characteristic features of a simple out-of-the-world community, where the play of the primitive instincts is held in check, not by the conventions of a complex urban civilisation, but by odd parochial traditions of moral and social propriety, which are really a great deal more formidable. *Kilmallie* is full of good things, so good indeed that it is difficult to say which of Mr. Johnston's sketches bears away the bell; but Wattie Dron's courtship of the severe Miss Wilson, the conversation concerning the minister's portrait, and the description of the tea-party given by the Misses Macnee, which ends with the terrible charge brought by the elder lady against a candidate for the eldership, are all delicious. Mr. Johnston evidently knows well the life of which he

writes, and he can depict it not merely with fidelity, but with grace, humour, and picturesqueness.

Readers of that pleasant book, *Mistress Beatrice Cope*, know that Miss Le Clerc is not a beginner; and, in any depreciatory sense of the word, she cannot fairly be called an amateur, for her writing, *qua* writing, is that of one who has left her prentice stage behind. There is, however, something in the construction of *A Rainbow at Night* which is not unjustly described by the word amateurish. Miss Le Clerc does not seem to have made up her mind whether she wanted to produce an elaborate sketch or a formal novel, and the natural result of her indecision is that she has fallen between two stools. As a sketch the book lacks simplicity of narrative scheme; as a novel it is deficient in the symmetry of form that is essential to imaginative satisfaction. The story has neither artistic opening nor artistic close; it breaks upon us and breaks away from us in a hap-hazard fashion. There are in the book two or three very well-drawn characters, and about the same number of good situations; but the author does not seem able to utilise them effectively for narrative purpose, and consequently, in spite of its really admirable writing, the story fails either to move or interest us. This is a defect for which merely literary virtues, howsoever respectable, are inadequate to atone.

The Seal of Fate is a romance of contemporary German life, which is graceful throughout, and not wanting in passages of sombre power. The central narrative motif of the story is the search of the young Baron Fürstenberg for the man who has done to death his dearest friend, Otto Hülfermann, and the terrible discovery that the unknown enemy upon whom he has sworn to take a terrible vengeance is the cherished brother of the girl to whom he has become betrothed. Of course this is a melodramatic scheme, but there are few things more absurd than the fashionable habit of using the epithet melodramatic as essentially a term of reproach. It signifies the kind, not the quality of art; and in *The Seal of Fate* we have that adequacy of effect which is secured when a pathetic and interesting conception is brought home to the imagination by workmanship in which there is neither prosaic flatness nor hysterical strain. The little procession of events which moves onward to the dénouement is skilfully marshalled; and though most of the few portraits are mere sketches, they are not too sketchy to have life and individuality. *The Seal of Fate* is certainly among the best of recent one-volume stories.

A very few gentle touches here and there would have transformed *Pretty Miss Smith* into a recognisable burlesque of the class of fiction of which Miss Florence Warden is herself such a famous purveyor. As, however, these touches have been withheld, it may be assumed that we are intended to take the book seriously; and this is by no means an easy task. Even the most experienced reviewer or most indefatigable novel-reader will find it difficult to recall a novel in which the characters are led through a

wilder dance of grotesque improbabilities than that through which Miss Warden leads her heroine and the other people, masculine and feminine, who figure in her bewildering story. The Miss Smith with whose fortunes and misfortunes the writer mainly concerns herself is not only very pretty, but very rich; and by the provisions of the will under which she inherits her wealth she is compelled to live in a house attached to a brewery in Battersea—surely the hardest condition ever imposed, even in fiction, on a young lady legatee. Here she is driven to the verge of madness; for her bedroom chimney, unlike any real or imaginary chimney in literature, runs up, not into the open air, but into a loft of the brewery, whence some miscreant sends live owls down into the young lady's chamber as soon as she is comfortably settled in bed. Another lady is still more unfortunate, for she is hurled into a machine and torn into small pieces; but how this comes to pass, and what is the fate of the heroine, the miscreant, and the owls are mysteries which will be revealed only to earnest students of *Pretty Miss Smith*.

The next two books deal with what is rather absurdly called "occultism"—a theme of which "the judicious" are surely becoming somewhat tired. Nor is it likely that their flagging interest will be revived by *The Soul of Countess Adrian*, though the book, in spite of many absurdities—or what seem such to the simple mind—has the "go" in which Mrs. Campbell Praed's work is seldom deficient. The title of the story is of the Hibernian-bovine order; for the peculiarity of the Countess Adrian is that she has no soul at all, in at least one sense of that rather vague word. She is, however, a superbly-beautiful human animal, with unusually well-developed sensuous instincts; and in the act of death she manages to transfer her objectionably warm temperament to her rival, who immediately exhibits a startling change of demeanour, which proves repellent rather than attractive to the gentleman most immediately interested. Things are rather uncomfortable, when suddenly an adept in the mysteries of the new Buddhism appears in his astral body, exorcises the intruding "soul," or whatever it may be called, and restores Miss Beatrice Brett to her natural propriety, so that she and Mr. Bernard London are able to live happy ever afterwards. It will be seen that the story is rather wild, but it is both readable and clever.

Save Me from my Friends is also wild; but it is not in the least clever, and is so unutterably dreary that the reading of it is indeed hard labour. The hero is a man of great learning but still greater imbecility, whose need of being saved from himself is much more pressing than his need of being saved from other people, whether the other people are friends or enemies. He spends years in constructing a system of mystical philosophy, falls in love in a very tepid sort of way, neglects his fiancée for his book, and when the fiancée flirts with somebody else and the book is rejected by the first publisher to whom it is offered, comes to the conclusion

that life is no longer worth living, and incontinently makes away with himself. This was, of course, what the newspapers call a "rash act"; but Ralph Anderson's suicide would have been, from a literary point of view, a highly commendable act if it had been committed at the beginning of the story instead of at the end of it.

The reader of *Drifting Apart* will get more than half way through the book before making the discovery that it is divided into two tales, quite unconnected with each other, and decidedly unequal in both mass and value. The title-story is a very graceful and pretty novelette, the scene of which is laid in provincial France. "Hetty's Revenge" is a much shorter and slighter tale of fishing-life on the east coast of England in the bad old days of the press-gang. The former is a pleasant and dainty little bit of work which, though slight enough, has sufficient substance to justify its appearance in book form; the latter, though a good enough story of its kind, might, without loss, have been left between the covers of the magazine where it originally appeared.

The Mystery of a Hansom Cab, though it sold by thousands, was a poor thing; *Madame Midas* was a still poorer thing; and *Monsieur Judas* is the poorest thing of all. Those who doubt the justice of this verdict must read the book—if they can. To bring forward evidence in its support would be a sinful waste of ink and paper.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME VOLUMES OF VERSE.

A Vision of Empires. By Gabriel H. Cremer. (Parker.) The author of this epic poem describes himself upon his title-page as "late scholar of Winchester and New College, Oxford." That is a designation which Mr. Cremer's present reviewer also enjoys, or rather, remembering the word *late*, regrets. Now, a Wykehamist can have no greater pleasure than the discovery in a fellow Wykehamist of another name to be added to the roll of Wykehamical authors. So that it is with the truest regret that the present writer must take exception to much which prevents *A Vision of Empires* from achieving success. It is an epic in twelve books, and of nearly ten thousand lines; its subject is the Second Advent of Christ, before whom the empires of the world pass in review, each with its dead monarchs, heroes, poets, sages, and priests, making submission. Christ proceeds in triumph from country to country. Each book tells of one great empire, spiritual or temporal, pagan or Christian, in all the grandeur of its history or the beauty of its genius, welcoming its true Master. The book closes with England. Mr. Cremer's great teachers in literature, so he tells us, and so his poem proves, are Virgil and Gibbon. There are no fitter models in the world; and Mr. Cremer has caught from them not a little of their spirit: something of Virgil's serenity and majesty, something of Gibbon's splendour and pomp. The poem is rich in classical memories, and in felicities due to a wide knowledge of art and literature. And yet the poem has much that is of questionable propriety or discretion. There are whole books which come perilously near to the grotesque, not from any lack of dignity in style, but from the author's exceeding boldness of conception. To draw the picture of Christ travelling by the railroad,

delivering orations in Christ Church hall and in Trafalgar-square, or the like, is, deplore it as we may, to risk arousing unseemly laughter in many who hold the Christian faith as firmly, with a confidence as profound, as Mr. Cremer. It is to draw aside that veil of mystery, of reverential awe, which encompasses religion, even for the most fervent. It is this effort to realise what is veritably *ἀπρόσφορον* which misled that earlier Wykehamist poet, Young, in his poem on the Last Judgment; which prevents us from welcoming Mr. Holman Hunt's great pictures. This, again, it is which fills the reader with disgust at Sir Edwin Arnold's recent book: perhaps the most terrible product of enormous incompetence of which English literature must be ashamed. But Mr. Cremer is preserved from such a disaster as that by his fine scholarship and taste; nor can we hold him blameable for a realism of faith which is not a mere sentiment, but a lofty and mastering motive. But, to leave a delicate and difficult matter, let us give a few examples of Mr. Cremer's poetical and scholarly skill. Here is the description of the arrival at Athens of the great dead Greeks:

"If men, for years divided from their home
By the wide belt of desolating sea,
Are glad when they behold the distant cliffs
Of their dear country: how much more should
these—
Wayfarers in the dim and silent land
Beyond the grave, and banished, not for years,
But through long centuries, from their native
earth—
Shout and rejoice with exultation?
Now, then, with vision rapt contemplating
Their long-lost citadel, some laughed indeed,
But some wept tears, or swooned, in sheer
delight."

And this is the picture of Pilate:

"Alone, when now mine hour of death drew nigh,
Into the desolate Helvetian wilds
I wandered; and quick climbing to the top
Of a grim mountain, known since by my name,
Quenched in the waters of a snow-fed pool
The dim flame of my miserable life.
But neither then did mine unquiet ghost
Find rest; but flitted round the gloomy hill,
Vesting the hills with sighs; until the thing
Grew scandal, and Thy priests, in zeal for Thee,
Sealing the mount, with candle, book and bell,
Exorcised me; undoing the scant grace,
Wrought by my tears and penance. 'Domine,
Agnus Dei, qui tollis Sanguine
Peccata mundi, da solatium,
Miserere mei.' Wailed the mournful throng
With answering note, as when high rocks repeat
Some long-drawn funeral lamentation—
'Miserere nostri, Jesu Domine,
Miserere peccatorum.'"

These Latin burdens, mournful or jubilant, recurring throughout the book, have much of that moving effect which they have in Dante. There are also passages, too long for quotation, which show a power recalling far off the great verses of Milton, rich and stately with sonorous names, or the great enumeration by Virgil of Italian towns and heroes. Mr. Cremer has, in such places, well studied the mighty march and intricate music of blank verse. And now and again there are lines and phrases most felicitous: "the blue light of enchanted rocks" well renders in words the magical atmosphere of Leonardo's pictures; "O splendid Roman patience!" is a perfect expression of the Roman genius in its early days. One more passage we will quote, from a Winchester prize poem, preserved by Mr. Cremer among his later poetry; it is equally simple and eloquent, and honourably patriotic. The writer has been describing Wykeham's chantry:

"He sleeps; but, haply not beyond his ken,
Springs from his dust a race of loyal men—
A race which spent its happiest boyish years,
'Mid the gray haunts, his goodness still endears.

Ah! many a branch, by Death's rude sickle
shorn,
Now waits the beaming of a brighter morn;
Ah! many a leaflet in the sheltering earth
Sleeps with the noble root, which gave it birth.
Yet doth the tree rear high his mighty head,
And fill each year the places of the dead;—
A glorious trunk, built up of faithful souls,
In whom the tide of love and life yet rolls,
Life, which to God doth consecrate each breath,
And love, which conquers fear and knows not
Death.

He sleeps: his name on steadfast basement set,
Lives unforgotten by his children yet.
His scholars still, five times each rolling year,
With praise and jubilee his fame revere;
Still stands his statue, guardian of the door,
Where on his sons the page of classic lore;
Still shines engraved the chantry where he lies
On the dear honour, which they chiefly prize."

Despite all the faults and frailties of this book,
it reminds us, in its fine scholarship and
learning, in its true poetry and art, of those
words of the Wykehamist Somerville, poet of
The Chase, when he addresses

"Wykeham's sons, who in each art excel,
And rival ancient bards in writing well."

Old and New. By W. H. Pollock. (Remington.)
This is a little collection of verses by a well-
known writer, which has no great pretension
and no great distinction: the good in it is not
very good, nor is the bad very bad. It is, in
fact, rather dull. We could wish that Mr.
Pollock had given us those admirable transla-
tions from the French, which have appeared
from time to time in the magazines. We have
here the fine version of the famous "Nights" of
Musset, but there are many still finer for which
we had been grateful. Some of his own poems
are something in the manner of Beranger:
they have that simple turn of phrase, express-
ing simple emotions in a moving way. "Es
ist eine alte Geschichte, Dochbleibt sie immer
neu," as Heine sings; skilled workmen can
always give us these pretty verses, common-
place, yet pleasurable because of their obvious
and familiar sentiment.

"The light that travels down the stream,
Or, piercing through an opening slender,
Falls through the leaves with fitful gleam—
This light my skill can catch and render."

The reader knows, by instinct and experience,
that the next stanza will be about "her eyes";
and it is, very charmingly:

"But, sweet, your eyes give out a light
That, though I strive from morn till even,
I never can reflect aright—
I paint the earth, and not High Heaven."

Again, Thackeray, Tennyson, half the great
English writers, have given us emotions of the
following sort, though Mr. Pollock has done it
pleasantly enough in his "Old Court, Trinity."
Here are three stanzas:

"I light my dusky meerschaum bowl,
And bend my head on hands supported,
While in my ears the curfew's toll
Rings clear, although the door is sported.
The eddying smoke-wreaths slowly rise,
In pleasure half, and half dejection;
I call the past before my eyes,
And give myself to recollection.

Then, through the whirling rings of smoke,
I see my old friends' well-known faces;
I hear their pleasant song and joke,
With them frequent the old loved places."

Is it hypercritical to wonder whether Mr.
Pollock really attributes mingled emotions to
the smoke of his pipe? or is it only the mis-
placed semicolon, which is responsible?

Whisper! By Frances Wynne. (Kegan Paul
& Co.) When an Irish maiden says "Whisper!"
it is generally a prelude to something
very pleasant and *vertraulich*, and Miss
Wynne's little volume of poems fully keeps the

promise of its title. In a simple way she
rhymes to us delightfully about simple things,
with an engaging air of making irrepressible
confidences. The facility and spontaneity of
the verse compel us to have recourse to that
hackneyed comparison—which, however, is so
seldom truly applicable—of the song of birds
in spring-time. It is really song, which facile
verse usually is not. There is not much passion
in it and not much thought, but it is melo-
dious and sincere, and full of the unexpected
graces which wait only on a true poetic instinct.
The longer poems, with their careless fluency,
cannot be done justice to by extracts; the
charm seems to evaporate from the single line
or the single stanza as it did from the treasures
which Emerson brought home from the sea-
beach. But this triolet, entitled "Sealed
Orders," should be enough to make the reader
wish for more:

My little violets, sweet and blue,
When you have reached the world's far end,
Go straight to—*someone* (you know *who*,
My little violets, sweet and blue!)
And tell him that I send by you—
Ah! well, he'll find out what I send,
My little violets, sweet and blue,
When you have reached the world's far end.

And there are better things in the book; in par-
ticular we may mention "A Lesson in Geo-
graphy," in which a deeper note than usual is
struck, and struck with a very sure and delicate
touch.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A COMPLETE edition of the Speeches and
Sermons of the late Archbishop Magee is now
being prepared by his son, Mr. Charles S.
Magee, and will shortly be published by Messrs.
Isbister & Co.

We hear that Mr. John Payne, the translator
of the *Arabian Nights*, is engaged upon a
metrical version of the *Divan of Hafiz*, the
whole of which has never before appeared in
English.

MR. W. D. HOWELLS has collected some of
the papers which have appeared in *Harper's
Magazine*, in the section entitled "The Editor's
Study," for publication in a little volume to be
called *Criticism and Fiction*, which will be
issued in this country by Messrs. James R.
Osgood, McIlvaine & Co. The questions of the
superiority of American to English novels, of
the evils of anonymous journalism, and of the
attitude of critics towards authors will thus be
again raised for discussion.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a biography
of the late Dean Burgon, with extracts from
his letters and early journals, by his old friend,
the Rev. Dr. E. M. Goulburn, some time Dean
of Norwich. It will be in two volumes,
with a portrait.

MESSRS. LONGMANS have in the press two
volumes of sermons by the late Canon Liddon,
on Old Testament and New Testament subjects.

MESSRS. METHUEN will publish shortly a
translation of Ibsen's drama, *Brand*, by Mr.
William Wilson.

THE title of Lord Desart's new novel, which
will be published by Messrs. Swan Son-
nenschein & Co. in a few weeks, is to be *A
Freak of Fate*.

A NEW novel by Lady Virginia Sandars,
author of *A Bitter Repentance*, is announced for
immediate publication by Messrs. Hurst and
Blackett.

A NEW novel by Fergus Hume, entitled
Whom God hath Joined, will be published im-
mediately, in three volumes, by Messrs. F. V.
White & Co.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN will publish shortly
a curious book by Mr. Albert Hartshorne,
entitled *Hanging in Chains*. This barbarous
practice is dealt with historically and pictorially,
the illustrations being eleven in number from
drawings by the author. The work concludes
with an account of the Halifax gibbet.

MR. EDWARD HOWELL, of Liverpool, has in
the press two posthumous volumes by Frances
Parthenope, Lady Verney, a sister of Florence
Nightingale. One will contain five stories,
never before published, and will be illustrated
with a reproduction of a portrait by Mr. W. B.
Richmond; the other will be composed mainly
of essays on social questions, collected from the
magazines.

UNDER the title *Pleasantries from the Blue
Boar*, Mr. Elliot Stock announces for immediate
publication a companion volume to Mr. W. H.
K. Wright's "Sayings and Doings of the Blue
Fairies."

MESSRS. KEGAN PAUL, TRENCH & Co. will
publish immediately *Buried Cities and Bible
Countries*, by Mr. George St. Clair, with
numerous plans and illustrations.

THE Rev. H. N. Hutchinson has under-
taken to write for Messrs. Swan Sonnen-
schein & Co.'s "Introductory Science Text-
Books" a Manual of Physical Geology. The
new volume of the series, to appear this month,
will be Prof. R. T. Ely's *Introduction to the
Study of Political Economy*.

WE understand that the first edition of *A
Girl in the Carpathians*, by Miss Dowie, is
already exhausted.

OUR note last week about Mr. Kennan's
forthcoming book on *Siberia and the Russian
System*, to be published by Messrs. James R.
Osgood, McIlvaine & Co., was not quite
accurate. It is not a mere reprint of the famous
articles in the *Century*, but will contain a large
quantity of new matter, the preparation of
which has occupied Mr. Kennan for some
time.

M. ALFRED CADIER, pasteur, invites sub-
scriptions (3 fr. common, 6 fr. papier de
Hollande) for a forthcoming work, *Osse: Histoire de l'Eglise Reformée de la Vallée d'Aspe*. Osse is a small village which escaped
persecution in the time of the Dragonnades,
where three or four hundred Protestants have
maintained themselves from the Reformation
to the present day. The history of the Valley
presents a good example of the local autonomy
which formerly existed throughout the Pyrenees.

CANON ISAAC TAYLOR has decided, in view of
the failure of his efforts at conciliation, to with-
draw his name from both the committees of the
Congress of Orientalists.

THE first annual general meeting of the
British Record Society will be held on Friday
next, May 29, at 4 p.m., at Herald's College, in
the chambers of Mr. Athill, Richmond Herald.

THE fiftieth annual general meeting of the
members of the London Library will be held in
the reading-room on Thursday next, May 28,
at 3 p.m., with the Dean of Westminster in the
chair.

At the meeting of the Cymmrodorion Society,
on Wednesday next, May 27, Mr. F. T.
Palgrave, professor of poetry at Oxford, will
read a paper on "Henry Vaughan of Scethrog
(1622-1695): Some Notes on his Life and
Characteristics as a Poet."

MESSRS. SOTHEY will be engaged in selling,
during the last three days of next week, the
library of the late Charles Ryan, of Newport,
Monmouthshire, who had devoted himself for
nearly forty years to the collection of topo-
graphical works. Some of the lots put together
by the compiler of the catalogue will be found

to include out-of-the-way local publications, such as rarely come into the market.

A MONUMENT has been erected in Cathcart Cemetery over the grave of the late Robert W. Thom, author of *The Epochs*, *Jock o' the Knowe*, and other works. The memorial is of rough Sicilian marble, upon which is sculptured a medallion portrait of the poet, executed by Mr. D. W. Stevenson, who has been successful in producing a remarkably fine likeness. The inscription is on a sunk polished tablet, and includes a quotation from the poet's works:

"Nothing that is for itself,
Nor aught for less than regal purpose."

The ceremony of unveiling was performed by Mr. William Canton, the recently appointed assistant editor of *Good Words*, who gave expression to the belief that "had Thom been offered a crust and poetry or opulence without poetry he would not have hesitated to choose the former." Among those present were Dr. J. Stuart Nairne, Messrs. David Wingate, A. S. Boyd ("Twyn"), George Neilson, Harry Spence, and Frederick W. Wilson.

The cheap edition of the Aldine Poets, which is being published by Messrs. George Bell & Son, has now been augmented by six volumes of *Chaucer*, edited by the Rev. Dr. Richard Morris. As the only date here given is that of the preface to the first edition (1866), it may be as well to state that the present issue is a reprint of the second edition, which appeared, with some additional matter in the form of Appendices, in 1872.

The last number of the *Pauline* contains an article on Major André, suggested by two portraits of him which have lately been presented to the school. We call attention to it here because it supplies details not to be found in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which have been derived partly from official and partly from family sources. *Inter alia*, it states that his full name was John Lewis André, and quotes the inscription written by Dean Stanley for his (desecrated) monument at New York.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

"SHALL we dissolve this year?" will be the title of an anonymous article in the June number of the *National Review*, which, from the well-known associations of the Review with the Conservative party, is likely to attract considerable attention.

THE *Expository Times* for June will have several articles of importance. Prof. Swete, of Cambridge, writes upon "Professor Graetz's Theory of the Septuagint"; Canon Cheyne contributes the first of a short series of articles upon "Possible Zoroastrian Influences on the Religion of Israel"; and Prof. H. E. Ryle gives his second paper on "The Early Narratives of Genesis." Examination papers in connection with the "Guild of Bible Study" have been set by Principal Moule, and Profs. Marcus Dods, Agar Beet, and J. T. Marshall.

DEAN BUTCHER, chaplain at Cairo, is about to publish a story in *Great Thoughts*. The subject may be guessed from the motto, which is taken from Sir Walter Scott's preface to *St. Roman's Well*:

"Gambling a vice which the devil has contrived to render all his own, since it is deprived of whatever pleads an apology for other vices, and is founded entirely on the cold-blooded calculation of the most exclusive selfishness."

The scene of the story is partly laid in Cairo.

THE June number of *The Theatre* will contain a photograph of the Church scene from Mr. Pinero's play, "Lady Bonntiful," now running at the Garrick Theatre; and also a photographic

group of "L'Enfant Prodigue," with portraits of Mdlle. Jane May, Mme. Schmidt, and M. Cortes.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

WEDNESDAY, June 17, has been fixed for the delivery of the Rede Lecture at Cambridge by Sir Alfred Lyall. The subject is "Natural Religion in India."

A MEETING will be held in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford, on Friday next, May 29, in support of the association for supplying medical women to India. Lady Dufferin, the founder of the association, will herself be present; and the list of others who have promised to attend is notable for the large number of names historically associated with the government of India. Among them are the Marquis of Ripon, the Earl of Northbrook, the Countess of Mayo, Viscount Hardinge, Lord Lawrence, Lord Reay, and Lord Kerry.

PROF. RHYS will deliver a public lecture at Oxford, on Tuesday next, May 26, upon "Manx Folklore and Superstitions."

To meet the growing demands of the medical school at Oxford, it is proposed to build a new laboratory for human anatomy, in connexion with the University Museum, at a cost of £7000. At the same time grants will be asked for of £2000 for the department of morphology, £1300 for ethnology and geology, and £350 for zoology.

ACCORDING to an analysis of the university accounts, published in the *Cambridge Review*, out of a total expenditure of £31,500 on different departments of learning, £21,500 is assigned to physical science, £1600 to classics, and £800 to history; while out of £17,000 devoted to building, £13,000 is the share of science.

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE, professor of poetry at Oxford, will deliver a public lecture on Thursday next, May 28.

AT the first meeting of the Society of Historical Theology, which was held in the common-room of Oriel College, Oxford, on May 5, a committee was appointed to prepare an analytic edition of the Hexateuch according to its constituent elements. Besides Prof. Cheyne's presidential address, papers were read on "The Blessing of Jacob in Genesis xlix," by the Rev. E. J. Fripp; on "The Evidence regarding the Authorship of the Fourth Gospel," by Principal Drummond; and on "Early Church Organisation, with special regard to Early Canons," by Mr. Vernon Bartlet.

THE lecture delivered last January by Prof. A. Macalister, on the opening of the new Anatomical Lecture-room at Cambridge, has been published in pamphlet form at the University Press. It gives a sketch of the history of the study of anatomy at Cambridge, from the time of Dr. Caius, who had been a fellow-lodger with Vesalius at Padua under Montanus.

MR. BRUNNER has given the sum of £10,000 to University College, Liverpool, for the endowment of a chair of economical history.

THE committee of the University Training College, Liverpool, have chosen as warden and normal master the Rev. W. H. Woodward, formerly of Christ Church, Oxford, at present vicar of St. George's, Everton.

MR. ARTHUR SIDGWICK will give a lecture at Queen's College, Harley-street, on Thursday next, May 28, at 5 p.m., upon "Primitive Greek Moral Ideas, with special reference to Homer."

THE Clothworkers' Company have given a donation of £250 to the extension fund of the Maria Grey Training College, which now amounts to £7742.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

IN OLDEN DAYS.

They ask me, will I come and see
The dear old home, where I can trace
With Memory's finger every place,
And in the garden every tree.

They say "the terraces are fine
And suit the Grecian columns well,"
It may be true, they have no spell
Of olden days, they are not mine.

"The chaplain reads the service now,"
The chapel too I should admire,—
Of old I knelt beside my sire,
He read the prayers, and I could bow

My reverent head, although he wore
On hunting days his suit of pink.
A cheerful sight it was, I think,
On grey November morns before

The mist had cleared, as with knee bent,
Right fervently he prayed, then strode
By maid and groom, and off he rode,
Pastor and hunter kindly blent.

* * * * *

They ask me, and I go at last,
The sun is shining on the mere,
The plover's cry is shrill and clear,
And Nature's welcome is not past.

For she alone with soft caress
Can heal, when e'en a friendly hand
May hurt, nor scarcely understand
What turns a home to wilderness.

B. L. T.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE May number of the *Livre Moderne* contains only one article outside the usual and useful chronicles of books and book matters of the day; but that one is amusing and liberally illustrated. It is the conclusion of last month's article on advertisement posters, with divers full-page examples, chiefly from Chéret, the bill-Raphael of our time. Chéret's notion of a poster was about equally far removed from the hideous moustrosities of the ordinary British hoarding, and from the namby-pamby "academies" which a few English painters of repute, who ought to have known better, have now and then botched up for the advertisers. We should rather like, by-the-by, to see Mr. Sargent's idea of an *affiche*.

The recent numbers of the *Altpreussische Monats-schrift* deal chiefly with questions of local historical interest. About the half of *Heft 5* and *6*, July-Sept., 1890, is filled by a history of the fortifications of Königsberg, in which E. Beckhern traces the growth of the stronghold on the Pregel from the thirteenth century to the present. Dr. L. Neubaur brings some supplementary notices of G. Greflinger, a Dantziger poet of the Thirty Years' War. In the concluding number of last year, Oct. to Dec. (which contains the Kant bibliography for 1889 by Dr. Reicke—a very useful summary) are found a paper by J. Sembrzycki, describing a journey of the Württemberg theologian Vergerius to Poland in 1556 in the interest of the Protestant Reformation; one by H. Bonk on local names, comparing names of the same sound within and without the province; another by A. Treichel on forms of address and other usages in workmen's gilds; and some additional notes on the three Königsberg interludes of 1644, given in the first quarterly part for 1890. On this topic the *Heft* for Jan.-Mar., 1891, contains further elucidations, as also an account of an interlude by J. Raue at Dantziger in 1648; besides which it includes, *inter alia*, the story of the misguided expedition of the partisan leader, Eric of Brunschwick, to Poland in 1563; some letters of the historian, J. von Müller, to C. Morgenstern the scholar; and a discussion of some obscure points in the geography of the Lithuanian frontier.

In the *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for April, F. Codera gives an account of the Arabic MSS. connected with Spain, preserved in the nine libraries of Constantinople which have printed catalogues. He finds there many Spanish authors, but only two or three previously unknown. There is a long article on, and two attempted explanations of, the enigmatical signature of Columbus:

.S.
S. A. S.
X M Y
: X ρ o FERENS,

thus interpreted by M. Eugène M. O. Dognée, of Liège: "Sit Sibi Antecedens Semper Christus Maria Jesus. X ρ (σρ) o ferens (Columbus)," and by Padre F. Fita (note p. 350) as embracing the three languages of the title on the Cross: "S(ignum) S(alvatoris), A(re) S(alutis) xmi (ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ), nomen meum), Xρ(σρ) o ferens. Colón." The riddle seems hardly yet definitely resolved. The other papers are a long and very singular will of Sancho Diaz de Trujillo, Bishop of Morocco and San Telmo (1570), and a valuable report of recent finds and corrections in Arabic and Latin epigraphy.

THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY.

THE annual report of Bodley's Librarian (Mr. E. B. Nicholson) for 1890 has been published as a supplement to the *Oxford University Gazette*.

The total number of separate items, printed and MS., added to the library during the year amounts to 49,088, of which 34,886 were received under the Copyright Act, 1737 by gift or exchange, and 6825 by purchase. Of the total, 4483 came from Germany and 2822 from France, while the literary sterility of the colonies is shown by the following figures: British Asia, 683; British America, 62; British Australasia, 38; British Africa, 22. Of the items received under the Copyright Act, about one-half are periodicals; bound volumes number only 5460, compared with 2788 parts of ordnance maps and 2321 "cards."

The most interesting portion of the report is that which deals with the new MSS. Among donations the first place is deservedly given to the grand MS. of the Yasna, containing Zend text with Sanskrit translation, presented by Dastur Jamaspji Minocheherji, of Bombay, through the good offices of the Rev. Dr. L. H. Mills. The Rev. Greville J. Chester has added to his similar previous gifts fragments of an Egyptian litany to the Sun, two Coptic papyri, numerous inscribed fragments of papyri, and a Bull of Pius VI. The committee of the Egyptian Exploration Fund presented a large number of Hebrew and Arabic fragments found in Egypt, which were formed into seven volumes. One of these is an early fragment of a previously unknown treatise on the controversy respecting David, Prince of the Exile. An Aethiopic MS. of the Psalms was received from Mr. A. H. Sayce.

The total number of volumes of MSS. purchased was 178, of which 59 were British, 10 Greek, 18 Singhalese, 45 Hebrew, and 21 Samaritan. The chief purchase of the year was that of the Fairfax family papers, in twelve portfolios, consisting of portraits, pedigree notes, letters, &c., ranging from the reign of Elizabeth to the year 1800. Among the other English MSS. may be mentioned an apparently perfect copy, in Northern dialect, of William of Nassington's voluminous poem on the Pater Noster, written by John Kylynwyke about the end of the fourteenth century; and the charter and other records of the extinct Oxford Barbers Company, in their ancient chest.

Of the Greek MSS., nine are modern collations of the text of the Odyssey. The tenth is a leaf of an ancient wooden writing-tablet, closely resembling a child's slate; and enough of the wax remains on the surface to show that it was used for the same purposes. On one side is found the Greek alphabet, written above a roughly-drawn line; the other side contains, in a much worse hand, the "copy":

ΘΕΟCΟΥΔΑΝΘΡΩΠ[ΟC]ΜΗΡΟC.

This is written twice in consecutive lines; both times the child has failed to get the entire "copy" in, and has written the remaining letters at the top. The writing may be of about the second century A.D.

Of the Hebrew MSS., no fewer than thirty-eight are volumes of fragments from the ruins of an ancient synagogue at Cairo. These comprise some fragments of the Babylonian Talmud written in 1123, and thus older than any similar MS. yet known; an almost complete prayer-book according to the Egyptian rite, of which no other copy is known; many other unknown liturgical fragments; and fragments of unknown Arabic translations and commentaries, including one on Esther by the celebrated Saadyah Gaon.

The donations of printed books consist for the most part of modern privately-printed works. From Mr. Henry M. Ormerod the Bodleian has received a unique and splendid gift—his father the author's own copy of the History of Cheshire. This was one of twelve large-paper copies, with proof etchings and India proof engravings, and all the arms coloured. The author had added upwards of eight hundred illustrations (including water-colours by De Wint and Copley Fielding), and bound the three folio volumes in ten.

Old printed books acquired by purchase were mainly obtained from two donations of £100 each, given by a member of All Souls and another member of Convocation. We have only space to mention a few: *Regimen Sanitatis* (Nuremberg, undated, but of the fifteenth century, and supposed to be the editio princeps); Cicero *De Officiis*, &c., a late fifteenth or early sixteenth century quarto, with an unidentified printer's device on the title-page, and the name below GVILLAVME. BOISSON; Proclamations of Henry VIII. against English versions of the Bible (1530, but imperfect), and against "vacabundes and sturdy beggars" (1530), and of Elizabeth on coinage (*circa* 1561); a Horace (Lond. impensis Johannis Harrisoni, 1592)—an edition not mentioned in Lowndes, Ebert, or the British Museum Catalogue; Sermons by John Udall (1596); a copy of the 1673 edition of Milton's *Poems*, &c. upon *Several Occasions*, differing from the copy already in the Bodleian in giving the printer's address as "the White Lion next Chancery-lane End, in Fleet-street," instead of "the Blew Anchor next Mitre Court over against Fetter-lane in Fleet-street"—Lowndes does not give any printer's address, and states that the book has a portrait, which is not in either of the Bodleian copies; Descriptive Inventories of the various Services of Plate, &c., belonging to the Crown in the several Royal Palaces, and . . . Royal Chapels (1832)—a volume bearing William the IV.'s crown and monogram, and obviously printed only for the royal household; complete sets of *The United Irishman*, *The Irish Tribune*, and *The Irish Felon* (Dublin, 1848).

With regard to cataloguing, it is announced that last June the curators authorised Mr. Madan to undertake a summary catalogue of those MSS. of which there is at present no printed catalogue, according to a plan proposed by Mr. Andrew Clark. It is estimated that the work will occupy seven years; but the catalogue will be printed sheet by sheet, as soon as it can be got ready. Meanwhile, brief hand-lists or shelf-lists have already been com-

plied, primarily for the use of the staff, of more than 5000 MSS., many of which belong to the uncatalogued class.

The Librarian has personally commenced arranging the accumulations of inscribed fragments of papyrus, &c. Each fragment or group of fragments is placed between two sheets of glass (the edges of which are bound with cloth), so as to leave both sides visible; and the frames thus made are stored in specially constructed cabinets. The number of frames finished in 1890 was about 80. Many of the fragments are Egyptian, some Coptic, but the great majority Greek. None of the Greek are of any considerable size, and a large number can be of no literary or linguistic value; but they provide the library with a useful stock of material for palaeographical study (some of them are as old as the Ptolemaic period), and a few may be commended to the attention of scholars for the interest of their contents. For example, one fragment contains parts of twelve lines, which seem to be trochaic tetrameters, and by an unknown hand; another contains parts of twelve lines of a prose-writer who cites poetry.

With these may be mentioned two palimpsest vellum fragments. The upper writing contains parts of vv. 20-41 of Theodotion's version of Bel and the Dragon; not later than the fifth, and possibly of the fourth century. The still older writing beneath is a Christian text not yet identified, but containing a quotation from either Matt. ix. 37-8 or (less probably) Luke x. 2, or possibly a parallel to these passages. It is not a MS. of Matthew or Luke, as the ends of the following lines do not agree with either. It is written in very simple broad and low sloping uncials, with hardly any space between the lines.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BORRME, L. Schillerstudien. I. Freiberg: Engelhardt. 1 M. 25 Pf.
BURMESTER, A. Die Grossen Speicherbauten Hamburg's u. Altona's. Hamburg: Boysen. 300 M.
DIENER, C. Der Gebirgsbau der Westalpen. Leipzig: Freytag. 7 M.
FRANCE, Anatole. La Vie littéraire. 3e Série. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
FRUIN, R., en H. W. van der Mey. Brieven van Cobet aan Geel uit Parys en Italië. Nov. 1840—Juli 1845. Leiden: Brill. 12 M. 75 Pf.
GSELL, Stéphane. Fouilles dans la nécropole de Vulci. Paris: Thorin. 40 fr.
JIRCEK, C. Das Fürstenth. Bulgarien. Leipzig: Freytag. 14 M.
LABAN, F. Der Gemüthsdruck d. Antinous. Ein Jahrhundert angewandter Psychologie auf dem Gebiete der antiken Plastik. Berlin: Spemann. 3 M.
MARIN, P. Bulgarea et Russes. Paris: Baudoin. 5 fr.
MOLINARI, G. de. Notions fondamentales d'économie politique et programme d'économie. Paris: Guillaumin. 7 fr. 50 c.
MÜLLERBERG, A. Studien üb. Proudhon. Stuttgart: Göschen. 2 M. 50 Pf.
QUENTIN-BACHART, E. La Bibliothèque de Fontainebleau et les livres des derniers Valois à la Bibliothèque Nationale (1515-1589). Paris: Paul. 25 fr.
TROST, L. König Ludwig I. v. Bayern in seinen Briefen an seinen Sohn, den König Otto v. Griechenland. Bamberg: Buchner. 6 M.

HISTORY, ETC.

- DESIMONI, C. Tavole descrittive delle Monete della Zecca di Genova dal 1139 al 1314. Turin: Loescher. 20 fr.
DIEHL, Ch. Excursions archéologiques en Grèce. Paris: Colin. 8 fr.
LANOLOIS, Ch. V., et H. STEIN. Les Archives de l'histoire de France. Paris: Picard. 15 fr.
LABONZE, Ch. Essais sur le régime municipal en Bretagne pendant les guerres de religion. Paris: Hachette. 5 fr.
LEGRELLE, A. La diplomatie française et la succession d'Espagne. T. 2. Le deuxième traité de partage (1697-1699). Paris: Cotillon. 10 fr.
MARBOT, Mémoires du général Baron de. I. Gènes, Austerlitz, Eylau. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
MITSUKURI, G. Englisch-niederländische Unionsbestrebungen im Zeitalter Cromwells. Tübingen: Laupp. 2 M.
PUECH, A. Saint Jean Chrysostome et les mœurs de son temps. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
RHODE, P. Thynnorum captura quanti fuerit apud veteres momenti, examinavit P. R. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.
STOUFF, L. Le pouvoir temporel des évêques de Bale et le régime municipal depuis le 13e Siècle jusqu'à la Réforme. Paris: Larose. 12 fr.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BOTTGER, L. Geschichtliche Darstellung unserer Kenntnisse u. Meinungen v. den Korallenbauten. Leipzig: Pöck. 1 M.
- FINSCH, O. Ethnologische Erfahrungen u. Belegstücke aus der Südsee. 2. Abth. Neu-Guinea. Wien: Hölder. 8 M.
- POCKELS, F. Ueb. die partielle Differentialgleichung $\Delta u + k^2 u = 0$ u. deren Auftreten in der mathematischen Physik. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
- ROMBERG, H. Catalog v. 5634 Sternen f. die Epoche 1875. O. aus den Beobachtungen am Pulkowaer Meridiankreise 1874—1880. Leipzig: Foss. 8 M.
- SCHOPENHAUER, A. Parerga u. Paralipomena. Hrsg. von R. v. Koerber. 4. Lfg. Berlin: Boas. 60 Pf.
- SCHWINK, F. Ueb. die Entwicklung d. mittleren Keimblattes u. der Chorda dorsalis der Amphibien. München: Buchholz. 2 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ANTON, J. R. J. De Origine libelli Περὶ ψυχῆς κόσμου καὶ φύσεως inscripti qui vulgo Timaeo Locro tribuitur quaestio. Fase. II. Naumburg: Schirmer. 14 M.
- ARISTOTELIS de anima liber B. Secundum recensioem Vaticanam ed. H. Rabe. Berlin: Weber. 1 M.
- BEUTHER, F. Das Goldland d. Plinius. Berlin: Ernst. 2 M.
- BOEMER, A. De exceptione vocabulorum natura iambicorum Terentiana. Münster: Theising. 1 M.
- HELLER, E. De Cariae Lydiaeque sacerdotibus. Leipzig: Teubner. 1 M. 20 Pf.
- HEY, O. Semasiologische Studien. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M. 20 Pf.
- KIRCHOFF, G. Vorlesungen ub. mathematische Physik. 2. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 10 M.
- KRAUSE, K. Ch. F. Zur Sprachphilosophie. Aus dem handschriftl. Nachlasse d. Verf. hrsg. v. A. Wütsche. Leipzig: Schulze. 8 M.
- MANOUCU, S. Daco-romanische Sprach- u. Geschichtsforschung. 1. Thl. Leipzig: Koehler. 3 M.
- MASING, L. Zur Laut- u. Akzentlehre der macedoslavischen Dialekte. St. Petersburg: Eggers. 4 M.
- NORDEN, E. In Varronis satiras Menippeas observationes selectae. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 40 Pf.
- SCHREIER, F. De Taciti de oratoribus dialogi codicum nexu et fide. Pars I. Breslau: Koebner. 11 M.
- SUSEMHL, F. Geschichte der griechischen Literatur in der Alexandrinerzeit. 1. Bd. Leipzig: Teubner. 16 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EGYPT AND SYRIA IN THE TIME OF THE NINETEENTH DYNASTY.

Mansurah, Egypt: May 2, 1891.

I am rejoiced to find that Mr. Howorth has turned his attention to the ancient oriental world; the Mongols have had too much of him. But he must beware of trusting too implicitly to the official records even of Ramses the Great; it is necessary to read between the lines of that most beastful of Egyptian monarchs if we would know what exactly was his measure of success.

The famous treaty between him and the Hittite king is our best testimony to the extent and success of his wars against the Hittites, though it is probable that the Egyptian text of the treaty has been "doctored" a little to make it more acceptable to Egyptian vanity. Such as it is, however, it shows that the war between the Hittites and the Egyptians was carried on until the twenty-first year of the reign of Ramses II., and that it was far from being in favour of the Egyptian arms. Ramses was compelled to treat on equal terms with the Hittite king, who had ceased to be "vile" and had become "great"; and as the price of peace he was forced to leave the Hittites in quiet possession of Syria, to marry a Hittite princess, and to restore to their former rights the Egyptian fugitives who had fled to the Hittite court. This will answer Mr. Howorth's first question.

As regards the second, we have to depend on the most fragmentary of annals. But we learn from the inscriptions of Abn Simbel that naval battles took place at some time or other with the Phœnician fleets; while in the eighth year of the king's reign the mutilated texts of the Ramesseum inform us that various Canaanitish cities were captured and destroyed by the Egyptian troops, including Shalama, which the Tel-el-Amarna tablets now enable us to identify with Jerusalem. The southern wall of

Karnak further shows that even Askalon was sacked by the Egyptians, and therefore was no longer at this time an Egyptian fortress. From the rock-tablets at the mouth of the Dog River, north of Beyrout, we learn that in the fourth and tenth (or less probably the second) years of his reign Ramses was waging war in Syria, and in order to do so was forced to follow the coast-route. This would not have been the case had he been master of Canaan, like his predecessors of the XVIIIth Dynasty, who, accordingly, have left no memorials of themselves at the mouth of the Nahr-el-Kelb.

Mr. Howorth's third question is answered by the fact that I always distinguish between Palestine and Syria. Palestine corresponds to the Kinakhkhi or Canaan of the Tel-el-Amarna tablets, while Syria includes the land of "the Amorites" and the countries further north.

Lastly, our knowledge of the external history of Egypt from the death of Ramses to the end of the XIXth Dynasty, apart from the Libyan invasion, is confined to a few notices which belong to the earlier part of Menephtah's reign. At this time the cities of the Philistines were still garrisoned by the Egyptians, and the Phœnician cities to the north seem to have admitted the suzerainty of the Egyptian king. But, otherwise, Palestine was free from Egyptian interference. When light dawns again, we find that the tables have been turned, that Egypt has been conquered by Syrians, and that the XIXth Dynasty has been supplanted by a Syrian named Arisu. Manetho, in his version of the Exodus, transfers this event to the reign of Amenôphis or Menephtah, the son of Rhampses (Ramses II.), who, he states, was obliged to fly to Ethiopia with his little son Sethos or Seti II., while Egypt was given up for thirteen years to the combined forces of the lepers under Osarsiph and Canaanitish invaders from Jerusalem. Whatever truth there may be in this story, the Old Testament (Ezek. xvi. 2) tells us that Jerusalem was at one time in Hittite hands, and the Tel-el-Amarna tablets make it clear that this happened after the fall of the XVIIIth Dynasty.

A. H. SAYCE.

THE SHAKSPEARE QUARTO FACSIMILE SERIES.

London: May 19, 1891.

Your contributor has given me credit for too much in his account of this series.

When I started the New Shakspeare Society in 1874, I put down the reproduction of the Quartos as one of the things it was to do, but I thought of reprints rather than facsimiles. Four years later Mr. Griggs asked Mr. Trübner about facsimileing the First Folio or some of Shakspeare's plays, and Trübner told him I wanted the Quartos done, and sent him to me. Till then I knew little of facsimile work; but I gladly closed with Mr. Griggs's offer to start a Facsimile Quarto Series under my superintendence, as my friends and I had long been indignant at the high price (five guineas apiece) which Mr. Halliwell charged for the hand-copies of the Quartos that Mr. Ashbee and Mr. Price made for him. So, with the help of those friends, I got the Quartos edited gratis (save a few copies of each book given to its editor), and Mr. Griggs sold them at six shillings apiece. But as he could not get enough subscribers—the English public does not care sizenpe for the details of Shakspeare's text—he handed the series over to Mr. Quaritch, whose wider connexion enabled him to make the set nearly self-supporting. Then, when Mr. Griggs's other work increased too much, Mr. Pretorius undertook the Facsimiles; and so the series has been completed.

That it has been, is, and will be a help to all serious students of Shakspeare is certain; and

this is the end for which we have worked. I only caution all users of the book that small slips in transfer and in printing have occurred, and in the Roberts or Second Quarto of the *Midsommer Night's Dream* (in which the editor refused to conform to my plan of editing, and marking all differences in line) pages 9 and 10 were mistakenly printed from Fisher's Quarto 1. Dr. Aldis Wright found out the blunder, and Mr. Griggs issued a cancel for these pages. The first facsimile of *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, Quarto 1, was taken from a bad copy; and Mr. Griggs, at his own cost, gave all the buyers of it another facsimile from a better copy of the book. Mr. Johnson, of the United States, made a list of corrections and collations from the Museum Quartos, but I have been unable to trace him and get the list to print. To all who have helped in this series I return hearty thanks. Mr. Quaritch has consented to sell separate copies of the Quartos at 10s. 6d. each, provided that he does not break up a set for it.

F. J. FURNIVALL.

SIR THOMAS MORE'S TREATMENT OF HERETICS.

London: May 19, 1891.

I do not wish to shake Mr. Watkiss Lloyd's faith in Shakspeare as an historian, or rather as an interpreter of history, if he only use him with due discretion. But to pin one's faith in Shakspeare's accuracy as to matters of fact would be simply absurd. The play of "Henry VIII.," especially, is full of anachronisms; nevertheless, Shakspeare is not guilty of the particular anachronism of making Sir Thomas More as Chancellor take part in a plot against Cranmer as Archbishop. Sir Thomas More is, indeed, mentioned as having become Lord Chancellor in Act iii., but who was the Lord Chancellor in Act v. Shakspeare does not tell us. The incident really occurred much later in the reign than the time represented in the drama, and the Lord Chancellor of the day was probably Wriothesley. But even at the period at which Shakspeare introduces it—that of the birth of Elizabeth—More had ceased to be Lord Chancellor for more than a year.

That Mr. Lloyd has still a difficulty in reconciling the real humanity of Sir Thomas More with his no less real hatred of heresy is not altogether wonderful. It seems almost as hard for the nineteenth century to understand the sixteenth as it would have been for the sixteenth to realise such a state of matters as exists among us in the nineteenth. At present the only religion in the British Empire which is not protected from positive insult is Christianity. Parsecs, Brahmins, and Mahomedans have each their scruples respected; but you may openly assail the foundations of Christianity before the most unceritcal audience with impunity. Of course the foundations of a true religion remain unshaken in spite of this rough treatment; but the effect it has on thoughtless minds may still be open to question. To the sixteenth century heresy was a very serious evil; and rough remedies for all kinds of evils were the order of the day. Even at the beginning of the present century men were hanged for forgery and stealing. We find now that milder punishments are even more effective. But we must remember, as I said in my last, that heresy in the sixteenth century was not mere wrong opinion; it was arrogance tending to a breach of the peace. Coercion of some kind seemed to be fairly called for; and this in fact was More's own excuse for it. "It was the violent cruelty," he said, "first used by the heretics themselves against good Catholic folk that drove good princes thereto, for preservation, not of the faith only, but also of peace among the people."

JAMES GAIRDNER.

THE CITY OF PUDHU-YAVAN.

Vienna : May 16, 1891.

In the ACADEMY of April 11, Mr. Sayce gives a translation of the most important passages in the cuneiform inscription relating to the invasion of Egypt by Nebuchadnezzar in the thirty-seventh year of his reign. After the defeat of the army of Amasu, we read of "the soldiers of the city of Pudhu-Yavan . . . a distant district which is within the sea." Mr. Sayce rightly compares this Pudhu with the Biblical Phut, which is mentioned by the Prophets together with Lud among the mercenary troops of Pharaoh. Two Egyptian identifications have been proposed for the Biblical Phut. The one compares Phut with the Egyptian Punt (P-wunt), a country upon the African coast of the Red Sea, probably the tract from Suakin to Massawah (see my *Studien für Geschichte Aegyptens*); the other looks for Phut in Libya, agreeing with the old Biblical commentators. The second hypothesis alone is admissible. It is clear, then, that the Pudhu-Yavans are Libyan-Greeks; and consequently that the Greek town of Kyrene has the best claim to be the town in question. We learn from the classics the important relations of Amasis to the town of Kyrene, and also that the favourite consort of Amasis was a woman of Kyrene.

J. KRALL.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, May 24, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Place of Pity in Social Work," by Miss M. S. Gilliland.
 MONDAY, May 25, 3 p.m. Llanegan: Anniversary Meeting.
 8 p.m. Aristotelian: Symposium—"Hereditas as a Factor in Knowledge," by Messrs. S. Alexander, B. Bosnaquet, and D. G. Ritchie.
 TUESDAY, May 26, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Four Periods of Stage History, II., Cibber," by Mr. W. Archer.
 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "The Nature and Uses of Averages," by Dr. John Venn.
 8 p.m. Civil Engineers: Annual General Meeting; Report of Council and Election of Officers.
 WEDNESDAY, May 27, 4 p.m. Mrs. Jopling's School of Art: "The Poets as Painters, VII., Landscape in Painting and Poetry, Wordsworth," by Miss Elsa D'Esteer Keeling.
 8 p.m. Geological: "Some Photographs of *Hyalonemus Lyelli* and *Tridacropora Acadanum*," by Sir J. W. Dawson; "Lower Jaws of *Proconodon*," by Mr. R. Lydekker; "Some recently exposed Sections in the Glacial Deposits at Hendon," by Dr. H. Hicks.
 8 p.m. Cymrodorion: "Henry Vaughan of Seethrog (1622-1695): Some Notes on his Life and Characteristics as a Poet," by Prof. F. T. Palgrave.
 8 p.m. Society of Literature: "The Origin of Alphabets," by Mr. W. Marsham Adams.
 THURSDAY, May 28, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Orchestra considered in connexion with the Development of the Overture," II., by Dr. A. C. MacKenzie.
 4.30 p.m. Society of Arts: "The Study of Indian History," by Mr. Charles Lewis Tupper.
 5 p.m. Zoological: "The Animals Living in the Society's Gardens," I., by Mr. F. E. Beddard.
 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
 FRIDAY, May 29, 4 p.m. Botanic: "Certain Relationships between Plants and Animals," I., by Prof. C. Stewart.
 4 p.m. British Record Society: Annual General Meeting.
 8 p.m. Browning Society: "Browning's Dramatic Method in Narrative," by Mr. J. B. Oldham.
 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "An Astronomer's Work in a Modern Observatory," by Dr. David Gill.
 SATURDAY, May 30, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Scientific Study of Decorative Colour," I., by Prof. A. H. Church.

SCIENCE.

Physical Religion. The Gifford Lectures delivered before the University of Glasgow in 1890. By F. Max Müller. (Longmans.)

In a former volume containing the Glasgow Gifford Lectures for 1888, Prof. Max Müller sketched in outline the theory of Natural Religion, which in his opinion seems to be the only true religion, and established the method by which it may be most usefully studied.

Religion, according to the learned lecturer, is a perception of the Infinite in such manifestations as are able to influence the moral

conduct of man. Now there are three distinct channels through which such a perception may be obtained. The varied phenomena of the external world—such as day and night, summer and winter, sunshine and storm—may be attributed, and by primitive men are attributed, to the operation of voluntary and intelligent agents; or the spirits of departed ancestors are supposed to survive and to exercise superhuman power—and this is also a form commonly assumed by the religious sentiment both in ancient and modern times; or, lastly, by brooding over his own personality a man may come to think of it as something universal and infinite, as something therefore which he more or less identifies with the mysterious soul and self of the universe without him. The first of these faiths is what the lecturer calls Physical Religion, and to its study the present volume is devoted.

It seems to be universally admitted that beings of superhuman power were, at an early stage of civilisation, worshipped under the names of natural objects, and clothed with the corresponding attributes. But the fact has been explained in very different ways. Not long ago philosophers were content to say that undeveloped intelligences naturally attribute a life like their own even to the phenomena of inanimate nature, especially when those phenomena are of an exceptional and startling character. The assumed tendency was described as being very prominent in children, and as displayed even by the higher animals. But the alleged fact has been vehemently disputed as contrary to all experience and analogy by Mr. Herbert Spencer, with the full concurrence of Prof. Max Müller, who however is as little disposed to accept the alternative explanation offered by the great sociologist, that the only objects ever worshipped were the spirits of departed ancestors, who in their life-time had sometimes borne such names as Sky, Sun, and Dawn—a grotesque hypothesis, which the mere recital of one or two early myths is enough to refute. It seems incomprehensible how any candid person can read the Vedic hymns addressed to the fire-god Agni (= Latin *ignis*) as cited in these lectures without admitting that they refer primarily to the phenomena of ignition, combustion, sunshine, and lightning. The author's own theory is of course that already made familiar to us through his former works. Articulate speech, according to him, first arose from the cries uttered by primitive men while working together in bands. Every joint action found its appropriate expression and verbal sign in a sound resembling the cry then uttered—the *clamor concomitans* as it is called. Hence the verbal roots to which all language may be traced back denote actions, and actions alone. But if every word embodied some human action it was impossible to talk about anything without involuntarily ascribing to it a quasi-human spirit. For instance, Agni, the Sanskrit word for fire above-mentioned, seems to be connected with the root AG, "to drive" (p. 122).

Now, without disputing what Prof. Max Müller has to tell us about the origin

of language, it seems to me that he has totally failed to explain the genesis of mythology in a truly rational manner. If primitive men were such deluded drivellers as to talk themselves into believing in the animation of inanimate objects—if merely calling fire "drive" necessarily made them think of it not merely as a charioteer but as an unnatural child who devours his parents, a destroyer, a conqueror, a priest, and any number of other characters up to that of supreme god inclusive—then surely they were fanciful enough to make the same rash generalisations from any other of the notes that went to make up the total percept of fire. For the name of a thing is only one among many marks by which we know it, and not more suggestive of life and personality than another. We are still inventing new names every year, often, if not always, expressive of activity, but without any mythological consequences ensuing. Popular etymology spells the brake of an engine "break," with evident reference to the verb so written, but nobody ever represents that useful contrivance under the features of a Tory statesman. On the other hand, poets, those of them at least who study nature as well as the dictionary, continue the process of humanising her minutest details. Why then refuse to look on primitive men as poets who were the dupes of their own imagination?

But I must beg Prof. Max Müller's pardon for talking about his primitive men as deluded drivellers. According to him, their philosophy of nature was not only true, for them, but as good as ours any day, and not only as good, but a great deal better.

"What we call Physical Religion, a naming of and believing in agents behind the great drama of nature, was inevitable, and being inevitable, was, for the time being, true" (p. 336). Theism is "a fundamental truth" . . . "because it is founded in the very nature of our mind, our reason, and our language, in a simple and ineradicable conviction that where there are acts there must be agents, and in the end one prime agent whom man may know, not indeed in his own inscrutable essence, yet in his acts, as revealed in nature" (p. 365). "From a philosophical point of view, I see little difference between this Ether [as assumed by the undulatory theory of light] and Agni, the god of fire. Both are mythological" (p. 126). "Many things in nature which we are now inclined to treat as quite natural, as a matter of course, appeared to the minds of the earliest observers in a much truer light, as by no means natural, as by no means a matter of course, but, on the contrary, as terrific, as astounding, as truly miraculous, as supernatural" (p. 335).

Apparently the attention of Prof. Max Müller has never been called to the importance of prediction as a test of truth. Not only is the hypothesis of an undulating ether framed according to the strictest analogies of experience, while Agni was fabled in direct defiance of them, not only does the ether explain all the phenomena, while Agni explains none, but the ether enabled Sir W. R. Hamilton to predict the conical refraction of light, and Maxwell to predict that electrical disturbances would prove to be propagated with the same velocity as light, while Agni and his like have ever left their worshippers a prey to imposture and illusion. It might be sup-

posed from some expressions in one of the passages above quoted that Prof. Max Müller was a believer at least in the Gospel miracles. Quite the contrary. By implication he repudiates them absolutely, with a fearlessness that must have excited the secret envy of some of his Scottish colleagues. But he reminds one of the lady who was ready to believe anything provided it was not in the Bible—even that reason and language require men to think what is almost a contradiction in terms, that the things of nature are not natural, that what enters into an unbroken chain of physical antecedents and consequents is not “a matter of course.”

The foregoing remarks have been chiefly suggested by the concluding lecture, which will probably attract more attention than any of the others. A short digression on the antiquity of the Old Testament will be read with almost equal interest. Prof. Max Müller seems inclined to “accept the results of modern Hebrew scholarship,” and indeed, rather to exaggerate their tendency by stating that, “though the Old Testament may contain very ancient traditions, they probably were not reduced to writing till the middle of the fifth century B.C.” (p. 214). Modern Hebrew scholarship would date some documents embodied in Genesis at least 400 years earlier; nor would it, I think, endorse the hardy assertion that “books in alphabetic letters existed nowhere before the seventh century B.C.” For, if so, what are we to make of the prophecies of Amos and Hosea, which, in the opinion of M. Renan, are excerpts from longer works, and anyhow are not likely to have been handed down orally for two centuries as we read them now? And, seeing that the inscription of King Mesha is in alphabetical writing, and confessedly dates from the ninth century, why should not the last prophets of the Northern Kingdom have used the same means for facilitating and perpetuating their compositions?

ALFRED W. BENN.

TWO TRANSLATIONS FROM THE GERMAN.

THE appearance of a translation from the German of Dr. Blass's volume on the *Pronunciation of Ancient Greek* by Mr. Purton, of Pembroke College, Cambridge (Cambridge: University Press), is a distinct gain to English classical scholarship. It is a work of great learning, and as it has passed through three editions in Germany, it may be regarded as a standard book on the subject. The author has drawn his evidence from inscriptions of every age and from the testimony of ancient grammarians, as well as from transcriptions from and into other languages, and has illustrated the changes which passed over the pronunciation of Greek by analogous changes in modern languages and in modern Greek itself; and he has steered a clear course through the often conflicting evidence furnished by these data, and the conclusions which other philologists have based upon them. The peculiar pronunciation, also, of letters in certain dialects has been interestingly traced, and in some of them the modern pronunciation, or something closely resembling it, is found. We rather miss a table of contents; and, notwithstanding Dr. Blass's general lucidity of statement, we should be glad of a summary of results, such as was given

in Mr. Snow's excellent paper on this subject in the *Classical Review* for July, 1890. The author is a strong opponent of the claims of modern Greek to represent the ancient pronunciation of the vowels and consonants in those cases about which any doubt exists; and this, we believe, will be the conclusion of every one who examines the matter scientifically, though it is remarkable how early, comparatively speaking, some of the consonants began to assume their present sound. But it seems strange that Dr. Blass should have passed so lightly over one branch of the subject—that relating to the accentual pronunciation—to which hardly more than three pages are devoted; and also that he should have taken it for granted that stress was not associated with pitch of the voice in the ancient accentuation, so that here too he maintains that the pronunciation of the modern Greeks is further removed than our own from the classical pronunciation. Of all attempts to recover in practice the true Greek pronunciation he takes a most hopeless view. “I am perfectly convinced,” he says, “that if an ancient Athenian were to rise from his grave and hear one of us speak Greek, on the basis of the best scientific inquiry, and with the most delicate and practised organs, he would think the pronunciation horribly barbarous.” Notwithstanding this, the question retains its interest as a subject of inquiry, and readers of this book will find that it incidentally throws light on numerous other important topics. The translator deserves all praise for the skill with which he has accomplished his task, and he has shown his judgment in simplifying, as far as possible, the method of reproducing the sounds of the Greek language.

PROF. WARR has undertaken a useful piece of work in re-editing Teuffel's *History of Roman Literature* (Bell), after the greatly-improved fifth edition of the original. Teuffel's style was not brilliant at the best, and often it became barely intelligible in Dr. Wagner's faithful but clumsy version. But the book held a place of its own, which made it indispensable to serious students; and it had been carefully kept up to date by frequent revision, so that on its own lines the “Teuffel-Schwabe” is all that can be desired. The new edition of the translation of Volume I. does not much exceed in bulk the old first volume, but the matter has been greatly increased, owing to a more compressed form of printing, especially in the very numerous references. Here we find that the new editor has very wisely given up Dr. Wagner's irritating habit of translating the titles of German periodicals and proceedings, which were of no service to those who did not read German, and presented no difficulty to those who did. It is not often that he has had occasion to correct positive errors, as when Dr. Wagner used “alleged” for “quoted”; but he has very often recast an awkward or an ambiguous sentence. Whatever favour the work has already enjoyed in England ought to be greatly increased now that it has assumed a form at once more complete and more attractive.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE ladies' *soirée* of the Royal Society will take place on Wednesday, June 17.

THE council of the Chemical Society has presented a congratulatory address to Prof. Jean Servais Stas, author of *Recherches sur les Rapports réciproques des Poids atomiques*, on the completion of his fiftieth year of membership of the Royal Belgian Academy of Sciences, Literature, and Arts.

THE Friday evening discourse next week at the Royal Institution will be “An Astronomer's

Work in a Modern Observatory,” by Dr. David Gill, of the Cape of Good Hope.

MESSRS. WHITTAKER & Co. have in preparation a new series, to be called “Whittaker's Library of Popular Science.” The volumes are primarily intended not as school-books, but for the use of intelligent readers, whether young or old, who desire to gain some insight into a science with which they have hitherto been unacquainted. The chief aim, therefore, of the writers will be to educe theory from practical demonstration; to adopt, whenever possible, graphic and diagrammatic modes of statement; and to rely considerably upon pictorial illustration as a means of shortening or supplementing verbal description. The first volume of the series, to be published shortly, will be *Astronomy*, by Mr. G. F. Chambers, to be followed by *Light*, by Sir H. Trueman Wood. Other volumes already arranged for are *Chemistry*, by Mr. T. Bolas; *Mineralogy*, by Dr. F. H. Hatch; *Electricity and Magnetism*, by Mr. S. Bottonne; *Geology*, by Mr. A. J. Jukes-Browne; and *Botany*, by Mr. G. Massee.

A GLASS case just placed in the mammal gallery of the Natural History Museum contains a series of stuffed specimens of two of the largest and rarest species of Asiatic wild sheep, collected and presented by Mr. St. George Littledale. Three of these represent Marco Polo's sheep (*Ovis poli*) from the Pamir, and three of them the Ammon (*Ovis ammon*) of the Altai. These are said to be the first perfect specimens of *Ovis poli*, generally known only by its enormous horns, that have yet been brought to England.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, April 25.)

JOHN TAYLOR, Esq., in the chair.—Miss Emma Phipson, in a paper on “Democracy and ‘Coriolanus,’” said that, although it had been averred that students of every occupation may find their opinions and pursuits represented in Shakspeare's plays in a more favourable light than they could picture them for themselves, yet it has not been so in reference to Shakspeare's political bias. Conservatives declare that he was “a Tory and a gentleman”; while Liberals assert that he had a feeling of contempt for his own low birth, that he was never betrayed into one generous aspiration in favour of liberty, and that he might in fact be called “a big-natured man with scarcely any conscience.” Are these accusations just? Before Shakspeare's political sympathies can be rightly judged, account must be taken of the position of the stage in his day. Elizabeth, who was gracious and condescending when fooled to the top of her bent, was lion-like in her wrath, and it was dangerous to have even a thought that could be construed into opposition to her wishes. The dramatist had to be cautious. Had Shakspeare been a political partisan, he would have been little to us but an exercise for the student of the past. Yet, in common with other dramatists, Shakspeare undoubtedly, under cover of fictitious or historical plots and characters, discussed passing events and gave his own answers to the questions of the hour. Looking upon a democracy, not as an opposition of the lower to the higher classes, but as a community where the greatest importance is attached to the individual man, yet where each individual man, while he asserts his own rights to the full, recognises that he is but a unit in the nation and holds himself therefore subservient to the common weal, we shall find in Shakspeare's plays that recognition of individual worth, apart from social position, which in modern times is called democratic. There are no instances where our interest is aroused on behalf of any king because of his position. The nobles are either good or bad, and just as the play requires. While Shakspeare had no admiration for mobs, which are much the same now as in his day, and no sympathy with thoughtless violence, yet the phrases which he applied to the commons and which grate so harshly on our ears were of such frequent use then as to have given

little or no offence. Hazlitt complains that the whole tendency of the play of "Coriolanus" is sadly aristocratic. But surely he missed its real meaning. It is more reasonable to conclude that Shakspeare did not mean the character of Coriolanus to be attractive. He is represented as a moral coward and as the personification of vanity. Between the insolent and obstinate patricians and the toiling and fickle plebeians, the dramatist, impartial as fate, stands aside and lets us draw our own conclusions. There is no ground for assuming that Shakspeare wrote "Coriolanus" with any political purpose whatever. He was particularly the poet of personal nobility and was, therefore, in the best sense a democrat. No writer who had not a democratic spirit could have so taken hold of the heart of the people who, with all their faults, have ever had a true feeling for liberty and a quick resentment of all tendencies to despotic oppression; and recognising the same in Shakspeare they have given to his works a place next to their Bible and the *Pilgrim's Progress*.—Miss Florence Herapath, in a paper on "The Two Tribunes in 'Coriolanus,'" said that in no play do we see more clearly Shakspeare's intuitive insight into the various complex problems which go to make up human life; and by his skilful representation of the virtues and vices of both patricians and plebeians we are left in doubt whether his own sympathies lay with the people or the nobles. The two professional agitators, Sicinius and Brutus, are men of widely different temperaments and capacities. In general, Sicinius is the man of intellect, Brutus is the man of action; Sicinius plans, Brutus executes; Sicinius leads, Brutus follows. But they occasionally change places; and then it appears Brutus was not a mere parasite who had slavishly followed from lack of power to originate for himself, but rather an unusually able man who, fully recognising that, in a partnership of two, one must be the ruling spirit, had manfully taken the more difficult position of subordinate and had bent his whole energies to the due fulfilment of its requirements. The two tribunes work together as true yoke-fellows. Each passing shade of feeling is instantaneously mirrored in both minds, but with a very different reflection. On all public occasions Sicinius is the chief spokesman, and for this he was specially fitted. He has the rare talent of saying the right thing in the right place; and, like Antony, he possesses the power of instilling into the minds of his hearers the thought he wishes them to think. Consummate art is displayed by both tribunes in guiding the "mutable rank-scented many" into the very path they wish them to take. They are led not by words, but by implication; not by advice, but by hint, innuendo, suggestion; so that the tribunes, while posing before the patricians as advocates of unity and moderation, may yet rank among the plebeians as self-sacrificing leaders and worthy counsellors. They are deceivers, truly; they aim at deceiving even themselves. Even in their private talks, they keep up the pretence of doing all for the good of Rome. And the citizens whom they influence are represented by Shakspeare as no despicable mob of riotous weaklings; they are rather children, short-sighted, fickle, emotional, unreasoning, impulsive, immature, incongruous, with possibilities vast. But, like children, they occasionally touch the very quick of the question, and startle their elders by transient glimpses into the everlasting heart of nature.—Mr. Walter Strachan read a poem by a member on "Shakspeare's Birthday."

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 8.)

J. ELLIOTT VINEY, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read by Mr. Arthur Bontwood on "*Ethics of the Dust*." Mr. Bontwood stated that he is disposed to place Mr. Ruskin in the very first rank of modern prose writers, but as a literary artist slightly inferior to Dr. Martineau and to him alone. He certainly ranks before Cardinal Newman, although his style lacks the perfect limpidity of the *Grammar of Assent*. The *Ethics* is a highly successful piece of dialogue writing. It entirely avoids the one great fault into which writers of dialogue more or less frequently fall—the mistake of making their characters speak, not as they naturally would in real life, but as if they were uttering the thoughts of some third person concerning themselves and their circumstances. Mr.

Ruskin's method of teaching science is altogether admirable. He does not weary and perplex one with a high-sounding terminology, and with dry definitions and propositions. He simply takes actual specimens and talks about them. For beginners this is beyond question the correct method and needs to be more widely followed. Botany in particular lends itself to this natural method of instruction. An intelligent teacher with a handful of wild flowers would be able in the course of an hour's talk to impart an astonishing amount of real information about plants and plant life. Mr. Ruskin takes a dynamic rather than a static view of nature, and endeavours to explain existing phenomena by reference to their past history. The frankness with which he admits the limitation of our knowledge of nature is worthy of notice and imitation. His view of nature is essentially artistic; in the terminology of current speculation it might be called anthropomorphic or animistic. He reads his conceptions into nature rather than finds them there. The main interest in the *Ethics* centres in the manifold references to human affairs, to morals, religion, &c. With his polemic against commercialism Mr. Bontwood heartily concurred. Man is more than a wealth-producing machine, and a nation's strength lies primarily in the strength and virtue of its people, not in its money bags. The other points touched upon were: the place of woman as the complement and not the rival and equal of man; that religion is essentially a matter of the heart; Mr. Ruskin's beautiful conception of the ideal life as measured music.—A discussion followed, in which Messrs. West, Smart, Ogilvie, and the chairman took part.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Annual Meeting, Friday, May 15.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., president, in the chair. After the election of officers, the passing of the treasurer's cash account, and a vote of thanks to the council of University College for the use of its rooms, Mr. Talfourd Ely read a paper on "Inscribed Vases." Besides monuments of a documentary character, various classes of works of art bear inscriptions explanatory of their purpose, or of the names, views, and positions of their authors, as statues (or, rather, their bases), bas-reliefs, gems, coins, and various objects dedicated to deities. Among them are vases, many of which bear alphabetical characters used simply as ornament. To others inscriptions have been added, being scratched on them by their owners. *Ostraka*, used for ostracism, and also for accounts, &c., are an instance of a secondary use of pottery. Alphabets found on vases have illustrated the connexion of the alphabets of Italy with that of Chalkis. Inscriptions have led to the recognition of a certain class of vases as Chalkidian, thus throwing some light on the art of Euboea. A simple form of inscription is the name of a person or animal occurring in a vase-picture. Even a seat and an altar are so ticketed in the François vase. The alphabet employed shows the place of manufacture. Signatures of artists are specially characteristic of Greek art. More than a hundred are found on vases; and the number of vases so signed is given by Klein as 424. For the most part signed vases are Attic, and belong to the end of the sixth century or the first half of the fifth. Some early signatures are metrical. After dealing with sundry inscriptions occurring on vases at Berlin and elsewhere, Mr. Ely proceeded to consider the numerous instances in which *καλός* is employed, an adjective having various shades of meaning. Such inscriptions have been considered as erotic; but this idea has of late been opposed by scholars of high repute, and there is a tendency to view them in a political light, since names of prominent persons, as Hipparchos and Miltiades, are included. Passing over the theories of Panofka and others, Mr. Ely reviewed the arguments of Otto Jahn, Studniczka, Wernicke, and Klein, giving a full analysis of Wernicke's recent treatise, *Die griechischen Vasen mit Lieblingnamen*, and referring specially to Klein's *Die griechischen Vasen mit Lieblingsschriften*. Allowing for the various meanings of *καλός*, and for the connexion in which the inscriptions in question are found, the conclusion Mr. Ely arrived at was that while some referred to the "obscure

παῖδά of the vase-painters," many expressed an honest popular enthusiasm for youths who appeared to advantage in the palaestra and the gymnasium. Others also referred to the mythological personages represented on the vase on which they were found.

FINE ART.

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S "MAY-DAY ON MAGDALEN TOWER."

MR. HOLMAN HUNT, careful in all things, is, as we know, not least careful in the selection of his subjects. He is not as other men are, in this or in other respects: he does not think that the subject of a picture is a matter of comparative unimportance; he does not, having made his mark, go on repeating himself till we are tired. Persistent as his individuality is, few modern artists have addressed themselves to so great a variety of theme. In his pictures from the life of Christ he has treated each scene in a singularly striking and novel manner; but he has shown an equal force and freshness in his treatment of subjects from Shakspeare, Boccaccio, and old English history, while his pictures of modern life, like the "Awakened Conscience" and the "Afterglow in Egypt," or his landscapes and pastorals, have not been less unique and strong. No one can ever predict what will next engage his genius, for he always paints the unexpected. Of one thing only can we be sure, and that is that he will express some high and mystic meaning in the most realistic of forms; in this respect, as in others, he has a closer affinity to Albrecht Dürer than perhaps any other master.

In "May-day on Magdalen Tower" Mr. Holman Hunt has discovered a subject singularly suited to his idiosyncrasy both as poet and artist. In the salutation of the rising sun on May morning from the top of Magdalen Tower, a ceremony which continues a pagan custom in a Christian form, Mr. Holman Hunt has found a high and mystic idea of universal and eternal beauty and solemnity. Instead of being confined to the top of one tower in England, this service, or some service preserving its most essential element, might have its place in all nations and be a bond for men of all creeds, and even of no creed, for no man, however materialist or infidel, can deny the sun or the seasons. And this idea—so essential, so spiritual—could be embodied, is actually embodied, every year in the most realistic forms. The top of a tall tower lit with the radiance of a May morning sky, the choristers and clergy, in their white surplices, singing with their hearts and voices—the picture was there, only waiting the artist.

The artist came, and it was Mr. Holman Hunt, and I am glad it was no other than Mr. Holman Hunt; for though I miss in his work certain qualities of line, and tone, and colour, which I seek for first in that of most painters, there is no one who could realise such a scene with greater force or in so fine a spirit. Moreover, in place of those qualities which I miss, there are others almost peculiar to Mr. Holman Hunt, which are valuable in themselves, and specially in harmony with this present subject. Whatever else his colour lacks, it is always pure and vivid; and his love of iridescence and dislike of shade could never be more safely indulged than in this picture in the sky, with the first bright beams of the new sun turning even stones into rainbows and surplices into mother-of-pearl. If his drawing is not distinguished by its freedom, it is singularly complete and accurate—qualities of high importance in a picture which is an historical record, a collection of portraits, a portrait itself, we may say—a portrait of an event. But these likenesses of the President, of the late Dr. Bloxam,

of Dr. Stainer, of the choir and its master, are not ordinary portraits, for they are transfigured from without by the light of the morning, from within by the spirit of their song. The picture is no doubt open to criticism in many respects, but it may defy it, for nothing can be said which will prevent its taking its place among the most memorable pictures of the century.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

THE FRENCH SALONS.

IV.

THE Americans, who form the majority of the foreign exhibitors at the Champs de Mars, being uninfluenced by any traditions, their work consequently bears the impress of the teaching and conventions of the French masters under whom they have studied. There are, however, exceptions; for instance, Mr. Dannat, whose portraits and scenes of Spanish life are excellent and original; there are also Mr. Harrison's "marines," and of course, and, above all, Mr. Whistler and his "harmonies." If we seek a fine sense of the lessons of nature, and a simple way of looking at men and things, we are more likely to find these qualities among the Swedish, Norwegian, and Finn painters. Edelfelt, Hagborg, Israels, Skredsvig, Zorn, all eminent representatives of the *plein air* school, and able portrayals of local scenes and characters, are to be seen at the New Salon. Among the limited number of English exhibits are two good "marines" by Mr. Henry Moore; Mr. C. James's "Laissez en garde" and Mrs. Ayrtton's "Capécure Pier" are also worthy of favourable notice. The Germans are well represented. Besides Mr. Uhde and Mr. Von Stetten, alluded to in my last notice, Mr. Kuehl, of Munich, has sent three vivid studies of light and shade, particularly "The Interior of a Church"; Mr. Arnbruster, a new-comer of promise, exhibits a picture entitled "à la Messe," which contains two excellent studies of the heads of an old Bavarian peasant-woman and her pretty daughter.

M. Beraud's "Magdalen at the Pharisee's" (the sensational picture of the Salon) is a *fin de siècle* reading of Scripture. A Parisian Pharisee has invited some bachelor friends to dinner to meet Jesus. Several of the guests are portraits of men familiar to us; for instance, here is M. Renan, recognisable though adorned by the artist with a white beard; close to him is M. Blanche, the painter, and other well-known Parisians, one and all of well-to-do appearance and dressed to perfection in tight-fitting, London-made frock coats, with flowers in their button-holes. Jesus alone is attired in white; he sits at the head of the table, while at his feet lies the prostrate form of a beautiful and repentant *demi-mondaine* imploring pardon for her sins. The guests, who have risen from table, leaving their coffee and cigars, crowd round the two leading personages, and thus is explained the title of the picture:—"And they that sat at meat with Him began to say within themselves, Who is this that forgiveth sins also?" while Jesus seems to answer, "Her sins which are many are forgiven." Religious people may object to this picture, but from the artistic point of view they will be obliged to recognise its merit. Mr. Edelfelt has treated the same subject, from the reading of a Finn legend, on a larger scale, and perhaps in a more effective manner. Jesus, poorly clad and weary, is journeying through the country when he meets Mary Magdalen in rich and picturesque attire. Abashed and repentant, she falls on her knees before him saying, "Thou art the Lord Jesus, for Thou knowest my sins."

M. Dagnan-Bouveret's "Conscripts"—a party of sturdy Franco-Comtois peasants singing

as they march down the narrow village-street, arm in arm, preceded by a boy carrying a tricolor—is a remarkable performance, executed with that research after perfection of drawing and colour which characterises all the works of this eminent painter. Nevertheless, there is a want of breadth of treatment, a want of space and air, which dwarf the *ensemble* of the picture. Artists will admire the talent displayed in the contrasts of colour between the three shades of the flag and its surroundings, and the admirable rendering of the faces of the young men; but the public will prefer the same artist's Bretonne peasant-woman exhibited last year. M. Cazin's ten landscapes are most exquisitely painted, full of sweet melancholy and repose; in "Route de Flandre" and "Minuit" this talented and refined artist has surpassed himself.

That much-abused body, the Paris Municipal Council, has been doing good work for the development of art culture, not only by the foundation of schools with a view to bringing out the latent talents of young craftsmen, but also by encouraging artists to devote their attention to the mural decoration of the public edifices of the capital. Thus, competitions have been instituted for the decoration of the halls and reception-rooms of the new Hôtel de Ville, and the district Mairies, specially of those rooms where the various civil rites are solemnized, such as marriage, declarations of birth, &c. The art of music as well as that of mural decoration is likely to become an object of municipal encouragement; for not only is a handsome prize offered by the Council every two years for a Symphony, but recently a Maire had an organ set up in the Salle de Mariage of his Mairie. At the new Salon the exhibits of decorative painting are numerous. In a previous article I alluded to M. Puvis de Chavannes' splendid cartoon for the Hôtel de Ville of Rouen. M. Besnard exhibits a series of eight cartoons, illustrating scenes of scientific research, intended for reproduction in stained glass for the decoration of the new School of Pharmacy. M. Binet's "The Sortie: an Episode of the Siege of Paris," intended for the decoration of one of the halls of the Hôtel de Ville, is a work of considerable dimensions. The scene is laid at the Porte Maillot, on a cold January morning; snow lies deep on the ground, a battalion of National Guards are leaving for the front, accompanied to the last barrier by a motley crowd of relatives, friends, and idlers, while soldiers, artillerymen, vendors of strange edibles and drinkables surround them. The episode is admirably rendered, full of movement, and correct in every detail, as I can personally vouch, having been a besieged resident and eye-witness of the events of those dire days of January, 1871. M. Chabas' "Nuptial Repast" and "La Famille," two large panels intended for the Salle de Mariage of the Mairie of Montrouge, represent the familiar out-of-doors amusements of the *petite bourgeoisie*. M. Galland, among other decorative subjects, exhibits a picture entitled "The Stone Carvers," which is one of a series of twenty-six illustrations of the old trade guilds of Paris; this is also for the Hôtel de Ville. Two well-known artists have been asked to contribute to the decoration of the ceiling of the ball-room. In M. Gervex's "La Musique," the allegorical and mythological personages occupy the centre of the ceiling; the lower part represents the stage of a theatre, the orchestra and stalls; while the sides of the picture are the private boxes. The whole is brilliantly lighted, and the general effect is as charming as it is original. M. G. Dubuffe's "La Danse," which is to decorate the interior of the cupola of the Salle des Fêtes, is also very pretty, and admirably suited to its destination. The show of sculpture at the Champs de

Mars is less good, and the exhibits are far less numerous, than at the Champs Elysées. However, the works of three sculptors are worthy of special notice. The bust of M. Puvis de Chavannes, by M. Rodin, is bold and life-like. M. Bartholomé, a new comer, has sent a funeral monument, and three figures emblematic of grief and suffering, which display an intensity of realism akin to some of the best work of M. Rodin. M. Dalon contributes several good busts and a *Projet de Fontaine*—a Bacchanalian scene, full of movement, but scarcely appropriate for its purpose. I also observed an admirable bust of a young girl by Mme. Besnard, the wife of the painter.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

OBITUARY.

THOMAS COLLIER.

ENGLISH landscape art—the practice of which he had adorned by five-and-twenty years of work—sustains a severe loss in the death of Thomas Collier, which occurred last week at his house in Hampstead Hill-gardens.

Mr. Collier was born in the year 1840, at Glossop, on the Derbyshire border, it is stated. He early addressed himself to the career of a landscape painter; and it is true, no doubt, that his method was founded upon that of David Cox, nor is it possible that he could have set up for himself a better model of delicacy of observation, and of decisive and economical hand-work. And the medium of Collier was—like that of David Cox—almost exclusively water-colour. His oil paintings were few, and, like Cox's, they were executed chiefly in his later time. But, with him, the later time was still only middle age. Collier died when he was fifty-one: David Cox at seventy-six. Had David Cox left us at the age of Collier, he would hardly have been remembered to-day, and could have been an example to no one. Collier passed through no such prolonged period of preparation for mastery. He was already a master in his early manhood. His work can hardly be divided into periods: freedom of manner, largeness of vision and touch, belonged to him almost from the first. To the quite superficial observer of his drawings it appeared that he painted only two or three subjects, and those on the same grey day. But to the real student of his work, the richness and variety of his resource is revealed. He observed and recorded differences of weather and light which escape all casual and all untrained notice; and if he was among the simplest and sturdiest he was also essentially among the most poetic recorders of the English country-side and homestead—of farm and coast and moor.

Collier's work, exhibited in France, obtained for him the decoration of a chevalier of the Legion of Honour, and here in England he was a distinguished member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours. But it is doubtful whether the opportunities afforded to the large public for seeing his work were frequent enough to secure him that degree of actual popularity which was his due; and it is at all events certain that when the cabinet of sketches which he showed very occasionally to his friends shall come to be known more widely, he will be accorded, without cavil or questioning, a place among the masters.

F. W.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE MUTILATION OF THE MONUMENTS OF ANCIENT EGYPT.

Luxor, Egypt: April 30, 1891.

As the names of certain members of the American Mission have been connected with the late mutilation at Beni Hassan, I wish to

put before readers of the ACADEMY a few facts in my possession regarding that affair. I had hoped that the government would make a thorough investigation, and I offered to make known to the officials the name of a native merchant who at one time had all the stolen cartouches in his shop for sale. The government never showed sufficient interest in the matter to take up this clue and follow it.

Early in October, 1889, I visited Tel-el-Amarna. Finding that my approach to one of the tombs caused persons to hurry out of it (who had been engaged in the very act of cutting inscriptions out of the wall), I hastened to inform M. Grébaut of this fact by letter. A day or so later I wrote a letter to the under secretary of the Board of Public Works, informing him of what was going on at Tel-el-Amarna, and also of the destruction that was going on in the tombs at Assiout. If anything was done by either of these officials it was not effectual; for the work of destruction went on for more than a month after my information was given.

When the Beni Hassan affair became known the people of the place were asked about it; and to cover up their own complicity in the matter they stated that no one had been up or down the river but parties in the dahabieh of the American mission. During the summer there are no tourists in Egypt, while our work continues all the year. Our boat did, during the season of the demolition of the numerous monuments in the neighbourhood of Beni Hassan, pass that place four times; once before, and three times after, the mutilation of the Khnum Hotep tomb.

My name—I having passed the place twice during the year of 1889—has been connected with the affair. Another member of our mission, who never saw the tomb till after the tourists began to visit it in the autumn of 1889 and found it in its ruined condition, has had his name dragged into the native courts in one province and his party described; his name has also been before the government in another province; and a third member of the mission has been called upon in connexion with the affair to prove his citizenship. This third member is the one whom the natives testify took some stones from the tomb, though he has never been at Beni Hassan nor nearer it than to pass the place on the R. R., which is on the opposite side of the Nile from the tomb.

My desire was that the Egyptian government should so investigate this affair as to bring the truth to light. I offered to give them the information to which I have referred. I did not wish to get the ill-will of the persons whose names I am mentioning in this letter by taking upon myself the rôle of informer and giving information which, never having been asked for, I feel would not have been made use of had it voluntarily been given.

About the middle of October, 1889, I saw in the shop of Sidrack Gras, a well-known native dealer in antiquities in Ekhnim, thirty-one stones which I now know were cut out of mural inscriptions. I was told at the time that the stones had originally been made in the shape I saw them, and as they bore no evidence of having been cut out of inscriptions, I believed the statement. Fifteen of the pieces bore cartouches. I was particularly struck by seven or eight of the cartouches, as they were of a different style and of an older date than the others. None of them were later than the XIIth Dynasty. I was told that the entire collection had come from Tel-el-Amarna. I purchased two of the older lot of cartouches. In our residence at Luxor they were placed in my study and were seen by numerous residents of the place and by dealers. I had much pleasure also in showing them to a representative of the Ghizeh museum. He did not tell me

that they had been cut out of inscriptions. On January 24, 1890, I was told by Mr. Wilbour, an American Egyptologist, that they were from the Khnum Hotep tomb. I at once informed the government of my purchase. Being in Ekhnim a month later, I went again to the dealer and got a third cartouche. I got this third cartouche two months after the government began its investigations. Between the time that I got the first two cartouches and the third, according to the story of the dealer, he had gone to Cairo and had sold to the director of the Ghizeh museum thirty-eight or thirty-nine pieces similar to those I first saw in his shop. Had the Egyptian government been zealous for the preservation of ancient monuments, why did not the director of the museum require the dealer to give information as to where he procured the stones at the time they were offered to him for purchase?

Sidrack Gras, according to his own story, went not less than three times to Tel-el-Amarna with a boat, for the special purpose of bringing stones of the above description to Ekhnim for sale. When I got the third cartouche, I saw in his shop not less than fifty pieces in addition to the thirty-one I saw first. In the morning of the day on which I got the third cartouche he told me that he still had all the remaining (Beni Hassan) cartouches which I had pointed out to him as being very interesting when I purchased the two. When I tried to secure them, he produced but one.

Had the director of the Ghizeh museum taken proper measures with the dealer at the time he purchased the thirty-eight pieces he might have secured the remaining Beni Hassan cartouches. Indeed, one of the excuses urged by the man when he failed to produce for me more than the third cartouche was, "perhaps the remainder of them were among those sold to M. Grébaut."

Sidrack Gras had in his employ one Khalil Elias, who went down to the neighbourhood of Tel-el-Amarna to drum up trade. Whether he was guilty of going from place to place and showing the people what to cut out I cannot say. On this point I have an opinion, and a thorough investigation would doubtless make evident the extent of his guilt. When he found anything to justify a journey to the place by his employer, Sidrack would go down with a boat, and the people took the things to his boat and there he made his purchases.

The people of Beni Hassan would of course not hesitate to cast suspicion on anyone who might have passed the place, providing that by so doing they could shield themselves. It may be satisfactory to the officials of the Egyptian government to have the affair accredited to foreigners whom they will say they cannot control, rather than to natives, as that would furnish another glaring illustration of the gross negligence of the officials to whose care has been entrusted the preservation of these monuments.

The result of the investigation made by the under secretary of the Board of Public Works in so far as it concerns myself was given to our Consul-General in writing, and was to the effect that he was satisfied that I had had nothing to do with the affair. I have no doubt that he would willingly have used the same expression concerning any member of our mission whose name has been mentioned in connexion with the matter.

The statements made by me concerning Sidrack Gras and the date of the stones to M. Grébaut were given to me by him repeatedly, and in the presence of competent witnesses. These facts are well known to dealers and others in Ekhnim. They are well known to the people of Beni Hassan and Tel-el-Amarna.

The truth could easily be known if the government officials were at all anxious to know

it. What can be expected of officials who would not trouble themselves to ask me where I got the cartouches when I informed them that I had purchased two? What can be expected of officials who, when I sent the three cartouches to them that they might be replaced in their positions in the tomb from which they were taken, did not trouble themselves to ask me where I got them? What can be expected of an administration, the head of which, when purchasing thirty-eight or thirty-nine pieces similar to those which were stolen from Beni Hassan, says: "We will not give you much for them because they have been cut from the walls of tombs," while he at the same time fails to ask the dealer, "Where did you get these?"

If any of your readers have heard of the name or names of any of the American missionaries in connexion with this affair, I would like to ask such to remember that it was an American missionary who informed two Egyptian officials of the destruction that was going on at Tel-el-Amarna, at a time when half the destruction might have been prevented had measures to that effect been speedily taken. The only Beni Hassan cartouches that have yet come to light have been saved to Egypt and turned over to the museum administration by an American missionary. The Government officials, after a wild-goose chase of two months, accomplished nothing; but after they had exerted themselves for that length of time, an American missionary brought a third cartouche to light. Nothing but the lack of a little official assistance at the time I got the third cartouche explains the failure to get either the entire lot or correct information as to what disposal had been made of them.

A certain amount of investigation has been made, but great care has been taken not to direct inquiries toward the proper quarter. The Egyptian officials in their investigation of this affair have been doing as an experienced child does when he plays with fire—he is very careful not to get his fingers burned.

CHAUNCEY MURCH.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

TOWARDS the end of next week there will be on view, at the Burlington Gallery, Old Bond-street, a series of water-colour drawings by the late Henry P. Riviere, of the Old Water-colour Society, illustrating Rome and the Campagna.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces a fourth and revised edition of Mr. Wilfrid J. Cripps's standard work on *Old English Plate*.

THE *Graphic* of this week will give for supplement a double-page engraving, by Mr. Charles Roberts, of Sir Frederick Leighton's large picture, entitled "Captive Andromache," which attracted so much attention at the Royal Academy three years ago.

THE choice collection of old English pottery and porcelain, formed by the late William Edkins of Bristol, was to be sold at Sotheby's during the last three days of this week, together with a small collection of miscellaneous antiquities on Monday. The catalogue is illustrated with lithographs of the more curious pieces, some of which date from the middle of the seventeenth century.

IN order to explain a misconception, which arose from some words in his speech at the Royal Academy banquet, Sir Frederic Leighton has addressed a letter to *The Times*, in which he says:—

"My desire is that the National Gallery of British Art should present in worthy and characteristic examples a complete epitome of the art of our country from the days, say, of Hogarth, and be from henceforth kept continuously abreast of the times; and in speaking of the art of our

country I mean every form and phase of that art in whatever medium it may have found expression, and in so far as it is capable of being displayed in a gallery."

THE new number of the *Transactions* of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archaeological Society (vol. xi., Part 2) contains a short paper, with a full-size illustration, on what is known as the Brough Idol. This rude stone figure is said to have been discovered near Brough-under-Stainmore in 1886. It bears the inscription DEO : ARVALO SATURNO SEX COMMODUS VALER VSLM. Though Mr. Haverfield published it in his *Ephemeris Epigraphica*, he has now no hesitation in pronouncing it to be a modern forgery. Apart from the style of carving and the freshness of the surface, the character of the lettering would alone be denunciatory; and Mr. Haverfield points out that the inscription is copied from one found at Bressia (*Brixia*) in North Italy (*C.I.L.*, v. 4198), where Henzen and Mommsen both agree in giving "deo Alo" for the former reading "deo Arvalo." Who the forger was remains unknown.

THE STAGE.

"THE ANONYMOUS LETTER."

"THE Anonymous Letter," by Mr. Mark Ambient and Mr. Frank Latimer, will doubtless be repeated at the Lyric, unless it is taken, with moderate promptitude, to another play-house. I saw it at its second performance, when—after a week's interval—it had been "pulled together" a good deal, and had become effective and distinctly amusing, albeit still somewhat faulty. One of its faults, which now seems rather considerable, would shrink into insignificance were the piece but presented to the public as a "farceical comedy," and not as comedy proper. For though I gladly concede that it has such passages of wit and such marks of keen and personal observation as belong to comedy rather than to farce—and though I admit also, and gladly welcome, the presence of some serious interest—I am none the less assured that a certain absence of grip and a certain lack of reasonable motive must prevent the play as a whole from taking rank as comedy proper. The "anonymous letter" is one which is despatched presumably from motives of jealousy and revenge—the chosen vices of the vulgar—by an exceedingly vulgar woman. It is not to be doubted that such a being might well have sent such a letter. But what would have been its effect upon the recipient? The recipient is a young married woman, who a year ago—six months ago, if you will—was at a convent school. Her behaviour is that of a baby. Yet all, I am told, are not babies when they emerge into society from the convent school. The girl lacked intelligence and she lacked trustfulness. She should have disbelieved with indignation the story which she read in the letter, and with which—or with insinuations of which—her ears had before then been carefully filled. But had the course which she pursued been thus sensible and natural, this entertaining comedy could, I fear, never have been written; and so we need not perhaps be very hard upon her—she has permitted us an amusement we should not otherwise have had.

But the leading character is really that of

a burlesque actress—one Helen Grant. This lady is doubtless almost as little true as the other, if truth is to be estimated only by achieved resemblance to a particular and accepted type. But there is in her a deeper truth to human nature. Every burlesque actress is not like her. Nay, more; very few can presumably be like her. But she is possible: she is interesting: she is sympathetic. And Miss Florence West plays with most singular tact, with delicacy, with persuasiveness, this heroine of the stage dance and of the accordion-pleated skirt—this Bohemian, free without vulgarity, who is a comrade and a friend of so many, and a lover only of one. Miss West was not the lady—perhaps not even the type of lady—originally intended for this part; but, to my own taste, she is a thousand times better fitted for it than any noisy romp—than any one more obviously and immediately piquant.

Mr. Lewis Waller plays admirably the gentleman who—if his wife would but believe it—is the quite blameless husband of the little convent school-girl, and not the actress's lover. Young Mr. Credit, of the Stock Exchange, gets the hand of the more desirable woman. He is played by Mr. Eric Lewis, and we are reconciled to this disposition of Miss Grant's fate. Mr. Vernon, as Baron Goldsheim, gives a good bit of character-acting; and more broadly comic is the Sir Daniel Dollar of Mr. George Mudie. This gentleman is a philanthropist—not indisposed to act in conjunction with "Royalties," of whom as many as three attend his principal meetings—and, when the world's eyes are upon him, he is, to boot, a model prude. Miss Vane plays his wife—the sender of the anonymous letter—who with effort elbows her way into what may be mistaken for Society. She is the most fatal guide that the ingenuous Mrs. Sinclair could possibly have. Miss Leighton gives unwonted character to a Scottish maid who attends upon the actress; and Miss Annie Rose—limited in facial expression, but suggesting well enough the simplicity of the person she represents—plays Mrs. Sinclair, who, having departed upon very insufficient reasons, finally restores herself to her lord.

Though this piece is not wholly a success, and wants strength in one or two essential matters and places, it is sympathetic and entertaining; it is agreeably free both from the conventionalities of the blinded optimist and the conventionalities of the very cheap cynic.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

M. MASSENET's "Manon" was performed in French at Covent Garden on Tuesday evening. Produced in Paris in 1884, this opera soon found its way to England, and was given by the Carl Rosa company first in the provinces, and afterwards in London. The story of the fickle Manon and her too constant lover, Des Grieux, is interesting, though it has neither the point nor gradation of interest of "Carmen," to which it is distantly allied. M. Massenet's music is graceful and the orchestration effective;

and, of its kind, the opera may be considered successful. The part of Manon was taken by Miss Sybil Sanderson, an American soprano, who has won fame in Paris. She has a bright voice, of high compass; but so far as one could judge, it is not strong enough for Covent Garden. Her acting is good. The chief success of the evening was achieved by M. van Dyck, the Belgian tenor. With his sonorous voice, skilful singing, and admirable acting, he carried all before him. M. Juteau, who played in an amusing manner the part of the old *roué* Guillot, comes from the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels. The performance was under the direction of Signor Mancinelli.

"Les Huguenots" was given on Wednesday evening with a strong cast. Mme. Albani was the Valentina, Mlle. Giulia Ravogli the Urbano, while the male parts were allotted to the distinguished artists, MM. Lassalle, Maurel, and the two de Reszkes. Mlle. Mravina (Margherita di Valois) from the Opera House, Petersburg, made a first and highly successful appearance. She has a clear, sweet voice, and is a graceful and efficient actress. The chorus was good, the staging excellent. The house was well filled. Signor Bevilacqua conducted on this occasion.

A Sinfonia-Epitalamio, by Signor Sgambati, was the novelty at the fifth Philharmonic Concert last Thursday week. It is nearly ten years since his first Symphony was produced at the Crystal Palace; he then, and again in a second, followed classical lines, but the work under notice (No. 3) shows independence of form. The directors of the Philharmonic have made more than one unfortunate experiment in the matter of novelties; we use the word "experiment" advisedly, for we cannot believe that some compositions would have ever been selected if they had been previously heard. Sgambati's first Symphony was clever and of good promise, and the directors probably thought that the promise had to some extent been fulfilled. But such has not proved to be the case; the new work turns out to be merely a series of light movements written to entertain the royal personages assembled for the marriage of the Duke of Aosta and Princess Letitia in 1888. The music is harmless enough in itself, but out of place at a concert of a society for which serious works were expressly composed by Beethoven, Spohr, Mendelssohn, and other distinguished composers. Signor Sgambati conducted, and the performance of his work was excellent. Mr. Frederick Lamond played Brahms's second pianoforte Concerto in B flat. We wrote quite recently about the composer's violin Concerto as improving on acquaintance, but the reverse is the case with the pianoforte work. It afforded, however, an excellent opportunity for Mr. Lamond to display his technique, but he played with such earnestness that the effect was at times hard. Master Gérardy excited great enthusiasm by his performance of a Goltermann Concerto, and M. Eugène Oudin sang admirably songs by Marschner and Gounod. Mr. Cowen conducted with care.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel gave their second vocal recital at St. James's Hall last Friday week. There was a very large attendance, and the interesting programme was much enjoyed. Mr. Henschel sang a particularly fine sacred Aria by Bach, entitled "Vergies mein nicht."

Mme. de Pachmann gave a pianoforte recital at Prince's Hall on Saturday afternoon. Her reading of Beethoven's Sonata in E flat (Op. 81a) was a good one. In Raff's "Rigandon" she displayed an exquisite touch. She also played two pieces of her own composition, including the well-written "Thème et Variations."

MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

Memoir of Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. By Henry Scott Holland, and W. S. Rockstro. 2 vols. (John Murray.) The authors of this book were, of course, obliged to give the name of the great artist in full, but she is universally known and spoken of merely as Jenny Lind. There have been many queens of song, but none with more magic in its sound than the name of "the Swedish Nightingale." Her life was, indeed, a romantic one. A dancer at the Opera House, Stockholm, heard her as a child of nine, and proclaimed her a genius. She entered the Theatre School, and before the age of twenty had made her *début* on the stage. The directors were pleased with her, and in 1837 offered her a fixed yearly salary of about £60, with a bonus on each appearance; two years later it was raised to nearly £80. Such was her humble beginning. But in 1841 she went to Paris to consult Signor Manuel Garcia, the most renowned *Maestro di Canto* in Europe. He heard her, and pronounced his terrible verdict—"Mademoiselle, vous n'avez plus de voix"; her voice, in fact, had been strained by over-exertion and a faulty method of production. After proper rest she took lessons from him, and for these she was deeply grateful to the end of her life. It has been stated in print that Jenny Lind sang at the Grand Opéra without success, and also that she applied for an engagement but was refused. But a letter from Jenny Lind to M. Vatel, director of the Opéra shows clearly that neither of these oft-repeated statements is true. She returned for a time to her native country, and in 1844 made her appearance in "Norma" at Berlin, delighting the public and disarming the critics. The news of her brilliant success quickly spread, and Mr. Bunn was soon on his way to Berlin in the hopes of securing Jenny Lind for his approaching season. The famous "Bunn" contract is duly described and discussed, and her biographers have little difficulty in showing that the manager's proposals were anything but handsome. The mention of the performance of "Euryanthe" at Berlin in 1845 in aid of funds for a monument to Weber, in which Jenny Lind took a part, leads to some interesting remarks respecting the libretto of that opera. It is quite true that the omission of the tableau which the composer wished to be presented to the audience during the *Largo* of the Overture is a dramatic error, and detrimental to a fine work. The unveiling of the Beethoven monument at Bonn in 1845, the royal guests at Brühl, and the old feudal fortress of Stolzenfels, the concerts and the singing of "the Lind," form the subjects of a brief but extremely interesting chapter. It was during these exciting days that Jenny Lind first met Mr. and Mrs. Grote, in whose country-house close to Burnham Beeches she afterwards spent such happy days. In the following year she made the acquaintance of Mendelssohn, and there speedily sprang up a warm friendship, which the death of the composer in the following year brought to a premature end. Some of Mendelssohn's letters are published for the first time, and his admiration of "the Lind," both as a woman and as an artist, was evidently as sincere as it was enthusiastic. These letters, and many a page about their intercourse, will be read with interest, and we will not spoil the reader's enjoyment by quotation. Mendelssohn in his published letters is silent about Schumann's music; it is, therefore, particularly pleasant to read that Jenny Lind's enthusiasm for Schumann's genius first began under Mendelssohn's guidance. The letters from Lumley to Mendelssohn concerning the "Tempest" opera show how earnest the composer was in his desire for a good book. The "Tempest"

was to be written for Jenny Lind to appear in as Miranda at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1847, and this must have been a strong inducement to carry out the scheme; but Mendelssohn, after long correspondence, rejected Scribe's libretto, as his "artistic conscience rebelled against the changes which the French librettist proposed to introduce in the construction of a drama consecrated by the genius of Shakspeare." In 1847 Jenny Lind met the Schumanns at Vienna, and Mme. Schumann has kindly furnished extracts from her diary. Jenny Lind so charmed her that she writes: "I could have hugged her all the time." Again in 1850 Mme. Schumann has much to say about the songstress. She writes: "I need scarcely mention that Robert is equally charmed with her; for a composer it is a special delight to hear his songs rendered as coming from the depths of his own heart." Schumann's songs always gave her delight, and her biographers tell how; as she lay on her deathbed at Malvern, the last notes she ever sang were the first bars of "An den Sonnenschein." The arrival of Jenny Lind in London on April 16, 1847, caused wonderful excitement. Mrs. Grote and Mendelssohn walked up and down the western side of Belgrave-square "eagerly watching for the appearance of the party." At last they were "rewarded by the sight of two four-wheeled cabs, heavily laden with luggage." Jenny Lind had at length

arrived in the city in which she was destined to win triumphs more brilliant than those attained by any other singer of the period. Those triumphs are fully described, and we must leave our readers to peruse them at leisure. Jenny Lind had a wonderful voice; and with her high notes, marvellous shakes, and extraordinary cadenzas, brought down the house every time she appeared; but it was her high ideal as an artist, and her constant endeavour to perfect that ideal, that fascinated such men as Lindblad, Anderson, Thorwaldsen, the Schumanns, and Mendelssohn. And, while admiring her gifts, it was her simplicity of manner, her sweet, unselfish nature that so endeared her to the friends which she never failed to make wherever she went—the "simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel," as the late Dean (then Mr.) Stanley wrote in a letter from Norwich in 1847. When her fame was at its zenith, Jenny Lind withdrew from the stage. Those who wish thoroughly to understand why she took this step have only to read attentively the chapter entitled "How did Jenny Lind come to leave the Stage"? This is a brief account of a well-written and attractive book, but it is long enough to call attention to it; its title will prove its best recommendation. It is dedicated to the Queen, one of Jenny Lind's greatest admirers. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

AGENCIES.

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LITERATURE.

"RULERS OF INDIA."—*Viscount Hardinge.*
By his Son and Private Secretary in India, Charles Viscount Hardinge.
(Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

It is matter for surprise that no biography of such a distinguished man as the first Viscount Hardinge should ere this have been published. He was a hero of the Peninsular War, he represented the English staff at the headquarters of the Prussian army during the campaign of Waterloo, he was a Cabinet Minister, Governor-General of India from 1844 to 1848, and Commander-in-Chief of the army at the time of the Crimean War; and yet his eldest son, who, as his private secretary in India, possesses unrivalled opportunities for learning his views and studying his actions, has compressed his biography into a volume of 196 small octavo pages.

In these days of long and elaborate Lives of minor personages, which are read only by long-suffering reviewers and personal acquaintances, it is a novelty to be able to complain that a biography is not longer. Yet that is the first criticism to be passed on the present Lord Hardinge's Life of his father. All students of military history, or of Indian history, would gladly have welcomed a larger book, especially if it had contained a collection of the Governor-General's letters from India, of which only a few specimens are given. But the student's loss is the gain of the general public. Such works as Bosworth Smith's Life of Lord Lawrence, Major W. Broadfoot's memoir of his brother, or the biography of Sir Charles Macgregor, require a great deal of enthusiasm and some previous knowledge before they can be enjoyed; while the present volume can be read at a sitting, and will be appreciated by those who dislike Indian history as much as the average member of the House of Commons dislikes questions of Indian finance. It must not be thought that the book is too short. It contains a full account of everything of importance in Lord Hardinge's military and political career; it is arranged, as was to be expected in a volume of the "Rulers of India" series, so as to bring into special prominence his government of India; and it gives a lifelike and striking picture of the man, which might have been obscured by the publication of the mass of his correspondence.

It is hardly necessary here to say much of Hardinge's career as a staff officer during the Peninsular War. Napier gave him due credit for being the author of the decisive movement which won the day at Albuera,

the most hardly contested of all the battles in the Peninsula. The anonymous author of the strictures on Napier's History, who was certainly Lord Beresford himself, endeavoured after a fashion to deprive Hardinge of his meed of praise; but the great military historian triumphantly refuted his critic, and the modest notes written by Hardinge himself in 1830, and now reprinted (p. 22), fully confirm the view which Napier took. Nor is it necessary to do more than mention Hardinge's parliamentary career, which lasted from 1820 to 1844, or his tenure of office as Secretary at War from 1828 to 1830, and again from 1841 to 1844, and as Chief Secretary to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1830 and 1834-35. These were but episodes in a useful life; Hardinge's place in history depends upon his government of India, and the relation of his government to the first Sikh War.

It has been said that this little book is particularly well arranged; and the sense of historical perspective, which its author evidently possesses, is nowhere better shown than by the fact that he devotes 83 pages out of 196 to the Sikh War. On the policy which led to the war and the necessity for subduing the army of the Khālsa, posterity has given its verdict of approbation; and subsequent events during the Mutiny proved that, if the Punjab had not been conquered, the rule of the English in India might have ended, or only been restored with the greatest difficulty. But as to the conduct of the war a controversy has long existed; and the time has now arrived when it can be discussed without party feeling, and when some definite conclusion ought to be reached. Nothing is more creditable to the author of the volume under review than the moderate tone he has taken in discussing the campaign on the Sutlej in 1845-46. He gives a fair and temperate view of the behaviour of his father, and abstains from abusing that gallant old soldier, Sir Hugh Gough, with the virulence which disgraced the newspapers of the period, and which still shows itself in modern popular works on Indian military history, written by those who ought to know better. The disastrous victory of Ferozshāh, followed by that terrible night spent on the field of battle, made an indelible impression upon the minds of all who were present. Old soldiers of the Peninsular War have said that the horror of those hours exceeded everything in their previous experience. The need for finding a scapegoat being now past, it is right at last to endeavour to apportion the responsibility for the events which have given rise to so much discussion.

Lord Hardinge tells (p. 90) how his father overruled Sir Hugh Gough's wish to attack the Sikh position on the morning of the 21st December, 1845; he describes the interview between the Governor-General and the Commander-in-Chief, and how Sir Henry Hardinge exercised his supreme powers and forbade his subordinate to fight until Littler came up. He praises his father's "firmness and decision," and not unnaturally asserts that he saved the English army from defeat by his conduct. Perhaps Sir Henry Hardinge did save the English army. But his son cannot be

ignorant of the fact that many persons, especially those attached to Sir Hugh Gough's personal staff, held a different view, and that they declared at the time, and have said since, that if the attack had been made in the morning, as the Commander-in-Chief wished, the battle would have been over before darkness fell, and the perils of the night under arms in the Sikh camp would have been avoided. Lord Hardinge says (p. 91),

"It is almost impossible to realise what would have been the result of an attack without the substantial reinforcement of 5000 men and twenty-four guns, in addition to the strength of the Ambāla force."

He implies that the result must have been disaster; but it is open to question whether an attack in full light of day with a smaller force would not have been more successful than an attack at nightfall, even with the assistance of Littler's reinforcement. Lord Hardinge has put the case for his father fairly; but it would be impossible to notice his book, of which the description of the battle of Ferozshāh is the crucial feature, without mentioning the existence of the controversy on the question. At the crowning victory of Sobraon the two old Peninsular soldiers acted in entire harmony; and it is pleasing to be able to record of both Hardinge and Gough that their differences of opinion caused no permanent estrangement. Before leaving this question, a passage from a letter of Sir Charles Napier may be quoted, if only as an excuse for having dwelt so long upon it here:

"Here I must note," he writes from India in 1850, "that there are two versions of the campaign on the Sutlege. Hardinge says that but for him the battle of Ferozshāh (*sic*) would have been fought with 6,000 instead of 16,000 men, for Gough wanted to leave 4,000 at Ludiana and fight before Littler came up from Ferozepoor. Colonel Grant, Gough's son-in-law, tells me that but for Hardinge's counter-ordering Gough's orders we should have had an immense force at Moodkee, and that our deficiency there was Hardinge's fault. Time will clear up these things but there was great blundering somewhere." (*Life and Opinions of Sir Charles James Napier*, by Sir William F. P. Napier, vol. iv., p. 205.)

The government of Lord Hardinge depends for its importance in history upon the campaign on the Sutlej. For the rest he ruled wisely, and no word of censure has ever been breathed against him. His later life was full of honour and of honours. He was created a viscount for his success in directing the Sikh war. He succeeded the Duke of Wellington as Commander-in-Chief of the army; and it is the highest testimony alike to his character and to his conduct that at the time of the Crimean war, when the administration of the army was most hotly assailed and the Duke of Newcastle had to bend before a storm of anger and abuse, Lord Hardinge was admitted to be comparatively free from blame even by the organs of party opposition. In 1855 he was made a Field-Marshal, and in the following year he died; and it is not without interest to notice that his old comrade, Lord Gough, attended his funeral. His character is best summed up in a few words which the Duke of Wellington said of him when he accepted

the Irish Secretaryship: "Hardinge will do; he always understands what he undertakes, and undertakes nothing but what he understands."

Before concluding, one or two misprints should be noticed for correction in a subsequent edition. General Ferguson's name is twice given as "Farquharson" on p. 16; General Acland and Nightingale are misspelt "Ackland" and "Nightingale" on p. 15—both excusable mistakes, as they are frequently so spelt in contemporary newspapers; and surely the "*French General, Avitable*," mentioned as a former officer in the Sikh army, should be the *Italian General, Avitabile*.

Of all the volumes of the "Rulers of India" series this is, in one respect, the most remarkable. Several of them are good; two, at least, are admirably written; but it is not possible that the son and sometime private secretary of any other Governor-General will write his father's Life. What would we not give for biographies of Clive, or Wellesley, or Hastings, written by such an authority? We cannot have them; but we may be thankful that the first Lord Hardinge's son has lived long enough to show how interesting they would have been, and to Sir W. W. Hunter for adding this volume to his series.

H. MORSE STEPHENS.

Sospiri di Roma. By William Sharp.
(Roma: Printed for the Author.)*

IN Mr. William Sharp's earlier volume, *Earth's Voices*, I remember some very notable descriptive poetry; but except for a book of ballads which I have not seen, I believe he has of late turned his attention more exclusively to prose. In this charming little booklet, however, which comes to us from Rome, he has unmistakably bound about his brow the authentic poet's bay. It is, perhaps, chiefly remarkable for successful achievement of verbal harmonies in irregular measures. But it shows also a fine and delicate eye for colour. For these sketches lightly thrown upon the canvas, these brief flights as of a bird who sings as he dips swiftly and airily from tree to tree, the metrical forms chosen seem especially appropriate. They have an unemphatic, evanescent grace, that wins because it does not too obtrusively insist upon its own brilliance and ingenuity. Such irregular measures have perhaps not often been successful. They failed usually with Cowley, though he did not disdain the help of rhyme; often they failed with Southey, and with Shelley in "Queen Mab"; sometimes with Matthew Arnold. Yet Arnold has given us no more fascinating lines than those commencing, "Haply the river of time," nor Coleridge than his irregular verse to a cataract commencing, "Unperishing youth." Most musical of all language are the Hebrew Psalms in our authorised English version. When irregular measures do achieve a triumph, they leave upon us the priceless impression of spontaneity and sincerity—those qualities

without which no lyrical poetry can be first-rate, and which constitute the supremacy of lyrics like those of Burns, Heine, Tennyson, De Musset, Blake, and some Elizabethans, so perfect in their simplicity, suggestiveness, self-restraint, whether the result be obtained by nature, or by that consummate art which hides itself, and to which all artifice, all mannerisms, are foreign. But of course there may be, alas! a too facile and fatuous, a thin and poor spontaneity, which is simply insignificant.

The melody of the *Prelude* and "*L'ultimo Sospiro*" seems to me exquisite; but I confess that Mr. Sharp fails to satisfy my own ear in isolated cases. For instance, in his "*Dream of Ardea*," he has the lines:

"Not of the days when
The fierce trumpeting
Of the ancient elephants
Made the wild horses
Snort in new terror."

In the second line, too much weight seems to be thrown on "the." I should have expected the *e* of "trumpeting" to be long, or else an additional syllable in the first clause; so further on we have "where the fierce Rutuli." Mr. Sharp, indeed, may urge that such transitions pertain to the very genius of this kind of composition. Now, certainly there may be prose poetry; but in this book we have verse, in which there must be prevailing cadences; here they are iambic, anapaestic, dactylic; therefore, the sudden interposition of a cadence inharmonious with those jars and throws one off the metals; but, of course, it all depends on whether the transition be harmonious or not. It may be so. Thus in "*The Colosseum*," the line where nearly all are long syllables

"Black, rugged, tempest-torn, vast,"

falls most effectively into the whole rhythmic volume of verbal music. And much depends on the reading, which in these instances should be rapid, and unemphasised, so that the clauses may flow easily into one another. But minute criticism of metrical form is often apt to seem impertinent—as the mere obtruded idiosyncrasy of a metrist—if one has reason to believe that the poet knows the technique of his art at all, and understands his own business, because so much in English verse depends on accentuation, as well as on the function fulfilled by the detail criticised in the general organic structure of the whole poem. In these irregular measures, which certainly have their place in our poetry, Mr. Edward Carpenter has shown himself more proficient than the master, Walt Whitman, whom he follows.

Many of these *Sospiri* have the unforeseen charm of drifting mist, Protean cloud, foam blown from waves. One scarcely knows which of them to choose for quotation, so many are beautiful. "*The White Peacock*" is lovely, with a line in it—

"Foldeth his soft white wings in the sunlight,"

which reminds me pleasantly of a favorite line of mine in Lord Lytton's *Serbski Pesme*:

"Closing behind her the long golden gallery."

Very delicately tinted the piece is, very subtle in its similitudes. But "*The Mandolin*" is, perhaps, the most beautiful poem of all, to be compared even with Whitman's

"*Song out of the Sea.*" It contains passages like this:

"Where the grey moths slowly,
Slowly, slowly, like faint dreams
In the wildering woods of sleep,"

and relates to unseen lovers in a moonlit wood of olive, ilex, and laurel, where the nightingale sings, while the tinkle of a mandolin accompanies a low sound of kisses and murmured rapture. "*The Fountain of the Acqua Paola*" seems to me admirable for rhythms adapted to the subject-matter, where brief lines bear us onward with smooth impetus into the broad current of longer, and then are narrowed again into a sonorous tumult of lines more brief. And these verses have a truly martial clang, a tramp as of hosts victorious.

"Here the Etrurian
Banner waved proudly,
Lordly and glorious,
Sovereign ever
From sea to sea;
Here the proud hosts
Laughed when the battle-cry
Rang through the highways,
And when from the towers
Of Veii the mighty
The herald clarions
Sent a wild blast
On the wind of the morning,
A tumult of summons
To the flashing swords
And the merciless rain
Of spears gleaming white
As hail on the hillsides."

But the historical allusions in the book are slight; it is chiefly of Nature on the Campagna, or the ruins within and around Rome, that the poet sings—"The Wind at Fidenae," for example, with passing reminiscences of peoples passed away—Etrurian, Sabine, Roman, but

"Sweet with the same young breath o' the world
Bloweth the wind."

"*Sorgendo la Luna*," while more dubious as regards verbal music, well realises the vague, ghostly beauties of moonlight, and of a fountain playing in it. "*The Fallen Goddess*," on a statue of Venus placed in a church as Our Lady of Sorrows, is frankly pagan, and hostile to the Christian idea; indeed the author seems quite uninfluenced by the deepest thought distinctive of our later epoch. But very delicately does he sing of "*The Scirocco's Breath*," in June; with an exquisite colour-sense of "*Spuma del Mare*" (on the Latin coast), of "*Clouds*," "*Red Poppies*," "*Thistledown*," the latter in lines that have a vague, wandering waffure like that of the down itself; while "*The Bather*," "*The Swimmer of Nemi*," "*The Naked Rider*," "*Fior di Memoria*" (which is in the metre of "*Hiawatha*"), are brilliant and admirable pictures of human beauty, set in the midst of a concordant environment of landscape. I will conclude by quoting "*The Swimmer of Nemi*."

"White through the azure,
The purple blueness
Of Nemi's waters
The swimmer goeth.
Ivory white, or wan white as roses,
Yellowed and tanned by the suns of the Orient,
His strong limbs sever the violet hollows;
A shimmer of white fantastic motions
Wavering deep through the lake as he swimmeth;
Like gorse in the sunlight the gold of his yellow hair,

* To be obtained from Miss M. B. Sharp, 2, Coltbridge Terrace, Edinburgh.

Yellow with sunshine and bright as with dew-drops,
 Spray of the waters flung back as he tosseth
 His head in the sunlight in the midst of his
 laughter;
 Red o'er his body, blossom-white mid the blue-
 ness,
 And trailing behind him in glory of scarlet,
 A branch of the red-berried ash of the mountains.
 White as a moonbeam
 Drifting athwart
 The purple twilight
 The swimmer goeth—
 Joyously laughing,
 With o'er his shoulders,
 Agleam in the sunshine,
 The trailing branch
 With the scarlet berries.
 Green are the leaves and scarlet the berries,
 White are the limbs of the swimmer beyond them,
 Blue the deep heart of the still, brooding lakelet,
 Pale-blue the hills in the haze of September,
 The high Alban hills in their silence and beauty,
 Purple the depths of the windless heaven,
 Curved like a flower o'er the waters of Nemi."

RODEN NOEL.

Forty Years in a Moorland Parish. By the
 Rev. J. C. Atkinson, D.C.L. (Macmillan.)

THE general reader—who will find much to interest and entertain him in this book, whatever his tastes may be—may be pardoned if he has to plead ignorance of the parish about which its incumbent has so much to say. Five-and-forty years ago its remoteness gave point to the remark, "Danby was not found out when they sent Bonaparte to St. Helena." But now the Cleveland Hills, amid which Danby lies, attract tourists from Whitby and Scarborough; there is a railway station in the place, and Dr. Atkinson himself is responsible for making the name of his moorland parish known to the outer world. No one, however, regrets more than he does the disappearance, one by one, of those peculiarities of speech, often full of raciness, which the isolation of the district tended to preserve. The schoolmaster and the inspector of schools began the ruin of the vernacular; the railway will complete it. Words, phrases, and idioms which were in common use when Dr. Atkinson first settled in his moorland home are now obsolete, and even unintelligible to the middle-aged. They occupy a place only in the Cleveland Glossary, which, with other useful works, we owe to our author's industry and power of observation.

Perhaps we have less cause to regret the change that he chronicles in the customs and habits of the dalesmen. In the smaller farm-houses and cottages a condition of things prevailed half a century ago which was equally opposed to decency and to health. Primitive man survived with a vengeance. The commingling of sexes—married and unmarried—within the restricted limits of a two-roomed hovel could scarcely have been paralleled outside Whitechapel and Bethnal Green. It is true these dwellings had a history of their own, which is not without interest; and Dr. Atkinson ingeniously traces many of them back to the inclosure of lands which began at the close of the fifteenth century, and to the sale of allotments in 1656. The state of the church corresponded with that of the houses—on the principle of "like parson, like people"—and Dr. Atkin-

son's first introduction to the sacred building in which he had to minister confirmed the description given to him that Danby would afford "a fine field for work to anyone so inclined." In these days, when, in the opinion of some persons, decency has been carried too far, it may be well to show what indecency means.

"Although I had seen many an uncared-for church and many a shabby altar, I thought I had reached the farthest extreme now. The altar-table was not only rickety, and with one leg shorter than the other, and besides that, mean and worm-eaten; but it was covered with what it would have been a severe and sarcastic libel to call a piece of green baize; for it was in rags, and of any or almost every colour save the original green. And even that was not all! It was covered thickly over with stale crumbs. It seemed impossible not to crave some explanation of this; and the answer to my inquiry was as nearly as possible in the following terms:—'Why, it is the Sunday-school teachers. They must get their meat somewhere, and they gets it here.' . . . And everything was in hateful harmony with what I have thus described. There lay the dirty, shabby surplice, flung negligently over the altar-railing, itself paintless and broken, and the vestment with half its length trailing on the dirty, unswept floor. The pulpit inside was reeking with accumulated dust and scraps of torn paper. The font was an elongated, attenuated reproduction of a double egg-cup, or hour-glass without the sustaining framework; and in it was a paltry slop-basin, lined with dust, and an end or two of tallow-candle beside it."

Obviously the charge of such a church and parish would be no sinecure to a conscientious man, full of zeal. "*Spartam nactus es, hanc exorna*," must have been the episcopal advice given to him when admitted to it, and the injunction was well carried out. Forty years and more have been spent in Danby by Dr. Atkinson happily and usefully, and have provided him with materials for an extremely interesting volume.

We think that in the arrangement of his materials he might have followed a better plan; but, as the headlines are descriptive and there is a fairly good index, there is really no difficulty in getting at the varied contents of the book. Those who are fond of folk-lore will meet with an abundant supply of good stories—humorous as well as gruesome,—while the student of history, or rather of its byways, will be more than satisfied. Dr. Atkinson is strong as an antiquary. He is no mere Dryasdust, but a man of common sense, not disposed to accept any theories without personal investigation. He has examined—indeed, has dug with his own hands—many a tumulus, and found, at any rate, thorough enjoyment in the labour, and, further, has managed to inspire with like enthusiasm the navvies who worked with him.

"Speaking generally," he says, "a blank day was a thing we hardly knew. And this is a remarkable fact. For in the grave-hill researches I have personally conducted—in several cases begun and carried through with my own unassisted labour—with about two exceptions the mounds we examined had been previously tampered with and opened."

But whether the work had been done casually by road-menders, or more syste-

matically by treasure-seekers, there was nearly always something left—perhaps a "pankin" (as the cinerary urn was locally called), or some implement of more or less value and interest. Dr. Atkinson is far too cautious to assign anything like definite dates to these barrows with which the moorland abounds, but he is quite convinced that the groups of pits which are known as "British villages" have not the remotest connection with our ancient predecessors in this island. A systematic and scientific investigation of them has yet to be made; but his belief is that they were shallow shafts sunk for the purpose of obtaining iron ore, and near them will generally be found sites of furnaces and slag-heaps to confirm this theory.

A considerable section of Dr. Atkinson's book—and not the least entertaining—is devoted to the natural history of the Cleveland moors. The severe weather which is there experienced gives an observant naturalist rare chances. We doubt whether anyone—even in the past winter—ever found at his dining-room window, day after day, a couple of snipes waiting to be fed, or could number among his garden visitors such shy birds as cornercrakes or landrails. But, like old words and customs, birds that once frequented the moorlands now avoid them—prescient of the fate that is likely to overtake them there. The stock-dove has become almost extinct, black game entirely so. The kingfisher is rarely seen, and even the dipper or water-ousel is being exterminated by the idle fellows who mistake destruction for sport. Harder to get rid of are the witches and wise men. In spite of schools, belief in their power still prevails, but the distinction between the two is carefully maintained. The witch is malevolent; but the wise man is not credited with commerce with T'au'd 'un', and is willing—for a consideration—to do his neighbour a good turn.

Dr. Atkinson is likely in future to have many visitors who will tax his good nature and consume his time, but they will be the guests of summer. After reading his narrative, they will not care to run the risk of being lost in the snow or caught in a moorland fog.

CHARLES J. ROBINSON.

THREE BOOKS ON DICKENS.

Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil; including Anecdotes and Reminiscences collected from his Friends and Contemporaries. By Frederic G. Kitton. (Frank T. Sabin & John F. Dexter.)

The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens. With Retrospective Notes and Elucidations from his Books and Letters. By Robert Langton. (Hutchinson.)

The History of Pickwick: an Account of its Characters, Localities, Allusions, and Illustrations. With a Bibliography. By Percy Fitzgerald. (Chapman & Hall.)

It is more than twenty years since Dickens died, it is more than half a century since *Pickwick* was published; and yet here, testifying to the ever-fresh interest in the man and the book, are three elaborate works, dealing respectively with his por-

traits, whether of the pencil or the pen, with his childhood and youth, and with the history of his first great novel. *Solitur ambulando*—the question of the durability of his fame, so often and so hotly debated, seems in process of settling itself.

Of the three works in question, the first, which has been in course of publication for some two years, is distinctly the most valuable. It consists of thirteen parts, with five parts as a supplement, and contains—to quote the prospectus—"A general outline of the life of Dickens, forming a necessary framework to an extensive series of pen portraits . . . drawn from authentic sources, supplemented by recollections and anecdotes expressly written for this work by some of his friends and contemporaries; a catalogue of the portraits of Dickens, with a particular account of the most important"; a great number of "illustrations comprising upwards of fifty portraits of Charles Dickens, representing him at various periods ranging from his eighteenth to his fifty-eighth year," and very many "other illustrations relating to him and his works."

Here is a feast, indeed, for the true Dickens lover. Much, no doubt, of what Mr. Kitton supplies in these sumptuous pages—I am speaking now specially of the literary portion of the book—was obtainable already by the erudite. Many of the descriptions here quoted of the man, of his appearance, of his bearing, had been published before. Even so, however, they gain greatly by juxtaposition. Each completes the other, leaving on the mind a larger, fuller, more living impression than when taken singly. Nor has Mr. Kitton by any means contented himself with quoting what was already in print. He has appealed to those who knew Dickens at the various periods of his career, for notes and reminiscences. Thus Forster had said that "we owe" "our only trustworthily glimpse" of Dickens, in his capacity as an attorney's clerk, to the solicitor in whose office he had served, Mr. Blackmore. But Mr. Kitton has discovered a fellow clerk, Mr. George Lear, who, as is but natural, gives us glimpses far more vivid and striking—who tells us, among other things, how "Dickens took great interest" in the old woman who kept the chambers,

"and would mimic her manner of speech, her ways, her excuses, &c., to the very life. He could imitate, in a manner which I have never heard equalled, the low population of the streets of London in all their varieties. . . . He could also excel in mimicking the popular singers of that day, whether comic or pathetic; as to his acting, he could give us Shakspeare by the ten minutes, and imitate all the leading actors of that time."

Miss Dickens, too, has listened to Mr. Kitton's persuasive voice, and favoured him with some excellent notes. Does not the following story make a pleasant little picture?

"There was a penny caricature printed, but by whom I can't say, which greatly delighted him. He writes about it, the letter being dated July 8, 1861: 'I hope you have seen a large-headed photo, with little legs, representing the undersigned, pen in hand, tapping his forehead to knock an idea out. It has just sprung up so abundantly in all the shops, that

I am ashamed to go about town looking in at the picture-windows, which is my delight. It seems to me extraordinarily ludicrous, and much more like than the grave figure done in earnest. It made me laugh, when I first came upon it, until I shook again in open, sunlit Piccadilly.' He returned to Gad's Hill, bringing this with him, and telling us that he had been so amused with it, and so fascinated by it, thinking it 'so irresistibly funny,' that he stood looking at it, roaring with laughter, until he became conscious of a large and sympathetic audience, laughing so heartily with him, that he had to beat a hasty retreat."

His favourite flower, Miss Dickens tells us, was the scarlet geranium; and this, too, is pleasantly characteristic of the man, who, with some of his first earnings as a reporter—so John Payne Collier records—"had bought a new hat, and a very handsome blue cloak with black velvet facings, the corner of which he threw over his shoulder à l'Espagnole." "For a middle-aged man," says Mr. Locker, speaking of an after time, "Dickens was a smart dresser—he liked bright colours. He once told Charles Knight that he had the fondness of a savage for finery."

As to the many portraits reproduced in Mr. Kitton's book, all have interest, but none leaves on the mind an impression of being the portrait. Miss Dickens prefers Maclise's well-known side-face taken with the side-faces of Mrs. Dickens and her sister, Miss Hogarth; and such a preference is easy to understand. It springs from the same feeling which makes Miss Dickens say that she can never think of her father as being old. For Maclise's portrait is beautiful with a beauty almost akin to that of childhood. It shows a face like a fair white page, on which life has as yet written no story. And so, too, there is scant difficulty in accounting for the fact that Miss Dickens views with some distaste Mr. Frith's portrait in the Forster collection at the South Kensington Museum. "I have heard Dickens described by those who knew him," says Mr. Edmund Yates, "as aggressive, imperious, and intolerant; and I can comprehend the accusation"; and these are just the characteristics that Mr. Frith has reproduced in attitude and face. They are hardly the characteristics which a proud and loving daughter would recognise with most pleasure. But the truth is that Dickens lived at a time when English portrait art was at a low ebb. Portraits showing real grip of character, a great artist's power of insight and revelation, are rare at all times, and were rare indeed in the period between 1837 and 1870.

Mr. Langton's *Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens* is not really a new book. The first edition, now before me, was published in 1883, and does not differ very materially from that just issued. Gleaning assiduously after Forster, M. Langton has been able to collect many stray biographical ears, to pick up many facts of more or less relevance. He has fixed dates and localities, explained—in some cases conclusively, in some at least plausibly—whence Dickens derived the names of the men and women who people his imaginary world, and some of their characteristics. Perhaps, if one may hint a fault, it is that Mr. Langton's

feelings of wonder are so easily excited. The smallest coincidence, nay the most ordinary occurrence, the most seemingly trivial reflection, throws him into notes of exclamation. Never, I think, was writer so prodigal of the signs of amazement. Further, it is a great question how far the world is really advantaged by knowing who were the individuals that suggested this or that character to a great novelist. Like other artists, the novelist idealises even when using the living model; and the finished product, not the model, is all with which we are greatly concerned. But carpings such as these ought not to take the place of recognition of the real work done by Mr. Langton in elucidating the obscure points in Dickens's early history. Here lies the value of his book.

And in what consists the merit of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's *History of Pickwick*? Scarcely in the arrangement. Doubtless the student, preparing to face Calverley's famous examination paper, would find the volume useful; but he would be a student of unusually placid temperament if he did not, now and again, "utter a word profane" at the want of order and method with which his text-book has been compiled. And if the student saw cause to grumble, the general reader too might, not unjustly, utter an occasional word of complaint on points of style and criticism. But, after all, *Pickwick* is *Pickwick*, and its story will bear much telling and re-telling. Mr. Fitzgerald has a great deal to say on the origin of the book, the illustrations, the various editions, and other matters cognate and collateral—and *Pickwick* is a theme almost inexhaustibly interesting.

"I don't think my father ever had a single morbid thought," says his daughter; and may not this be the secret of Dickens's lasting popularity? For, after all, the *fin de siècle*, with its diseases and affectations of disease, is, as one may hope, but a passing phase. A new century will soon be upon us; and even in this, which is so old, healthiness of thought and feeling still keep their charm.

FRANK T. MARZIALS.

Declarations and Letters on the Vatican Decrees, 1869-1887. By Dr. Döllinger. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.)

In this volume of 178 pages, there are twenty-seven documents and an appendix. The longer and the more important of them are three papers, written by Dr. Döllinger in 1869 and early in 1870, about the general question of Infallibility, and about the extraordinary procedure of the Vatican Council; and two letters, written in 1871 and in 1887 to two archbishops of Munich, in which Dr. Döllinger states and re-states the historical perplexities that were provoked or revived in him by the Vatican decrees. The remainder of the volume is occupied with official correspondence about Dr. Döllinger's excommunication, and with overtures that were made to him by several friends. There are some answers to the incessant reports that he had submitted;

and there are two exuberant invocations to his piety or his fears, addressed to him by "A Lady of High Rank." They show more evidence of her fervour than of her intelligence; they are more creditable to her zeal than to her tact.

Intelligence and tact are too often absent from theological encounters:

"Satire or sense, alas, can Sporus feel."

But there are those who assert that the Pope's Infallibility means little more than our own constitutional phrase, "the King can do no wrong"; by partisans of this kind, the Pope is described as the living representative of the law of nations, as the mouthpiece of the general conscience. Yet the English constitution was almost shattered by James II., who managed to do a great deal of wrong; and the papal authority has been misused by cunning diplomatists like Clement VII., by fond parents like Paul III. or Alexander VI., by practical men-at-arms like Julius II., by ghostly warriors like Paul IV., or Boniface VIII., or Hildebrand. Though fallible, these men were dangerous enough; infallible as well as audacious, there would have been no limit to their pretensions. But so carefully are the latent powers of Infallibility fenced about, so rigorously are they guarded, that the Infallible Pope himself, though he walks *per ignes suppositos cineri doloso*, is almost insured against any sudden emission or any violent access of his omniscience. He is in peril, rather, from the fallible instruments upon which he must rely; or from the average understanding of the universal Church, to which alone he can address himself infallibly.

Dr. Döllinger, however, does not trouble himself with particular instances, or with theoretical objections. Even the more vigorous upholders of Infallibility minimise it in their official declarations; but in the face of history, of tradition, and of theology, it is inconceivable, to Dr. Döllinger, that the Popes should be infallible at all. His objections are precise and practical; they are derived from a knowledge of history at once minute and wide; they are directed by a long training in theology; they are urged by a mind which is at the same time acute and moderate. No opinion, says Dr. Döllinger, may be raised to the certain honours of a dogma, unless it be proved to fulfil the three conditions, and to show the three marks, of being genuine: viz., "universality, antiquity, and general consent." In addition to these marks or notes, the opinion must be contained implicitly in existing articles of faith. It must form part of the "*depositum fidei*," of "the faith once delivered to the saints;" it must not be a novel truth; it must not be contrary to existing truths. If St. Paul had believed that St. Peter was infallible, it might be easier to believe the infallibility of Pius IX. It was once an existing truth, that Councils were superior to Popes; it is now an existing truth, that Popes are superior to Councils. "*Non est mendacium*," we can only repeat with Saint Augustine, "*sed mysterium*"; and we certainly hold this contradiction to be sufficiently mysterious. Dr. Döllinger is less reverent, and he ventures to explore the mystery. The doctrine of Infallibility,

he says, is not ancient nor universal; because it only appeared late in the Western Church, and was then supported by documents which are now universally admitted to be forged. The forger, however, is not absolved, but applauded; he is *splendide mendax, in omne ævum nobilis*; and from the most credible documents, from the most creditable proceeding, more profit could not be derived, nor a more serious argument deduced. In the Eastern Church, the doctrine was never known at all; and by none of the Fathers are those texts upon which the Ultramontanes now rely so interpreted as to justify the dogma of Infallibility. The doctrine, therefore, is not universal, and it is not ancient. It was resisted, also, says Dr. Döllinger, by many Churches and by many teachers of theology; neither the Germans, nor the French, nor the English were favourable to it: that is, it commended itself to the Italian theologians, and to some professors who were more "Italianate" than their masters. Based originally upon forgeries, it won the approbation of St. Thomas, and thus passed into the text-books of theology, but only as an opinion authorised and probable, not as a belief to be enforced; and it was rejected by the Council of Trent, in the sixteenth century. The doctrine was, however, patronised by the Jesuits; in the Latin countries, and wherever their influence was supreme, it became dangerous to question it. Thus propagated, from being merely probable it became almost certain; it was popularised by the writings of St. Alphonso Liguori, and at length the Church was prepared for its discussion and definition. But the whole procedure of the Vatican Council, as Dr. Döllinger remarks, was entirely novel: its business was arranged for it beforehand; the bishops had no power to introduce questions freely; their discussions were hardly free; and the dogma was accepted at last, not by unanimous consent, but by the vote of a majority, as in the profane assemblies of modern times. In every one of these particulars the Vatican Council, says Dr. Döllinger, differed from the old and authoritative councils of the Church.

So far, as it would seem to an outside observer, Dr. Döllinger's facts and reasonings are unassailable; and to one who does not believe in an infallible Church they must always be unassailable. Dr. Döllinger, however, appears to hold that the Church was infallible up to 1870; but after that time, after the time it disagreed with himself, it became fallible and erring, the victim of tyranny and fraud. Dr. Döllinger would argue that the question of Infallibility is an historical question, and that he, rather than the Roman Church, is the infallible expounder of history. There is a famous saying of Cardinal Manning's, that "the Church triumphs over history": that is, the Church may contradict herself, and the faithful may ignore her inconsistency; and it is only in some such way that the historical difficulties in the question of Papal Infallibility can be met. To one who meets it as Dr. Döllinger does, as a lawyer would meet a question of evidence, the answer must be adverse to the Vatican

decrees. It is an old puzzle in the schools to say, "You believe in the Bible because the Church tells you it is inspired, but you believe in the Church because the Bible testifies to its divine mission"; and thus the theological inquirer eddies round the vicious circle and finds no end, "in wandering mazes lost." The circle has been intersected, the maze has been more entangled, by the Vatican decrees. As Dr. Döllinger well says, he spent a long life in maintaining the infallibility of the Church, the fallibility of Popes, the inferiority of Popes to Councils; and he had with him all the Fathers, all the Councils, and theologians of such weight as Bossuet and Fénelon; yet he is called upon in his old age to renounce his former teaching, to pronounce it erroneous; that is, to condemn not only himself, but the unswerving tradition and the infallible utterances of the mediæval and of the early Church. Perhaps this was rather more than Cardinal Newman ever contemplated when he composed his essay upon "Development." In Dr. Döllinger's opinion the widest theory of development cannot embrace facts which are the contradictories of one another; such facts can only be accepted by an act of intellectual suicide, by that complete *sacrificio dell' intelletto* which is recommended by the Jesuits. No doubt, if the human race had been unprovided with reason and with conscience, an infallible Pontiff would have been almost a necessity; but, being reasonable and responsible, he may be an encumbrance to us, especially if his utterances clash with known truths or with the former decisions and opinions of the infallible instrument. Unless we are prepared to abdicate our faculties, to deny our very nature, and to make the *sacrificio dell' intelletto*, there cannot be a greater fallacy than that which is current now, that there is no mean nor resting-place between Rome and Agnosticism. The affairs of the universe are not managed in this absolute and autocratic way: it is in the mathematics alone that we have this naked and brutal certainty; and the whole tradition of Christianity, from St. Paul downwards, assures us that we are not destined to have a certain vision in this world, that we must be content with probabilities, that we can only see things vaguely as in a glass. "*L'Eglise garde le silence*," i was once observed; and a wicked writer added, "she did well, since she had nothing else to nurse." What else there was we may see by the case of Spain, where the *sacrificio dell' intelletto* was made by the state, and where the infallible Church had a fair chance to develop its logical consequences. The Church may have triumphed over history for a time; but time has brought its revenge, and it may be argued plausibly that history is triumphing over the Church, not in Spain alone, but in all the Latin countries. In the New World, where healthier councils prevail, where the Roman Church has a fair field and no favour, where she is not embarrassed by her own unfortunate traditions, she does not indeed triumph over history, but she will appear triumphant in history, triumphant over barbarity, and ignorance, and misery.

ARTHUR GALTON.

NEW NOVELS.

An Old Maid's Love. By Maarten Maartens. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

A Lady of My Own. By Helen Prothero Lewis. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

Steven Vigil. By Daniel Dormer. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Was She His Wife? From the German of W. Heimbürg. By Helen Wolff. (Eden, Remington, & Co.)

Dazzled. By Houghton Townley. (Trischler.)

Dagmar. By Helen Shipton. (A. H. Innes & Co.)

Ednor Whitlock. By Hugh MacColl. (Chatto & Windus.)

Forbidden by Law. By Barry Cottingham. (Trischler.)

M. MAARTENS writes vigorously in *An Old Maid's Love*, and with life-like fidelity to nature. It is a Dutch story of the sacrifices which a kindly-hearted but rigidly Puritanic woman, Suzanna Varelkamp, makes to reclaim her adopted nephew, Arnout Oostrum, to the paths of virtue. Oostrum belonged to the class of young men of whom it was enigmatically remarked that "there is always harm in a man in whom you can see so much good." As drawn, he is a fine, manly, straightforward fellow; and no wonder that his little sweetheart, Dorothy, idolised him. But alas! there appears upon the scene a handsome, brilliant French-woman, who becomes an inmate of the same house through having sprained her foot. She is something so completely novel in Oostrum's experience, and is so beautiful and so full of *esprit*, that she lures the youth completely into her toils and elopes with him. Then it is that the "old maid," Suzanna, proves her love. Torn to the heart by her boy's sin, she resolves that he must marry the partner of his fall; but to her horror she discovers that the French viscountess has a husband living. Nothing daunted, she yields up her entire fortune to compel the husband to sue for a divorce so that the guilty ones may marry. How matters are disposed of at the end we shall not reveal, but we may say at once that the story is very clever and very original. Though the author is a Hollander, he writes with perfect command of the English language. He has an epigrammatic way of describing character. Suzanna, for example, is a woman "who loved her God and her store-cupboard"; but she did not "love her neighbour over much," nor yet "herself to any excess of unrighteousness, knowing with a perfervid knowledge that she was altogether abominable and corrupt." Old Baas Vroom is an amusing creation. He will not give up smoking "because he has read in his Bible how the people praised the Lord with their pipes"; and pursuing further the same original methods of exegesis, he declines to give up drinking because he has been exhorted to "test the spirits." There is an old lady who makes a most remarkable will, and whose daily life is a protest against "the God-forgetting luxury of our times." Then there are two notaries, one of whom draws the other's

attention to a very beautiful girl, but the latter severely replies, "I never notice such things in business hours, nor should you." Mynheer van Donselaar is very vehement against artistic tastes of all kinds. "Every artist is a liar—as he must be, for art is lies—but every liar is by no means an artist. It takes a good deal to become a thoroughly artistic liar." Poor Suzanna is like many others whose zeal is in excess of knowledge. "You are one of God's fanatics," Pastor Jacob said to her, "but you do the devil's work." This novel is strong both in humour and in pathos.

While there is no special appropriateness in the title of Miss Prothero Lewis's novel, *A Lady of My Own*, the story itself is not without its merits. Matthew Moore, the Liberal politician, who defeats old Admiral Shipley, his Conservative opponent, is a terrible specimen of boorishness and cruelty. He has hurried his wife, a delicate, sensitive creature, into her grave; and he pursues a similar course with their daughter, Hyacinth, who has inherited all her mother's fine qualities and high poetic temperament. He even goes the length of striking her, and this indignity causes her to leave her home and place herself out of his power. By a strange coincidence, the son and daughter of the victorious candidate fall in love with the daughter and the son of the defeated one. Much of the narrative is occupied with the record of their attachments, their trials, and disappointments; and it must be said that a considerable number of the latter fall to their share. One very original incident in the story is the delivery of a speech by the young scapegrace Shipley in favour of his father, but given in the dress and voice of the orator's maiden aunt. Altogether, the election produces a good deal of fun, mixed with no little heart-burning. Persis Shipley marries Sir Rupert Mountstevens, in response to her father's dying request; but she is called upon to go through much anguish and suffering with her unworthy husband. The death of Persis in the midst of a frightful thunderstorm breaks him down completely, but ultimately makes a better man of him. As for old Moore, he obtains more than he deserved, namely, the forgiveness of his daughter. After long and weary wanderings she is discovered by Leverton Shipley, and the two are happily married. The author may be congratulated upon having written a novel that is in some parts really striking.

Without being in any way noticeable from the literary point of view, *Steven Vigil* is a good, wholesome story. Steven himself is a much-tried being, who loses his saintly mother early, while his very unsaintly father lives on to plague by his villainies his son in particular and the world in general. He is a most ingenious rascal, turning up in various guises, and completely defying Scotland Yard and all its works. A sad picture is given of schoolboy life at Grindem House, a kind of second Do-the-Boys Hall, from which the hero, driven desperate by cruelty, at length manages to make his escape. The one bright episode in his subsequent career is his meeting

with Mary Demaine, the daughter of an atheistical professor. Mary is quite different from her father, being as spiritually minded as she is beautiful in person. A selfish baronet, Sir Hector Danger, runs the villain of the story pretty close in wickedness.

The little story, *Was She His Wife?* which Miss Wolff has translated from the German, is very pathetic in its main incidents. It illustrates the never ceasing sacrifice which is undertaken by one portion of the race for the happiness and comfort of the other. In this instance the sufferers are the mother and sister of a volatile and worthless lieutenant, who is not worthy of a tithe of the love and devotion showered upon him.

Dazzled is a most extraordinary sketch, which it were unkind to examine too closely. A doctor, who has neglected a lucrative practice in a desirable neighbourhood to pursue a chimera, relates his experiences. The idea which absorbs him is the power to unravel the mysteries of blindness, and to be able to give some man who has been born blind his sight. But for the attainment of his object he has to commit a crime, and to bring down upon himself that everlasting darkness which he dispels from the vision of another. The idea is a singular one, and it is morbidly worked out. In intent he commits the crime, though he is saved from the actual guilt of murder.

Dagmar is a brightly-written novel, dealing with the steadfast love of a very high-minded and beautiful girl for one who at first sight seems scarcely worthy of her. Maurice Caryl returns to England after a long sojourn abroad, and for some time he successfully personates a dead friend, Maurice Claughton, entering upon his estates, and being received as the real heir. He falls deeply in love with Dagmar Tyndal; and feeling that he is not worthy of her affection while he is posing before the world as an impostor, his better nature prevails, and he unburdens himself of his secret.

Readers of Mr. MacColl's previous story, *Mr. Stranger's Sealed Packet*, will not need to be told that he is a writer possessing a distinct individuality of his own. Whatever merits or defects his stories may reveal, they are certainly original. In his new venture, Mr. MacColl shows us a youth of great promise who passes through the dark and gloomy throes of scepticism, to emerge finally into the clear atmosphere of faith beyond. Some of the discussions on evolution and theology may seem just a little tedious, but they are ably conducted. There is a thread of romance running through the narrative which invests it with sufficient interest for those persons who do not care for polemics.

The havoc that can be wrought by a wicked woman finds its thousandth exemplification in *Forbidden by Law*. The story is written with some power, and the wrongs of Jack Darnley must elicit a sympathetic feeling in the breast of the reader.

G. BARNETT SMITH.

RECENT THEOLOGY.

Messianic Prophecies in Historical Succession. By Franz Delitzsch. Translated by S. J. Curtiss. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) Should the heavy task undertaken by the authors of *Lux Mundi* some day be touched by members of the Evangelical school in the National Church, they may justify themselves by the authority of Franz Delitzsch. The "boundless negations" and "unspiritual profanity" of the newer criticism have reduced Biblical science to chaos, according to this faithful champion of doctrinal orthodoxy. And yet he has the comforting assurance that "this crisis will become a lever [?] for progressive knowledge," and calls upon students to "recognise the elements of truth which are in the chaos and to gather them out." The spirit of this volume, which is its author's parting gift, is far better than the execution. There must be a connexion between the Old Testament and the New, but we question whether Delitzsch has found it. He was, perhaps, too imaginative. But even those who hold this opinion will gratefully acknowledge the manifold stimulus and instruction which these pages afford. Everything that Delitzsch wrote is scholarly. We would particularly mention the discussion of Gen. iii. 15, xlix. 10, and Isa. vii. 13-17; also the argument (p. 88) for the Davidic descent of Jesus Christ. That Delitzsch makes large concessions to criticism need hardly be said. He also admits, in a qualified sense of the words, both legends and myths. Why should not others of his school follow him, and improve upon his work?

Messianic Prophecy: its Origin, Historical Growth, and relation to New Testament Fulfilment. By Edward Riehm. Second edition. Translated by Lewis A. Muirhead. With an Introduction by A. B. Davidson. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) The late Prof. Riehm was a *Vermittlungstheolog* of the best sort—devout, learned, and judicious. We can warmly recommend the present work, which has the author's latest corrections. Dr. Davidson speaks half regretfully of the long discussion of Hengstenberg's and König's views on prophetic inspiration. But seeing that König has lately been mentioned, perhaps in ignorance, as in some sense a pattern for Old Testament scholars in the English Church, it may be as well for the student to be told what sort of supernaturalism König draws from the interpretation of the Old Testament. With all its imperfections, the book remains the best introduction to the subject for orthodox readers. The translator has done his work well. He has wisely broken up some of the awkward sentences of the original, but has not tampered with the sense.

"THE CAMBRIDGE BIBLE FOR SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES."—*The Book of Psalms, with Introduction and Notes.* Vol. I. By A. F. Kirkpatrick. (Cambridge: University Press.) The present volume comprises the first of the five books into which the Psalter is divided. From a purely literary point of view it deserves high, though not the highest, commendation. Great care has been taken in the selection of the matter, and the reader can nowhere be in doubt as to the meaning of the author. In the case of a book like the Psalter, the literature relative to which would fill a small library, and which, by its frequent difficulty, justifies a variety of opinion, this is no unmeaning praise. Philologically, too, the book is quite as good as we have a right to ask in the Cambridge School and College Bible. A freer attitude towards the Massoretic text has, indeed, now and then been permitted by the editor of the series; but respect for the Authorized Version, and for those who believe in it, cannot but restrain even bolder critics

than Prof. Kirkpatrick from often touching the received text. The only text-critical note we have found (on Ps. xxxvii. 28) justifies the hope that Prof. Kirkpatrick may some day contribute to the critical study of the Septuagint in the manner so ably exemplified by Baethgen. Exegetically, the author limits himself to the surface or grammatical meaning, without touching the important questions of Biblical theology which arise out of the Psalms. For "schools," this was perhaps (but by no means certainly) wise; for "colleges," the omission is somewhat to be regretted. It is when we come to the higher criticism that we have more serious objections to offer. It may be legitimately asked whether the Psalter does or does not contain pre-Exilic psalms; it can hardly at this time of day be assumed on critical grounds that any of the psalms, in their present form, are of Davidic authorship. Would it not have been better to put aside the question of age and authorship altogether, except when there was almost complete unanimity among living or very recent critics; or, at any rate, to say only that a particular psalm is "probably pre-Exilic," not that it is Davidic, or even that it is of the Davidic age? Prof. Kirkpatrick has, however, avoided all disparaging language towards less conservative scholars; and we can well understand the "pietas" which binds him to a revered teacher of strongly conservative leanings—the present Bishop of Durham.

The Massoretic Text and the Ancient Versions of the Book of Micah. By John Taylor. (Williams and Norgate.) The name of the author of this useful essay on the text of Micah is almost a new one; we may hope soon to meet with it again. Methodical text-criticism is one of the best exercises of a young scholar, and the difficulty of the text of the short Book of Micah justifies a fresh attempt to estimate the possibility of correcting it by the help of the ancient versions. True, Koorda and Ryssel have done good work in this field already; but Koorda is too bold, while Ryssel's instructive book may be embarrassing to some readers from the comprehensiveness of its contents. It is no injustice to Dr. Taylor to remark that, probable as his proposed corrections of the text may often be, it is by his method and his collection of facts that he has chiefly earned the gratitude of English students. Nor must we omit to mention that he has laboured under the disadvantage of working at a distance from large libraries.

Hib. Nach F. G. E. Hoffmann. (Kiel: Haeseler.) A small book on a great subject, limited to the sifted personal results of a competent scholar, is heartily to be welcomed. Prof. Hoffmann is well known both for his Syriac learning and for his sometimes startling emendations of the text of the Old Testament. One may not always agree with the latter, but must acknowledge that none but a scholar and a keen critic could have offered them. In thirty pages the author sets forth his view of the plan of the original poem, and the growth of scepticism in the mind of the sufferer, of the supplementary speeches of Elihu, and of passages interpolated (as we are told) by a weak-minded zealot. Then follows a new translation, with brief footnotes justifying the many novelties of reading and rendering. So far as we have been able to form an opinion, it is not an altogether favourable one. There is much ingenuity, but still more audacity. Take this instance: "When the slanderer (*ὁ διάβολος*) goeth about, thou shalt be hidden; thou hast nought to fear when a demon cometh" (v. 21). And this: "But ye are such as stick together lies; patchers of idols (*Götzenflicker*) are ye altogether" (xii. 3), with the gloss: "The God whom ye imagine is (but) an idol." But the freshness of the transla-

tion is in a high degree stimulative, and grains of gold will reward a careful search.

Index to Dr. Pusey's Commentary on the Minor Prophets. (Walter Smith and Innes.) A useful but not perfect work. Dr. Pusey's commentary is called "explanatory and practical." It seems to us that the practical element is unduly prominent in this index, which often reads like a sermon. The solid learning hidden away in the small-print notes (not to speak of the introductions) receives no attention whatever. There is no heading "Hebrew language."

Franz Delitzsch: a Memorial Sketch. By Samuel Ives Curtiss. (Edinburgh: T. & T. Clark.) This latest memorial sketch of the great Hebraist is valuable for its disclosures on his early life. It will serve to satisfy curiosity till the definitive biography by Herr Faber, lately a missionary to the Jews and now a country pastor, has appeared. The photographic portrait is disappointing; better ones certainly exist.

SOME BOOKS ON THE COLONIES.

History of South Africa, 1795-1834. By George McCall Theal. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. McCall Theal's new volume of his History of South Africa begins with the surrender of Cape Colony to the British force in 1795, and ends with the first year of the governorship of Sir Benjamin D'Urban. This is a period in many ways more interesting than the preceding ones about which Mr. Theal has written, but not so recent that he runs any risk of wounding the feelings of persons now living, or of entering on interminable controversies. Mr. Theal, as before, writes with great candour and fairness. He gives, on the whole, high characters of the governors sent out to the Cape, whose appointments reflect credit on the successive ministers who selected them. Perhaps he is a trifle hard on Lord Macartney, who may have been arbitrary; but was he more so than most colonial governors a hundred years ago? And it must not be forgotten that it was during his tenure of office that torture was finally abolished. Lord Charles Somerset first established an asylum for lepers; and slavery was extinguished under Sir Benjamin D'Urban, December 1, 1834. The author's remarks on the effects of the abolition of slavery both on the whites and blacks are well worth reading. While admitting that slavery could not have been allowed to continue, he considers that the methods adopted to put an end to it caused widespread misery amongst the white inhabitants of the Cape; they amounted, in fact, to the confiscation of something like two millions' worth of property in a small and poor community. That the abolition benefited the blacks he states to be doubtful. But it can hardly be a matter of doubt that the negro slaves at the Cape, as elsewhere, were totally unfitted for the sudden gift of complete freedom; and their descendants now are as unthrifty, as careless of the future, and as ready to rely on the benevolence of the whites in cases of emergency as were their fathers fifty-five years ago. We must repeat what we have said before—that Mr. Theal's work is on too large a scale, and out of proportion to the interest of his subject. But this is less felt in the present volume, and everyone must admire his industry and accuracy. He provides a good index and some very clear maps.

A Colonial Tramp. Travels and Adventures in Australia and New Guinea. By Hume Nisbet. In 2 vols. (Ward & Downey.) Mr. Nisbet is wanting neither in ability nor power of observation; and if he was less diffuse, less given to smart writing, and less prejudiced, he might produce an interesting and readable book. His extraordinary dislike, not to say

hatred, of England and all her institutions is unaccountable, and must tend to make his readers distrustful of the praises he lavishes on the Australian colonies. He describes England as "that little paddock of meagre, starved-out soil." We might ask him if he has ever compared the average number of bushels of wheat grown per acre in England and in Australia; if he would do so he would find that *meagre* and *starved-out* were epithets hardly applicable to the country he vilifies. Again, he has decided that *asylums for the destitute* are the fruits of our *iniquitous game laws*. Yet he finds these asylums in Australia, where there are no game laws. But this does not shake his decision as to the origin of asylums; nor does he seem to be aware that game laws exist in democratic republics, such as France and Switzerland, as well as in some of the colonies. One traveller he meets has brought out from England his "insular prejudices"; another has gone over the colonies "with a proper pair of John Bull's specially-manufactured British smoke-tinted spectacles over his eyes." Are there not prejudices besides insular ones, and other specially-manufactured spectacles besides John Bull's? Mr. Nisbet goes out of his way to run down English institutions. He tells us a sad story of a young Australian who, having gained honours at Oxford, was lost on his return voyage; but he spoils the story by talking of "owl-like Oxford and poll-parrot prizes." It is a pity he does not allude to the end of the Australian strikes in a glowing passage on an eight hours' demonstration at Melbourne; and that he has not read the last work on Nelson before writing as he does of that hero. Mr. Nisbet's figures and measurements are somewhat suspicious. Can it be true that rabbits in Australia are three times the size of our wild rabbits, and that gum trees planted in 1851 are now 150 feet high? We are startled in the first volume by reading that Western Australia is eighty times larger than Great Britain; at the end of the second volume this is set right, and that colony is reduced to "about eight times the size of Great Britain and Ireland." The best part of Mr. Nisbet's work is undoubtedly that about New Guinea. This is his method, "I have not taken the reader through the country exactly as I travelled along it myself, preferring to scamper over it quickly, as I like to go over picture galleries, and then return more slowly, lingering over the bits which strike me most." He is much taken with the natives and their beauty, and finds opportunities of contrasting them with our own race, much to the disadvantage of ourselves. What he tells us of their funeral customs is too horrible and revolting to bear quotation. Towards their cannibalism he is very lenient. In spite of the immense superiority of Australia to England, our author has the candour to write: "I do not want to tempt any poor man to go out to Sydney thinking to make his fortune there, for, candidly, I don't think he will, any more than he might in London." Mr. Nisbet is an artist, and his two volumes are profusely illustrated, and some of the cuts are very pretty. The work has neither index nor map.

Vicissitudes of Bush Life in Australia and New Zealand. By Dugald Ferguson. (Sonnen-schein.) Though this work is cast in the form of a novel, we presume that it is founded on the experiences of the author and of others besides himself. We add "of others," as it is highly improbable that any single individual could have gone through so many adventures and rescued so many men and women from such exceedingly critical situations as Duncan Farquharson, the hero. The book abounds with the exciting elements of Australian romance; and we have a young lady, possessed of every

charm, who is determined to fall in love with a bushranger, handsome, brave, and chivalrous:

"For my part," she says, "if ever I do marry anyone, it will be some dashing bushranger, with whom I can roam through the bush and live in some romantic cave like Maid Marion with Robin Hood."

The handsome bushranger turns up at the right—or, rather, for the young lady's happiness, the wrong—moment; brave, certainly, but hardly chivalrous. His schemes, his escapes, and his villainies fill a large part of the book; but we must leave them to the reader to unravel. The hero does not succeed in Australia, for he leaves it as poor as he entered it in 1850. Hethen goes to New Zealand, where most of the other characters of the story turn up, and where the *dénouement* takes place. The villains are punished and the virtuous rewarded in the most melodramatic fashion. We do not doubt that many will read these "Vicissitudes" with pleasure, though most will wish that the conversations had been a little curtailed.

Tahiti: the Garden of the Pacific. By Dora Hort. (Fisher Unwin.) We have searched Mrs. Hort's book in vain from beginning to end in the hope of discovering an answer to the question: when was she in Tahiti? Not a trace of a date is to be found. In one place she writes:

"Is it a dream, and not a reality, that far-off time when I wandered with Margaret through shady avenues, between groves of fragrant trees, by limpid streams and flowing rivers in the sunny island of Tahiti? It all occurred so long ago."

One of the last things she mentions is the visit of Prince Alfred to Tahiti; now, as the Prince was created Duke of Edinburgh in 1866, it is clear that the author must have left the island before that year at the latest. We cannot think that a visit to Tahiti, made more than twenty-five years ago, warrants the publication of a thick volume of 350 pages. Mrs. Hort is lively enough, but we have too much of her pets and too many descriptions of commonplace people; indeed, nothing is too insignificant to be made use of in the process of "padding." Most of what she says respecting the tyranny and corruption of the French official system is probably true. She thus sums up the system: "In fact, nothing succeeded at Tahiti unless through such questionable agencies as bribery and corruption." This system must justly be condemned; but we cannot but think she is too severe, if not too ill-natured, in her remarks on the individuals connected with the Government.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE understand that Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Spenser Wilkinson, the author of two well-known volumes on *Citizen Soldiers* and *The Brain of an Army*, are preparing in collaboration a popular work upon National and Imperial Defence. Account will be taken of the military and naval needs of the empire, and of the extent and cost of the resources which exist to meet them, while suggestions will be made for greater efficiency and economy. Messrs. Macmillan & Co. will be the publishers.

MR. G. A. AITKEN, the biographer of Steele, has written a full life of Dr. John Arbuthnot, to be accompanied by a selection from his miscellaneous works. The volume, which will be published in the autumn by the delegates of the Clarendon Press, is the first serious attempt to give to Arbuthnot his proper position among the wits of the eighteenth century. It will be furnished with a detailed bibliography and index.

UNDER the title of *Life's Handicap*, Messrs Macmillan will publish shortly a collection of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's short stories which appeared from time to time in *Macmillan's Magazine*. Included among them will be "The Man who was," and "The Courtship of Dinah Shadd."

MR. COLVIN's edition of the *Letters of Keats*, which was announced by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. some time ago, will be published in the course of June.

MR. JOHN MURRAY has in the press a new volume of his series of *Student's Histories*, dealing with the history of the Roman empire from its establishment by Augustus to the occasion of Commodus in 180. In fact, it covers the period from the point at which Dean Liddell's History left off to the point at which Gibbon begins.

FURTHER selections from the posthumous writings of the Rev. Aubrey L. Moore are promised by Messrs. Percival, who will shortly publish a volume consisting of Ordination addresses, and sermons preached before the University of Oxford chiefly bearing on *The Message of the Gospel*. In the autumn the same firm will issue a selection from the sermons preached by Mr. Moore as Whitehall Preacher, 1888 and 1889.

THE next volume of the "Adventure Series" will be *The Travels of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto*, annotated by Prof. Arminius Vambéry.

THE Christian Theosophical Society will publish shortly, through Mr. Elliot Stock, a volume entitled *Things to Come*; or, *Essays towards the Appreciation of the Christian Idea*.

MESSRS. GAY & BIRD announce the following works as nearly ready:—*Cy Ross*, a novel, by Mellen Cole; *Japanese Girls and Women*, by A. M. Bacon; *Zadoc Pine and Other Tales*, by H. C. Bunner; *Liberty in Literature*, by Col. Ingersoll, being a testimonial to Walt Whitman, with a new portrait; and a new edition of Loomis's *Index Guide to the Art Galleries of Europe*.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN announce a re-issue of the "Golden Treasury Series," to be published in monthly volumes at the net price of half-a-crown. The order of publication will not be precisely identical with that of the original issue; but the two first volumes will be Mr. F. T. Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, and Mr. Coventry Patmore's *Children's Garland from the Best Poets*.

"THE National Monument for Mazzini" is the title of an essay, by Dr. Karl Blind, which will appear in a forthcoming number of *Murray's Magazine*. It will contain personal recollections, based upon intimate friendship and co-operation for fourteen years, about the character, daily life, peculiar views, and activity of the ex-triumvir of the Roman Republic; and many little-known facts will be stated in regard to the part Mazzini played in decisive movements for the independence and unity of Italy. The personality of Garibaldi is also touched upon, with whom the writer was equally connected by friendship down to his death.

THE following are some of the volumes which the Chetham Society have in hand for early publication: the third part of Mr. W. A. Shaw's *Minutes of the Manchester Presbyterian Classis*, 1646-1661, containing biographical notices of all the ministers mentioned, and much original unprinted matter; the second part of the late Canon Raines's *Fellows of the Collegiate Church of Manchester*, dealing with the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, edited by Dr. F. Renaud; the *Chartulary of the Priory of Lancaster*, edited by Mr. W. O. Roper; and

a History of St. Michael's-on-Wyre, by Lieut.-Col. H. Fishwick. The accounts of the treasurer for the past year show a balance in hand of £334. The hon. secretary of the society is Mr. C. W. Sutton, Free Reference Library, King-street, Manchester.

THE first edition of Dr. J. C. Atkinson's volume of reminiscences and researches in the parish of Danby in Cleveland, which was published only last month by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., and is reviewed in the present number of the ACADEMY, is already exhausted; a new edition will be ready in the course of next week.

WE are asked to contradict the statement that the series of articles on the Waterloo campaign, which Col. F. Maurice has been contributing to the *United Service Magazine*, will shortly be issued in book-form.

MR. G. BARNETT SMITH, a veteran journalist and man of letters, who is perhaps best known by his biographies of John Bright and Mr. Gladstone, has received a pension of £80 on the Civil List. Mr. Barnett Smith has of late been compelled, by the state of his health, to leave London and take up his residence at Bourne-mouth.

MR. P. H. WICKSTEED will deliver a course of four lectures on "Ibsen" at the Chelsea Town Hall, beginning on Tuesday, June 9.

DR. H. FRANK HEATH has been appointed to the lectureship of English language and literature in the Crystal Palace School of art, science, and literature (ladies' division), in succession to the Rev. H. Russell Wakefield, who retires on account of impaired health.

ON Wednesday next, June 3, Messrs. Sotheby will sell the autograph MSS. of Wilkie Collins's plays, together with the copyright and fees accruing therefrom. Appended to the same catalogue are a number of autograph letters, chiefly of literary interest, including the original agreement between Dickens and Bentley for the copyright of *Barnaby Rudge*. The price, apparently, was £2,000, with an additional £1,000 if the sale exceeded ten thousand copies, and a final sum of £1,000 more if the sale exceeded fifteen thousand.

MESSRS. SOTHEY also be engaged in selling, during the whole of next week, the library of the late James Anderson Rose, of Wandsworth Common. The collection consists mainly of the choice books that have been published during the present century, including large-paper copies and the publications of clubs and societies. We may specially mention a series of Ruskin's works, *The Germ*, and first editions of Bewick.

AN American Catholic Historical Society has just been established at Philadelphia. It would be premature to speculate as to its efficiency until we have seen some of its publications; but we believe that it has the support not only of archbishops and bishops, but also of many of the leading Roman Catholic writers of America. It has already acquired the nucleus of a good library.

WE have to record the death of Mr. George Alfred Henry Dean, senior partner in the publishing firm of Messrs. Dean & Son, Fleet-street. He died at Southsea on May 13, in the seventieth year of his age.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

LORD WALSLINGHAM has been elected without opposition to the office of High Steward at Cambridge, in the room of the late Earl of Powis. Lord Walsingham was formerly known at Cambridge as a cricketer, and now as a prominent member of the syndicate on agricultural education. In the scientific world his name ranks high among those who have both

advanced and popularised the study of natural history.

THE Rev. Dr. Percival, head master of Rugby, has been elected to an honorary fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, of which college he was for some time president.

IN congregation at Cambridge on Thursday next, June 4, the following grace will be proposed:

"That a syndicate be appointed to consider whether it be expedient to allow alternatives, and, if so, what alternatives, for Greek in the Previous Examination, either to all students or to any classes of students other than those already exempted."

We believe that the only class of students at present exempted from taking up Greek are natives of India.

ON Tuesday next, June 2, a statute will be promulgated in Congregation at Oxford for the establishment of a day training college for teachers. It provides that persons who are under training to become teachers in elementary schools may matriculate and take the usual academical course; and, at the same time, it purports to make no fresh demand upon the funds of the university.

THE Smith's prizes at Cambridge have been awarded as follows:—to Mr. F. W. Dyson, of Trinity, for his essay entitled "The Potential of Ellipsoids of Variable Densities and also of the Anchor Ring in External Space"; and to Mr. H. M. Macdonald, of Clare, for his essay entitled "The Self-induction of two Parallel Currents."

THE REV. W. EUSTACE DANIEL has been re-elected Grinfield Lecturer on the Septuagint at Oxford for a further term of two years.

MR. J. N. KEYNES, university lecturer in moral science, has been appointed chief secretary for local examinations, and Mr. Arthur Berry has been appointed chief secretary for local lectures, both of which offices have hitherto been filled by Prof. G. F. Browne, now Canon of St. Paul's.

THE following are the numbers of candidates for honours in the several final schools at Oxford: literae humaniores, 142; modern history, 126; theology, 65; law, 64; natural science, 33; mathematics, 25; oriental languages, 2.

AN amended list has been issued of the statues which Mr. S. Sanders has offered to place in the niches on the exterior of the Divinity School, at Cambridge. They are to be nine in number: Archbishops Cranmer and Parker, Bishops Fisher, Andrewes Pearson, and Lightfoot, and also Erasmus, Whichcote, and John Lightfoot.

PROF. G. J. ROMANES, who is at present residing at Oxford, will deliver a lecture at the meeting of the Ashmolean Society next Monday.

AT the annual general meeting of the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, held on Wednesday, May 27, the retiring president, Prof. T. McK. Hughes, was to deliver an address.

DR. C. WALDSTEIN will give a lecture on "The Tomb of Aristotle(?)" at Oxford on Wednesday next, June 3, with Prof. Pelham in the chair.

MR. GEORGE WILKINS, who graduated in 1880, and is known for a book on *The Growth of the Homeric Poems* (1885), has been elected, on a competitive examination, to the vacant fellowship at Trinity College, Dublin.

A CATALOGUE has been printed (Durham: Culdeleugh) of the books bequeathed to the University of Durham by the late Bishop Lightfoot. It extends to ninety-two octavo pages.

TRANSLATION.

LA GRANDE OURSE.

La Grande Ourse, archipel de l'Océan sans bords,
Scintillait bien avant qu'elle fût regardée,
Bien avant qu'il errât des pâtres en Chaldée,
Et que l'âme anxieuse eût habité les corps;

D'innombrables vivants contemplant depuis lors
Sa lointaine lueur aveuglément dardée;
Indifférente aux yeux qui l'auront obsédée,
La Grande Ourse luira sur le dernier des morts.

Tu n'as pas l'air chrétien, le croyant s'en étonne,
O figure fatale, exacte et monotone,
Pareille à sept clous d'or plantés dans un drap noir.

Ta précise lenteur et ta froide lumière
Déconcertent la foi : c'est toi qui la première
M'as fait examiner mes prières du soir.

SULLY PRUDHOMME (*Les Épreuves*).

THE GREAT BEAR.

A group of islands in a shoreless sea,
Floats the Great Bear that sparkled overhead
Ere shepherds trod the pastures of Chaldea,
Or anxious souls these bodies tenanted.

Since then unnumbered hosts have lived to see
Its distant light upon them blindly shed;
Indifferent still, the Great Bear vacantly
Will shine upon the last of all the dead.

Thou hast no Christian mien; the faithful fear
Thy fatal sign, monotonous, severe,
Seven golden nails studding a sable pall.

Thy measured movement and thy chilling light
Confound all faith: 'twas thou who first of all
Caused me to analyse my prayers at night.

ROSA NEWMARCH.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BIRÉ, E. Victor Hugo après 1830. Paris: Didier. 7 fr.
DUNBAR, W. Poems, ed. J. Schipper. Part I. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M. 50 Pf.
FALKENHOFST, C. Schwarze Fürsten. Bilder aus der Geschichte d. dunklen Welttheils. 1. Th. Fürsten d. Sndan. Leipzig: Hirnt. 5 M. 50 Pf.
GRAND-CARTIER, J. Crispin, Bismarck, et la triple Alliance, en Caricatures. Paris: Delagrave. 3 fr. 50 c.
KORZENIEWSKI, I. Catalogus codicum manu scriptorum musei principum Czartoryski Cracoviensis. Fasc. III. Krakau. 3 M.
PAULIN, Edmond. Thermes de Diocletien. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 220 fr.
RIEHLER, S. Gedächtnisrede auf Wilhelm von Giesebrecht. München: Franz. 1 M. 80 Pf.
SCHWABER, J. Die Demokratie. 2. Bds. I. Abthlg. Leipzig: Friedrich. 7 M.

HISTORY, LAW, ETC.

- ALTHANN, W., u. E. BERNHEIM. Ausgewählte Urkunden zur Erläuterung der Verfassungsgeschichte Deutschlands im Mittelalter. Berlin: Gaertner. 3 M. 40 Pf.
ALV, F. Cicero, sein Leben u. seine Schriften. Berlin: Gaertner. 3 M. 60 Pf.
CORBIER, H. Les Voyages en Asie au 14^e Siècle du bienheureux Odoric de Pordenone. Paris: Leroux. 60 fr.
D'ANTOICHE, Le Comte. Changaroier. Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
DUQUET, A. Guerre de 1870-71. Paris, Chevilly et Bagneux, 20 Septembre-20 Octobre. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
GUBSER, P. Die Münzverbrechen in den kantonalen Strafgesetzbüchern der Schweiz. Eine vergleichend-krit. Rechtsstudie. Zürich: Meyer. 4 M.
LEHMANN, H. O. Quellen zur deutschen Reichs- u. Rechtsgeschichte. Berlin: Liebmann. 8 M.
LOMENIE, L. de. Les Mirabeau. T. IV.-V. Paris: Dentu. 15 fr.
NEUBAUER, E. Wallenstein u. die Stadt Magdeburg. Magdeburg: Rathke. 3 M.
ROBOLSKY, H. Die mitteleuropäische Friedensliga. Leipzig: Gebhardt. 5 M.
SALKOWSKI, C. Zur Lehre vom Sklavenerwerb. Leipzig: B. Tauchnitz. 8 M.
SCHEFFA, Ch. Estat de la Perse en 1690, par le P. Raphael du Mans. Paris: Leroux. 20 fr.
SIMONSFELD, H. Analecten zur Papst- u. Konziliengeschichte im 14. u. 15. Jahrh. München: Franz. 1 M. 70 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- AMMON, L. v. Die permischen Amphibien der Rheinpfalz. München: Riedel. 12 M.
KERZ, F. Die Schablagerungstheorie. Eine Erweiterung der Laplace'schen Nebularhypothese. Leipzig: Spamir. 1 M. 60 Pf.
MAZEL, A. Etudes d'anatomie comparée sur les organes de végétation dans le genre Carex. Basel: Georg. 7 M.
WETTERSTEIN, R. v. Die Omorika-Fichte, Picea Omorika (Panc.). Leipzig: Freytag. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- DEMOSTHENIS Oratorum Codex 2: fac-similé du manuscrit grec 2334 de la Bibliothèque Nationale, p.p. H. Omont. Paris: Leroux, 400 fr.
- GRIMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 4. Bd. 1. Abth. 2. Hälfte. S. Lfg. Genug—Giesel. Bearb. v. R. Hildebrand u. K. Kant. Leipzig: Hirzel, 2 M.
- KROLL, W. De Q. Aurelii Symmachi studii graecis et latinis. Pars I. Breslau: Koebner, 1 M.
- LINSE, E. De P. Ovidio Nasone vocabulorum inventore. Leipzig: Fock, 1 M. 50 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A HYMN FROM HARLEIAN 7653.

Freshwater Bay, I.W.: May 21, 1891.

Harleian 7653 is a MS. in the British Museum written by an Irish scribe in the eighth or ninth century. On the recto of fo. 7 there is a copy (hitherto supposed to be unique) of a Latin hymn which, as it contains one of the earliest mentions of St. Patrick, was printed in the Rolls edition of the Tripartite Life (p. cxv.). But the Harleian copy of this hymn is illegible in four places. It is also incomplete at the end. I have lately found another copy which, though wanting the beginning, seems complete at the end, and is legible throughout. This copy is in the Lebar Brecc (p. 148 of the facsimile, col. 2, ll. 44-55), where it is said to have been sung continually by the Blessed Virgin Mary, with the Book of Ezekiel in her hand. It runs as follows:

"Rogo patrem perfiliū .r. spiritum sanctum .r. patriarchas .i. uil. .r. omnes apostolos .r. sanctos angelos .r. iohannem hauptistam .r. nouam ecclesiam .r. enoc .r. eliam .r. prophetas perfectos .r. martyres electos .r. iustum patricium .r. sanctam ciriciū .r. mundi saluatorem .r. meam redemptorem ut animam meam saluare digneris in exitu de corpore . te debeat cordis mei exintimo non relinquo in inferno animam meam peshnam sed ut sit secum in saeculo sempiterno ingandia ut audiam angelorum uocem deum laudantium, etc."

With the help of this copy we may now edit the hymn, putting in parenthesis words and letters illegible in the Harleian MS., and bracketing words omitted therein.

"In pace Christi dormiam
ut nullum malum uideam
a malis uisionibus
in noctibus nocentibus,
sed uisionem uideam
diuinam ac propheticam.

"Rogo Patrem et Filium,
rogo [et] Spiritum sanctum,
rogo nouam ecclesiam,
rogo Enoc et Eliam,
rogo patriarchas (septem),
rogo Baptistam Iohannem.

"Rogo et ho(nos) (a)ngel(os),
rogo et omnes apostol(os),
rogo prophetas perfectos,
(rogo) martyres electos,
rogo (iustum) Patricium,
rogo sanctum (Cirici)um.

"Rogo mundi Saluatorem),
rogo nostrum Redemptorem,
animam meam saluare*
in exitu de corpore.

"Te deprecor ut debeat
cordis mei ex intimo†
ne relinquo‡ in inferno
animam meam [peshnam],

"Sed esse[t] tecum in caelo
in sempiterno gaudio,
[ut audiam angelorum
uocem Deum laudantium].

The phrase, *in noctibus nocentibus* (l. 4) seems to refer to a popular etymology of *noct*. The mention of *seven* patriarchs (l. 11) is curious. Noticeable also is the eminence ascribed to the martyr Cyricius (l. 18) = Cyricus, Cyriacus,

* Here H. adds *digne* . . = *digneris* LB.

† Ex intimo corde mei, H.

‡ derelinquo, H.

the Ciric of the Calendar of Oengus, prol. 137, whence Mael [Ci]rigg, Petrie's *Christian Inscriptions in the Irish Language*, i. 45. The Welsh form of the name is Curig.

Perhaps some readers of the ACADEMY may be able to refer to a third copy of this hymn, and thus empower me to correct the *uideam* of l. 2, which can hardly be right, as the word reoccurs in l. 5, and to supply a line to rhyme with *animam meam peshnam* (l. 26).

WHITLEY STOKES.

THE LITHUANIAN BIBLE OF 1660.

Oxford: May 23, 1891.

The following facts may be gleaned from the Tanner MSS. in the Bodleian Library.

1. The Synod of Vilna appoints on 6 July, 1680, Nicolaus Minwid to collect money in order to continue the printing of the Lithuanian Bible and to finish it (Tanner No. 37, fol. 62).

2. The appeal of Minwid, dated 2 November 1681, is signed by Tillotson, Dean of Canterbury and others (Tanner, No. 36, fol. 161). This is followed by a recommendation of the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London (fol. 162), dated 5 November, 1681 where mention is made of a collection for the same purpose twenty years previously [*i.e.*, 1661, in the time of Chilinsky]. A receipt for £100, advanced by the Archbishop of Canterbury, is among the letters (fol. 167 and 168), dated 10 November, 1681. Minwid appoints the merchant Theodor Jacobson as his agent (fol. 176), on 18 November, 1681.

3. Minwid having been suspected of mismanagement, he wrote a vindicatory letter, dated 22 January, 1684 (Tanner No. 34, fol. 243). This is followed by a document (fol. 245) by the Archbishop [?], wherein it is stated that in the first collection made twenty years before, no profit accrued to the delegates, except £37 from the sale, to the elders of the Flemish Church in London, of the paper which had been provided! It is added that the errors were so great in the first impression, which had been interrupted by the death of the delegate, that it was sent back to Lithuania (fol. 245).

4. Minwid mentions in a letter to Archbishop Sancroft, dated 28 July, 1684, the name of a certain Johannes Krainsky, who had been a delegate more than twenty years earlier (Tanner, No. 32, fol. 87).

5. Finally, in another letter to the Archbishop, dated Birsis, October, 1685, Minwid writes the following:—

"Eo igitur nomine, millenis vicibus meis te, Pater Eminentissime, compello, atque ut tandem effectui opus sacrosanctum versionis Bibliorum in Linguam Lithuanicam daretur, rogo" (Tanner, No. 31, fol. 213).

Thus, at the end of 1685 the Lithuanian Bible was not accomplished; the sheets printed in 1661 and 1662 had been sent to Lithuania, no doubt without a title-page, and the fragments preserved at St. Petersburg and at Stettin come from these sheets. Bishop Wilkins got his *Oratio dominica*, most likely, from Chilinsky, either orally or in manuscript, and the others copied Wilkins; but the riddle of the Doxology taken from the London Bible, 1660 (see ACADEMY, No. 933, col. 469), still remains unexplained.

A. NEUBAUER.

"THE GREEK MSS. IN THE VATICAN."

Tübingen: May 12, 1891.

It is only to-day that my attention has been called to the ACADEMY of January 24, in which Prof. Sanday, under the above heading, reviews M. Pierre Batiffol's book, *La Vaticane de Paul III. à Paul IV.*

May I be allowed to correct a strange error—if it has not been pointed out already—about the most famous Greek manuscript in the Vatican, the Codex B of the Greek Bible, since there is danger that this error may obtain wider circulation. Prof. Sanday writes:

"The earliest reference to this is in 1533. He [Batiffol] can find no mention of it in the catalogues before that date; and he is himself of opinion that it was brought to Rome by Cardinal Bessarion," &c.

It is true M. Batiffol says so on p. 82:

"On a dit qu'il figurait dans les anciens catalogues de la Bibliothèque du Vatican: c'est une erreur, je l'ai vainement cherché dans l'inventaire de Nicolas V., dans celui de Léon X. et dans celui de Paul III."

But M. Batiffol is wrong.

In view of his very definite statement, which is directly opposed to the general belief—compare for instance Swete, *The Old Testament in Greek* (p. xvii.): "The chief glory of the Vatican library was one of its earliest acquisitions, appearing in the catalogue of 1475"—I made inquiries about the matter in Rome, and was directed to Vercellone's *Dissertationi Accademiche di Vario Argomento*, p. 116. From what he there writes it follows, without any possibility of doubt, that already in the very first Inventarium, drawn up by Platina in 1475, Codex B is described among the Greek books *nel primo banco* as the "*Biblia in tribus columnis ex membrana*." I trust that by this reference the question will be definitively set at rest.

I may venture to mention another question about this codex—as to the number of leaves wanting in it. Prof. Swete, in the passage referred to, states (in 1887): "The first twenty leaves of the original codex have been torn away." Now already in 1881 there had been published by Fabiani & Cozza on p. 28 of their edition: *Laterculi exhibentes vetustissimae pagellarum notationis vestigia cum recentiori collata* (see *Theol. Lit. Zeitung* 1882). Here we find, for instance, on the present pages:

338 P¹¹ = 180 [= 360 pages]342 P¹¹B = 182 [= 364, &c.]344 P¹¹R = 183, and so on.

From this it would seem to follow that only 22 pages (= 11 leaves) are wanting. But the modern numeration includes 20 new leaves, added to the codex in later times; the only possible conclusion, therefore, is that 31 leaves of the original codex have been lost. This has been pointed out already by Gregory (but not with sufficient clearness) in his *New Testament* (p. 450), who further says: "E quibus foliis octo praefationem continuisse fasciculorum ratio suadet." An easy reckoning can show how many leaves in the handwriting of B would be occupied by Genesis i.-xlvi., 28 (the present beginning).

Yet one more error may be corrected, apparently copied by Batiffol from the *Septuaginta-Studies* of the undersigned: André d'Asola was not *le gendre* of Aldus Manutius, the famous printer of Venice, but his father-in-law.

E. NESTLE.

EGYPT AND SYRIA IN THE TIME OF THE NINETEENTH DYNASTY.

The Athenaeum Club: May 23, 1891.

I am obliged to my friend Mr. Sayce for his letter. He has taught me much of what I know of the earlier history of the East, and his views are always fresh and inspiring; but I cannot think that he has at all met my arguments.

I wrote to point out that his statement that Rameses II. had been engaged in continual

wars during his whole life was not supported by the evidence available to us, which clearly limits his wars to the first ten years of his life, while the latter fifty were devoted to works of peace, and were entirely free from wars.

Mr. Sayce admits that the direct evidence supports my contention; but he reminds me to the treaty with the Hittites for evidence (1) that the war between the Hittites and the Egyptians was carried on until the twenty-first year of Rameses II.; (2) that the war was far from being in favour of the Egyptian arms; (3) that Rameses was compelled to treat on equal terms with the Hittite king; (4) that as the price of peace he was forced to leave the Hittites in quiet possession of Syria, to marry a Hittite princess, and to restore to their former rights the Egyptian fugitives who had fled to the Hittite court.

Of all this I can find nothing whatever in the treaty, which is very accessible in Brugsch's translation. There is not a word in it about its having put an end to any existing war. On the contrary, it is expressly stated that the occasion of Khita-sir sending his envoy to propose a treaty was that he had murdered and succeeded his brother Mau-than-er as king of the Hittites.

Again, far from the treaty being any new departure which involved some fresh humiliation or some alteration of the relative status of the two empires, we are expressly told in it that Khita-sir "would observe the just treaty which existed in the times of Sapa-li-li, the great king of Khita (who was Khita-sir's grandfather), and likewise the just treaty which existed in the times of Mau-than-er, the great king of Khita" (i.e., of his brother); and so far as we know the terms of the new treaty were precisely those of the old ones. It is further remarkable that Rameses is specially apostrophised in it as "one who places his boundary marks where it pleases him in all lands."

There is not a word in the treaty about Syria or about leaving the Hittites in quiet possession of Syria, nor enacting that Rameses should marry a daughter of the Hittite king; and as to the arrangement about fugitives it was a mutual arrangement, such as is embodied in almost every convention known to me between Eastern potentates. Rameses II., no doubt, married a Hittite princess; but this was a perfectly natural match, and involved no surrender of Egyptian prestige.

I am therefore compelled to maintain to the letter my previous contention, that there is no available evidence that Rameses II. had any wars on his hands after his tenth year, or that the Hittites, whose glory had in my view passed away at this time, recovered their dominance in Syria, south of Kadesh, during his reign.

In regard to the Egyptian domination over Syria and Palestine, it was, so far as we know, qualified by occasional rebellion, and this not only in the time of Rameses II., but as the Tel el Amarna tablets tell us, in the days of the more powerful rulers of the XVIIIth Dynasty; but I do not know of any evidence of such an outbreak during the reign of Rameses II. after his tenth year.

Mr. Sayce admits that during the reign of Menepthah the maritime towns of Syria and Palestine were subject to the Egyptians. "But otherwise," he says, "Palestine was free from Egyptian interference." I should like to ask upon what evidence this statement is based; for I know of none, and it is a question of very considerable importance when we are discussing the date of the Exodus.

Let me, in conclusion, raise another issue. I stated in my former letter that the evidence goes to show that the conquest of Palestine by the Hebrews could not have taken place at least during the domination of the XIXth Dynasty. As a matter of fact, it seems to me impossible

to explain it by any theory unless we put it after the reign of Rameses III. of the XXth Dynasty. Apart from the evidence of Egyptian domination in Palestine during his reign, we have the crucial difficulty of the Philistines. If one thing is more clear than another from the books of Joshua and Judges, the Philistines were a dominating influence in Palestine when the Hebrews entered it. This seems to me to fix most irrevocably the Hebrew invasion after the Philistine invasion. I am not aware that we have any evidence that the Philistines were in Palestine before the reign of Rameses III. This is a matter, however, upon which Mr. Sayce is more competent to speak than most of us. It was not my purpose in writing to enter into a barren polemic with him, for no amount of difference of opinion can alter or affect the obligations that I like other people are under to him for his brilliant discoveries and suggestions. I had in view a real difficulty attending a very important matter indeed in human history, namely—the fixing of the date of the Hebrew settlement in Palestine. This, I believe, has been very much antedated, and a discussion of the problem will not unworthily occupy your columns.

HENRY H. HOWORTH.

THE LEGEND OF ETAN-GILGAMOS AND HIS KINDRED IN FOLKLORE.

Leipzig: May 14, 1891.

The letters in the ACADEMY in regard to the eagle of Etan-Gilgamos and his kindred in folklore have furnished a surprising mass of material for comparison.

Since giving the translation of the Etana legend I have joined two more small fragments of the legend which relate that Etana went to the eagle and repeated his request for the birth-plant. Thus we learn that Samas referred him to the eagle for help. The word *biltu*, which is used for food or produce, may here mean the fruit of the body (Dr. Rudolf Zehnpfund, in the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, March 3, 1891), and we may translate line 6 of Etana's prayer for a son:

Bring the child to birth and grant me a son.

The fragment referred to above begins with a speech of Etana to the eagle, after which comes the following conversation:

The eagle opened his mouth and spoke to Etana: "For what have you come? [tell me, I pray] you." Etana opened his mouth and spoke to the eagle: "My friend, give me the plant which assists bearing, Shew me the plant which assists bearing. Bring the child to birth and grant me a son."

Compare this with the Mandaean myth of the birth of Rustem, the son of Sal, among the legends referred to by Dr. Kohler in the ACADEMY of March 21 (Petermann's *Reisen im Orient*, II., p. 106):

"When the time came for Sal's wife to be delivered, the child was so large that she could not bring it to birth, and she was near to death. Sal then remembered the feather which the eagle had given him, telling him to throw it into the fire when he needed assistance. Sal does this and Simurg appears, and gives his wife an opiate by which she is rendered insensible. Her body is then cut open and the child removed, after which the bird lays his wings upon the wound and heals it."

The healing power of the eagle appears in other oriental legends. The eagle is the wise bird, the healer, and the enemy of serpents; and all of these characteristics appear in the eagle of the Etana legend.

The king of the Garudas, referred to by Dr. Richard Morris (ACADEMY, April 4), who lives far to the north of the ocean, and who divides the sea by flapping his wings, in order

that he may eat the dragons, belongs apparently to the class of mythological animals, birds, bulls, &c., which arise from the personification of clouds, winds, and the forces of nature. We find such a personified wind in the Babylonian legend of Adapa and the Southwind-bird.

The text is published in Winckler's *Thontafelfund aus Tell el-Amarna* (II., p. 166). My friend Dr. Carl Lehmann called my attention to the tablet and gave me some valuable suggestions as to its contents. Dr. Bezold informs me that the tablet was noted by the Director of the Berlin Museum, Dr. Ermann, in the *Sitzbericht d. Kgl. Preuss. Acad. d. Wiss.* (xxiii., p. 585), and has also been mentioned in the *Zeitschrift für Assy.* (iii., p. 380). My teacher, Prof. Friedrich Delitzsch, has given me very kind assistance, and I am indebted to his rich stores of Assyrian learning for the meaning of some of the difficult passages. The text as published is quite perfect. A few corrections, however, I owe to the kindness of Dr. Ludwig Abel.

A piece is broken off from one end of the tablet, so that both beginning and end of the legend are wanting. The story begins in the middle of the account of the trouble which led to Adapa's breaking the wings of the Southwind:

"The Southwind [blew fiercely. It buried him beneath the waves].

Into the home of the fishes it let him sink, down.

'O! Southwind, all of your blowings have gone over me (?)

I will break your wings.' As he spoke with his mouth,

So were the wings of the Southwind broken. For seven days

The Southwind did not blow over the land. Anu Inquires of his Messenger the god Ila-abrat:

'Why has the Southwind not blown over the land for seven days?'

His Messenger Ila-abrat answers him, 'My lord, Adapa, the son of Ea, has broken the wings of the

Southwind.' When Ea heard of these words He cried 'Help!' Full of wrath (?) he seated himself (?) upon his throne."

The following six lines are badly mutilated. They contain the beginning of an address of Ea to Adapa, in which he instructs his son how to behave when he is summoned before Anu to give an account of his deed. Ea tells him to dress himself in mourning, and when he arrives at the gates of heaven the gods Tammuz and Izzida

" 'Will stand there, will see you, will speak to your heart,

'For whom *kā emāta* Adapa, for whom do you

Wear a mourning garment? Is one of their gods dead (destroyed) in our land?'

'I likewise am troubled (about this). Who is their god that is destroyed

In the land?' Tammuz and Izzida will look at each other kindly;

They will lament, (but) they will speak friendly words

To Anu. They will make (show) Anu's face bright

Towards you. When you stand before Anu,

Food of death they will furnish you, Do not eat it. Water of death they will furnish you,

Do not drink it. A garment they will furnish you,

Clothe yourself with it. Oil they will furnish you, anoint yourself.

Do not neglect the command which I have given you. Keep in

Meaning the word which I have commanded you.' The Messenger

Of Anu came. 'Adapa has broken the wings

Of the Southwind, bring him before me.'

..... he let him lie (?). He mounted up to heaven.

As he (Adapa) came up to heaven and approached the gate of Anu, Tammuz and Izzida were standing in the gate of Anu.

They saw Adapa, they cried 'Help!' 'Sir, for whom *kū emūta*, Adapa? For whom do you wear a mourning garment? Is their god destroyed in the land?' 'I wear a Mourning garment: who is their god, that is destroyed in the land?'

Tammuz and Izzida looked at each other kindly, They made lamentation. 'Adapa, betake yourself to Anu.'

Anu saw him (as he came) inside and said to him,

'Come! Adapa, why have you broken the wings of the

Southwind?' Adapa answered Anu, 'My lord, I was catching a fish for the house of my master in the sea. The sea was as smooth as glass (?) (Suddenly) the Southwind blew fiercely. It buried me beneath the waves.

Into the home of the fishes I sank down. In the wrath of my heart

To prevent his returning'

Two lines are mutilated. Adapa undoubtedly explains that he broke the wings of the Southwind, and offers some excuse; for in the next line Anu's wrath is appeased. Anu then inquired why Ea has made so much trouble, or something to that effect, and the story continues:

"He set for him a banquetting dish, and made it ready.

'We! why should we mourn? Let them bring for him

Food of life, let him eat.' Food of life They brought for him. He did not eat. Water of life

They brought for him. He did not drink. A garment

They brought for him. He put it on. Oil They brought for him. He anointed himself.

Anu saw him and lamented over him.

'Come! Adapa, why did you not eat and drink So that you do not live?' 'Ea, my master,

Commanded me, Do not eat, do not drink? to his land.'

The hero Ada(tu)pa is unknown outside of this legend. He is a demi-god; for although he is the son of Ea, his name is written with the determinative of a man.

"It seems that Adapa was out fishing for the family, when the Southwind came up and overwhelmed him with the waves. In anger he broke its wings, and as the Southwind does not any longer blow over the land, Anu, the god of heaven who has the winds in his service, inquired of his messenger, the god Ila-abrat [O God, though art strong (?)], for the reason. Ila-abrat replied that Adapa had broken the wings of the Southwind, which news made Anu very angry. Ea perceives at once that it will go hard with his son, and contrives a plan by which he may appease the angry god. He directs his son to clothe himself with mourning, and thus secure the sympathy of Anu. Ea also relies on his friends Tammuz and Izzida, who are watchers at the gate of heaven, to speak a good word for his son. He further tells Adapa that when he is brought before Anu food and drink, a garment, and oil will be given him. The two latter he may use, but must not touch the food and drink, as they will bring death. When Adapa arrives at Anu's gate, everything comes to pass as his father had predicted. When Anu inquires why he has broken the wings of the Southwind, he explains the matter as best he can."

Unfortunately the end of his speech is mutilated, and we do not know what excuse he offered. It had the desired effect, however, and Anu gives up his wrath completely. He orders a banquet to be spread for Adapa, and furnishes him with food and water of life. Adapa, however, remembers the injunction of his father, and refuses to partake. Thereupon Anu laments over him. Why has he not eaten? He has missed his chance of becoming immortal.

The Southwind appears in the inscriptions as one of the messengers of the god Anu. With the other winds it stands at the side of the great storm-god Ramman. It was the most dreaded of all the winds by the Babylonians, as it swept up from the sea and caused those terrible tidal waves which more than once devastated the southern portion of the valley of the Euphrates. This Southwind bird is closely connected with other gods of the Babylonian mythology. The Stormcloud was personified as the bird Zu, who in the legend (*Chal. Gen.*, p. 103, ff) robs the morning sun of his insignia. The translation in *Chal. Gen.* fails to bring out the meaning of the legend. A son of Zu is the raincloud bull (iv. R., 23, 1), which is described as a great bull—a mighty bull—which treads the shining pastures, makes the fields rejoice, and sends down showers upon the earth. There is here a large field for comparison with Vedic mythology, in which winds and clouds are also represented as bulls and cows.

Tammuz and Izzida are both gods of the under-world, and their appearance here as watchers at the gate of Anu is remarkable, though not without parallel in the Babylonian myths. The Babylonian astrologers gave many of their gods, even those which belonged to the under-world, seats in the heavenly bodies. Tammuz is the well-known youthful spouse of Istar, who gave his name to the month June-July; Izzida is the god of the following month, July-August (*Del. Ges. Baby. u. Assy.*, p. 69).

The recurrence of the incidents and ideas of this and the Etana legend in so many different forms, among so many different peoples, shows how much the story-tellers of later nations have been indebted to the Babylonians for the myths and legends with which they embellished their literature and glorified their heroes.

The tablet before us is also exceedingly interesting from another point of view. It was found at Tell el-Amarna in Egypt, and is dotted over with red ink marks, made apparently by the Egyptian scribes, who puzzled themselves over its contents. In style it differs strikingly from the other legends. The stereotyped formulas for introducing the speakers are lacking, and the parallelism is much less carefully carried out. How it came to be among the letters of the Babylonian kings, and what interest the Egyptians felt in such Babylonian tales, are questions which further study of the Tell el-Amarna tablets may enable us to answer.

EDWARD T. HARPER.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, May 31, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "The Religious Basis of Social Reform," by Mr. J. H. Muirhead.

MONDAY, June 1, 5 p.m. Royal Institution: General Monthly Meeting.

TUESDAY, June 2, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "Four Periods of Stage History, III., Arrick," by Mr. W. Archer.

8 p.m. Biblical Archaeology: "The Targum of the Passover and Pentecost Lessons," by Dr. M. Gaster.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "The Land- and Freshwater Shells of Prank," by Dr. O. F. von Moellendorff; "The Derivation and Distribution of the Insectivora of the New World," by Dr. G. E. Dobson.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Discovery of the Tomb of Aristotle (?)," by Dr. C. Waldstein.

WEDNESDAY, June 3, 8 p.m. Elizabethan: "Marlowe's 'Doctor Faustus,'" by Mr. W. H. Cowham.

THURSDAY, June 4, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Orchestra considered in connexion with the Development of the Overture," III., by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.

4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Mortars," by Mr. Edward Peacock; "Symbolic Animals in English Art and Literature," by Mr. J. L. André; and "Thirteenth Century Glass in Bradford Peverell Church, Dorset," by the Rev. W. Miles Barnes.

5 p.m. Zoological: "The Animals Living in the Society's Gardens," II., by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

8 p.m. Linnean: "The Diseases of the Coco-nut (*Cocos nucifera*, L.), by Mr. M. Creese Potter; "Some Arctic Comatulæ," by Dr. P. Herbert Carpenter; "Some Ctenoids from the Neighbourhood of Madeira," by Dr. P. Herbert Carpenter.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Molecular Refraction and Dispersion of various Substances in Solution," by Dr.

J. H. Gladstone; "The Nature of Solutions as elucidated by a Study of the Densities, Heat of Dissolution, and Freezing Points of Solutions of Calcium Chloride," and "A Reply to Recent Criticisms of the Conclusions drawn from a Study of various Properties of Sulphuric Acid Solutions," by Mr. S. N. Pickering; "Volatile Platinum Compounds," by Mr. W. Pullinger.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

FRIDAY, June 5, 4 p.m. Botanic: "Certain Relationships between Plants and Animals," II., by Prof. C. Stewart.

8 p.m. Philological: "Miscellaneous English Etymologies," by Prof. Skeat.

8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "Some Hill Gravels North of the Thames," and "The Geology of Nettleden Hill, near Henley," by Messrs. H. W. Monckton and R. S. Herries; "The Geology of Devises, with remarks on the grouping of Cretaceous Deposits," by Mr. A. J. Jukes-Browne.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Implications of Science," by Prof. St. George Mivart.

SATURDAY, June 6, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Scientific Study of Decorative Colour," II., by Prof. A. H. Church.

SCIENCE.

IWAN MUELLER'S HANDBUCH DER KLASSISCHEN ALFERTUMS-WISSENSCHAFT.

Das Bühnengeschehen der Griechen und Römer. Von Dr. G. Oehmichen.

Geschichte der Römischen Literatur. Von Martin Schanz. Erster Teil: Die römische Literatur in der Zeit der Republik. (München: Beck.)

THE different volumes of Dr. Müller's "Handbook to the Study of Classical Antiquity" have been, from time to time, duly noticed in the ACADEMY. The series has now reached a considerable size, the two treatises now before us being numbered respectively fourteenth and fifteenth "Halbband." The *Handbuch* is therefore, like most German *Handbücher*, the very reverse of an English handbook. It is not a thing you could take in your hand, you would have to be clever to get it even into your arms; and its true function is to take you by the hand and guide you about in encyclopaedia fashion. The present *Handbuch* shows its nationality further by the method of its appearance. It comes out in parts called half-volumes; but the order of the parts is quite different from that of the completed series, and the "half-volumes" have no relation to the "volumes" of the prospectus. Thus the "half-volume" containing Dr. Oehmichen's treatise on the ancient theatre is one-third of the "volume" devoted also to ancient science, mythology, and religion; and while it is the fourteenth "half-volume," it belongs to the fifth "volume." This, however, is natural enough in a German publication, and we mention it only to enlighten any of our readers who may chance to be puzzled.

Neither of the two treatises before us will be quite so useful to classical students as most of their predecessors. The Greek theatre has been adequately treated by several writers—K. F. Hermann, A. Müller, Mr. Haigh, and others—and Dr. Oehmichen does not seem to get much beyond his authorities, though he covers more ground perhaps than any one of them singly. He has, however, overlooked some; at least, we can find no mention of Mr. Haigh's book, and no allusion whatever to Dr. Dörpfeld, or to his views about the *Logeion*. This latter omission is surprising, for the controversy has been carried on both in England and in Germany, equally in the columns of the *Classical Review* and of the *Berliner Philologische Wochenschrift*, as wit-

ness Dr. Dörpfeld's review of Mr. Haigh's *Attic Theatre*. There are, however, one or two omissions of this kind in the book, and some other details open to criticism. Thus, Dr. Oehmichen appears to think that the theatre of Epidauros dates from the fifth century B.C. At any rate, he will leave this impression on his readers; whereas the evidence for such antiquity is, in the case in question, extremely weak. Another defect in the book, at least from an English point of view, is the comparative absence of illustrations. There is, however, much good matter put shortly and in collected shape.

Prof. Schanz's *History of Roman Literature* is a far more considerable piece of work. It is intended, ultimately, to cover the whole range of Latin down to the legislation of Justinian, and will therefore stop with Cassiodorus, Jordanis, and Priscian. We confess that we slightly prefer the plan of Teuffel, who notices the relics of Latin literature which survive even into the eighth century; for Justinian's reign is, after all, one of those arbitrary dates like the famous A.D. 476, which has so often provoked Mr. Freeman's ire. At the same time, there is practically little of importance after Justinian. Teuffel himself gives but a few pages to the seventh and eighth centuries; and, in actual use, the reader will not be likely to find serious omissions at the end of Dr. Schanz's work. The method adopted is not unlike that of Teuffel; but there is more large print and considerably less small print; the bibliography, too, is much shorter. The book is, therefore, not so great a mine of facts, but is far more readable. The style is sober, but clear; the learning quite adequate. A few English editions and treatises are omitted, which one would have expected to find mentioned, e.g., Sandys' *Orator*, and Nettleship's *Satura*; but, for the most part, English scholars receive a fair share of attention and of praise—more, probably, than their colleagues in France. In this respect the book far surpasses the companion volume on Greek literature by Christ, which ignores English scholarship. The feature of the book is, however, its literary criticism, which in some ways approaches more nearly to the criticism of modern literature than is usual in classical treatises. Heine, Wieland, Lessing are quoted; occasionally extracts from Roman literature are inserted, though this is done to a comparatively small extent, and an effort is visible to avoid that form of criticism which consists in merely stating an opinion, and to approximate to that which gives reasons for the opinion. In one point we fully concur with Dr. Schanz against the majority of German criticisms. He entirely rejects the view, first put forward by Landgraf, and since adopted enthusiastically by Wölfflin, that Asinius Pollio edited the papers of Caesar and Hirtius, and composed the *Bellum Africanum*. Dr. Schanz observes—as it seems to us, most truly—that the three letters of Pollio preserved in Cicero's Correspondence show great stylistic ability, while the *Bellum Africanum* shows none. A man who uses *interim* sixty-eight times to carry on his narrative is "ein stilistischer Stümper," a literary bungler, of

a very different class from the Pollio either of the letters or of history. And the whole argument for the authorship of the *Bellum Africanum* rests on a supposed similarity in style between it and the three letters alluded to above. Surely the distinguished Latinists who connect the two works have forgotten their literary instincts—if, indeed, they have not forgotten their sense of humour in arguing literary conclusions from three short epistles. It is pleasant to find that there are German scholars who have not bowed the knee to this latest unlitary heresy.

F. HAVERFIELD.

TWO BOOKS ON MODERN LANGUAGES.

A Practical Spanish Manual: containing Grammar, Exercises, Reading Lessons, &c. By W. F. Harvey. (Williams & Norgate.) In our notice (ACADEMY, May 17, 1890) of the author's *Simplified Grammar of the Spanish Language*, in Trübner's series, we attributed the many mistakes in it to haste and carelessness. The errors there noted have, indeed, been corrected in the present manual, but so large a number of fresh blunders have been committed as to make it impossible any longer to assign these faults to haste and carelessness alone. Mr. Harvey here shows himself utterly incompetent, and that it is sheer presumption on his part to have undertaken to write any grammar whatever of the Spanish language. This is a serious accusation. To prove it fully would require some two or three columns of the ACADEMY to contain the list of errors that we have noted. Except in some of the paradigms and in mere copying work, there are few pages of the book which do not contribute to the list. We can mark here only so many as we think will be more than sufficient to justify our condemnation of the work. The character of the blunders is most extraordinary. Not only are the rules given often wrong, or stated in a wrong manner, but they are frequently utterly in contradiction with the examples under them, or with other rules and examples given in subsequent pages. To begin with "The Article," p. 8, § 1-1. "Formerly *el=la* was used before feminine nouns beginning with a vowel, but its use is now restricted to nouns of two syllables beginning with *a* or *ha*, as *el alma*, *el hábla*." Are *el águila* and *el ánima*, then, dissyllables? "*Lo* is only used before abstract nouns." Cervantes, then, was wrong when he wrote: "*Lo primero que hizo*," and such phrases as "*lo mismo*," "*lo suyo*," &c., are not Spanish? Later (p. 11, § 19), we read: "*Lo*, the neuter article, is used before adjectives to convert them into abstract nouns," "*Lo* is often employed with *que* and *cual* before verbs," &c. How is a beginner to reconcile statements like these? In fact, *lo* is used before substantives, adjectives, pronouns, participles, and adverbs. P. 9, § 15 (4): "[The definite article is employed] after the verb *tener*, if particular qualities are predicated of an organic body, as *tiene los cabellos negros*"; but can we not say: *tiene ojos de linco*? P. 14, § 22 (7): "Nouns in *u* are masculine, as *espíritu*, *tribú*." Unfortunately, *tribú* is feminine. P. 18, § 30: "By the use of the preposition *á*, a sentence may be expressed in five different ways." It should be *six*. Mr. Harvey omits, "*Á Abel mato Cain*." P. 22, § 37 (4), is a perfect nest of blunders. "The post-position of the adjective. (1) In the cases of certain adjectives which take a non-literal and figurative sense when they follow the noun," as here given, the examples (a) (b) (d) contradict the rule; in (c) (e) they are transposed, and wrongly translated. Yet the rule is again referred to in

§ 38 (3). "The adjective precedes the noun (3) when the adjective is employed in its literal, as opposed to its metaphorical sense; cf. § 37." It is almost a pity that Mr. Harvey did not add "*cf. also* (§ 15) *tiene los cabellos negros*." Where, too, did he find, § 37, (5), *Gregorio primo* for *primero*? P. 35, § 53 (3), *dos*, two, and *doce*, twelve, are both translated *two*! P. 36, § 53 (8), "The first day of a month is expressed by the ordinal, but for the rest cardinal numerals are alone employed." Are not then *segundo* and *tercero* thus used? P. 38, § 57, "The reflective pronoun. Nominative . . . *si*!" P. 38, § 58, "the pronoun in the indirect must always precede that in the direct objective case." In that case the examples in § 61, "*me os rinde*, 'I surrender myself to you'; '*te me han entregado*, 'they have delivered thee to me,'" must be wrong. P. 42, § 62 (7), "*quise traerlos*" is translated, "I wished you to bring him"! P. 45, § 67, *ese* and *este* are both translated "this"; in the examples, § 70, *ese* is rightly translated "that." Imagine the puzzle of a beginner! P. 49, § 74 (3), "*sendos*, 'each of two.'" Here Mr. Harvey has been perhaps misled by Velazquez' Spanish-English Dictionary, but the reference to the Latin *singuli* ought to have kept him right. It is "one each," or "each with one." P. 51, § 78, *dejar* is given among verbs "without a preposition," on p. 73 among those "with a preposition," with no explanation of the reason, or the difference of meaning in either case. P. 59, *me sustento* is rendered "maintaining myself." P. 63, all the compound tenses of the subjunctive of *haber* are omitted. Why? because it has none, or to puzzle beginners? P. 64, § 94 (3), *la niece es blanco*! P. 102, § 140, *á pesar de*, "by dint of"! We have passed over numerous mistranslations, constant misconceptions, suspicious misprints (?), which are very frequent, besides graver faults; but we think that our readers have enough before them to prove that the severest censure is warranted. Should English publishers and authors continue to put forth grammars like these of Mr. Harvey, foreigners will soon be able to retaliate on our comments on "English as She is Spoke" with the proverb "They who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

MR. H. SWAN'S little volume, *Travellers' Colloquial French* (Nutt), which has, we learn, reached a third edition, is better worth notice than most books written with a similar purpose. The phrases given, unlike those of dialogue-books, generally represent what Frenchmen really do say in everyday life, not what grammarians think they ought to say. A very considerable amount of useful information about French usages, modes of travelling, and the like, is incidentally furnished. The most conspicuous feature of the book, however, is the bold attempt which has been made to convey some notion of French pronunciation to Englishmen who have no knowledge of any language but their own. The dialogues are accompanied by a transcription into a phonetic spelling based on English analogies. This kind of thing has often been attempted without success; but Mr. Swan has some scientific knowledge of phonetics, and the explanation given in the introduction and the footnotes will enable the reader to correct in some degree the natural tendency to identify French sounds too absolutely with their nearest equivalents in English. Of course, Mr. Swan's phonetic notation looks grotesque enough, and in some points might be improved in correctness without loss of popular intelligibility. Still, we may venture to say that an Englishman who pronounces a French sentence according to the instructions contained in this book will, at all events, be understood, however oddly his rendering of the words may sound in native ears.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOME NOTES ON GODEFROY'S OLD-FRENCH DICTIONARY.

III.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk.

N.B.—The dagger (†) indicates that the word, word-form, or phrase, is not in Godefroy's Dictionary. (See ACADEMY, April 11, p. 350, and May 16, p. 469.)

† *Damascus*, *v.* *Domesche*, below.

† *Danesin*, *adj.* Danish (?):

"Prouinchal, toulousain, gascoing et limousin, Estoient tout rengie es mareis danesin Moult pres dune cite que firent sarrazin."
Thomas de Baillol: Battle stopped by a cup of wine (printed in Ward's *Catalogue of Romances in MSS. Dept. of Brit. Mus.*, p. 882).

† *Daunter*, *va.* (Mod. *dompter*), to subdue, tame (see quotation *sr.* *Domesche*).

† *Daunyer*, *dauner*, *va.* To court, woo:

"Auxint jadyes d'un damescile qe out mys tote sa entente de amer chastee, tant qe vynt une deabliesse qe fust lowe par un clerk qe la out long tens daunye (var. *daunce*)."

Contes Moral. de N. Bozon, p. 169.

† *Debaier*, *vn.* To bark:

"Li chen . . .
Si ullent e crient e braient
Autresi cum il firent her;
Es meistes n'out ke curucer:
Mut halloent, crient e huent,
Lur chens debaient (var. *debatent*) e deruent."
Vie de Saint Gile (ed. Paris et Bos), vv. 1738-42.

Debate. Add neut. sense: to beat about (of hounds at fault):

"Lur chens debatent (var. *debaient*) et deruent."
(See quotation *s.r.* *Debaier*, above.)

† *Defet*, *pp.* as *adj.* *V.* *Desfaire*, below.

† *Dehonestement*, *adv.* *V.* 2 *Deshonestement*, below.

† *Deschartillier*, *va.* To ruin, destroy? (another form of *descarteler*?):

"La semence est faille, toute est deschartillie."
De Conflictu Corporis et Animae (printed in Wright's *Latin Poems of Walter Mapes*, p. 325).

Desclore. Add active sense † to hatch:

"Les gelyne pontrent, covcrent e desclostrent."
Contes Moral. de N. Bozon, p. 187.

† *Desseverance*, *V.* *Desseverance*, below.

† *Defait*, *pp.* as *adj.* Undone, worn out; add † *defet*:

"Je su viels, e ne me pus ayder, tant su defet."
Hist. de Foules Fitz Warin (ed. Moland et D'Héricault), p. 61.

2. *Deshonestement*, *adv.* Dishonourably, indecently; add † *dehonestement*:

"Les Sarrazins . . . se lavent moult dehonestement et devant les gens."

Saint Voyage de Jerusalem (ed. Bonnardot et Longnon), p. 60.

† *Desirer*, *v.* *impers.* To be wanting, lacking:

"Nule chose ne desierte a moi" (i.e., I lack nothing).

Libri Psalmorum Versio Antiqua Gallica (ed. Francisque Michel), *Psalmus* xxii. 1.

† *Desornemès*, *adv.* Never any more;

"Touz serroms de un acord, e nul ne fra grevance a autre desornemès."

Contes Moral. de N. Bozon, p. 84.

Despenscor, *sn.* Steward; add † *despenser*:

"Le despenser et le deye, qe oierent la noyse, alumerent pur vere quei ceo poeit estre."

Ibid., p. 185.

† *Dessavore*, *adj.* Tasteless:

"L'ewe par sey est liquour dessavoree (var. *mes-savoree*)."

Ibid., p. 163.

Desseverance, *sf.* Separation; add † *desseverance*:

"La male desseverance nus fait aver pesance."
De Conflictu Corporis et Animae (printed in Wright's *Latin Poems of Walter Mapes*, p. 333).

Destrer *va.*—To support on the right, escort: add example:

"Tantost fut mise la dicte banniere sur vng

destrier blanc couuert dun drap dor et le destroient trois barons montez sur trois blancs destriers."

Hist. du Chev. Paris et de la belle Vienne (Paris, 1835) p. xiii. *verso*.

1 *Desvier*, *-voier*. Add refl. sense; *se desvoier* *contre*, to rage against? (the Ital. version has *divisarsi contro a S.*):

"Lors commencent les errors des hereges qui se desvoierent contre Silvestre."

Li Livres dou Tresor, par Brunetto Latini (ed. Chabaille), p. 82.

Devaler, *vn.* Add example of use as *subs.*, descent, slope:

"Nostre emperere a un pui devaler . . .
Pars devers destre se prist a regarder."

Aymery de Narbonne (ed. L. Demaison), vv. 157-9.

† *Deye*, *sf.* Farm-servant, dairy-maid (see quotation *s.r.* *Despenscor*, above).

† *Deyerye*, *sf.* Dairy:

"Le chat . . . lui mena en le deyerye; si lui fist flater de let tant com il poeit."

Contes Moral. de N. Bozon, p. 184.

† *Dobbour*, *V.* *Doubcor*, below.

† *Docter*, *V.* *Doter*, below.

† *Doggetz*, *adj.* "Dogged," obstinate, violent:

"Auxint est ore en siecle entre prelatz e baillifs. Il esparnunt les pussantz e les doggetz (var. *dogez*), e defoulent les simples gentz."

Contes Moral. de N. Bozon, p. 11.

Domesche, *adj.* Add † *damasche* and example of *damasche*, tame, domesticated (of animals):

"Les uns bestes ont de nature de estre damasches, com aiguel, les autres de estre sauvagez, cum cerf e bisse. E cels qe sont sauvagez peout l'em daunter, e cels qe sont damaschez de nature l'em peot tant soffrir a volenté qe els devendront sauvagez."

Contes Moral. de Nicole Bozon (ed. Toulmin Smith et P. Meyer), p. 25.

Doter, *va.* To endow; add † *docter*:

"Por essaucier le non Jhesu Crist docta il Sainte Eglise et li dona toutes les emperiaus dignitez."

Li Livres dou Tresor, par Brunetto Latini (ed. Chabaille), p. 82.

Doubcor, *sm.* Cobbler, mender of clothes, add † *dobbour*:

"Lors fra Dieux, com fet le dobbour de veux dras qi tourne le geron a la peitrine, et ceo qe fust amont tourne vers val."

Contes Moral. de N. Bozon, p. 39.

† *Dreitreux* † *V.* *Droiturel*, below.

† *Dreitus* † *V.* *Droiturel*, below.

Droiturel, *adj.* Upright; add † *dreitreux*, † *dreitus*:

"Lui poverez dreitreux (var. *dreiturel*) esterront al jour de jugement encontre richez cruels, e les acouperont de lur travaillez e de la durece qe ount fet en tere."

Ibid., p. 39.

"Le lou est sagesse corteys e dreitus en ses fetz."

Ibid., p. 77.

Durable, *adj.* Add sense, eternal, everlasting:

"Alez en fu durable [printed *darable*] ensemble od le diable."

"Ne purum pas murir, estuverat nus sufrir.
Liu qui est durable ensemble od le diable."

De Conflictu Corporis et Animae (printed in Wright's *Latin Poems of Walter Mapes*, pp. 330-1).

† *Durablement*, *adv.* Eternally, for ever:

"El enfermel turment serum durablement."

Ibid., p. 333.

Durer. Add act. sense † to endure, stand:

"Atant survyndrent tantz chevalers, esquiers, borgeys, serjantz, e pueple sanz noubre, qe Fouke aparquist bien qu'il ne poeit durer la batayle."

Hist. de Foules Fitz Warin (ed. Moland et D'Héricault), p. 60.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. EDWARD WESTERMARCK'S treatise on *Human Marriage*, which is nearly ready for publication, puts forward views which are in some respects diametrically opposed to those advanced by such eminent writers as Darwin, Herbert Spencer, Tylor, and Lubbock. But

Mr. A. R. Wallace, who introduces the book with a short Preface, states his conviction that Dr. Westermarck's conclusions, based upon careful investigation of facts and supported by acute reasoning, will be found worthy of the gravest consideration, and must be taken into account in all future discussions of the subject. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. are the publishers.

THE general programme for the Cardiff meeting of the British Association has now been arranged. The first meeting will be held on Wednesday, August 19, at 8 p.m., when Sir Frederick Abel will resign the chair, and Dr. William Huggins, president-elect, will assume the presidency and deliver an address. On Thursday evening, August 20, there will be a soirée; on Friday evening, August 21, a discourse on "Some Difficulties in the Life of Aquatic Insects," by Prof. L. C. Miall; on Monday evening, August 24, a discourse by Prof. T. E. Thorpe; and on Tuesday evening, August 25, a soirée. On Wednesday, August 26, the concluding general meeting will be held at 2.30 p.m.

THE arrangements for the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography are nearly complete, and the programme, corrected up to May 1, has been issued in the form of a pamphlet. It has been definitely fixed that the opening meeting, at which the Prince of Wales is to preside, shall be held on Monday, August 10, at 3.30 p.m. The sections (of which there are ten) will meet on the four following days from 10 a.m. to 2 p.m. The six medical and scientific sections will meet in the rooms of the Royal and other learned Societies at Burlington House. The University of London will give the use of its large theatre to the section for the hygiene of infancy and childhood, and two examination halls to the sections for architecture and engineering. The division of demography will meet in the theatre of the School of Mines, Jermyn-street. Much attention is being given to the necessary social preparations; and there is already a long list of proposed entertainments and excursions.

SIR RICHARD QUAIN has been elected president of the General Medical Council, in the room of the late Prof. John Marshall.

MESSRS. A. & C. BLACK have practically anticipated one of the proposed changes in the law of copyright by the readiness with which they have always consented to the republication, in separate form, of the more important articles in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*. Notable instances were the prompt reprint of Wellhausen's "Israel" and Ingram's History of Political Economy—not to mention Mr. J. G. Frazer's expanded study of Totemism. In physical science, they have already issued this year Prof. Ray Lankester's zoological articles. And now we have on our table *Mammalia*, by W. H. Flower and Richard Lydekker, which is shortly to be followed by Prof. Alfred Newton's *Birds*. The present volume is by no means a mere reprint. Its full title is "An Introduction to the Study of Mammals Living and Extinct"; and it consists "largely" of the articles contributed to the *Encyclopaedia* by Prof. Flower and one or two others, re-arranged and revised throughout by Mr. Lydekker, who has naturally paid special attention to the extinct forms. From his position, formerly at the College of Surgeons, and now as head both of the natural history department of the British Museum and of the Zoological Society, Prof. Flower is entitled to speak with the highest authority. And it may be safely affirmed that this handsome volume, which abounds with excellent woodcuts, will long hold rank as the standard book of reference in the most interesting branch of natural history. There has been nothing resembling it—alike so exhaustive and so popular—since the time of Buffon.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, May 4.)

PROF. T. Mc K. Hughes, president, in the chair.—After cordial expressions of regret for the loss sustained by the society in the death of the Rev. S. S. Lewis, who had been secretary for nearly twenty years, Mr. S. J. Hickson exhibited and described several "sakit" canoes. In the course of his paper he said:—"These canoes came from a house in the Karaton Kampong in the Nanusa islands. They were suspended to a beam in the roof of the central hall of the house, and occupying the middle place of the row there was a triangular cage containing a small wooden figure. I found great difficulty in coming to terms with the natives for their purchase, as they evidently were anxious to keep them and to divert my attention to this worthless model of a Spanish whaler. However, in the end I succeeded in purchasing the complete set of canoes, god-cage, and Spanish whalers for a sufficient quantity of white sheeting—the only useful trade-article except tobacco in these islands. From inquiries I made of German missionaries in these islands and of the raja of the island through a Malay interpreter and from a trader who constantly visited these islands, I learned that these canoes are called Sakit canoes, and that their function is primarily that of a prevention against disease. In order that I may be able to explain the manner in which these canoes act in this way, I must call your attention to some of the prevalent ideas of the Malay races concerning spirits and sickness. Most of the Malays, and among them the Malays of the northern peninsula of Celebes, believe in the existence of a large number of free wandering spirits, both good and evil. There are spirits in the trees, spirits in the rocks, spirits of the rivers and the waterfalls, besides spirits of the houses and familiar spirits. To these spirits the people erect altars on which they place betel, tobacco, food and wine. They are particularly careful not to offend them, for fear the evil spirits should visit them with sickness and the good ones cease to pour out their blessings upon them. The altars are of various kinds; sometimes they are little houses, sometimes little cages, sometimes simple smooth stones or rocks. In some cases, as for example, among the Tondanese, little ladders of string ornamented with coco-nut leaves are made to facilitate the descent of the spirits from the neighbouring trees to the altar. It seems to me to be very probable that these canoes should be regarded as altars of this nature. They are resting places for the evil spirits, and they are placed in the native houses to prevent the Sakits from becoming angry and attacking the inmates. In many of the Malay islands sickness is supposed to be due to the temporary absence of the patient's spirit, and the occupation of the body by the Sakit. Thus in the Minahassa district of North Celebes the cure of disease is brought about by the calling back of the spirit. A feast is given called Manemph; and the priests go out in the forest, or wherever they believe the spirit has gone, and call for it, or whistle for it, as one would for a dog. When there is evidence that the spirit is present, it is caught in a cloth, and the cloth is opened over the head of the patient. In Polang Mongondou, where the customs of the people resemble more closely those of the people of Sangir than do those of the Minahassers, the following ceremony takes place: After a song between the priests and the people present, two priestesses dance round the rooms. They hold in their hands coloured cloths, which they flap about hither and thither. Some cloths are tied on to the end of a spear, and a little wooden doll is placed on the end of it. This is held up by one of the priestesses; and then when they think the soul is there, that is to say, has settled on the figure, another priestess approaches it on tip-toe and catches it in a coloured cloth. When this is done she approaches the patient, wraps his head in the cloth, and stands for some moments with a very earnest, anxious expression, holding her hand on the patient's head. If this ceremony does not succeed, then it is supposed that the patient's spirit has been called away for good by his forefathers, and he is left to die. Variations of the Sakit canoe myth occur in other parts of the Archipelago. Among the Dyaks, according to

Hardeland, goats, chickens, pigeons, and miniature houses and boats are offered to the angry spirits that hover round a woman during her pregnancy; these are carried to the river and sunk by earth and stones. Similarly, among the Alfours of Halmahera there are evil invisible spirits called Jins that sometimes like to go for a row on the sea. So the people make miniature canoes for them, fill them with food, and set them afloat. Baessler mentions that in cases of illness in the Wettar islands the relations of the patient make a small canoe, called a pomall prau, which they push off into the sea, believing that in that manner they will drive the sickness away. The same author figures a model of a prau from these islands, but does not mention any use that it is put to. It is not probable, it seems to me, that these models are made either for sale or for amusement, and it may be that they are of the same nature as those I have described from Sangir. In Buru sicknesses are due to male and female Suwanggi, angry spirits that live on the tops of the mountains, in dense forests or in the crowns of trees, as well as to the manes of the forefathers whose spirits are not yet at rest at Waicli, or whose graves have been disturbed. In cases of epidemic, such as small-pox and the like, they make a prau, six metres long and half a metre broad, with the necessary oars, sails, and anchors, and place in front and behind a Netherlands flag. The edge of the prau is ornamented with young coco-nut leaves, and in the prau itself is placed a mat covered by a piece of white linen. Further, the prau is furnished with a roast chicken, a head of a deer and of a pig, a cuscus (?) all roasted, cooked fish, seven hen and seven Megapodius eggs, a plate of cooked rice, a plate with cooked corn, various fruits and vegetables, a dish of sago, a bamboo with sagowee wine, a bamboo with water, a cup of coco-nut oil, and lastly a dish with sirih leaves, betel nut, and tobacco. Then for a whole day and night the people beat their drums, gongs, and jump about for the purpose of driving the spirit into the prau. On the following morning ten strong young men are chosen, who with rattans bind to the mast of the prau a living cock, and then in another prau they tow it far out to sea. When they are far away from land they let it loose, and one of them shouts: "Grandfather small-pox go away, go away for good, go and seek another land; we have prepared you food for your journey, we have now no more to give you." When the prau has returned to the shore, the men, women, and children all go down to bathe together in the sea in order that the sickness may not return. In Amboyna we find also that in certain cases of sickness a small prau is made, in which a plate and dish are placed, with ten pieces of silver in them, a piece of white linen, a number of burning candles, and a white cock. Before it is cast adrift, the body of the sick person must be pecked by the white cock that the *Sawano*—i.e., spirit of sickness—may be driven out. Similarly, in Ceram a small prau, 1½ metres in length, is made and loaded with victuals, and other necessities of life, and cast adrift as soon as the spirit of sickness has been allured into it. Similar ceremonies are found in the Gorong archipelago. In the Watubela islands the prau that is made under similar circumstances is 2½ metres in length. In the Aru archipelago the prau is 2 metres long, and provided with wooden dolls, silver rings, plates with betel nuts and accessories, arak, and tobacco. In the Babar archipelago it is 3 metres long and 1 metre broad; in Wettar, 5 metres long by ½ broad. Similar ceremonies are described from Timor Laut and the Leti group. Before leaving this subject, I must call attention to the very simple coloured patterns on these canoes. From collections in museums it might be supposed that the Malays are very artistic: this is perhaps due to the fact that collectors frequently will only obtain implements and the like that are ornamented with curious coloured designs and figures, and leave behind all the spears, shields, and the like that are not so ornamented; the result being that an unfair proportion of ornamented things appear in the cabinets of the museum. I am inclined to believe that the Malays are not artistic, and that the few ornamental designs of their own are very poor and primitive. The best-known islands of the archipelago are Sumatra and Java; and there we find most wonderful carvings on the ruined temples of

Burra Budda and elsewhere, besides ornaments with complicated patterns in the people's costumes, in their houses, their dolls, and the like. But this is not Malay art. It is the art that was brought by the Buddhist priests in the third century, according to Fa-hi-en, the Chinese pilgrim from Further India. Nor should we judge of Malay art from the specimens obtained in Timor, Aru, Timor Laut, and Ceram, for in these islands there is undoubtedly a very great influence from the mixture of the race with the Papuans. In Celebes, South Borneo, and the Moluccas, there is very little art; and this is due, I believe, to the fact that there has been very little Buddhist influence, and very little Papuan influence. The chief character of Malay art, if it can be so called, is the absence of any good curves. Nearly all their own designs are angular, and those that they have copied from other races have a tendency to become angular. An instance of this is the figure on flying-fish floats, copied probably from the bird design of the Solomon islanders. Spears, shields, blow-pipes, canoes, agricultural implements, bowls, and other implements, besides the houses and cloths of the people, are frequently, if not usually, unornamented, in striking contrast to similar things among the Papuans. Nothing could be more impressive than the contrast in this respect between a Malay and a Papuan village.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, May 6.)

FREDERICK ROGERS, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. James Ernest Baker read a paper on "Cyril Tournour." In the course of his remarks, Mr. Baker observed that Cyril Tournour held a peculiarly unique and important position among the greater Elizabethan playwrights. The lives of most of his contemporaries are enveloped with the mist of obscurity, but in Tournour's case the mist is particularly dense. The few scraps of information that have descended to us are very meagre and scanty. We possess neither the date of his birth nor that of his death. His name is not to be found in Henslowe's Diary, neither is it mentioned in the list of poets given by Edmund Hawes in his continuation of Stowe's *Annals*. A couplet by an unknown author (quoted by Wiustanley) leads us to infer that he failed to obtain more than a passing attention in his day:

"His fame unto that pitch so only rais'd
As not to be despis'd nor too much prais'd."

It is scarcely possible that we are in possession of the whole of Tournour's work. In 1600 Valentino Sims, the well-known publisher on Adling Hill, published his poem "The Transformed Metamorphosis," dedicated to Sir Christopher Heydon, to whom Tournour wished "aeternal fruition of all felicitie." It is a singularly fantastic and grotesque piece of writing, and only worth reading as a poetical curiosity of the Elizabethan age. This was followed in 1609 by "A Funerall Poeme upon the Death of the Most Worthie and True Sovldier, Sir Francis Vere, Knight; Capitaine of Portsmouth, &c., L. Governour of his Maiesties Cautionarie Towne of Briell in Holland, &c.": and in 1613 by "A Griefe on the Death of Prince Henrie, expressed in a Broken Elegie, according to the nature of such a Sorrow." Tournour's elegy was published in quarto with two other poems—a "Monumental Columne" in hercics by John Webster, and a "Funerall Elegie," in ottava rima, by Thomas Heywood. "The Revenger's Tragedy" was entered in the Stationer's Books on October 7, 1607, and published during the same year. In the theatrical lists of the eighteenth century it has also been called "The Loyal Brother." "The Atheist's Tragedy; or, The Honest Man's Revenge," was printed in 1611. Though "The Atheist's Tragedy" was printed four years after "The Revenger's Tragedy," there can be little doubt that it was written at a much earlier period of Tournour's career. The title of another play—"The Nobleman"—has also come down to us. Warburton was in possession of the MS., which was probably appropriated for culinary purposes by his wretched kitchen wench. The "Atheist's Tragedy" is well worth reading, but it is not a "priceless treasure" like the "Revenger's Tragedy." There is nothing specially great or attractive about it; nothing to

sufficiently distinguish it from the so-called "tragedy of blood" species of our drama. In the first place the plot, or rather series of dramatic events, is crude and highly improbable; in the second the dramatist fails completely to put any life or action into his characters. They are mere shadows, wooden dolls, pulled with strings by a careless and uncertain hand. Charlemont and Castabella are the only personages capable of arresting our attention. We are interested in these two young lovers. We have a sort of sympathy for them in their many severe trials and temptations. But D'Amville never fails to arouse both our indignation and our disgust. He belongs to the morally sick. A more unnatural monster it would be difficult to conceive; certainly his like is not to be matched in any of the plays of Tournour's fellow playwrights. Tournour, like Webster, to whom he bears a certain resemblance, had a strange humour for introducing ghosts, skulls, murders, and other grim horrors into his work. They are brought in with all the apparatus of thunder and lightning; but it is certainly questionable whether they provoke the dramatic and sensational effect intended. Tournour had "horrible imaginings," but "their terrors want dignity, their frightments are without decorum." In "The Revenger's Tragedy" Tournour is seen at his best. Again, the plot is extravagant, crude, unreal, the analysis of the *dramatis personae* occasionally defective; but there is such an unmistakable display of real imaginative power, poetic worth, such a keen insight into the complex workings of the human heart, a "splendour of despair," glorious outburst of inspired rhetoric, that it would be very difficult to point out a similar piece of work in the whole range of Elizabethan dramatic literature, always excepting the very best of Shakspeare and Webster. Vendin, the hero of the play, who has all the melancholy of a Hamlet, is a remarkable yet curious production. All the things he held dearest in life had been brutally stolen from him; his father, his mistress, his friend's wife. He was left brooding over his sorrows, in possession of one aim, one uncontrollable desire, that of revenge, revenge for all the evil that had befallen him. This he contrives to obtain, but only by wading through the turbid sea of blood and lust, and to be delivered up in the end to death by the friend he dearly loved, Antonio. Tournour was a profound student of human life. Possessed of a morbid and melancholy mind, he lightly passed over its pleasures and joys, and found food for continual study and reflection in the vices and sorrows of humanity. Taking us into the life of sixteenth-century Italy in his "Revenger's Tragedy," he paints in a bold and vigorous manner some terrible tale of lust and crime. It is an awful spectacle that we witness; not, surely, without its own special value and instruction. It is no conventional world we move in, no ordinary phase of life that we come into contact with, no presentment of that which is merely ideal, purely imaginative and speculative in its tendency. It is to be seriously regretted that Tournour lacked the critical faculty, the artistic instinct. He possessed no knowledge of the necessity of light and shade, form and colour, in his work; of the great value of carefully contrasting his characters. The strange diversities of his plays never coalesce so as to form a beautiful and harmonious whole. There is no grouping of his *dramatis personae*; no careful analysis of motive; no dexterous evolution of plots; no legitimate striving for a satisfactory and dramatic dénouement; and obviously, he has no realisation in the slightest degree of how his work could be improved by a discreet use of the language of suggestion. Yet, with all its many defects, its want of perfection, there is something very specially distinct, characteristic, about "The Revenger's Tragedy;" it is real, sure, certain, the production of a poetic and imaginative mind, conveying a vivid and lasting impression. Tournour is always conscious that a profanation of the faculties of the human body will entail a just and enduring punishment, that a righteous retribution will inevitably ensue; and severe, emphatic is his utterance on the result of misdoing. Sometimes he accentuates too loudly the note of vice and sin; and we could wish to hear a piece of music with the chords of human love and sympathy more harmoniously modulated, not too substantial, too clearly defined,

but capable of creating such beautiful thoughts as flow into the brain when dreamily listening to a fugue by Bach, or one of Mozart's melodies. But it is a masterly presentment of life in its worst aspects that Tournour gives us, "unhallowed by anything but its own energies." His versification is terse and vigorous, flexible and passionate, and melodiously sweet. It is apparent that Shakspeare exercised a potent influence upon him—that he was highly susceptible to his methods. Yet he was no servile imitator: he succeeded in creating a method of his own, kindled by the fire of a sombre philosophy and vivified by the heat of a daring and unbridled imagination. His dialogue in "The Revenger's Tragedy" exhibits real dramatic strength, full of happy and exquisite conceits, penetrated with the noblest poetry, strangely beautiful, throbbing with impassioned thought. Cyril Tournour produced only one masterpiece; on this his reputation mainly rests. It may be a matter of regret that more of his mature work has failed to descend to us, but, as Mr. Oscar Wilde once said, "It is only the Philistine who seeks to estimate a personality by the vulgar test of production."

HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, May 14.)

HYDE CLARKE, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—The secretary read a paper by Prof. Julius von Pfugk Harttung upon "The Old Irish on the Continent," in which the extent of Irish influences upon the religion and learning of the Franks was traced with much research in archaeological and palaeographic remains.—A discussion followed.

FINE ART.

"BIBLIOTHÈQUE INTERNATIONALE DE L'ART."

—*Les Correspondants de Michel Ange.* I. Sebastiano del Piombo. Edited by G. Milanesi, with French translation by Dr. A. Le Pileur. (Paris: Librairie de l'Art.)

THE series of which this is the first volume is intended to form a counterpart to the *Lettere di Michel Angelo*, published by Milanesi in 1875. Artists' letters have always been popular with readers. Lovers of art are brought, in the presence of an artist's works, into so intimate a contact with the personality of the artist himself that he ceases to be a stranger to them. Thus his letters become those of a friend. They display the action of a mind which we already understand. The trifles they record become invested with surprising interest. Even the details of business and bargain that may enter into them do not repel us, as under other circumstances they would.

With the letters of Michelangelo himself this is specially true. So commanding a genius, so largo a personality, impresses itself on whatever it produces. His very handwriting is a manifestation of power. Sebastiano del Piombo was no such phenomenon. He did, indeed, acting under the influence of his betters, paint a few fine pictures; but the man lurking behind them, in so far as that is not Michelangelo himself, is no great creature. His letters, also, chiefly interest us in so far as we catch glimpses of Michelangelo himself in them. They throw light upon important passages in his career, and incidentally they bring other noteworthy men upon the scene. They convey a dimly-lit picture of a world in which genius existed and great things were accomplished.

The edition under review is well printed in the form with which the Librairie de l'Art has rendered all students of art history

thankfully familiar. It is preceded by an interesting and valuable introduction, which explains with sufficient accuracy, and without pedantic elaboration, the circumstances under which the letters were written. The Italian text occupies the verso of each page, and the readable and yet accurate French translation is printed on the opposite rectos. The reader's facilities would have been increased by a few more foot-notes, and by a visible division of the letters into groups, for the letters do not by any means form a continuous series.

All the letters are sent from Sebastiano at Rome to Michelangelo at Florence. The first group consists of nine, written during the year 1520. These refer mainly to the rivalry between Sebastiano and the pupils of Raphael for the decoration of the Hall of Constantine in the Vatican. The first discusses the valuation of the "Raising of Lazarus," which is now in the National Gallery. The second announces Raphael's death, and plunges at once into the floods of intrigue which were thereby let loose at the court of Leo X. Sebastiano demanded Michelangelo's support, and received it in the form of a well-known letter to Cardinal Bibbiena. In one of these letters occurs the famous statement about Michelangelo, that "he made all men afraid, even Popes." The mixture of wonder, dread, and admiration which the great Florentine caused in his shallow Venetian friend clearly appears in the tone of his letters.

An isolated letter of the year 1521 is not of much importance. This is followed by a silence of nearly four years. The eleventh and twelfth letters were both written in April, 1525. Both refer to works by Sebastiano; and from the second we gather that the "Christ at the Column," in the church of the Osservanza at Viterbo, was not a copy (as usually supposed) of the picture in St. Pietro in Montorio, though the one picture was made like the other.

The correspondence ceases from this point till February, 1531. The sack of Rome and siege and capture of Florence occurred in the interval, a most unpropitious time for artists. The thirteenth letter refers to the misfortunes endured by Sebastiano and to the injuries done to Michelangelo's Roman studio. In eighteen letters, which followed one another in rapid succession between February, 1531, and August, 1532, the main subject discussed is the endless question of the tomb of Julius II. They are depressing letters to read, and their contents have long ago found their way into all Lives of the great and unfortunate Michelangelo. The remaining five letters, written in July and August, 1533, refer chiefly to the completion of the Medici monuments at Florence.

It is to be hoped that we shall soon possess, published in this delightful form, all the letters extant which were written to Michelangelo. Even if we learn no new facts from them they cannot fail to be delightful reading. The recipient of a letter is always present in the letter itself, and helps to determine its form and character. No modern biography can take the place of contemporary records (such as these letters), which carry us at once back

into the day when the great artist lived, and bring us into immediate contact with the men who knew him and with their estimate of him.

W. M. CONWAY.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE most important exhibition to open next week will be that of a representative collection of oil-paintings by early English artists, at the Dowdeswell Galleries in New Bond-street, of which mention has already been made in the ACADEMY.

MESSRS. CASSELL & Co.'s ninth annual black-and-white exhibition will be opened on Thursday, June 4, at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon-street. The exhibition will contain original drawings by J. MacWhirter, Alfred East, John Fulleylove, W. Simpson, C. W. Wyllie, E. T. Compton, M. I. Dicksee, M. L. Gow, Gordon Browne, Joseph Clark, M. E. Edwards, W. Hatherell, E. Blair Leighton, Bernard Partridge, H. M. Paget, P. Tarrant, Dorothy Tennant, H. Gillard Glindoni, W. Rainey, Fannie Moody, Herbert Railton, the late Alice Havers, and many others. It will include, in addition, the series of drawings made by Mr. Walter Paget for Cassell's new fine art edition of *Robinson Crusoe*.

MESSRS. PARROT ET CIE., of Paris, are reproducing in chromolithography about sixty of the finest specimens of Wedgwood's artistic pottery now to be found in English collections. The plates will be accompanied by an English text, written by Mr. Rathbone, who is well known as an authority upon the subject. The work will be issued in eight parts, to appear at intervals between December, 1891, and December, 1892. Mr. Quaritch is the publisher.

THE Religious Tract Society has opened a department for the sale of electrotypes of the numerous engravings that have appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday at Home*, *Boys' Own Paper*, *Girls' Own Paper*, and its many other publications. Hitherto these cuts have been strictly reserved for use in the society's own publications, but now they are offered for general sale at the usual rates. Upwards of 50,000 blocks, many of them finely engraved, are thus placed at the disposal of publishers and authors.

At an extra evening meeting at the Royal Institution, on Tuesday, June 2, at 9 p.m., Dr. Charles Waldstein will give a discourse on "The Discovery of the Tomb of Aristotle?"

THE third and concluding part of *Royal Academy Pictures, 1891*, will be published on Thursday next, by Messrs. Cassell & Co.; and on the same date will be issued the complete volume, comprising the three parts.

THE sixteenth annual exhibition of paintings on china by lady amateurs and artists is now on view at Messrs. Howell & James's art galleries in Regent-street.

THE purchases this year by the trustees of the Chantrey fund have been Mr. Calderon's picture of "St. Elizabeth of Hungary's Great Act of Renunciation," and Mr. Bates's statue of "Pandora."

MR. WILLIAM AGNEW has presented to the Foundling Hospital a large picture by Francesco Mola, representing a shepherd-boy piping to his flock, which was formerly at Hamilton Palace.

THE jury of the Paris Salon have awarded a second medal, in the department of painting, to Mr. Chevallier Taylor. It is stated that a similar honour has not been gained by an Englishman for fifteen years.

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of director of the National Gallery of Victoria. The salary is £600, with a studio rent free, where the director may practise his profession as artist.

ALL works in painting, sculpture, &c., in competition for the British Institution scholarships, must be delivered at South Kensington on Wednesday, July 15, or Thursday, July 16.

Die Attischen Grabchriften. Chronologisch geordnet, erläutert, und mit Uebersetzungen begleitet von H. Gutschier. (Leoben: Selbstverlag des Verfassers.) Immense trouble has been taken with the subject-matter of this pamphlet. Dr. Gutschier has sorted the tomb-inscriptions of Attica into four periods—the archaic, those of the fifth century, those of the fourth and third centuries, and those of the Roman period. He has translated them and he has explained them, doing much toward putting each of them in its proper light. His account will be a welcome companion to all who possess the *Corpus Inscriptionum Atticarum* or Kaibel's *Epigrammata Græca*. But, unfortunately, without these books the reader has no means of effectively controlling what Dr. Gutschier has to say. For while he has translated from the Greek into German, he has not thought fit to print the Greek originals. This is very awkward, or more than awkward. We are left to learn Greek feelings and ideas through the medium of German iambs or elegiacs. Surely a small selection of pieces, with German versions, but with the Greek too, would have been more valuable to students. The translations are painstaking copies of the Greek metres, and, so far as our patience has gone in comparing them with the originals, we have found them accurate.

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. CECIL NICHOLSON writes from Paris:—

"Grisélidis, a mystery in verse in three acts, by MM. Armand Silvestre and Eugène Morand, recently played for the first time at the Comédie Française, embodies an old and well-known legend presented to the public in all its primitive simplicity, with archaic surroundings, pre-Raphaelite scenery, old-fashioned yet sweet melodies, and dresses such as we see in the illuminated pages of an old missal. As the charming Mlle. Ludwig tells us in the prologue:

"C'est n'est pas une tragédie
Bien qu'il soit permis d'y pleurer;
Bien qu'on y doive rire, à tout considérer,
Ce n'est pas une comédie.

Non! c'est un conte en l'air faite pour les bonnes gens,
Sans parti pris, au caprice indulgents.
Et qui, dans cet âge morose,
Loin des chiffres et de la prose,
Eproutent le désir d'aller sous les bois vers,
Suivre à la musique des vers,
Le vol d'un papillon et l'âme de la rose."

The Marquis Saluce leaves his loving and faithful wife and their little son Loys, to go to the wars. During his absence the devil, aided by his wife, tempts and tries to mislead Grisélidis; but, true to her vow of fidelity and obedience, the blameless wife baffles all his wiles, and when her lord returns he finds her as pure and humble as when she won his love as a simple shepherdess. Nothing can be more exquisitely chaste than Mme. Bartet's rendering of the character of Grisélidis; M. Sylvain as the Marquis seems to have stepped on to the stage from some old piece of tapestry, so wonderful is his appearance, gait, and acting. The weak point of the play is the Devil and his wife, Fiamina; even M. Coquelin cadet has not been able to make anything out of this poorly conceived character, *il ne vaut pas le diable!*

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

WE scarcely did justice to M. van Dyck last week. It is true that he was praised, but perhaps the fact that he is a singer and actor of the highest rank was not stated with sufficient prominence. A second performance of M. Massenet's "Manon" on Friday evening at Covent Garden resulted in another brilliant success for the Belgian artist. Miss Sanderson, if not satisfactory, was heard to better advantage.

"Die Meistersinger" was given on Saturday evening. June brings many changes in the operatic as well as in the ordinary world. A few years ago an impassable gulf was supposed to divide Wagner's early operas from his later works; but Mr. Augustus Harris has persevered for several seasons with the composer's comic opera, and the public have found out that though complex it is perfectly comprehensible. It may indeed be said to have become popular. It is the old tale of the Beethoven works over again; the later ones in which the master revealed the fulness of his genius were slowly received into favour. The cast for "Die Meistersinger" was a strong one. Mme. Albani as Eva, M. J. de Reske as Walther and M. Lasalle as Sachs, were at their best. M. Isnardon, when he first undertook the difficult part of Beckmesser, proved himself a capable artist, but he tried to be funny; now he acts with becoming seriousness, and is therefore all the more amusing. Signor Mancinelli, as conductor, displayed plenty of energy, but a little more discretion at times would have been to the advantage of Wagner's wonderful score.

"Horatius," a Ballad for men's voices and orchestra, composed by the Rev. Dr. J. H. Mee, was produced on Friday week at Queen's College, Oxford, by the Eglefield Society, which deserves much credit for the encouragement it has always given to new works. Macaulay's stirring lines lend themselves well to music, and the composer has set them to strains which display both strength and charm. Dr. Mee has agreeably mixed the old and the new: there are broad diatonic phrases, but in many places piquant chromatic harmonies in the accompaniment come with pleasing and, at times, with startling effect. The "Etruscan Master" section is bold and vigorous, and the change of key, tempo, and character of the music for the "Panic at Rome" is effective. Later on the vigorous "Horatius" theme attracts attention, and the tender Lento which soon follows is essentially pleasing. The "Keeping of the Bridge" section, with its busy accompaniment, cannot fairly be judged from a vocal score. The Epilogue concludes with a plain delivery of the "Horatius" theme. There are many telling passages for the voices, and indeed the whole of the vocal writing shows a practised hand. Dr. Mee conducted the work, which was well rendered, both by the singers and by an orchestra reinforced from London.

Señor Albeniz gave another of his concerts at St. James's Hall last Thursday week. The programme opened with Rubinstein's piano and violin Sonata in G, a work which contains some attractive material but dry developments. It was exceedingly well rendered by MM. Kruse and Albeniz; the refined style and neat execution of the former deserves special mention. The concert-giver played a Sonata in G flat of his own. The music is pleasing and showy; but the composer would find forms less severe than that of the Sonata more suitable to his light, dainty style of writing. Mr. Plunket Green was the vocalist.

Miss Rose Lynton, at her violin recital at Prince's Hall on Saturday afternoon, played Bach's Chaconne in D minor with considerable skill and taste. She could not do full justice to this great work, but she deserves praise for her earnestness and courage.

Herr Poznanski and Miss Eva Lonsdale gave the first of a series of matinées at the Steinway Hall on Monday afternoon. They are to be devoted to the works of Beethoven, Schumann, Brahms, Grieg, and Rubinstein; and at each a sketch of the composer's life, together with analytical remarks, forms a novel and useful feature. The first concert was fairly successful.

The nineteenth series of the Richter concerts commenced last Monday evening at St. James's Hall, when the eminent conductor was received with the usual enthusiasm. The programme included no novelties, but familiar excerpts from Wagner and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony are still apparently as attractive as ever. A fine Concerto in G for strings, by Bach, had not been heard here for ten years. The first and second movements are separated by a pause and two chords *adagio*. Herr Richter has interpolated a lovely slow movement from a Bach Sonata, which has been arranged for strings by Herr J. Hellmesberger. The effect is good, and as the interpolation is properly acknowledged, purists cannot reasonably grumble. The performances were excellent, especially that of the "Parsifal" Prelude. There was a good house.

Mr. E. Haddock gave his second concert at the Steinway Hall on Wednesday afternoon. Bach's fine Sonata in A for pianoforte and violin was brightly and effectively rendered by Miss J. Douste and the concert-giver. Mr. Haddock was also heard to advantage in some Veracini and Bazzini solos; his technique is excellent, and his readings are artistic. Miss F. Hipwell was the vocalist, and she deserves praise for her admirable selection of songs.

The Westminster Orchestral Society gave their closing concert of the season on Wednesday evening, when the programme included two novelties, both English. The first was a "Festal" Overture by Mr. C. S. Macpherson, the talented conductor of the Society; it is a clever and genial work, but the character of the music scarcely bore out the title "festal." Mr. E. Prout's "Suite de Ballet," written expressly for the Society, is of an extremely light though pleasing kind. The composer has already shown what he can do in a more serious style, and there is no reason why he should not be gay as well as grave. Both composers conducted their works, and were recalled. Mr. Alfred Hollins, the blind pianist, gave a clever performance of Beethoven's C minor Concerto, and Miss Alice Gomez sang with skill and great success a fine song of Gluck's from "Semiramis." Mr. Macpherson may be congratulated on the marked improvement in the orchestral playing.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times. By E. A. Freeman. Vols. I. and II. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

(First Notice.)

MR. FREEMAN must be congratulated on his choice of the finest theme as yet unappropriated by any historian of the first rank. The subject is worthy of a large canvas, and a large canvas has been taken, these two bulky volumes only bringing us down to the fall of Ducetius in 450 B.C., before Athenian invention had begun. The history of twenty-three centuries, for which far ampler materials exist, has still to be recorded. Hereafter Mr. Freeman will have to describe the siege of Syracuse, the second Carthaginian invasion, the deeds of Dionysius, Timoleon, and Agathocles, the invasion of Pyrrhus, the First Punic War, the Roman conquest, the administration and impeachment of Verres, the Vandal invasion, the exploits of Belisarius, the dominion of the Arabs, the romantic story of the Norman squires of Hauteville, the rule of the Hohenstaufens, of the Angevins, of the Spaniards, and of the Bourbons. All these periods are reserved for future volumes, which every student of history must hope the author will be able to complete.

Sicily possesses a strange fascination for all who have ever visited her shores. To say nothing of the unique scenery, in no other land have we in such narrow limits so much topographic history and ethnology. The inland cliffs are burrowed with the caves which were the homes, and afterwards the tombs, of the earliest races, the stalagmitic floors sometimes paved with the bones of the wild horses which formed their food. At Eryx we come upon the mighty megalithic ramparts of the Phœnicians. At Selinunto and Girgenti we gaze with wonder and admiration on the ruins of Doric temples more numerous, more massive in construction, more vast in scale, than are to be found even in the Hellenic fatherland. At Syracuse we stand in a temple originally dedicated to the Virgin goddess of Athens, within whose walls we may still hear the invocation—"Ave, Maria, Regina coeli"—addressed to another Virgin; hard by is the great altar on which Hieron sacrificed his hecatombs; a little further we come upon the most perfect ancient theatre which exists—a theatre which witnessed the first performances of tragedies of Aeschylus and comedies of Epicharmus, and where we may decipher the names of King Hieron and Queen Philistis engraved on their respective

seats—seats from which we may look out upon the Great Harbour spread at our feet, where in a last brief desperate struggle the brilliant empire of Athens rushed to ruin; or we may turn our eyes to the scene of a tragedy more pitiful than any ever told by Grecian dramatist, and peer into the deep limestone quarry on the left, the prison and the grave where the noblest sons of Athens perished in hopeless misery, truly the most terrible landscape in the world—the final scene in "the masterpiece of the greatest of all historians, told as no other tale was ever told." Or, passing to the right, and descending into the foss at Euryalus, we may examine the only extant specimen of a Greek fortress, designed probably by Archimedes himself, with saltports and underground corridors for infantry and cavalry, with the rows of perforated stones to which the horses were tethered.

Nor can we tread without emotion the soil trodden by so many illustrious men. In Sicily the most splendid odes of Pindar were composed. To Sicily Aeschylus, after repeated visits, retired in his old age, and here he died. From internal evidence we may well believe that Thucydides, and possibly Herodotus, may have visited the scenes which they have described. Diodorus Siculus, as his name implies, was a Sicilian. Simonides, Epicharmus, Empedocles, Archimedes, Moschus, Bion, Theocritus, and Edrisi were Sicilians either by birth or by residence. To Sicily Cicero came to get up his case against Verres; at Syracuse St. Paul spent three days on his way to Rome. Hero, too, Pyrrhus landed, and here Belisarius fought.

In the centre of the island we climb the steep hill of Enna—*Enna inexpugnabilis*—the camp of refuge of so many races, which no hostile army has ever stormed, which held out for two years against the Romans, and for two years against the Saracens, and where in the dim dawn of history the lovely myth of Demeter and Persephone was localised by nameless bards. At Palermo we climb the loftier limestone crag which dominates the town, on whose summit Hamilear Barca for three years defied the whole power of Rome. Below, in vast panorama, there lies stretched one of the finest cities, one of the loveliest bays, and the most beautiful Vega in the world, well named "The Golden Shell," a terrestrial paradiso, with its semi-tropical vegetation of palm, olive, orange, lemon, cactus, aloe, almond, and fig; the air scented with the sweet perfume of the nespole; every uncultivated nook covered with dwarf palmetto, straggling cork trees, waving squills, the vivid green and yellow of the tree-spurge, the pink flowers of the oleander, or the glossy foliage of arbutus, carob, laurustinus, lentisk and myrtle, over which clamber the long straggling vines of the sarsaparilla. Dotted over the Vega we see Moorish villas, the castle of the Norman kings towering aloft, and beside it the campanile of the Duomo reared by an English archbishop, Walter of the Mill, within whose walls is the porphyry sarcophagus in which, clad in sumptuous robes embroidered with Cufic legends, sleeps Frederick, the lord of Rome, the wonder of

the world, surrounded by tombs of mighty emperors and kings.

Even more beautiful, as some have thought, than the Conca d'Or is Taormina, perched on its lofty crag above the sea, where, from the highest seats in the Greek theatre, the eye rests, two thousand feet below, on the deserted site of Naxos, where the Greek first set his foot on Sicilian soil. Southward we trace as far as Syracuse the steep cliffs and the shore indented with deep bays; eastward lies the long, faint blue line of the Calabrian coast; northward is the narrow rent of the Messenian Strait; while to the west, obscured from time to time by flying scuds of cloud, towers overhead the huge bulk of Etna, with a long thin streamer of white smoke flowing down the wind from the topmost peak of its snow-clad pyramid.

Beautiful as is the land of Sicily, it is even more attractive as an historical land. Nowhere else in such small space is so much history written on the map. Sicily has ever been the meeting place of the nations, the battlefield of East and West, of the men of the three continents between which it lies. It has been occupied in turn by Iberians, Phœnicians, Greeks, Romans, Vandals, Arabs, Normans, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Englishmen, and Italians.

It is manifest that such a subject is eminently suited to Mr. Freeman's powers. In no other land is that "unity of history" for which he has constantly contended so well exemplified. There is no historical hiatus, there is no line which can be drawn between the ancient and the modern history of the island. The contest between Phœnician and Greek merges into the succeeding contests between Carthaginian and Roman, between Roman and Moor, Moor and Norman. The field is so narrow as to admit of exhaustive treatment, and yet so wide as to be in touch with universal history.

The book is written in the fulness of the author's powers; he has never written a book so good, a better he will never write. It has, moreover, been written, as all histories should be written, largely on the scene of the events which are to be described. It exhibits minute acquaintance with topographic detail, abundant local colour, and exhaustive knowledge both of the original authorities and of the modern commentators. The style is clear and forcible; while, compared with the earlier volumes of *The Norman Conquest*, the author is less immersed in entangling details, which are judiciously reserved for appendices of ample bulk. If there is a fault in this direction, it lies in the introduction of needless historical parallels, such as those between the Phœnicians and the Moors, Roger and Pyrrhus, or between the Norman conquests of England and of Sicily—parallels which no doubt are tempting, but are frequently misleading and always inexact.

Mr. Freeman, it need not be said, is familiar with his books, and shows a good critical judgment in estimating the value of his authorities and in deciding between conflicting accounts of the same event. But he is evidently more at home with the topographic and literary evidence than with certain subsidiary sources of information,

which he had no occasion to use in his previous works. Thus, when he has to deal with numismatics, epigraphy, and prehistoric archaeology, or with any of the physical sciences, such as geology, ethnology, or anthropology, his touch is that of an amateur rather than of a master.

It is needful to be familiar with the ground in order to appreciate the excellence of his vivid topographic descriptions. The picture, for instance, of the walls of Agragans and of the long line of temples ranged upon the southern crag, of the wilderness of huge drums from the fallen temples at Selinunto, of the absolutely perfect temple at Segesta, from which not one stone has fallen, of the cliff at Eryx, of the hill of Enna, of the hill fort at Solunto, of Syracuse—at one time the greatest of European cities, but now retreating into the small coast islet which was first occupied by the Corinthian colonists—above all, the description of the topographic changes at Palermo, where the ancient city lay extended, like the modern city of Valetta, between two long creeks or harbours now built over with streets or occupied by busy markets—all these descriptions are admirable, forming the best of guide-books for the Sicilian traveller.

There is, moreover, that abundance of local colour which comes from thorough familiarity with the island. We are bidden, for instance, to note the absence of isolated cottages or country houses, and the continuous occupation of lofty defensible hill sites; or are shown the painted carts, "bright with scenes from history and legend of all ages and all lands," more especially, it may be added, from the romantic story of the family of that Norman squire whose descendants became princes in all lands.

It would be paying a poor compliment to Mr. Freeman to devote the whole of this article to unqualified eulogy—an easy task that may be left to those who undertake to review his work without reading it. It will be more respectful to discuss those points as to which it is possible to differ from his conclusions, and to enumerate a few small matters that seem to have escaped his notice.

The first half of the first volume is devoted to the earliest inhabitants—Sicans, Sicels, and Elymians, who were in possession of the island on the arrival of the Phœnician and Greek colonists. Mr. Freeman is doubtless right in considering that the Scicans represent the oldest element in the population, belonging probably to that pre-Aryan Iberian race of which he thinks "the Basques are the only unmixed survivors remaining." Here it may be observed that this doctrine is not now so generally accepted as it was a few years ago. The Iberians are no longer identified with the Basques; the highest authorities, Van Eys and Vinson, being of opinion that Basque was not the language of the Iberians, while Broca has proved that the Basques are by no means an "unmixed" race, the French and Spanish Basques differing considerably in type—even in the case of the Spanish Basques the Iberian blood is far from being pure. Moreover, the names of the Sican towns in Sicily do not resemble any names of the well-known Basque class.

As for the Sicels, Mr. Freeman maintains not only that they formed the vanguard of Aryan settlement, but that they were near kinsfolk of the Romans. He holds that the Sicel was "an undeveloped Latin." It is quite possible that the Sicels may have been Aryan in speech, but the anthropological evidence is not in favour of the theory that they were Aryans by race. The Sicel skull resembles that of the Faliscans and other Aryanised tribes of central and southern Italy. That they were "undeveloped Latins" it is impossible, without further evidence, to admit. The Sicels do not resemble the Romans in character. They were a feeble folk, readily submitting to foreign domination, without enterprise, desire for conquest, or political genius. The Roman made laws and roads, the Sicel made neither. Moreover, the characteristic Latin skull, broad and powerful, which is seen in the busts of the Julian and Flavian emperors, bears not the slightest resemblance to the long, narrow, feeble skull from Sicel graves; and it is now conspicuously absent from that part of Sicily (the region around and to the east of Enna) where, if anywhere, the Sicel race may have remained tolerably pure. But, apart from the race question, the argument that the Sicel language was closely akin to Latin is extremely feeble. Mr. Freeman relies on the name of the river Gela, which he thinks must be explained as the "cold" or "gelid" river. But this is not conclusive. We find the Geloni, a Scythic people, on the Dnieper, and the Gelæ on the shores of the Caspian beyond the Caucasus. Moreover, in the addenda to his first volume, Mr. Freeman, with his usual candour, notes that he has come across a river Gela in Caria, nearly opposite Rhodes, whence came the founders of the Sicilian colony of Gela. This fact at once disposes of the argument that the name of the Sicilian Gela is necessarily Latin. If this name be given up, very little remains. The names of the chief Sicel towns—Enna, Hybla, Inessa, Herbessus, Echella, Herbita, Assorus, Engyum, and Motyca—are not found in Latium, and do not seem to be of the Latin type. Nor do the Sicel deities—Hadranus, Acis, and Hybla—appear in the primitive Latin pantheon. Besides these names we have two undoubted Sicel words—*zanelon*, a reaping-hook, and *cottabos*, the name of a Sicilian game. As Mr. Freeman does not pretend that these words are Latin, it is difficult to understand the grounds of his very positive assertion: "The language of the Sicels, I do not hesitate to say, was Latin, or something which did not differ more widely from Latin than one dialect of Greek differed from another" (I. 488).

The only real support for this contention is the fact that *nummus*, *litra*, and *uncia*, metric terms used by the Sicel Greek, are undoubtedly Italic and not Hellenic. On this fact is based the argument that these metric words must have been obtained by the Greek colonists from the Sicels, who must have emigrated not long before from Latium, bringing with them their Latin speech. Mr. Freeman places the migration of this Latin tribe to Sicily in the eleventh century

B.C. But, as I have shown elsewhere, it was only in the eleventh century that an Umbrian tribe, driven from the valley of the Po by the Etruscan invaders, took refuge south of the Tiber in the broad Latian plain from which they derived the name by which they were thereafter known. Very possibly the Sicel migration was ultimately due to this pressure from the north. But the Sicels would not be themselves Latins, but a primitive *stirps*, probably Iberic by race, but possibly Aryanised in speech, who were pressed forward into Sicily by Oscans or Faliscans.

But apart from this theory, which seems best to accord with the known facts, even if we were to suppose with Mr. Freeman that the Sicels were really Latins, who prior to their migration to Sicily in the eleventh century had been settled in Latium for a prolonged period, it is in the highest degree improbable that, three centuries before money was first coined in Lydia, they should have brought with them three technical numismatic terms which, after the introduction of coinage, became identical in meaning in Sicily and in Latium. This seems quite incredible, more especially as there are other far simpler explanations of the facts. If the three words are genuine Sicel words adopted from the Sicels by the Greeks, they may have been transmitted from Sicily to central Italy after the introduction of coinage into Sicily, some five centuries later than the date assigned to the Sicel migration. If, on the other hand, they are, as seems most probable, genuine Italic words—Oscan possibly, or Volscian—they may easily have been introduced into Sicily from Cumæ in Campania. This seems the more possible, since Thucydides informs us that Zancle, one of the earliest Greek colonies in Sicily, was partly founded by emigrants from Cumæ; and there are reasons for believing that there was a lively commercial intercourse between Cumæ and Zancle. Moreover, the earliest of Sicilian coins are those ascribed to Zancle and the adjacent colonies, Naxos and Himera; and their weight-standards are the same as those of the earliest coins of Cumæ. If the weight-standards passed, the names may have passed by the same channel. Knowing how readily the names of measures, weights, and coins can be transmitted, it seems needless to make the improbable assumption of a Sicel migration from Latium to Sicily in order to account for the identity of these coin names. Mexican dollars are current throughout the East; the word dollar is merely the German *Thaler*; and, therefore, on Mr. Freeman's own principles it might be argued that the Aztecs were a Teutonic people who, with their Thalers, had emigrated from Germany to Mexico some three centuries before Cortez and his Spaniards arrived in the New World.

Mr. Freeman is probably wise in giving up as insoluble the question of the race affinities of the Elymians. It may, however, be noted that both Thucydides and Dionysius, practically our only authorities, claim them as Asiatics, and Strabo places Elymaeans in Asia. The Phœnician Eryx is reputed to have been originally an Elymian city, and the Elymians are always

found on terms of neighbourly friendship and alliance with the Phœnicians. They also used the Phœnician alphabet, as is shown by the fact that the legends on the early coins of Segesta, the chief Elymian city, are in the Phœnician character.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

The Coming Terror, and other Essays and Letters. By Robert Buchanan. (Heinemann.)

To reprint newspaper letters in a volume forms a bad precedent. For already too much journalism gets itself enclosed in cloth bindings; and, if the contents of even the correspondence columns are, henceforth, to flood the book-market, what is to become of the bewildered reader? All letters are not as clever as Mr. Buchanan's; yet, even in his case, considering the importance of the subjects he discusses, a more deliberate and finished statement would have been acceptable. In this volume, in addition to the letters, are two or three essays from magazines, a quantity of "Flotsam and Jetsam," and no less than eight separate sets of "Final Words." Nevertheless, the collection is not a mere miscellany. It has a common object, namely, to exhibit and denounce the various phases of "the coming terror."

What this coming terror is we may gather, in the main, from the dialogue between Alienatus, a provincial, and Urbanus, a cockney, with which the book opens. Sundry problems of the hour are here brought under review; and we are given to understand that things are in a terribly bad way already, and rapidly tending from bad to worse. The coming terror, we are told, will, at least temporarily, be the "submergence of individual freedom and activity under the waves of political and social anarchy," by which is meant the confused and confusing legislation of these socialistic times. Among the things to be dreaded are the political tyranny of majorities, one form of which is what is termed beneficent legislation; espionage in all the affairs of life; trades unionism; the new socialism, "organising to suppress free action in all matters of contract and personal activity"; the new journalism; the new ethics, "scientific, saturnine, yet Puritanical"; the new priesthood of science; the new jurisprudence, "practically confounding the empirical laws of expedience with the absolute laws of ethics." While rejecting the New Socialism, Mr. Buchanan claims to be a Socialist. The true Socialist is, he says, "a man eager for the common good, but one who believes that good can only be attained by such complete freedom in life, morality, and religion as is compatible with the general growth and welfare." He insists strenuously that the terms Socialism and Individualism, so far from being contrary terms, as most people suppose, are in reality "two facets of the same proposition." It may be so; everything depends on your definitions. But, now that the term Socialism has become so generally identified with what Mr. Buchanan calls the New Socialism, the attempt to reclaim it is fraught with confusion. The dis-

cussion with Prof. Huxley on the question, "Are men born free and equal?" was quite spoiled by Mr. Buchanan's untimely insistence on his definition of Socialism. Instead of reaching any satisfactory conclusion whether men are naturally free and equal or the reverse, the argument degenerated into a wrangle whether Mr. Herbert Spencer was or was not a Socialist. Prof. Huxley cannot be blamed for declining to think that he was.

In Mr. Buchanan's opinion, Mr. Spencer's is "the sanest and clearest intellect known to us at present on this planet"; and he is, for the most part, an ardent disciple, on social questions at least, of the great philosopher. But, as he is careful to explain, he does not follow Mr. Spencer with his eyes shut, and takes leave to differ from him here and there. According to Mr. Buchanan, Socialism "contends that it is not want of energy, but want of opportunity that pauperises men and destroys individuality." No doubt something of the same kind might be said of Individualism; but as soon as the question is asked how the opportunity is to be secured, the parting of the ways is marked and final. Socialism would try to create artificial opportunities by legislative and other action, while Individualism is concerned only to remove obstructions and give men and women free scope to work out their own redemption in their own way. At least, this distinction applies to the New Socialism—the only thing usually known as Socialism nowadays. The Socialism of a former generation did, no doubt, come nearer to what Mr. Buchanan understands by "true" or "higher" Socialism. From about the year 1835, Robert Owen and his followers were designated Socialists. Later came the Christian Socialism associated with the names of F. D. Maurice and Charles Kingsley. To-day witnesses the third phase of over-ripeness and decline. The first Socialism was commercial, the second was religious, the third is political. The first proclaimed self-help—the great self-help movement, known as co-operation, came out of it; the second proclaimed human redemption; while the battle cry of the third is state-control.

The primary function of Socialism in this third or modern phase, not less than in its preceding phases, was that of protest against undue luxury, greed, and the careless indifference of the well-to-do classes to the sufferings of the poor. As such, it was timely and useful. It served to awaken men and women to truths about themselves which it was good for them to realise. Luxury, like a moral leprosy, was eating away the souls of members of the richer classes; to warn the sufferers was merciful. Greed and carelessness created a needless burden of misery; it was well that those upon whose shoulders the burden was laid should be told that their consent ought first to have been obtained. But this much-needed "criticism of life" was misguided, and became impetuous. The sufferers were taught to demand, not what was good for them but the very luxury which had been poison to their fellow-creatures; and to insist, not simply on a just and proper freedom from unnecessary burdens, but on

a transfer, to gratify mere malice, of the burdens to shoulders that had hitherto been free. The want of brotherly goodwill on the part of the rich for the poor was not remedied, but, instead, an attempt was made to counteract it by creating ill-feeling on the part of the poor for the rich. So now, the temporary triumph of the classes hitherto down-trodden discovers in them all the worst faults against which the original protest was made. There is an undoubted present tyranny, and, Mr. Buchanan thinks, a coming terror. Radicalism, as the present reviewer wrote many years ago, is the philosophy of roots. A Radical is defined by Mr. Buchanan as one who reforms at the root and not the branches." Modern Socialism is not radical. It sees the evil, fails to apprehend the cause, and, mistaking the mode of treatment, proceeds to lop the branches and threatens to cut the trunk; but, as it never once examines the root, after all the pruning the old diseased fruit reappears in a new position. We have described the present as the declining phase of socialism; even as we write it is wasting itself in visions and dreams of an impossible future, in relating "News from Nowhere," and the like.

The emphatic protest "against over-legislation in matters literary," which Mr. Buchanan entitled "On Descending into Hell," was written in connexion with the prosecution and imprisonment of Mr. Henry Vizetelly for publishing English translations of Zola's works. It took the form of a letter to Mr. Henry Matthews, the Home Secretary, and was an appeal for the liberation of the unlucky publisher. As a specimen of the author's power of vigorous criticism and invective, the article is excellent; and it exposes the weakness of the position taken by those who advocate the suppression—not the extinction—of vice. The moral of the prosecution is, he says,

"Leave the drains alone; let the world wag, even if typhoid fever should flourish. Moral number two, very acceptable to the average insular intelligence: conceal from all clean people, especially young people, the fact that there is any sewerage at all" (pp. 104-5).

As to Zola himself and his "pornography," Mr. Buchanan says:

"I have always been Puritan enough to think pornography a nuisance. It is one thing, however, to dislike the obtrusion of things unsavoury and abominable, and quite another to regard any allusion to them as positively criminal. A description even of pigsties, moreover, may sometimes be made tolerable by the cunning of a great artist; and this same M. Zola, though a dullard *au fond*, for the simple reason that he regards pigsties as the only foreground for his lurid moral landscapes, appears to be so much better than myself, in so much that he loves truth more and fears consequences less, that I have again and again taken off my hat to him in open day. His zeal may be mistaken, but it is self-evident; his information may be horrible, but it is certainly given in good faith; and an honest man being the rarest of phenomena in all literature, this man has my sympathy, though my instinct is to get as far away from him as possible" (p. 105).

The protest and appeal did not serve the ostensible end. Mr. Henry Matthews was not moved by it to grant Mr. Vizetelly relief;

and, it must be confessed that, with all its excellencies, it was not well designed to secure any such result. It recalls to mind the German advocate who, being appointed to defend a Socialist in the days when Socialists were considered criminals, took the opportunity of expounding his own extreme doctrines, in language which he would not have dared to use on any other occasion. The trial ended, he sought the friends of the prisoner, and announced, "A glorious triumph." "Is he acquitted then?" asked the friends. "Oh, no!" was the reply; "he is to be executed; but I have declared our great principles in open day."

Another letter, quite as vigorous, on "Is Chivalry still possible?" brought Mr. Buchanan into collision with Mrs. Lynn Linton, who roundly accused him of "talking sentimental bunkum with splendid literary power." His "splendid literary power" was, of course, rivalled by hers; so, too, was his "bunkum"; but while his was "sentimental," hers was cynical; his the weakness of an enthusiast, hers the defect of a sneering, virtue-doubting woman-hater. Mr. Buchanan's plea in this case was for the "outcast" women of society. Perhaps he did not take sufficient account of the fact that in most instances the only kind of love of which these women were victims was self-love. But as self-love is not exclusively a woman's vice, if it be at the root of the evil there is no justice in measuring out severer punishment to one sex than to the other. In truth, however, as Mr. Buchanan perceives, and Mrs. Lynn Linton does not care to perceive, it is no moral enthusiasm which makes society thrust out these women sinners. But there is the pretence to be maintained that our marriage system is monogamous and not founded on polygamy and polyandry, and to this end a show of righteous anger at those who too obviously break the pretence is useful. In this way these women are, in a certain sense, as Mr. Buchanan says, the "martyrs" of society. At least they are the scapegoats; and along with them, of late years, from time to time, go certain public men who blunder in their private lives. Respectability is thin ice covering a sea of corruption, which is useful but must be ignored. Anyone who falls and, breaking the ice, gets besmirched, had better be thrust under out of the way lest unpleasant truths become known and other ills befall. Mr. Buchanan's main contention is simply that "a man has no right to set up for a woman any personal standard of thought or conduct by which he is unable or unwilling to measure himself;" and, Mrs. Lynn Linton notwithstanding, there is not much "bunkum" in that.

There are many literary judgments scattered through the volume; and it goes without the saying that they are stated with freedom and vigour. As usual, contemporary writers and writing suffer the most. In "The Modern Young Man as Critic" and "Imperial Cockneydom"—both remarkably clever essays—Mr. Buchanan is at his sauciest. He is no respecter of persons; and though probably mistaken when he says he has no idols, he is a truly energetic breaker of other people's images. No man is safe from his hammer—not even Goethe.

Mr. Henry James is a "superfine young man" and Mr. George Moore a literary "Arry." Matthew Arnold was "spiteful" and "jejune"; Mr. Walter Pater's essays are also "jejune"; Mr. Andrew Lang is "the chirpy prophet" of nepotism; Zola is "a man deformed"; Mr. Henry Labouchere is "the Paul Pry of journalism." Strange that such an epithet-flinger should dislike Carlyle, and even censure him for flinging epithets! From a humourist like Mr. Buchanan a truer estimate of that supremo humourist was surely to be expected.

Other points of kinship exist between Mr. Buchanan and Carlyle. If ever a man was a "provincial" in Mr. Buchanan's sense, it was "St. Thomas of Chelsea"; and what is more, in the midst of "Cockneydom" he continued a "provincial" to the end of his days. Even Carlyle was hardly severer on the present time, or more regretful of the good old days behind, than is Mr. Buchanan. True, Carlyle was not an optimist, and Mr. Buchanan is. We have his own statement that he writes "as a pure optimist and sentimentalist" (p. 175); but, for an optimist, it must be admitted he takes an uncommonly gloomy view of life and letters. The change around him is, he thinks, "only a lurid and hideous nightmare," not a reality. But ordinary optimists do not have such dreadful dreams; and if he is satisfied it is a dream, why does he fight so strenuously against it? In the days of his youth the young man

"was feather-headed but earnest; impulsive and uninstructed, but sympathetic and occasionally studious. . . . A great thought, even a fine phrase, stirred him like a trumpet. . . . But now, with the passing of one brief generation, the world has changed; the youth who was a poet and a dreamer has departed, and the modern young man has arisen to take his place" (p. 146).

A sad falling-off indeed from his earnest if feather-headed predecessor, for the modern young man is

"a saturnine young man, a young man who has never dreamed a dream or been a child, a young man whose days have been shadowed by the upas tree of modern pessimism, and who is born to the heritage of flash cynicism and cheap science, of literature which is less literature than cynicism run to seed" (p. 146).

Allowance, however, must be made for the different points of view of the seer. It was with the half-inward gaze of youth that he saw the young man of his own youth; and he is regarding the young man of to-day with the wider, more critical, and more experienced observation which comes when youth is past. Probably that young man of the past was no more than the somewhat idealised portrait of himself as he was or aimed to be. Young men do not study other young men with any considerable amount of critical discernment. The world as they know it is the world as they see it in their conscious selves.

Again, discussing chivalry, Mr. Buchanan suspects it is extinct. At any rate he is sure that

"it is fast becoming forgotten; that the old faith in the purity of womanhood which once made men heroic, is being fast exchanged for an utter disbelief in all feminine ideals what-

soever, and that women in their turn, in their certainty of the contempt of men, are spiritually deteriorating" (p. 186).

The whole outlook is appalling:

"Nothing certainly can be more terrible than the existing condition of things, both social and political" (p. 97).

It is well Mr. Buchanan tells us he is an optimist, for he would be sadly misunderstood.

The book, as a whole, is stimulating. If Mr. Buchanan were less impetuous, he would be a great critic. As it is, carried away by his emotion—sometimes, possibly, by a desire to be brilliant—he overstates, occasionally repenting and retracting; more frequently, in another mood, contradicting himself. He sees both sides of a subject, but at different times. But sturdy independence is as characteristic of him as it was of Carlyle. Errors of judgment there may be, and errors of taste there are; but the thought he speaks is, at least, his own thought and never an echo. He has convictions and the courage to declare them. If he does not convince, he compels attention and excites thought. Of his literary estimates he says, "they have one poor merit; they are, at least, my own." This merit his social and political as well as his literary estimates assuredly have; and it is not a poor one, but, on the contrary, the supreme merit of all.

WALTER LEWIN.

A Girl in the Carpathians. By Menie Muriel Dowie. (Philip.)

THAT Austria consists of a patchwork of races is a political truism. But few English readers know how each several patch has been added to the imperial coverlet of the House of Hapsburg. Galicia was nibbled from Poland little more than a hundred years ago (in 1772). Its eastern end flanks Bukovina, and contains a population scarcely less mixed than that of its Moldavian neighbour.

This little known corner of Europe is the subject of Miss Dowie's book. The year of her visit is not given, but we believe it to have been 1890. The political information is rather scrappy, but what there is of it is fresh and to the point. Evidently Miss Dowie regards politics as uninteresting, and indeed out of place in describing a happy country, where the peasants own their land and where persons of the landlord class are not to be found. "Oppressions, rack-renting, and evictions were unknown evils, of that I was assured; and beyond this, I felt that a political condition is not a bad one if you hear nothing of it."

The fortunate peasant proprietors of Galicia principally belong to the Ruthenian, the Pole, and the Huzul nationalities. "The Huzul," says Franzos (p. 3), "is a hybrid, uniting the Slavonic blood of the Ruthen with the Mongolian blood of the Uzen, his speech bewraying the former, while his name testifies to the latter." The Huzuls are said to be the only known riding mountaineers, save a certain tribe of the Caucasus. The breed of horses used

by them is also said to resemble those of their Caucasian cognates.

"Keeping all this in mind," writes Leopold von Lacher Masoch, the Hungarian novelist (p. 193), "it may be held with some show of reason that at the great wandering of the earth's peoples, when the Slavs were in the van, the Huzuls were easily driven across the plains and penned in the Karpathians, while their neighbours of the plains were split up, broken, and intermixed with the Germanic races, and later with Huns, Hungarians, Tartars, Mongolians and Turks. Thus the Huzuls, safe in their Karpathian fastnesses, preserve their character, the Slav, or, if you will admit it, the Caucasian character, free, pure, and marked to this day."

"No falcon can live caged," so runs the proverb, "no Huzul in bondage." Miss Dowie was not much thrown with this wild and warlike people, but consorted more with the Ruthenian of the plain and the Pole, whose ancestors conquered and colonised the country. However, beauty and picturesqueness are the creation of the eye and the mind; and a traveller so richly endowed as Miss Dowie would write an attractive account of her travels wherever her Dan and Beersheba were situated.

The charm of the book is undeniable. The style and the matter are alike sparkling and bright. The reader who can begin *A Girl in the Karpathians* and can close it before he has finished its 300 pages must either be very dull or very preoccupied. The language, like that of the Heathen Chinese, is "free," and cannot be described as a "well of English undefiled;" but you never miss the meaning, nor are you wearied by repetition or verbosity. Patriotism makes us glad that so clever a book was written by a compatriot; but were it not for her frequent references to Scotland, the authoress might pass for a Yankee. "I give the end of this authoritative paragraph purely for its own sake; to me," says Miss Dowie (after quoting Franzos), "the terms employed seem a size or so too large." Miss Dowie is, we feel sure, nothing if not sincere. We will not therefore flatter her. The flaw in this lively and readable book is a certain cheap cynicism or flippancy of tone. Franzos is generally admitted to be one of the two great living authors of South Germany. The son of a doctor in a little Galician town, the Barnow of his stories, Franzos is *par excellence* the humorist of Galicia. Yet Miss Dowie in writing of the country refers to its greatest man of letters only in slighting terms.

The Ruthenian peasant appears to be a pagan in everything except his oaths. We are told that "upon the immorality, the blind, unrepentant, wholesale immorality of the peasants, the priests of the United Greek Church exercise no check." There appears to be no such thing as a moral standard in any Ruthenian village. They are, however, neither illogical nor hypocritical. "What do the men think when they see the young women drunk?" asked Miss Dowie. "How should they mind?" was the answer. "Are they not drunk too?" No wonder that, after the scene in the public-house to which the peasants adjourned from their church, Miss Dowie retired to a pine wood with "qualms of wrong-headed Western disgust."

She did not remain there very long, and the following paragraph is too characteristic not to quote.

"That Sunday afternoon I ended only with a half-cross, half-amused feeling that, hang it, there the people were, and one might as well take an interest in them and not sheer off at the first evidences of a depressing lack of sanity; colossal seriousness and lone prayerful depression would be of slight avail; I might as well be cheerful, so down I went from my mountain with a vague notion that having recourse to mountains when the worries of this world become overwhelming is a very old game, and some one whose name I have forgotten used to play at it—right away back there in the Old Testament" (p. 105).

The peasant who is happy with his own or his neighbour's wife is what the Austrian statesman has made him. Miss Dowie is far too close an observer not to trace the evil to its source—compulsory service in the army.

"Barrack life—I know nothing of it in this country—is almost the most wretched that there is. The six daily kreutzers of the common private are not sufficient to provide him with wholesome distractions—and the long hours of guard are filled only by a vague hatred of the life he is leading, and a longing for even five minutes of anything else. Very rarely does he come back to his hills with a third of the health he took away; and any disease he brings back is quickly spread in a place where a young man home from his soldiering has the attraction of so much novelty in a place where morality, as we like to dream of it, is not even a name" (p. 96).

Galicia is the "promised land" of the Jew. As he steps across the Russian frontier, he enters a country of which he is practically the master. Franzos lingers lovingly on the intense conservatism of the Polish Hebrews. Miss Dowie describes them with no affection, but without prejudice. There is no persecution of the Jews, as the peasantry do not resent their supremacy. The Jew is practical, enterprising; the Ruthenian has the negatives of these qualities. The consequence is that the trade of the country is almost exclusively in the hands of Jews. But this is no hardship with the Ruthenian; he neither cares for wealth, nor for what it brings. Miss Dowie tells an incident that happened during her stay in Mikuliczyn. A man who wanted his house roofed went to a peasant, whose trade was wood-slate dressing and setting, and attempted to extract an estimate and press a contract upon him. The peasant would not accept a contract and would not give an estimate, so the man had recourse to a Jew. "Leave it to me," said the Jew, as he went to the hut of the very peasant who had refused the offer of the job. Having extracted all necessary information, the Jew made his calculation, saw his employer, gave him an estimate, entered into a contract, set his peasant to work at a small daily wage, and secured for himself a handsome profit. Does the peasant resent such treatment? According to Miss Dowie—certainly not. Her description of her encounter with the Jewess will reveal a new trait in the foreign Hebrew to most English readers. At a half-way house where Miss Dowie stopped to eat some food, she took a plate from the

shelf to place her "sheep's cheese" upon. The fury of her hostess when she returned and saw her guest using her plate was curious to read of. The "indescribably dirty" Jewess considered the Scotch lady "unclean." It gradually dawned on our authoress that she was a Christian, and therefore, in a technical sense, indubitably unclean. She accordingly bought the plate and slipped it into her sack. The loss of her property, which had been purchased at its owner's valuation, was again too much for the innkeeper, who upbraided her guest both as a Christian and a robber. The treatment she received from the Ruthenian peasants and the Polish gentlemen with whom she stayed was very different.

Miss Dowie's book is proof, if proof were wanting, that an accurate and picturesque account of a people can be written by one ignorant of their language. In a country not five thousand miles away from Galicia, the Queen of England was some years ago represented by a very able diplomatist, who reckoned among his many accomplishments a knowledge of the native language. Although the press of the country was an open book to him, the people of the country remained an unsolved mystery. He did not like them; he misread their characters, their aspirations, and their hopes. Happily for all concerned, this very able and amiable man (for he was both) got the promotion which he deserved. He was followed by a gentleman who, though unable to read their newspapers, liked the common folk, and sympathised with them in their hopes and aspirations. He therefore knew the country and its inhabitants a thousandfold better than his more learned but less sympathetic predecessor. As with diplomatists, so with travellers. The key to a good book of travel is sympathy with the people among whom you travel. Miss Dowie has struck this note in every page of her book. We have referred to the cynicism which crops up now and again; but in truth this cynicism is not more than word-deep. Miss Dowie describes with profound insight the poor ignorant peasantry. She has far too much humour to be a severe judge. Even her verbal cynicism disappears when she enters Cracow:

"Suddenly a choir of trumpets breaks out into a chorale from the big church tower; the melancholy of it I never shall forget—the very melody seemed so old and tired, so worn and sweet and patient, like Cracow. Those trumpet notes have mourned in that tower for hundreds of years. It is the Hymn of Timeless Sorrow that they play, and the key to which they are attuned is Cracow's long despair. Hush! that is her voice, the old town's voice, high and sad—she is speaking to you."

The map is in itself a valuable lesson in history, showing as it does the widest extent of Poland prior to its dismemberment. The illustrations are pretty, and the drawing by M. Fletcher on p. 134 is charming. Miss Dowie, in her closing sentence, remarks that she does not flatter herself that her readers would bid her "write often." We have far too good an opinion of Miss Dowie to wish her such a fate; but we do hope that this book will not be her last.

J. G. COTTON MINCHIN.

An Old Shropshire Oak. Vols. III. and IV. By the late J. W. Warter. Edited by R. Garnett. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

ALTHOUGH it is five years since the first two volumes of Mr. Warter's delightful book were published, their readers' appetites have only grown more eager for the further instalment which Dr. Garnett has now found time to edit, and which completes the work. Inasmuch as the author in his survey of English history has reached in the last two centuries events and a literature of greater interest to most men, these volumes are proportionally more valuable. The plan of the work was described in a review of the former volumes (*ACADEMY*, March 13, 1886); and "my Talking Friend," the great oak of the Rea Valley, still addresses his hearers with something of the majesty, if not the oracular character, of the Dodonacan oaks. Mr. Warter was born in this valley; and he tells us "for the love he bore to the old homestead he has thrown these pages together, as a relaxation under pressing parochial work, so beguiling care and trouble and heavy, heavy bereavements."

These two volumes comprise a good deal of local history, tacked on to a slender thread of the national history during the last century and a half. The author is discursive—sometimes didactic, at others full of anecdote and literary reminiscences. Every page abounds in quotations, mostly poetical. There are eight in one page taken at random. He loves the classics, and is a well-read and entertaining companion, "shaking out scraps from memory," to use his own words, in a manner that reminds the reader of that other curious, yet fascinating, book of his, *The Last of the Old Squires*. Enthusiastic in his devotion to Shrewsbury School and the memory of Dr. Butler, Mr. Warter was an excellent type of the sound scholarship taught in the old days in the famous school: a proof that, in spite of new systems and new-fangled theories, no education can be compared for depth and reflective earnestness with the old-fashioned grammar school scheme—a careful and thorough training in Greek and Latin. Moreover, he was in a high degree kindly and sympathetic. His mind fastened upon any change, either in the inmates or the rustic life of his native valley. Association in so well-stored a memory promptly called up similar events or characters, and then fashioned the mosaic in which they have been set in verse or prose. The book consists therefore of a series of historical pictures, connected either with the land in general or Shropshire in particular, set off with much literary grace and many citations from contemporary writers.

It is obvious that in carrying out a plan of this kind more attention may be paid to the general history than to the local reminiscences. If the former be the case, the book must enter into competition with other and standard historical works. The effect of these volumes is somewhat marred by the constant citation of Luttrell's Diary, or Clarendon's Memoirs, or Walpole's Correspondence. Thirty pages, too, on the old miracle-plays and moralities appear somewhat out of place, while the *Annual*

Register is easily accessible. On the other hand, the scraps of village history and politics, the great floods and storms which devastated the valley of the Rea, the experiments on fruit culture made by Mr. Knight, of Downton—such humble chronicles as these interest all who know Shropshire, and enable the author to speak with that *mitis sapientia* which so eminently distinguished him. The discursive character of the book thus contributes to its charm. Wherever it opens it is sure to display carefully-chosen verses. Every successive topic is handled by a ripe scholar, and a large choice of unfamiliar subjects is gathered together for the delight of the casual reader. Sketches of literary men are introduced; and the whole four volumes of the complete work form a gratifying monument of one who did good work, both literary and otherwise, in his day.

Among Shrewsbury celebrities here treated is bluff Admiral Benbow, and several particulars of him from personal inquiry and tradition contradict those given in the *Dictionary of National Biography*. The Welsh cloths which used to be brought on pony-back to that town are still famous at Newtown and other places. Mr. Warter never writes so pleasantly as when he calls to mind some scrap of local history. The history of the Reformation, as it proceeded in Shropshire, is carefully drawn out. It is probably correct to affirm that its progress was slow in a district so far withdrawn from the metropolis. The memorials of the Civil War in Shropshire are also diligently gathered up in a chapter well worth perusal. To give an example of the book's richness it is only needful to open a volume at random. These *sortes querevæ* lead the inquirer to a chapter on George III.'s reign, and treat successively of yew and willow trees, Sir S. Romilly's Bill for the amendment of the criminal law, the Roman Catholic question, Lucretius, catchingsalmon, the battles of Castalla and Vittoria, a great potato year, the origin of the Ranters, the price of wheat, Dr. Johnson and Lord Hill, another Shropshire hero. It would be vain to recount the apt quotations which garnish these topics, and it must suffice to say that a similar profusion characterises both volumes.

Thoughtful men, and especially the clergy of the present day, who with one avocation and another have scarcely "leisure to be good" left them, will rejoice to make the acquaintance of one who was so earnest and charitable, so wise and so well-read, as John Wood Warter.

M. G. WATKINS.

NEW NOVELS.

In the Heart of the Storm. By Maxwell Gray. In 3 vols. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

My Face is my Fortune. By F. C. Philips and Percy Fendall. In 2 vols. (White.)

Bertha's Earl. By Lady Lindsay. In 3 vols. (Bentley.)

Pen. By the author of "Tip-cat." (Innes.)

Highflieger Hall. By Sir R. H. Roberts, Bart. (Spencer Blackett.)

Tinkletop's Crime. By George R. Sims. (Chatto and Windus.)

The Mystery of No. 13. By Helen Mathers. (White.)

THE faculty of the author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland" should, we think, be somewhat definitely posed and measured for critical readers in *In the Heart of the Storm*. It is a pretty faculty, but a very long way from being consummate; and though it is rash to prophesy, we do not think it ever will be. The forte of Maxwell Gray is situation, and situation is much more a dramatic than a romantic necessity. You can, like Mrs. Tulliver's children, "do with an extry bit" of situation in a novel, but you can also do without it. Without plot, which is frequently confused with situation, you can do but ill; without character and dialogue not at all; without description hardly. Now Maxwell Gray's situations are strongish; but the *signalement* of the rest, so far as this book is concerned, must be "plot weak, dialogue so-so, characters nowhere, description florid rather than good." Even the central situation is too improbable to be really forcible. Why Philip Randal's relations—after not merely offering to acknowledge him, but thinking of resorting to legal proceedings to get hold of him—should have left him in total ignorance of his identity is never fully explained, and, indeed, is not explicable. The character of his cousin, Claude Medway, and the relations of this latter with Philip's foster-sister and, in a way, betrothed, Jessie Meade, are also muddled and drawn with uncertain hand. Clare Lonsdale, a sort of Rosa Dartle in higher life, is melodramatic and unreal; and the mere writing of the book, though always intending greatly, and sometimes effective in a fashion, fails at the chief pinches, and is open to the vulgar description of being often mere "jaw." There is a passage on waltzing which has been wanted in novels these forty years, and which gave immense opportunities; but it is *manqué*. The one thing which the book unquestionably has is pathos; and even that is of a rather dubious kind, and assisted by unnecessary butcherings at the end.

We like *My Face is my Fortune* better than anything we have yet seen from the firm of Philips and Fendall. It is not a great book, in any sense; but it is a vigorous and readable sketch, which attempts the use of no methods of which the workman is not master, and does what it means to do and as it means to do it. Dora Gratwick is a beautiful English girl, with no father, a harsh stepmother, and an independent temperament. She runs away from such homo as she has, joins a circus, "keeps straight," and becomes "La belle Kouma," a delight of Paris fairs, and the object of the hopeless adoration of a Bohemian musician. A conditional engagement to him is broken off (Dora keeping within her nominal rights in doing so) by the arrival of a handsome young Englishman of fortune, who falls in love with La belle Kouma, jilts his own betrothed, and marries her. That her past is discovered and exaggerated by the amiable gossips of English country society may be guessed;

as also that she is no more the woman to stand slighting by her husband than she was the girl to stand bullying by her step-mother. But we need not tell the end. The book sets up no high standard of any kind; and Dora, though (as we have said) irreproachable in what is commonly called morality, is rather heartless, very unforgiving, and not too delicate. But it keeps close to certain sides of nature, without being in the least offensive in its presentation of them.

Lady Lindsay's title is rather irritating; her beginning is decidedly reassuring; the upshot of her book compounded of interest and disappointment. Bertha Millings, an artist not of low birth but of no position, pretty, and twenty-five, marries Lord Delachaine, fifty-seven, blue blood, decidedly old-fashioned even for fifty-seven, maiden sister of aspidish temperament and manners. None of the consequences which all French and some English novelists would assume follow; but an unkind world, much assisted by the aspidish sister, Bertha's own imprudence, and the want of balance of a certain Dr. Jackson, sets to work and very nearly wrecks the happiness of the household. If it is saved it is chiefly due to an *espigle* Duchess of Baynham, called by her god-fathers and godmothers Mary, who sets things to-rights again. Lady Lindsay, with that appetite for shrouds which is inborn in the female mind, kills Mary's husband (a novelist should think twice before unnecessary dukicide) for no earthly reason; and the part of Dr. Jackson is awkward. For it is a much graver crime to kiss a lady who, you know, does not want to be kissed, and who has come to see you professionally and in grievous trouble, than to do various things which a wise legislature now punishes. Also the book is much too long, and there are some quite otiose characters, such as a dreadful Mr. Eldon, a little like one of Mr. George Meredith's men who are created for the purpose of being quoted. These defects of art and a certain unreality of pathos excepted, the book is decidedly better than the usual run of circulating library novels, and a considerable improvement on Lady Lindsay's literary work, so far as we have hitherto been able to acquaint ourselves with it.

Pen is a slight and pleasant book which might have been pleasanter still if it had been even slighter; for the middle interest in it is not quite strong enough to knit together the beginning and the end, and the author talks about her characters a good deal more than sufficiently. A never-dowry artist, Louis Brand, has married a girl of good family, which family disowns her. Her mortal illness brings about a reconciliation for the sake of the children; but the father, sobered by his wife's death, and possessing bad blood if not honest pride, will not let them go to their aunt at first. Afterwards, when he relapses and finds his good resolutions naught, he sends them. In the interim, a good friend of his, a certain "Sandy," has fallen in love with Pen, the eldest daughter, still a mere child, and has proposed to marry her, so as to make a home for her little sister. Brand's change of mind

tears them asunder, only (as the reader feels sure enough) to reunite them at last. It is pretty enough, if a little slim.

Sir Randal Roberts has written a good old-fashioned sporting novel, with illustrations by Miss Bowers, and everything handsome about it. The lines of this kind of composition are somewhat conventional, and good seldom comes of quitting them. Sir Randal has not quitted them, and has "found himself well of it." A rich parvenu who wishes to transform himself into a country gentleman, with a vulgar but amiable wife, and a son whose education is better than his breeding, a wicked earl, a good bookmaker (the bookmaker is not always good, but he is here), a person of doubtful status, who lives by his wits and is not good at all, a hard-riding but high-minded Lady Constance, a mysterious French lady's-maid, some hunting and some accidents—these are more or less essentials, and Sir Randal has handled them very fairly. His most original figure is a certain Martin Climax, whose secret the reader may find out.

There is not, we believe, much general doubt that Mr. George R. Sims is a clever person, and there is no doubt at all that there are very many persons (possibly clever, possibly not) who like his plays and his tales. To these persons *Tinkletop's Crime*, a volume of short stories, makes a very fair appeal. This form of speech will announce to the most guileless reader that the appeal which it makes to ourselves is not very strong, or has had no very strong effect. That is possibly our fault. We have nothing much to say against these tales, though their taste does not seem to us perfect nor their wit consummate; but we have read many things worse even in these respects.

The present writer not being a novelist, it would be improper to say *omnes eodem cogimur*; but by a simple transposition to the third person the proposition will express the fact that all novelists seem to find it necessary, sooner or later, to write a shilling shocker. The author of "Comin' Thro' the Rye" has written hers, and the opening situation certainly deserves a hand. It must be decidedly shocking to come down to a room in which your wife has insisted on sleeping alone, and to find her kneeling by the side of another gentleman's dead body. If anyone wants more than that for a shilling, we think him unreasonable.

GEORGE SAINTSBURY.

FOUR BOOKS OF VERSE.

Poems, Ballads, and Bucolics. By H. D. Rawnsley. (Macmillan.) Those critics who object to modern poetry on the ground that it has nothing to do with contemporary life ought to be satisfied with Mr. Rawnsley's choice of subjects. They are all drawn from the immediate past and present. Other poets may get their inspiration and their material from old myths and doubtful legends; he obtains his from the events of yesterday and today. He is almost too modern, in fact; for some of his ballads are simply paraphrases of remarkable events culled from the newspaper. The newspaper account is scrupulously given by way of introduction or footnote, as though the

reader were invited to compare the prose text with the poetic rendering. It is a very admirable thing, no doubt, to sing of heroic acts done in our own day. Some of them are, perhaps, as worthy to be sung about as the siege of Troy. But one does not expect a poet, like a politician on the stump, to be diligently on the look-out for topics; and it is a little startling to find the last brave rescue done into verse for us while the incident itself is still fresh. It must be admitted, however, that Mr. Rawnsley has a true touch as a ballad-writer. The brave deeds he records do not suffer from the transmutation of the prose story into stirring rhyme. He is equally happy—or so we imagine—in his Lincolnshire poems. The humour and pathos in them are very marked, and we take the accuracy of the dialect for granted. Perhaps the least successful poem in the volume is the "Welcome to Stanley." Here it is evident that the writer's liking for the latest topic has played him false. One feels that much too high a note is struck, and that an undue importance is given to names and circumstances which a too near point of view threw altogether out of perspective. After all, it is distance that lends ennoblement, and just estimates of men and things cannot often be formed on the spot. The best and most imaginative of these poems is "The Poet's Home-Going"—suggested by a sentence in a letter written from Asolo by Browning, shortly before his death: "I shall soon depart from Venice on my way homeward." These two opening stanzas fairly indicate the high character of the whole poem:

"His heart was where the summer ever shines,
He saw the English swallow eastward come,
And still among the olives and the vines,
Or underneath the dark sun-scented pines
Of Asolo, he hummed his latest lines,
And bade his white-winged songs go flying home.
"Then when the red sails round by Lido came
To rest, and vacant now the gondolier
Beneath the Lion and those masts aflame
Lounged, bickering o'er his boy's piazza-game,
One darker boat came quaywards, called his name,
And straight toward the sunset seemed to steer."

From Dawn to Sunset. By George Barlow. (Sonnenschein.) Mr. Barlow's power of producing fluent and readable verse is remarkable. Here is a volume of five hundred closely printed pages, containing upwards of three hundred and twenty distinct poems, on all conceivable and inconceivable subjects. The making of such a book might almost occupy a man's lifetime, but the volume is apparently the product of little more than a year's poetic activity. It seems only the other day, indeed, that a previous volume of Mr. Barlow's issued from the press—a work of the dimensions of this, and the contents of which were of the same universal character. Where there is such a redundancy of quantity one naturally has some misgiving about the quality. It is clear that Mr. Barlow cannot be one of those poets who "add and alter many times," nor can he have had much experience of those "poetic pains" which, according to Wordsworth, "only poets know." His Muse is so glib that all manner of measures flow from her at the merest suggestion. But a garrulous Muse is as bad as a garrulous talker. Your gossip is fluency itself. He will talk by the hour, or by the week; but the long-suffering listener's amazement at his power of words does not bewilder him into mistaking words for thoughts. We have turned over page after page of this volume, and find on every one the same marvellous facility of utterance. The lines and stanzas are turned out as readily, and with as much rapid precision of form, as might be expected if all the poems were mechanical.

The writer does not stop to think. His voluble Muse is all the time pouring forth words, words. This sonnet—addressed “To the Unknowable God”—is a fair example of Mr. Barlow's style:

“O God within the awful voiceless void,—
 God of the terrible and viewless night,
 God also of the burning midday light,—
 God, by whose hand the countless stars are
 buoyed,
 And all the golden sunrise-clouds deployed,
 And all the ridges of the sea made bright,
 And the far snow-fields limitlessly white,—
 God whom the green woods worship, overjoyed:
 “We cannot reach thee. Yet can prayer make
 head
 Against the glittering tide of stars and suns,
 And reach thy gracious central throne at once?
 Can our lone cry surmount the hill-tops red
 With fiery sunset? Can we find thee, Lord,—
 Or are our groans towards careless heights
 outpoured?”

It may be that the present critic is case-hardened, but to him these graphic adjectives and substantives stand for so many adjectives and substantives, and nothing more. Yet he knows that a single line of Wordsworth, or Tennyson, or Browning, might set him thinking for a week.

Love's Vintage. By W. St. Clair Baddeley. (Sampson Low.) If Mr. St. Clair Baddeley would drop certain conceits of manner, which in other days would have been called cockneyisms—archaisms that are long out of date; if, moreover, he could persuade himself that inversions and superfluous accents are no more admissible in poetry than in prose—he might produce some respectable verse. He has an exuberant fancy, and a happy gift of expression. Sometimes, however, his fancy is too exuberant, as in the following sonnet, “To Byron”:

“True Poet—since they cannot filch thy fires,
 They feign to scorn the thunders of thy
 verse—
 Then vex with puny rage their pigmy lyres,
 And fancy for the dim thy fame the worse!
 Thy myrtle yet is fresher than their bays;
 Thy winged wit outlives their level lines;
 And greener are the glories of thy lays—
 As greener Newstead oaks than Putney pines.
 O for one golden arrow from thy bow
 To startle the lean wolves that soil thy springs,
 And scare them up into their hills of snow
 Where famine waits them with impatient wings!
 Then should the troubles of thy slumber cease,
 Dead shepherd, and thy pastures be at peace!”

Here we have a poet who is possessed of fires and thunders, and is crowned with myrtle, and carries a bow and golden arrows; whose wit is “winged,” and to whom belong certain springs; yet who turns out at last to be a dead shepherd. Here, too, are certain nameless people who scorn the poet. They must be dabbles in verse themselves, for they wear bay (“bays” in the sonnet, where rhyme is indispensable), and carry lyres, though pigmy ones. But these people at last turn out to be lean wolves. Altogether the metamorphosis rather puzzles us.

Idle Hours. By W. De Witt Wallace. (Putnam.) Mr. De Witt Wallace is another gentleman with an exuberant fancy. In his “idle hours” he seems to have tried how many incongruities he could bring together, and how eccentrically he could put them into rhyme. Here is a specimen of the result—the eight lines form a complete poem, which is called “The Good Man's Death”:

“As dauntless as a lion,
 Submissive as a lamb,
 As cheerful as the sunshine,
 Composed as evening's calm;
 As joyous as the skylark,
 As up to heaven it flies—
 'Tis thus the good man passes
 From this world to the skies.”

It is well that the good man's passage—dauntless, submissive, composed, cheerful, and joyous as it was—cost the poet and his readers no more than eight lines. This wholesome brevity inclines us to forgive the otherwise insufferable attempt to rhyme “calm” with “lamb.” One more example of Mr. De Witt Wallace's quality should suffice. He compliments a poetic friend (in a sonnet) upon the “harp” with which “Nature” has endowed him, and bids him

“Be bold to strike the chords when impulse knocks!
 Each string's a hair plucked from a Muse's locks.”

It is no wonder that the Muse of Mr. De Witt's “idle hours” should have done so little for him. A poet who tears the Muse's hair instead of his own could not expect to escape her frowns.

NOTES AND NEWS.

THE attempt to silence Prof. Max Müller as Gifford Lecturer at Glasgow has failed. When the charge of heresy, brought against him in the Glasgow Presbytery, had been thrown out by seventeen to five votes, an appeal was made by the defeated party to the General Assembly at Edinburgh. There, however, the appeal was simply dismissed. The attack was aimed not only at the Lecturer, whose two volumes of lectures are published, but also against the Senate of the University of Glasgow and its Principal, Dr. Caird. The Professor will now continue his lectures next term. The course which he delivered this year is in the press, and will appear in the autumn under the title of *Anthropological Religion*.

WE understand that Prof. Cheyne's Bampton Lectures for 1889 will be published by Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., in the course of next week. The full title of the volume is “The Origin and Religious Contents of the Psalter, in the Light of Old Testament Criticism and the History of Religions.”

MR. ANDREW LANG has in preparation a volume of Angling Sketches, which will be illustrated by Mr. W. S. Burn-Murdoch.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces two new volumes in his well-known series of English Handbooks; one dealing with the three adjoining counties of Herts, Bedford, and Hunts, the other with Warwickshire. There is also in preparation a Handbook of India, in a single volume, which will devote special attention to the hill stations.

MESSRS. CHAPMAN & HALL have nearly ready for issue an English translation of the third volume of M. Renan's *History of the People of Israel*, covering the period from Hezekiah to the return from the Exile.

MISS BEATRICE POTTER's book on *The Co-operative Movement in Great Britain*, will appear in Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.'s “Social Science Series” next week. It deals with the relations which ought to exist between trades unions and co-operative societies and the State.

THE Leadenhall Press, having just issued to subscribers Mr. W. J. Lofthouse's *London City*, now announces a companion volume dealing with the residential belt of London, to be entitled—not very accurately—*London City Suburbs*. As before, the illustrations will be from original drawings (about 300 in number), made by Mr. William Luker, Junior, and reproduced in Paris by a photographic process; while the letterpress on this occasion will be written by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.

TWO new books on the Far Northwest are announced: *Bear-Hunting in the White Mountains*; or Alaska and British Columbia

revisited, by Mr. H. W. Seton-Karr; and *With Sack and Stock in Alaska*, by Mr. George Broke, of the Alpine Club.

MESSRS. PERCIVAL & Co. have in the press, among their educational works, an edition of *Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome*, with maps, notes, and an explanatory index of geographical names, by Mr. H. T. Rhoades, of Rugby.

Personal Reminiscences of Laurence Oliphant, by Mr. Louis Leisching, will be published next week in pamphlet form by Messrs. Marshall Brothers. Mr. Leisching's name is mentioned several times in Mrs. Oliphant's biography. He was a very intimate friend of Mr. Laurence Oliphant, and has put together a great deal of interesting matter which does not appear in the larger book.

A NEW story by Mr. James Payn, entitled *A Modern Dick Whittington*, will appear as a serial in the newspapers supplied by Messrs. Tiltson & Son, of Bolton.

A NOVEL by Mr. Wolcott Balestier has been accepted for serial publication in one of the American magazines. It will ultimately be published here in book form by Mr. Heinemann, and in New York by Mr. Lovell.

MESSRS. EDEN, REMINGTON & Co. are about to publish, in a single volume with illustrations, an Australian novel entitled *Strong as Death*, by Mr. Francis Adams, which recently appeared as the alternating serial with one of Mr. G. Boldrewood's novels in a Sydney newspaper.

The Story of the Imitatio Christi, by Mr. Leonard A. Wheatley, will be the next volume of the “Book Lover's Library,” to be published during the present month by Mr. Elliot Stock.

THE second edition of Mr. Zangwill's whimsical book, *The Bachelors' Club*, is in the press, the first edition of 2000 having been exhausted on the day of publication.

A NEW journal of a special character is about to be founded in San Francisco. One of its projectors, an Oxford graduate who has been for some years a journalist in the States, has conceived the idea that Americans do not know the actual feeling of Englishmen towards their country because many of the existing American newspapers misrepresent it. He will, therefore, seek in his new enterprise to tell Americans what Englishmen really think about them. He will also try to show Englishmen what is the actual opinion of educated Americans respecting English institutions. In his view, American feeling towards England is not fairly expressed by much of the existing American press.

AMONG the contents of the *Religious Review of Reviews* for June (which will commence the second volume) will be: A character sketch of the Bishop of Ripon, with portrait; the first of a series of illustrated articles on “Notable Churches”; “The Theology of To-day,” by Rev. Dr. Reynolds; “Sunday Amusements in America,” with the opinions of six archbishops and sixteen bishops; and “Napoleon's Views of Religion,” by M. H.-A. Taine.

THE German Emperor has conferred the high distinction known as the *Ordre pour le Mérite* upon Sir Austin Henry Layard.

MONDAY, June 15, at 11 a.m. has been fixed by Lady Burton for the date of the funeral of her husband's remains, at St. Mary Magdalene Church, Mortlake.

THE next monthly meeting of the Library Association will be held on Monday next, June 8, at the Deptford Library and Club at 8.15 p.m., when a paper will be read by the hon. secretary and librarian, Mr. G. R. Humphery, on “Literary Associations of Deptford.”

WE quote the following from the *Opinione* of May 28:—

"Una importante scoperta è stata testè comunicata dal prof. Monaci all'Accademia dei Lincei: Un Codice della Divina Commedia, posseduto dalla Biblioteca Nazionale di Milano, coll'arme primitiva della famiglia Alighieri. Se il Codice fu composto per la famiglia di Dante, non v'ha dubbio che esso ci conserva il testo originale del Poema."

An *Approved Treatise of Hawks and Hawking*, by Edmund Bert (1619), has just been reprinted, with an introduction by Mr. J. E. Harting. It is the rarest of English books on falconry, and no copy has come into the market for nearly twenty years. The reprint is as nearly a facsimile as it is possible to make it without the aid of photography; and a hundred copies only have been issued, through Mr. Quaritch.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have issued this week the fifth volume of the collected edition of Mr. Alfred Austin's poetical works, containing the Narrative Poems. It is dedicated to Sir John Everett Millais, in a letter of some length, dated from the neighbourhood of Florence. The edition will be completed by one more volume, of Lyrical Poems.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

DR. JOHN PELLE, Master of Christ's College, has been elected vice-chancellor at Cambridge for the academical year beginning on October 1, in succession to Dr. Montagu Butler.

THE following is a list of those upon whom it will be proposed to confer the honorary degree of D.C.L. at Oxford, on the occasion of the Eneocenia, June 17. The Duc d'Aumale, Lord Halsbury, Mr. A. J. Balfour, Prof. Jebb, Mr. Briton Riviere, and Sir Donald M. Stewart. Lord Halsbury is already a graduate of Merton College; and Mr. Briton Riviere is the son of a former respected resident in Oxford.

THE list at Cambridge is both longer and more varied, for it comprises honorary degrees in four several faculties. Doctors of Law—Lord Walsingham (who will be inaugurated on the same occasion as high steward of the university); the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava; and Sir Alfred Lyall (the Rede Lecturer for the present year). Doctors in Letters—Prof. Rudolf von Gneist, of Berlin; M. Hippolyte Taine (whose Christian name has been erroneously given as Henri); and Mr. W. E. H. Lecky. Doctors in Science—Sir Archibald Geikie; Prof. Karl Weierstrass, of Berlin; Dr. Elias Metschnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute; and Prof. W. H. Flower. Doctor of Music—Antonin Dvorák.

IN Convocation at Oxford next Tuesday, it will be proposed to confer the honorary degree of M.A. upon Dr. Joseph Wright, who was recently appointed deputy-professor of comparative philology, in succession to Mr. Sayce.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved the name of Mr. W. M. Hicks, of St. John's College, for the degree of Doctor in Science.

THE decrees sanctioning a grant of £7000 for the construction of a new laboratory for human anatomy at Oxford, together with smaller grants for morphology and other scientific departments, were approved in Convocation on Tuesday by the decisive majority of 193 votes to 46. As the total of resident voters does not much exceed one hundred, it is evident that an equal number must have travelled to Oxford for the special purpose of voting—in favour of the decrees.

THE Rev. Dr. William Cunningham has been elected to a fellowship at Trinity College, Cambridge.

MR. W. R. MORFILL, reader in Russian at Oxford, was to deliver a public lecture on

Friday of this week, upon "The Golden Age of Polish Literature."

THE Rev. P. H. Wicksteed's lectures on "Henrik Ibsen," to be delivered at the Chelsea Town Hall in connexion with the London Society for the Extension of University Teaching, will be devoted mainly to the consideration of those works of Ibsen which have not been translated into English, namely, the Poems and Metrical Dramas.

MR. GEORGE HOLT has given £10,000 for the endowment of a chair of physiology at University College, Liverpool.

A COMMITTEE has been appointed by the council of Trinity College, Dublin, on the proposal of Prof. Edward Dowden, to consider the question of introducing a scheme of university extension lectures in Ireland.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

NEPENTHE.

(To a Theosophist.)

THERE is a fount, whence sleep and death benign
Have subtly streamed, o'er East and West dis-
spread.

Who tastes that effluence, wants nor earthly
bread

Of knowledge, nor bold faith, that lifts as wine

The spirit's vision. Fairer fruit was thine,

God of the worlds thou hast half lightened:

Fairer thy promise, who would'st raise the

dead

By miracles of logic, nouns divine!

For yours are charmed draughts; ye pour therein

Nepenthe, and with that enchanted cup

Sweeter than Helen gave her anxious guest,

The soul, on airy lore and phantoms thin

From life imperishable wafted up,

Sinks in a deathful paradise of rest.

GEORGE C. W. WARR.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Expositor* for June is a strong number, containing, among other articles, Mr. Gwilliam's on the question whether the quotation in 1 Cor. ii. 9 is derived from "the apostolic liturgy," which "was the prototype of every extant liturgical form." The question is answered in the negative. Also the continuation of Prof. Sanday's survey of new hypotheses on the Synoptic Gospels (with special reference to Resch and Bousset); and Prof. J. T. Marshall's further statement of possible and probable indications that our Synoptic Gospels are based upon a primitive Gospel in Aramaic.

THE Notes of the Month, which have now for some time become a distinguishing feature of *The Antiquary*, go on improving. We know no other place where the current archaeological news is chronicled in a manner at once so concise and useful. The foreign notes are more especially valuable. Mr. F. Ellis continues his "Notes on Archaeology in Provincial Museums." Things are better than they were, but our smaller cities and towns are in too many cases far behind the Continental cities with which they may be fitly compared. Till recently it was but too common to find stuffed birds, flint implements, relics of the Civil War, and weapons from savage lands all jumbled together in one uncatalogued mass. The confusion has been somewhat lessened now, but there is still very much to be done ere many of our local museums reach a fair state of excellence. Mr. Ellis's present paper is devoted to the Bristol Museum. Its zoological and geological collections are, we believe, very fine, but there is a great lack of objects of historic interest. Mr. Ellis has divided them into classes. We gather that the remains from caves are well worthy of study. Mr. John Wright

continues his "Out in the Forty-five," which will, when finished, form an interesting narrative that must be considered by the historians of the future. Mr. R. C. Hope has further information to give about Holy Wells; this time his notes are limited to Yorkshire. Mr. Peacock has contributed a paper on "The Lights of a Mediaeval Church." Among other things, he prints the will of a Lincolnshire worthy of the earlier part of the sixteenth century, in which upwards of twenty lights are mentioned as burning at the same period in one parish church. From Mr. George Neilson comes a learned paper on the Antonine Wall, which, though short, must have been a work of great labour.

THE AMERICAN COPYRIGHT ACT.

MR. GEORGE HAVEN PUTNAM—to whom, as secretary of the American Publishers' Copyright League, English authors owe as much as to any other single man for the passing of the recent Act through Congress—has opportunely issued, as one of his firm's useful series of "Questions of the Day," a volume entitled *The Question of Copyright* (New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons), which, though written for the American public, may be commended to all those in this country—whether publishers, printers, or authors—who are naturally anxious about the results of the American statute that will come into effect on July 1.

The book contains: first, a brief sketch of the history of the struggle for international copyright in the United States, from the time when Henry Clay presented to Congress a petition of British authors, in 1837, down to the dramatic scene, in the early morning of March 4th, 1891, when, after an all-night sitting of the Senate, and within an hour of the close of the session of Congress, the last dilatory motion was rejected by 29 votes to 21; secondly, the text of the Act in question, which is entitled, "An Act to amend Title Sixty, Chapter Three, of the Revised Statutes of the United States," together with an analysis of its provisions; thirdly, a summary of the copyright laws at present in force in the chief countries of the world; fourthly, a series of ably written papers, by several hands, on the recognition of the right of literary property; fifthly, the text of the Berne Convention of 1887, and the English Order in Council thereupon; and, finally, the report of the English Copyright Commission of 1878, together with Sir James Stephen's digest of the existing law, and a summary of the still-born bill recently introduced into the House of Lords by Lord Monkswell on behalf of the Society of Authors.

Section 13 of the American statute, which extends the benefit of copyright to foreign authors, runs as follows:—

"That this act shall only apply to a citizen or subject of a foreign state or nation when such foreign state or nation permits to the citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as its own citizens; or when such foreign state or nation is a party to an international agreement which provides for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may, at its pleasure, become a party to such an agreement. The existence of either of the conditions aforesaid shall be determined by the President of the United States by proclamation made from time to time as the purposes of this Act may require."

Concerning the language and grammar of this section we say nothing, remembering the achievements of our own parliamentary draftsmen. The purport seems to be that the benefits of the Act can accrue to foreign authors only after the President has satisfied himself that the state to which such authors belong already extends reciprocity to American authors, either

by domestic legislation or by international agreement.

Now, the important matter for us is—how far can England fulfil either of these conditions? As to the first, it is, we think, quite arguable that England already “permits to citizens of the United States of America the benefit of copyright on substantially the same basis as [to] its own citizens.” Provided that he be temporarily resident anywhere within Her Majesty’s dominions, an American author stands on precisely the same footing as an English author; and it may fairly be urged that the compulsion to cross the Canadian frontier, which the American is supposed to labour under, implies no greater hardship than the necessity to have his book twice printed, which this very Act imposes on the Englishman. We say “supposed to labour under,” because the legal point is far from clear; and the practice of English publishers has always been to respect the copyright of an American author, wherever resident, if only his book be first published in this country.

Nevertheless, it must be granted that the President of the United States can hardly be expected to proclaim the existence of a right which our own highest authority (Sir James Stephen) describes as “probable, but not certain.” There is no time for a declaratory Act, even if there were not manifest objections to such a procedure. Nor do we think that an Order in Council under our own International Copyright Acts is any better suited to meet the exigencies of the case. On the one hand, it would give the Americans too much; for such an Order in Council can only operate as a recognition of copyright already existing in a foreign country, and so American authors would no longer be required to publish (much less to print) in England. On the other hand, it would cause much complication, by introducing a new form of copyright, in addition to that under the Berne Convention and that which American authors can already claim under our domestic legislation.

So far, we have dealt only with the first condition of reciprocity specified in the American Act; and our conclusion is that nothing can be done except to trust to the generosity of the President. It remains to consider whether advantage can be taken of the second condition; and there, we venture to affirm, our ground is much stronger.

This second condition manifestly has reference to the Berne Convention, to which England is, of course, a party. The United States, indeed, are not a party to the Berne Convention; nor is it easy to see how they could become so, so long as they maintain the requirement of contemporaneous domestic manufacture. But this condition does not require that they should be a party to the agreement, but only that there should be nothing in the terms of the agreement to prevent their becoming a party thereto at their pleasure. Now, the eighteenth article of the Berne Convention expressly provides that:—

“Countries which have not become parties to the present Convention, and which grant by their domestic law the protection of rights secured by this Convention, shall be admitted to accede thereto on request to that effect.”

We submit, therefore, with some confidence, that our case, if weak under the first condition, is irrefragable under the second; and that we may reasonably expect to read, before July 1, a proclamation by the President of the United States, determining that England

“is a party to an international agreement which provides for reciprocity in the granting of copyright, by the terms of which agreement the United States of America may, at its pleasure, become a party to such agreement.”

J. S. C.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CHAMBORANT DE PERISSAT, le Baron de. *Lamartine inconnu: notes, lettres et documents inédits.* Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
D'ANTIOCHE, le Comte. *Changarnier.* Paris: Plon. 7 fr. 50 c.
GEIGER, L. *Bibliographie der Goethe-Literatur f. 1890.* Frankfurt-a.-M.: Rütten. 1 M. 20 Pf.
GOETHE-JAHREBUCH. Hrsg. v. L. Geiger. 12. Bd. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Rütten. 10 M.
MEYER, E. H. *Die eddische Kosmogonie.* Freiburg-i.-B.: Mohr. 3 M. 60 Pf.
MICHELET, Jules. *Thérèse et Marianne: souvenirs de jeunesse.* Paris: Conquet. 20 fr.
VARNHAGEN, H. *Zur Geschichte der Legende der Katharina v. Alexandrien.* Erlangen: Junge. 1 M. 40 Pf.
WATHE, J. *Das Weimarer Hoftheater unter Goethes Leitung.* Braunschweig: Westermann. 1 M. 50 Pf.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- BRUGSCH, H. *Steinschrift u. Bibelwort.* Berlin: Allg. Verein f. Deutsche Litt. 5 M.
GRUNWALD, M. *Ueb. den Einfluss der Psalmen auf die katholische Liturgie.* 3. Hft. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Kaufmann. 1 M.
HENRYCHOWSKI, I. *Zebaoth I. im Verhältnis zu Zebaoth II. u. Zeha hamaron. Orig.-Etymologien der indogermanisch-christl. u. der hebräisch-alttestamentl. Hauptgottesnamen.* 3. Essay. Ostrowo: Priebatsch. 1 M.
PENTATEUCHUS Samaritanus. Ed. H. Petermann. Fasc. V. Deuteronomium, ex recensione C. Vollers. Berlin: Moeser. 15 M.
WALTHER, W. *Die deutsche Bibeldübersetzung d. Mittelalters.* 2. Th. Braunschweig: Wollermann. 8 M.
WILDERHOFF, G. *Die Entstehung d. alttestamentlichen Kanons.* Götting: Perthes. 3 M. 60 Pf.

HISTORY.

- GOETTE, R. *Das Zeitalter der deutschen Erhebung.* 1907—1915. Götting: Perthes. 7 M.
MARC DE VILLIERS DU TERRAGE, le Baron. *Un Secrétaire de Louis XIV.: Toussaint Rose, Marquis de Croy.* Paris: Quantin. 5 fr.
PUBLICATIONEN aus den k. preussischen Staatsarchiven. 46. Bd. *Die Verhandlungen Schwedens u. seiner Verbündeten m. Wallenstein u. dem Kaiser von 1631 bis 1634.* Von G. Irmer. 3. Thl.
QUELLIEN, N. *Perrinac: une compagne de Jeanne d'Arc.* Paris: Fischbacher. 2 fr.
SCHROLL, B. *Hieronymus Marchstaller, Abt d. Benedictiner-Stiftes St. Paul im Lavantthal etc. 1616—1638.* Klagenfurt: Rankecker. 4 M.
SOREL, A. *L'Europe et la Révolution.* 3e Partie. La Guerre aux Rois 1792—1793. Paris: Hachette. 8 fr.
THOUVENEL, L. *Nicolas 1er et Napoléon III.: Les préliminaires de la Guerre de Crimée 1852—1854.* Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BERENDES, J. *Die Pharmacie bei den alten Culturvölkern.* 1. Halle: Tausch. 9 M.
BIESELD, G. *Untersuchungen aus dem Gesamtgebiete der Mykologie.* 9. Hft. Münster: Schöningh. 16 M.
EHRNHARD, E. *Zur Naturgeschichte von Crangon vulgaris.* Fabr. Berlin: Moeser. 3 M. 50 Pf.
EHRNBURG, K. *Studien zur Messung der horizontalen Gliederung v. Erdräumen.* Würzburg: Stahel. 2 M.
FISCHER, G. *Beiträge zur Kenntniss d. Geotriton fuscus.* Würzburg: Stahel. 2 M.
JANKÓ, J. *Das Delta d. Nil.* Budapest: Kilián. 4 M.
KAYSER, H., u. C. RUNGE. *Ueb. die Spectren der Elemente.* 4. Abschn. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M. 80 Pf.
RATZEL, F. *Anthropogeographie.* 2. Thl. Die geograph. Verbreitung d. Menschen. Stuttgart: Engelhorn. 18 M.
VORBRÖDT, G. *Prinzipien der Ethik u. Religionsphilosophie.* Lotzes. Dessau: Kahle. 3 M.

PHILOLOGY.

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CORRESPONDENCE.

A NEW FRAGMENT OF THE BODLEIAN GENESIS.
Cambridge: June 1, 1891.

While engaged last week in examining the fragments of Greek MSS. purchased in 1876 for the University Library from Tischendorf's representatives, I came upon a leaf of vellum bearing two columns of late sloping uncials on one side, and two of cursive writing on the other. The uncial and cursive hands together yielded a

continuous text of Gen. xlii. 18—xliii. 13. I was at once struck by the resemblance of the uncial hand to that of Codex E (Lagarde); and when the next day I returned in the company of the Rev. H. A. Redpath, of Oxford, Mr. Redpath pointed out that the fragment was in fact a missing leaf of that MS. The last page of the Bodleian Genesis breaks off in the middle of αὐτοῖς, its second column ending with AT; the Cambridge fragment proceeds ΤΟΙCΤΗΗΜΕΡΑΤΗΤΡΗΤΗ, κ.τ.λ. The uncial characters of the fragment answer precisely to those of Tischendorf's facsimile (*Mon. Sac. inedit.* n. c. ii.), and the width of the column corresponds. The Cambridge leaf measures 12½ x 10½ inches; and these, as the librarian of the Bodleian is kind enough to inform me, are the measurements of the Oxford book. Each column, both of uncial and of cursive, contains forty lines; the uncial hand has written from sixteen to twenty-one letters in a line, usually eighteen or nineteen. These particulars, again, agree generally with Tischendorf's description.

It is clear from the *Monumenta* that the Cambridge leaf had been detached from the Codex before it was sold to the Bodleian. I will not speculate on the reasons which led Tischendorf either to ignore or to overlook its connexion with the Oxford MS. Its recovery reveals the curious fact that the scribe of E left his task unfinished. Did the second scribe complete it? and, if so, where are the remaining five or six leaves? From the list of variants below, it will be seen that both E and e (the cursive text) yield interesting variants; one or two of the readings of e seem to be unique. I may just add that the recovery of E in Gen. xlii. 18-30 is peculiarly welcome. F is wanting from 22 to 28, and D from 23 to the same verse; so that for the intermediate verses we have hitherto had no important uncial witness but A.

The following are the results yielded by a collation of the fragment with the text of A, as edited in the Cambridge manual Septuagint (vol. i., 1887).

Gen. xlii. 18. ποιησατε ποιησεται E | (ζησοθε) σωζεσθε E | τον θεον γαρ τον γαρ θεον E. 19. ει | η | απαγαγετε | αγορασατε E | αγορασων E* (=μον E). 20. καταγαγετε | αγαγετε E. 21. ειπεν | ειπαν E | αμαρτιας E | υπερειδωμεν E | η θλιψις | η πασα E. 22. Ρουβειν E | αδικησται E | εκζητει E. 23. ερμηνευ E. 27. δεσμων E* (=μον E). 29. συμβεβηκота συμβατα E. 30. In την γην desinit E. 31. υιοι | η | 32. ημων 1^o | ποτε ο | ο | 33. γρασομαι | αδελφον | εαν τον αδ. υμων αν εφερεται και | ενα | ε | υμων | ο | 34. om αλλ οτι ειρηνηκοι εστε E | εμπορευσθαι E. 35. ιδου | ιδοντες E. 36. ληψισθε | λειψσθε E | εγενοντο E. 37. Ρουβειν E. 38. αν | εαν | πορευσθε E | κατοξεται E | το γηνas μου E. xliii. 1. om πολιν E | om μικρα E. 2. ανθρωπος | ο κυριος της γης E | οφασθαι E. 2-4. om κατεβη προς με . . . ο νεωτερος E. 5. μοι | με | τι | οτι E. 6. αυτου | ταυτην E | om η ηδειμεν . . . υμων E. 7. πορευσασθε E. 8. ηρικτας E | προς 2^o | εις E. 9. ει | μη | ει δε μη E | δεis E. 10. αγγελιος E | ριτηνης E | τερεβινθον E | καρια E. 11. om αποστρεψατε με υμων E | αγνωστω E. 13. om και 1^o E | in τον ενα και desinit E.

H. B. SWETE.

HARLEIAN MS. 7653.

Bardwell Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds: June 1, 1891.

I can neither explain the “patriarchas septem,” nor invent an additional line to rhyme with “pessimam;” but I should like to add a few words about St. Ciriacus.

The prominence given to that Saint in being singled out along with St. Patrick for invocation in the Latin hymn, as transcribed by Mr. Whitley Stokes from the above MS., is an additional proof of the pre-eminence of the

boy-martyr in the hagiology of the Celtic Church. He was put to death, together with his mother, Julitta, in the Diocletian persecution, A.D. 303. Celtic churches were frequently dedicated to such martyrs, when they were not dedicated to the living founders of the churches themselves. Gildas mentions how, when the Diocletian persecution had passed away, British churches which had been destroyed were rebuilt and dedicated to the numerous martyrs whom that persecution had produced (*Mon. Hist. Brit.*, p. 9). St. Ciricius (Cyric) stands out conspicuously among these martyrs. The chapel at Tintagel in Cornwall, the churches at Cowley Bridge in Devon and at Capel Curig in Wales, are examples which may be adduced. Others are given in the *Journal of the Archaeological Association*, vol. xxiii., p. 421. He is commemorated in the Kalendar of the Drummond (Irish) Missal, as well as in the Kalendar of Oengus, as pointed out by Mr. Whitley Stokes.

Not the most curious but the most important fact connected with this Harleian MS. is this, that it contains, on fol. 6 ab, what is, perhaps, the earliest extant MS. text of the *Te Deum*. That text runs as follows:

1. Te deum laudamus.
2. Te eternum patrem omnis terra veneratur.
3. Tibi omnes angeli, tibi celi et terra et universę potestates,
4. Tibi cherubin et seraphim in cessabili uoce proclamant,
5. Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus dominus deus sabaoth.
6. Pleni sunt celi et terra gloria tua; osanna in ex celsis.
7. Te gloriosus apostolorum chorus,
8. Te prophetarum laudabilis numerus,
9. Te martyrum candidatus exercitus,
10. Te per orbem terrarum sancta confitetur clesia,
11. Patrem in mense maiestatis,
12. Venerandum tuum uerum unigenitum filium,
13. Sanctum quoque paracletum spiritum.
14. Tu rex glorie christe.
15. Tu patri sempiternus es filius.
16. Tu ad liberandum mundum suscepisti hominem, non ab ornati uirginis utero.
17. Tu deuicta morte aculeo aperuisti regna celorum.
18. Tu ad dexteram sedis in gloria patris,
19. Ecce uenturus.
20. Te ergo, quesumus, nobis tuis famulis subueni, quos pretiosa sanguine redemisti
21. Eternam fac cum sanctis in gloriam intrare.

I am responsible for the capital letters, the punctuation, and the division into verses in the above transcript. There are several strange readings in this text, those in verses 6 and 21 being not only unique but very remarkable.

It is also to be noticed that this copy of the hymn ends with the 21st verse, indicating probably the conclusion of the original composition, the remaining eight verses, mainly culled from the Psalms of David, having been tacked on afterwards.

Those who are interested in this subject should consult an excellent article on the "*Te Deum*" in the *Church Quarterly* for April, 1884, No. xxxv.; but the existence of this early Irish version was unknown to the writer. It is hoped shortly to edit the whole MS. (not a long one) for the Henry Bradshaw Society.

F. E. WARREN.

THE THEOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, 1783-1788.

169, Grove-lane, S.E.: June 2, 1891.

From the end of the year 1783, to the beginning of the year 1788 there existed a society entitled "*The Theosophical Society*, instituted for the purpose of promoting the Heavenly Doctrines of the New Jerusalem, by translating, printing, and publishing the Theological Writings of the Honourable Emanuel Sweden-

borg." Its meetings were held chiefly at chambers in New Court, Middle Temple, London. In 1787 some of its members initiated action, which resulted in the establishment of an organisation still existing as "*The New Jerusalem Church*." Among these members was Robert Hindmarsh, in whose volume, *Rise and Progress of the New Jerusalem Church*, edited by the Rev. E. Madeley, London, 1861 (pp. 14 to 67), the career of the Theosophical Society is sketched. From this authority I learn (pp. 23, 66) that "the books belonging to the Society were ultimately deposited in the house of Mr. Joshua Jones Prichard, a learned Proctor, of Paul Baker's [? Paul Bakehouse] Court, Doctors' Commons"; also that "among these were the eight quarto volumes of the '*Arcana Coelestia*,' in Latin, and some other books, all left as a legacy to the Society by the late Rev. Thomas Hartley, translator of the first editions of the treatise '*On Heaven and Hell*,' and the treatise '*On Influx*.'" I desire to discover where these "books" now are, and I shall welcome any assistance to my quest proffered by readers of the ACADEMY.

CHARLES HIGHAM.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

- SUNDAY, June 7, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Moral Order and Individual Destiny," by Mr. W. J. Japp.
- MONDAY, June 8, 8 p.m. Aristotelian: "The Philosophy of Rosmini," by Mr. Arthur Bontwood.
- 8.15 p.m. Library Association: "Literary Associations of Deptford," by Mr. G. R. Humphrey.
- TUESDAY, June 9, 8 p.m. Royal Institution: "Four Periods of Stage History, IV., Kemble," by Mr. W. Archer.
- 8 p.m. Colonial Institute: "Metabeleland and Mashonaland," with Lime-light Illustrations, by the Rev. Frank H. Surridge.
- 8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Curious Words and Customs connected with Royalty and Chieftainship among the Hova and other Malagasy Tribes" and "Decorative Carving on Wood, especially in the Burial Memorials of the Betsileo Malagasy," with illustrative Rubbings, by the Rev. J. Sibree.
- WEDNESDAY, June 10, 8 p.m. Geological: "Some Recent Excavations in the Wellington College District," by the Rev. A. Irving; and "Some Post-Tertiary Deposits on the South Coast of England," by Mr. Alfred Bell.
- 8.30 p.m. Society for Protection of Ancient Buildings: Annual Meeting; a Paper by Mr. W. B. Richmond.
- THURSDAY, June 11, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Orchestra considered in connexion with the Development of the Overture," IV., by Dr. A. C. Mackenzie.
- 5 p.m. Zoological: "The Animals Living in the Society's Gardens," III., by Mr. F. E. Beldard.
- 8 p.m. Mathematical: "An Application of the Method of Images to the Conduction of Heat," by Mr. O. H. Bryan; "Systems of Spherical Harmonics," by Mr. E. W. Hobson; "The Aberration of Optical Pencils," by Dr. Larmor; "Certain Properties of Symmetric, Skew Symmetric, and Orthogonal Matrices," by Dr. H. Faber; "The Motion of a Liquid Ellipsoid under its own Attraction," by Prof. M. J. H. Hill; "A Property of the Circumference," by Mr. R. Tucker.
- 8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.
- FRIDAY, June 12, 5 p.m. Physical: "Alternate Current and Potential Difference Analogies in the Methods of Measuring Power," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Dr. W. E. Sumner; "A Clock for Pointing out the Direction of the Earth's Orbital Motion in the Ether," and "Some Experiments with Leyden Jars," by Prof. O. Lodge; "The Construction of Non-Inductive Resistances," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Mr. Mathew.
- 8 p.m. New Shakers: "The Stage Directions of the Quartos," by Mr. W. Poel.
- 9 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Rate of Explosion in Cases," by Prof. Harold Dixon.
- SATURDAY, June 13, 3 p.m. Royal Institution: "The Scientific Study of Decorative Colour," III., by Prof. A. H. Church.

SCIENCE.

TWO BOOKS ON TEUTONIC PHILOLOGY.

THE second series of Prof. Skeat's *Principles of English Etymology* (Oxford: Clarendon Press) is even more interesting than the first, which was noticed in the ACADEMY of December 24, 1887. No one else could have done the work so well, because no one else has so conscientiously analysed all the words treated of. Especially valuable is the careful distinction between the different periods at which we have borrowed from French—the "Old French" period before 1350, the "Middle French" up to 1660, and the "Late French" from Dryden

downward; and especially practical the account of the pronunciation of Italian (pp. 302 sq.), Spanish (pp. 327 sq.), and Portuguese (pp. 343 sq.), an account which for intelligibility it would be difficult to parallel elsewhere. We are glad to find (p. 271) that Prof. Skeat has now given up the antiquated view that the alphabet of the Ursprache had but three short vowels, and that he regrets to have followed that system in his Dictionary. It is a pity, however, that he still thinks (p. 383) that we can "know precisely what is meant by a given suffix, such as the Aryan *-mo*"; and that he says "of course [!] derived words were at first due to mere composition, i.e., to combinations of words already existing": which is the Agglutination theory in its baldest form. But the weakest part of the book is the attack on the ordinary English pronunciation of Latin (p. 134) and Greek (p. 360).

"Is it moral," the professor asks, "to insist that school boys shall continue to be trained and taught to pronounce Latin with the modern English sounds? And is it consistent with even common fairness to stigmatise the sounding of *ā* as (*aa*) by the stupid appellation of 'the new pronunciation'?"

Such questions are really absurd. The "new" pronunciation is so called because it is new, because our fathers and grandfathers were quite content to pronounce *fāma* as "*fehma*"; and if "morality" comes in at all, the ordinary pronunciation, which never pretended to be right, is at any rate more honest than the new, which professes to be perfect, and yet in a word like *requirō* puts the chief stress on the second syllable, though the vocalism shows that the Romans put it on the first. It is important for the phonetician, and interesting to the scholar, to know (if we ever can know: Prof. Skeat is a very sanguine man) how the Romans pronounced their words; but it does not follow that there is any use in attempting to imitate them. And this is just the point which Prof. Skeat overlooks. The boy who says "*fāma*" will probably have the better conceit of himself, which is doubtless a great advantage; but he need not be a better Latin scholar than the boy who says "*fehma*." Prof. Skeat's remarks on the pronunciation of Greek, if they were taken seriously, would be positively mischievous; he wishes us to put the "principal stress" on the oxytone vowel, and so make *ἐὺρωπος* a dactyl, as the modern Greeks do. But he must surely know that even the modern Greeks, though by giving up the proper stress-accent they have corrupted their language past redemption, in reciting Homer put the stress just where we do, "*anthrōpos*" and "*edōntes*." The professor is very angry with his teachers because they never gave him "the slightest hint as to what the accents meant," and he now "suspects" that they did not know themselves (p. 14); so it is well they did not pretend to know. He can hardly be unaware that the classical world has long disputed what the Greek accents do mean, and only in modern times decided against the modern Greeks themselves, that they mean pitch and not stress. In English, as in every language, there is a pitch-accent as well as a stress-accent; but in English the pitch-accent is always given unconsciously, and to attempt to fix it on any particular syllable is almost impossible for us. We may teach our pupils what the Greek accents probably mean, but if we make an English boy give the pitch-accent he is pretty certain to neglect the far more important stress-accent. The professor must have forgotten his own ideas when he objects (p. 351) to the English pronunciation of *antigropelos* and "*euphony*," because here we do not put the stress on the long vowel of *ἄγλος* and *εὐφωμία*. It is to be regretted that Prof. Skeat has lent himself (pp. 184, 268) to the pedantry which forbids the use of *j* in Latin words, while

admitting the use of *u*. The classical Latin alphabet had no more a symbol *U* than a symbol *J*; and if he wishes to be consistent, he must write *ivo*, *irs*, *sves*, *sus*. But *juvo*, *jus*, *suns*, *sus* are more intelligible. Prof. Skeat should mark long vowels as long, at least in Latin; in many cases it is only by knowing the Latin quantities that we can understand the Romance forms. In "L. cau-ere" (p. 279) it is difficult to recognise *carere*. He should also avoid too much repetition; he gives the etymology of "coy," "dodo," "dolmen," "fives," "gist," "yam," twice over in each case. Some minor points may be noticed in order. P. 125 (and 202, 227) the *l* of "falcon" is always pronounced; p. 190, note 2, *palpebra* is in Caper, Keil's *Grammatici Latini*, 7, 110; p. 235 *repansare* is not "coined from *παῖσις*," at least directly, but from *pausa*; p. 265, sec. 189, there seem some misprints in the quotation; p. 272 the final syllable of "fathom" and (before a vowel) "butter" is not a sonant *m* or *r*, English has only sonant final *n*'s and *l*'s, "even," "able"; p. 275 (and 276) *moned* is not "allied to *mens*," as *socius* to *sequi*, in *mens* the *en* is a sonant; p. 279 the connexion of *tonā* and *στῆνω* is very doubtful; p. 310 Italian *brusco* is from Pliny's *bræscum*, not from *ruscum*, and *graspo* owes its *y* to *grappola*; p. 335 *παράκλησις* does not happen to exist, though *παράκλησις* does; p. 384 Brugmann nowhere says "*margō* short for '*margōn*,'" but makes both forms, the actual and the possible, of equal antiquity (*Grundriss* vol. 3, p. 526); p. 391 *δαγος* is not "contracted" to *δαλας*, but the *y* assimilated to the *-α*; p. 424 "Mohametan" seems to stand for Mahometan; p. 466 there is no "vocalic *l*" in *στολή*, nor does *ἐστλῆν* = *ἐστλῆν*, but *ἐστλῆν* with a sonant *l*. But all these are mere flaws in a very excellent book.

An *Etymological Dictionary of the German Language*. By Friedrich Kluge. Translated from the fourth German edition by John Francis Davis. (Bell.) Prof. Kluge's German Etymological Dictionary is a valuable work, but we really see no good reason why it should be translated into English. The translation, we regret to say, is so bad as to be a positive injury to the author's reputation. It is quite possible that the translator (who is a Doctor of Literature of the London University) may possess a sound knowledge of ordinary literary German; but he clearly knows very little of the special idiom of German philological works, and he has not sufficient familiarity with the subject to save him from frequently writing down what is absolute nonsense. One great difficulty which besets translators of German books on philology is that many of the technical terms used have no recognised English equivalents. In such cases Dr. Davis's renderings are nearly always peculiarly infelicitous. *Neubildung* becomes "recent formation," and *lautliche Uebertragung* "phonetic rendering." It is just conceivable that Dr. Davis has not misunderstood these German words, but at all events his English readers will not attach anything like the right meanings to the expressions by which he has represented them. *Undeutung*, which means "perversion" or "interpretative corruption" (i.e., a change in the form of a word due to a false notion of its etymology) Dr. Davis usually renders by "corruption," which in most cases deprives Kluge's remarks of all their point; sometimes, however, he substitutes "modification in sense," or "change in meaning," which is altogether wrong. Of the innumerable blunders that we have noted only a few specimens need be mentioned. Under *Achse* the translation says that "with the root *ag*, to drive, some have connected Lat. *ago*, Gr. *ἀγῶ*." Nobody ever doubted that the Lat. and Gr. words belong to the root *ag*; what Kluge says is that some have connected the Indo-Germanic **akso-* with this root. *Armut* is not "a derivative of the

Goth. adj. **armōþs*"; Kluge's statement is that it is a derivative of the adj. *arm*, and that its Gothic form would be **armōþs*. The O.H.G. *arzinōn* was not "formed into *arzdāt*," as the translator says; the statement is a misrendering of *zu arzdāt gebildet*, which means just the contrary. The translator interprets *beschuppen* as "to scale, deceive"; he has not perceived that *beschuppen* "to scale," and *beschuppen* "to deceive," are two unconnected words; Kluge notices only the latter. Under *Eimer* the English reader is mystified by being told that O.H.G. *amprī* and A.S. *embren* are "formed from O.H.G. *sumbirīn*." Under *Lenz* the translator says "this West Teut. word was probably the term for spring, and Tacitus in the *Germania* seems to have a dim idea that it was used by the Teutons." The author's statement is that the word which survives in German as *Lenz* was probably that which Tacitus had in his mind when he said that the Germans had a word for spring. Under *Belt* Kluge states that the word in its geographical sense means "girdle of the land" (*Landgürtel*); the translator makes this into "zone of land," though he has previously glossed *Belt* as "straits." The abbreviations are often wrongly expanded; under *hchr*, for instance, "N." standing for "nominative" is rendered by "neu." (i.e. neuter). The colon (:), which Kluge, like other German philologists, uses to denote a relation of some sort between two forms, is not adopted for this purpose in the translation. To this there could be no objection, if the periphrastic expansions employed were correct; but this is frequently not the case—for instance, under *laufen* Kluge's "*hlūp* : *hlōp*" is rendered "*hlūp*, by gradation *hlōp*," though the relation between the forms is not that of "gradation" or ablaut at all. It is a great pity that Dr. Davis should have spent so much time and labour on a task for which he was so imperfectly qualified.

SOME GERMAN BOOKS ON ANCIENT GREEK.

Hat Aristoteles die Schrift vom Staate der Athener geschrieben? Ihr Ursprung und Ihr Wert für die ältere Athenische Geschichte. Von F. Cauer. (Stuttgart: Göschel.) Herr Cauer is quite sure that the new treatise on the *Ἀθηναίων πολιτεία* is that which was cited in antiquity as Aristotle's, but he is equally sure that it is not by that philosopher. For this opinion—an opinion which Mr. Newman and other English critics have expressed more guardedly—he gives many reasons. To begin with, it is understood that Aristotle collected "constitutions" only as a foundation of facts for his political theories, but the treatise before us cannot have had so limited an object. It is clearly meant for a wide public. It is very carefully written, Isokratian in style, and more polished and regular than the admitted writings of Aristotle. (It is, perhaps, a little premature to say this with a text in such a state.) Again, it contradicts the *Politics*, not merely *Pol.* 2, 12, which chapter has been doubted, although Herr Cauer seems to believe in its genuineness, but other parts too; and there is a distinct difference of political view expressed. There are, of course, many good things in the treatise, Herr Cauer has drawn out an interesting list of additions which it makes to our knowledge, and points to examples in it of shrewdness and of sound criticism. But he finds it sadly unequal. The second part is no doubt more valuable than the first, but on the whole the treatise is not intelligent enough to be from Aristotle's pen. The writer has used poor materials as well as good, and has not always judged them soundly. He omits much that we should like to know, and, indeed, much that, on his own plan, he ought to tell. He should, for instance, have settled for us the old

difficulty, when and how did the Athenians return after the fall of the Four Hundred to their full democracy? The treatise omits certain facts about Athens (some of great value) which were known to the author of the *Politics*. It imputes too much to personal agencies, and makes far less of general causes or the working of general laws than the *Politics* does. (In fact, the author writes as if he knew no other constitutional history than that of Athens.) There is too much anecdote. He contradicts himself also, as when he mentions six thousand paid jurymen in the time of Aristides (c. 24), for in c. 27 he tells us that Perikles introduced the payment of jurymen. Tenants in arrears (c. 2), and debtors (c. 12) whom Plutarch so carefully distinguished, this writer confuses. He must be downright wrong about retaining Themistokles in Athens so late as 462-1, for inferences from other and well-established dates make that impossible, and about Aristides bringing the country people into Athens, for that contradicts Thucydides 2. 14. (There are many other points on which readers must choose between their Thucydides and their "Aristotle.") Yet after all, the writer of the treatise must have been under Aristotle's influence. Some of his statements and some of his language show this. Moreover, parts of the work are much above the rest. We had better (Herr Cauer thinks, taking a hint from Usener) suppose that this and other "constitutions" were written in the Peripatetic school by pupils whom Aristotle selected, to whom he lent books, and to whom he gave hints. But the pupils were not, or at least this pupil was not, up to the work. And so we are left to wonder why Aristotle entrusted so much to a pupil who was not quite fit for the task, or to one whose political views did not perfectly agree with his own, and to feel that a work composed in this way has not the authority of a treatise by Aristotle. We have not had space to take all Herr Cauer's points, but we hope we have done justice to the main positions of a clever and suggestive little essay.

Studien zur griechischen Mythologie. Von G. Goerres. Zweite Folge. (Berlin, Calvary; London: Nutt.) The present volume adds three papers to Herr Goerres' previous series. It contains: (1) "Antikritik und Weiteres über den Odysseusmythos," chiefly controversial; (2) "Danaiiden und Gorgonen," a minute study of the subject, rambling, however, from Danaos to Cain and Abel; (3) "System der griechischen Mythologie." This is the most ambitious, and at the same time the most sketchy, of Herr Goerres' essays. It is intended, if we apprehend him rightly, to protect his "Näherrecht," to patent under his name certain ideas and suggestions which he may one day fully work out, and also to guard by its brevity against such a pecuniary loss as W. Mannhardt's lengthier *Wald- und Feldkulte* is understood to have caused. A part at least of his conclusions may be translated, as follows, from his own summary:—

"The preceding investigations have made it probable that the bewildering swarm of Greek deities may be reduced to a few heads. To reduce likewise the myths about them to their simple original form, we need only remember that the Greek pantheon was developed from a union of many different local cults; that this union was brought about by theocratic, political, and historical influences, and completed by the activity of poets and mythographers; that the myths and names of gods belong to different times as well as to different places; and that very different names have been given within the same cult to different manifestations of the same deity, while the names have also often been bodied out into independent mythical persons. But the origin of Greek myths and cults is not to be looked for on Greek soil, but in 'Maeonia'—i.e., Mysia and Troas, Phrygia

and Caria. . . . Even beyond this, beyond Taurus and Zagrus, may Greek myths with cults answering to them be traced, as far as Babylon and Assyria, till they disappear in the districts of Pontus and South Caucasus. No sharp distinction is possible between "Mæonian" and "Semitic" myths and cults; they are so interwoven and show so much resemblance that a close kinship of the races too must be assumed. The Semitic, and no less the Egyptian, cults and myths point, like the Mæonian, beyond Babylon to the lands south of Caucasus and Caspian, and these lands must be regarded as the source of all Indo-Germanic myths and cults. These arose, in outline, in ancient agricultural states under priestly government; and accordingly the myths and the religion of Indo-Germans, Semites, and Egyptians are at bottom all agricultural."

Dunkle Wörter. Von J. M. Stowasser. (Wien: Tempsky.) This little pamphlet of thirty-two pages contains notes on some eighty Latin words of which the derivations or forms are doubtful. The new etymologies suggested are in all cases ingenious, and in some cases probably right; certainly the Latin scholar and the philologist will alike do well not to ignore the little treatise. A few specimens will show the writer's strength and weakness. *Novicius*, which ought, if derived from *novus*, to have a short instead of a long *i*, is explained as "neu auf dem Hofe," i.e., "*novicius*," according to a legal definition *novicia mancipia sunt quae anno nondum servierint*. *Amoenus* is made out to be *ad-moenus*—that is, "suburban," and hence, in a general sense, "pleasant"—shades of Rosherville! *Parricidium* is connected with *parrus*, supposed to mean "open," so that the whole word would denote "open murder." *Violare* is separated from *vis* and joined on to *viola*, as "to stain," for which sense Herr Stowasser quotes Vergil's familiar *sanguine violaverit ostro si quis ebur*, and similarly *ferro violavimus agros*, "we have reddened the fields with blood." Other words are supplied with Greek origins. *Caeremonia*, for instance, becomes a hybrid, "die *χαίρε-Πflicht*"; *funditare* (*verba funditas* in Plautus, and the like) is referred to *σφενδαρή* through *funda* for **sfunda*, "a sling"; *triumphus* is explained from a Greek **τρίμφος* (*δμήφης*), and *fetialis*, from a Greek **φήτεια*, "embassy," a word presumed by the common noun *προφήτεια*. Some of these etymologies are obviously very hazardous; others, if not conclusive, seem very nearly so. That suggested for *violare* is peculiarly attractive, because Vergil so frequently uses words in their literal senses, *recens* with the meaning "wet," *lactus* with the meaning "fruitful," and so forth.

Die griechischen Dialekte. Von Otto Hoffmann. I. Der süd-achäische Dialekt. (Göttingen: Vandenhoeck u. Ruprecht.) Dr. Hoffmann is known to philologists as author of a somewhat inadequate treatise on the "Indo-Germanic Present," and as opponent of Dr. Meister in a controversy about the Greek dialects—which controversy, in certain of its features, much resembles other German controversies. The present work seems to be in some measure a continuation of this dispute. It is marked out in the preface as a distinct contrast to Dr. Meister's volume on the Arcadian and Cyprian dialects, and, though written before that volume was published, appears to have been issued because the author was dissatisfied with Dr. Meister's work. The present writer holds no brief for Dr. Meister, but it must be confessed that it is difficult to see the need of two separate treatises on the Accidence and Syntax of the Greek dialects. Dr. Meister is but human; there are one or two points in which the newer writer may possibly be nearer the truth. But the former work is certainly good, and criticisms on it would be most conveniently lodged in a pamphlet, or in anything except a wholly parallel treatise. The basis of Dr. Hoffmann's

views is partly shown by his title. His "South-Achæan" denotes only Arcadian and Cyprian; but he accepts the theory that *Αιολεῖς* and *Ἀχαιοί* are etymologically the same word, the latter being *Ἀχ-αίω-* and the former *Αἰω-*, and hence he proceeds to identify Aeolid and Achæan. Accordingly, the scheme of Greek dialects is somewhat altered; Ionic and Doric remain as they did, but Aeolic extends its sway over part of the Peloponnese and Cyprus. In order to avoid confusion with the Aeolic of the Asiatic coast, Dr. Hoffmann does not call this Aeolic, but Achæan, and his Achæan falls in Southern and Northern divisions. We cannot say that this theory seems to us proven. It is plausible; but, till it is proved or disproved, its place is—we submit—in a journal, not in an elaborate work.

THE AMERICAN ORIENTAL SOCIETY.

We quote the following from the New York Nation:

"Boston: May 16, 1891.

"The American Oriental Society held its spring meeting in Boston and Cambridge during the past two days. This is the last of the half-yearly meetings which have been held since the year 1848, the society having decided to hold one meeting a year of longer duration during the Easter week. The General Court of Massachusetts has just passed a bill authorizing the society 'to hold its meetings in any State or Territory of the United States and in the District of Columbia; provided, however, that the said society shall meet within this Commonwealth at least once in three years.' The society is thus enabled to accommodate itself to the rapid growth of the study of Oriental languages in all our great universities, and to meet in rotation at the different centres of Oriental learning. It was also resolved to abolish the classical section of the society, the American Philological Association doing all the work in this line of research.

"The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, the Rev. Dr. William Hayes Ward, of the Independent; Vice-Presidents, President Daniel C. Gilman, Johns Hopkins, Prof. J. Henry Thayer, Harvard, Prof. Isaac H. Hall, Metropolitan Museum of Art; Recording Secretary, Prof. David G. Lyon, Harvard; Corresponding Secretary, Prof. Charles R. Lanman, Harvard; Directors, Prof. Paul Haupt, Johns Hopkins; Prof. R. J. H. Gottheil, Columbia College; Prof. M. Bloomfield, Johns Hopkins; Prof. John Phelps Taylor, Andover Theological Seminary; Prof. Edward W. Hopkins, Bryn Mawr College; Prof. A. L. Frothingham, Princeton College; and Mr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia Press.

"Prof. David G. Lyon, the curator, escorted the members through the new Semitic Museum of Harvard University, which has lately been established through the generosity of Mr. Jacob H. Schiff, of New York. The museum consists chiefly of casts of the principal Assyrian and Babylonian monuments in the British Museum and the Louvre. There are, however, a number of original Babylonian contract-tablets and seals, Arabic, Hebrew, and Syriac MSS., and some Arabic coins. The announcement was made, through Provost Pepper, that the important collection of Babylonian and Assyrian antiquities in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania would be open for the use of scholars from July 1, 1891.

"Nearly forty papers were presented, and it was gratifying to note that a number of them came from the younger members of the society, as it evidences the growing interest shown in these lines of study. Six papers were presented by men from the graduate department of Yale, four of them being students of Dr. Robert F. Harper. Mr. Lester Bradner (Yale) discussed 'The Order of the Sentence in the Assyrian Historical Inscriptions,' Mr. Carl J. Elofson (Yale) 'The Position of the Adjective in Assyrian,' and Mr. Charles F. Kent 'Annexion in Assyrian.' Mr. James H. Breasted (Yale), in a paper on 'The Order of Words in the Hebrew Portions of Daniel,' showed by the decay of syntax the probable late date of the book of

Daniel. By the comparison of the syntax in this book with that in three others, he arranges their position in time as follows: Ezekiel, Malachi, Ecclesiastes, and Daniel—a conclusion which is verified by other considerations. Prof. Nestle of Tübingen sent a note on verse 31 of Psalm lxviii. Dr. Robert F. Harper (Yale) discussed 'Some Syntactical Points in the Esar-haddon Inscriptions,' and Prof. William R. Harper (Yale), 'Some of the Imperfects in the Deutero-Isaiah.' Mr. George N. Newman (Yale), in a paper on 'Contraction in Arabic,' laid down the rule that 'all change occasioned by the presence of weak letters is brought about directly by the vowels; and the nature of the resulting change is subject directly to the nature of the vowels present.'

"Mr. James R. Jewett (Brown) presented a collection of 'Arabic Proverbs and Proverbial Phrases,' collected, translated, and annotated. Mr. George A. Reissner (Harvard), in a paper entitled 'Comparison of Assyrian, Hebrew, and Phœnician Proper Names,' showed how the same general forms are found in the proper names of these languages, and upon what general principles these names are built up. Prof. George A. Barton (Bryn Mawr) discussed Esar-haddon's account of the restoration of Ishtar's Temple at Erech. President Charles W. Benton presented the Arabic text and translation of the preface of the 'Book of the Meeting of the Two Seas,' by Nasif el Yaziji.

"Prof. Isaac H. Hall (Metropolitan Museum) gave a 'Tentative Biography of the Syriac Publications in the Neighbourhood of Oroomiah.' Prof. Hall also presented photographs of a bronze statuette recently acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art. It was found at Pictralgina, near Benevento. It represents Hercules after a Greco-Phœnician concept; he is in the attitude of attack, and has on the lion's skin, and carries the bow. It has been proved to date not five years from the year 330 B.C. by coins belonging to the Phœnician dynasty of Cition, and by Phœnician inscriptions in the Metropolitan and British Museums. Prof. R. J. H. Gottheil (Columbia) read a paper on 'An Unknown Syriac Grammarian,' and a note on the Alhambra vase in the possession of Mr. Charles A. Dana, which turns out to have been made within the last twenty-five years.

"Dr. Herbert C. Tolman (Yale) discussed 'The Syntax of the Old Persian Inscriptions'; Prof. A. V. W. Jackson (Columbia) spoke on the native place of Zoroaster. His origin is disputed, one tradition placing it in Media, the other in Bactria. The 'Bundahish' says that on the river Darya was the home of Zaradusht. Two passages in the 'Avesta' embody the same tradition. We have, probably, to think of the river Darya in Atropatene. He was probably cast out of his own country, so that his activity was in the East; hence the double tradition. Prof. W. D. Whitney sent a paper on 'The Perfect and Imperfect in the Brahmanas.' The two tenses seem to be mainly equivalent in signification; they are freely mingled, though the general preference for the imperfect is greatly marked; the increased use of the perfect is, at times, a sign of a later date. Prof. Edward W. Hopkins (Bryn Mawr) spoke of 'The Development of the Vedic Yama from an Earthly King of the Blessed to a Lord of Hell.' This process was the result of the Indra-cult. Indra became the chief god, and Yama was put down: then, all that was left for him was to be lord over the dead.

"Mr. Lyander Dickerman spoke of the tablet discovered by Mr. Wilbur near Phylæ, which alludes to the seven years of famine in Egypt. It seems to belong to the Ptolemaic era, and the material to be taken from the Septuagint. Dr. Samuel A. Binion described the Abbott collection of Egyptian antiquities now in the New York Historical Society's rooms, and Dr. F. Wendel the Egyptian antiquities in the Peabody Museum at Cambridge. Prof. Charles R. Lanman (Harvard) called attention to 'Jars with Distinctive Marks of Sex.' Such jars are mentioned in the Hindu burial service: Schliemann found them during his excavations; and they have turned up in China, Japan, and Ecuador. Some of the South American specimens were shown and explained by Prof. Putnam, the curator of the Peabody Museum.

"The society adjourned to meet at Easter, 1892.

"R. J. H. G."

OBITUARY.

PROF. P. M. DUNCAN, F.R.S.

By the death of this genial professor, who had long held the chair of geology in King's College, London, a well-known figure disappears from the scientific circles of the metropolis.

Enthusiastic as a student of natural science, Dr. Duncan many years ago forsook the practice of medicine, and devoted his energies to the pursuit of geology, palaeontology, and zoology. As a teacher he was eminently popular. Fluent and lucid in speech, gifted with a soft voice and a commanding presence, pleasing and familiar in his style, Dr. Duncan was a scientific lecturer of the rarest type. His favourite studies pertained to fossil corals, and in this department he made a distinctive mark. As a working palaeontologist he was judicious, sagacious, and painstaking. It is true he lacked the advantage of extended travel, which is a matter of the first importance to the philosophic naturalist; but, for all that, he possessed a breadth of view which lifted him above the level of the species-maker, and frequently led him, while studying his fossils, to discuss some of the great problems of ancient physical geography. His familiarity with the fossil corals of the British strata enabled him to supplement, for the Palaeontographical Society, the classical work of Milne-Edwards and Haime. To the *Palaeontologia Indica* he contributed a valuable monograph on the Fossil Corals and Alcyonaria of Sind; and, in conjunction with Mr. Percy Sladen, other works on Fossil Echinoids from India.

With Indian geology Prof. Duncan became closely connected by his position as lecturer in the Engineering College at Coopers' Hill; and it was with the view of assisting his students there that he prepared his *Abstract of the Geology of India*. After the death of Sir Charles Lyell, Prof. Duncan revised the useful manual well known as Lyell's *Student's Elements of Geology*. With the Geological Society of London Prof. Duncan's relations had been of a most intimate character. For seven years he acted as one of its honorary secretaries; in 1876 and 1877 he filled the presidential chair; and in 1881 he received the highest honour which the society can bestow—the award of the Wollaston medal. Of the Linnean Society he was also an honoured member, being, at the time of his death, one of its vice-presidents. It was this society that published, in 1884, his important work entitled *Revision of the Families and Genera of the Sclerodermie Zootharia*. As a popular writer on zoology he was widely known by his contributions to Cassell's *Natural History*, a work of which he was also editor.

For some time past Prof. Duncan's scientific and literary activity had been waning; and on last Friday week, May 29, he was released by the kindly touch of death from a painful and protracted illness. He was in his sixty-seventh year. On Monday morning his remains were laid to rest at Chiswick, in the presence of a small circle of naturalists, assembled to pay their final tribute of respect to a gifted fellow-worker and a valued and warm-hearted friend.

F. W. R.

SCIENCE NOTES.

DR. ARCHIBALD GEIKIE, director-general of the geological survey, was among those on whom the honour of knighthood was conferred, on the occasion of the Queen's birthday.

THE gold medal of the Linnean Society has this year been awarded to Dr. Edouard Bornet, of Paris, for his researches in botany. His earliest publications relate to the structure and life-history of Fungi and Lichens; but his name

is best known for the important researches, in which, with his friend M. Thuret, he has been for some years engaged, on the life histories of Algae, and for his valuable contributions on this subject in the *Etudes Phycologiques* and the *Notes Algologiques*, with their beautiful illustrations.

At the annual general meeting of the Institution of Civil Engineers, held on May 26, Mr. George Berkley was elected president, in succession to Sir John Coode. The total number of members of all classes (including students) is now 6,064. The receipts for the year were £24,274; the investments are valued at £50,000, beside freeholds that have cost £40,000, and trust-funds amounting to more than £20,000.

ON Saturday week, June 13, the Geologists' Association will make a joint excursion, with the Hampshire Field Club, to Selborne, walking from Alton, and visiting Gilbert White's house, The Wakes, by permission of General Parr. The directors of the excursion are Mr. P. L. Selater and Mr. W. Whitaker.

School Diet. By Clement Dukes, M.D. (Percival.) Dr. Dukes's writings upon school hygiene have added fresh lustre even to Rugby. In this modest treatise of less than 200 well-printed pages, he has not merely laid down the principles upon which school diet ought to be regulated—these may be found in any text-book—he has also minutely applied those principles to the daily needs of growing boys and girls at work and at play. Here at least, if nowhere else, bewildered housemasters will find systematic information upon the quantity and quality of food required for different meals, upon the proper times and best arrangements for meals, and upon many other matters of difficulty and importance for them to know. Determined to leave no excuse for improper, insufficient, or monotonous meals—for, as he somewhat sententiously observes, “monotony of diet generates monotony of character”—the author has actually drawn up separate menus for the breakfasts and dinners of a whole month. The work is an excellent one, full of common sense and of special knowledge, based upon a wide experience of the ignorances and necessities of boys and their caterers, and may be confidently recommended as a practical manual of diet for schools.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

MESSRS. LUZAC & Co., of Great Russell-street, will publish in the course of the present month an English edition of Prof. Carl Capeller's *Sanskrit-Wörterbuch* (1888), which possesses the merit of being the cheapest and most concise dictionary of Sanskrit in existence. Based upon the larger and smaller Petersburg dictionaries, it is meant to furnish a vocabulary to Böhtlingk's *Chrestomathy*, to the seventy hymns of the Rigveda translated by Geldner and Kaegi, to the twelve hymns edited by Windisch, and to the parts of the Satapatha-brāhmaṇa edited by Weber, besides Nala and the dramas of Kālidāsa. It also professes to contain a complete list of roots and primitive words in Sanskrit; and it marks the accent in authenticated cases, the method followed being that first introduced by L. von Schroeder in his *Maitrāyaṇī Samhitā*—the acute being indicated by a vertical stroke above, and the circumflex by a curve below, the accented syllable.

It is probably the circumstance that Sir James Redhouse's complete Turkish-English Dictionary was printed in Constantinople, which has deprived the English world of an opportunity to know more about one of the greatest lexicographical triumphs of our time. The book was finished last year, after some fifteen years' incessant labour on the part

of the author, and is in itself equivalent to the work of a lifetime. The American Mission Press at Constantinople deserves much credit for the excellence of the typography, and the mode in which the pages have been made to combine clearness and legibility with the utmost copiousness of matter. There are 2224 pages printed in double columns, comprising about 70,000 separate articles; and yet the bulk of the book is not unmanageable, as it is bound in a single thickish imperial octavo volume. It may be regarded either as a Turkish, or as an Arabic or Persian Dictionary, all the usual and necessary words of the two subsidiary languages being comprised in the alphabet. The scholar who possesses this latest work of Sir James Redhouse will have no need of Meninski, Richardson, Bianchi, or Zenker; and the price of the book is as moderate as its learning is stupendous. It would be difficult to find a parallel to this extraordinary achievement of patient erudition, except in the monumental work of Littré. Mr. Quaritch is the London agent from whom the book may be procured.

PROF. HEINRICH AUGUST SCHOETENSACK, distinguished by his researches in both Teutonic and Romance languages, recently died at Stendal, in Germany, at the age of eighty. Among his earlier works may be mentioned *The Thracians; the Forefathers of the Goths*, which contains a brief collection of passages from classical authors in support of the Germanic kinship of the Thracians. His last works were: *Etymologische Untersuchungen auf dem Gebiete der französischen Sprache* (1883); and *Französisch Etymologisches Wörterbuch* (1890). In the latter a large number of words whose Germanic origin would not easily be suspected, are shown to be connected with the linguistic stock of the Goths.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

RUSKIN SOCIETY.—(Friday, May 22.)

THE REV. J. P. FAUNTROYE in the chair.—Mr. George Thomson, of Woodhouse Mills, Huddersfield, read a paper on “Industrial Partnership and its Ruskinism.” Mr. Thomson said that he had been engaged for many years in one of the most important of our home industries—the production of woollen and worsted cloths. This had become so complicated and degraded by the contest for cheapness and profit that it was impossible for any one to give more than a passing thought outside the production of things that would not only sell, but yield a profit. There were two false principles at work. The first was that business was becoming so terribly difficult to carry on without losing self-respect, that we must make all the profit we could. The second was a principle for which the people themselves were sadly to blame, because they said we must buy as cheaply as possible; the result of which was the various forms of adulteration and the grinding down of the wages of labour. For the last four or five years he had been engaged in the work of applying the principles of profit-sharing to the particular industry in which he was engaged. There were three true principles on which to work. The first was the principle of fraternity, by which the selfish interest in the individual was subordinated to the common good. The second and third principles were those of the making of honest goods and the equitable division of profits. In their own case the works were managed by a committee elected by the shareholders or members, many of these being workers in the mills. The work of the committee gave the members a more intelligent interest in business than that of mere wage-paid servants. The application of the second principle of only producing honest goods had been carried out in its strict entirety. With reference to the application of the third principle, that of the equitable division of the fruits of labour, there was a dividend upon the capital of 5 per cent., and no participation in the profits. This was a

first charge upon the profits of the concern. They devoted not less than 10 per cent. to a reserve fund until that fund should amount to 10 per cent. of the capital. Five-ninths of the remainder were distributed, according to their wages, among the persons who had been employed in the work not less than six months. The remaining four-ninths were applied as was thought most advantageous towards furthering the business. They had not yet got into that position when they could give much attention to the formation of a benevolent scheme; but at present, if any of their people were ill, they received a portion of their wages, though no particular period was fixed. A large portion of the business is conducted on strictly cash principles. The amount of goods sold since the commencement has been £106,450, upon which £26,292 in wages have been paid. The profits for last year were so far satisfactory that, after writing off a loss for 1889 and paying interest and dividend at the rate of 5 per cent. upon capital, a balance of £144 was left to be divided.—A discussion followed, in which Messrs. Southey, West, Viney, Smart, and the chairman took part.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.—(Wednesday, May 27.)

W. KNIGHTON, Esq., vice-president, in the chair.—The chairman opened the meeting by a feeling allusion to the loss the society had sustained in the sudden death of its late president, Sir Patrick Colquhoun, whom he described as a man of profound and accurate learning, of genial and sympathetic manners, and of a most extensive knowledge of human nature. The great legal work of Sir Patrick, his *Summary of Roman Civil Law*, his valuable contributions to the society's Transactions, and the honours conferred upon him by the King of Greece, the Sultan of Turkey, the King of Saxony, and our own Sovereign and universities, were also mentioned, but particularly Sir Patrick's devotion to the society, of which he had been fellow for nearly half a century.—Mr. Adams then read a paper on "The Origin of Alphabets." Mr. Adams maintains that Central Africa was the cradle of our race, and that thence the human family radiated, through Egypt, northward to Phœnicia and the shores of the Black Sea, eastward to Mesopotamia, India, and China, and westward to Greece and the shores of the Mediterranean. Egypt was then the only country possessing a rational system of literary symbols—the hieratic or priestly character—which, as Champollion had shown, was a cypher founded on natural and domestic objects, and these were the foundation of hieroglyphs. They were carried off by emigrants, wholly or partially, and became the origin of the various alphabets. Numerous examples were given by Mr. Adams to prove this, taken from classical Greek, Phœnician, Hebrew, Arabic, Babylonian, Chinese, Sanskrit, Basque, and Runic alphabets. The paper concluded with an attempt to trace back our system of numbers and musical notation to the hieroglyphs of ancient Egypt, from which Mr. Adams maintains they are derived.

FINE ART.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

III.

It is impossible to congratulate Mr. Hubert Herkomer on the series of portraits which, according to his wont, he exhibits this year. They are all marked by that muddiness, that want of frankness and of brilliancy of colour, to which the Anglo-Bavarian painter has of late too much accustomed us, and are distinguished, too, rather by a superficial affectation of breadth than by a really searching vigour of modelling. Unredeemed by any charm of colour or composition is the large full-length "Sir Sydney Waterlow, Bart."; while somewhat better are "The Dean of Christ Church, Oxford," the conception of which is characterised by a certain dignity, and "Colonel Kitchenier, R.E.," which latter is, however, spoilt by a palpably sham and conventional oriental background.

This year the New Gallery shows Mr. J. J. Shannon's ability as a suave and accomplished delineator of feminine charms to greater advantage than does the Royal Academy. He satisfies by the thoroughness of his technique and his easy accomplishment of the not very complex tasks which he sets himself; but he would exercise a higher fascination could he get rid of the leatheriness of texture which in his canvases almost invariably mars the flesh of his female sitters. The "Mrs. George Coats" here is a solid and satisfactory performance, presenting itself with something of the strength of impression which marks the work of the painter's master and prototype, M. Carolus-Duran.

Ruggedness, manly vigour, and an essentially English style are just now the main characteristics of that able and convinced portrait-painter, Mr. William Carter, whose execution, unfortunately, with all its breadth, has still in it an element of muddle and uncertainty. Very sympathetic is, nevertheless, his large full-length "The Earl of Winchelsea and Nottingham," and still more so "The Rev. Fredk. Pretymann, B.D.," in the absolute simplicity of which lurks an element of the truest pathos.

Little remains to be said to-day of the earnest and severe portraiture of Mr. Oulless, who maintains, on the whole, the high standard which he has created for himself, but with it his besetting mannerisms of dryness and too apparent labour of execution. In the three-quarter length showing Col. J. W. Malcolm, M.P., in the uniform of a Scotch volunteer regiment, a manifest effort has been made to assume a freer, franker style of execution, such as distinguished the late Frank Holl; but this effort has hardly had very successful results, seeing that the canvas is marked rather by coarseness and a blurred execution, than by real breadth. The "Mrs. G. W. Pope" proves once more that the portraiture of ladies, even of mature years, is not within Mr. Oulless's means, but "The Lord Edward Spencer Churchill" is a good specimen of his most successful manner.

A remarkable *début* in London is made by a young American artist of great promise, Mrs. Mariette Cotton, who has evidently acquired from her master, M. Carolus-Duran, many of the secrets of his powerful palette, and with them his felicity in the simple and direct presentation of a subject. In the half-length in oils, "F. T. Martin, Esq.," as in the pastel, "Mrs. Mahlon Sands," the youthful portrait-painter reveals exceptional technical accomplishments. Her standpoint is as yet very naturally ultra-French; and, after the fashion of many of her most accomplished fellow-countrymen, she too strongly tinges with this acquired colour the personality of her sitters. But if she can retain the technical mastery thus early achieved in the French atelier, while more fully developing her own artistic individuality, she will be able to accomplish great things.

Except Mr. Sargent's "La Carmencita," nothing at the Royal Academy has the quality of intense vitality in the same degree as Mr. E. J. Gregory's portrait, "Elvira, Daughter of Mrs. T. W. Todd," a work of rare power, but unfortunately marked by a coarseness of fibre and an aggressive rather than expressive realism, such as too often militate against the success of this gifted artist. The little "Portrait of a Gentleman," by M. Jan Van Beers, is a solid and comparatively unsensational presentment of a not very interesting individuality, showing searching draughtsmanship, a too enamel-like execution in the flesh, and a very superficial and commonplace view of humanity.

In the department of landscape, the elder, the more prosaic and obvious school, whose productions have taken so deep a root in the

affections of the average Briton, that they will long occupy an imposing position and command a market, would seem for the moment to have regained the upper hand, and to have crushed down the few more independent and poetic Nature-worshippers of the younger generation. Thus positions of honour are taken up by Mr. Frederick Goodall's, in its way imposing, scenic prospect, "The Isles of Loch Lomond"; by Mr. Peter Graham's "Morning Mists" and "Evening," which are not easily distinguishable from a hundred predecessors; by Mr. H. W. B. Davis's highly and capably wrought cattle-pieces, with their settings of river, moor, and mountain; by Mr. Vicat Cole's diploma work, "Autumn Morning"; by Mr. Leader's finely designed and carefully-wrought, but harsh, metallic, and toneless landscapes—the grandiose "Manchester Ship Canal: Works in Progress at Eastham," and the sunset scene "Solitude."

In contrast with these performances, in which many a well-established formula, many an accepted conventionality, is expressed with varying skill, but with that assurance which arises from constant repetition, stand out some few—too few—works by artists of less-assured position, but in closer contact with Nature, and thus more favoured confidants of her secrets.

Mr. Adrian Stokes's "Through the Morning Mists," showing in early morning a herd of cattle wandering through moist herbage, in a watery meadow adjoining the lofty outskirts of a wood, has passages of great beauty, and is altogether individual in its view of a not unfamiliar subject. Especially admirable are the groups of cattle half-enveloped in grey mist; but much less successful is the immediate foreground.

Another of our landscape painters who cannot approach Nature without emotion is Mr. Alfred East, whose "Reedy Mere and Sunlit Hills," notwithstanding a certain flimsiness of execution, has great tenderness and beauty, especially in the prospect of distant snow-capped hills dyed a ruddy gold by the setting sun.

Mr. David Murray is the ablest of those younger landscape painters who steer a middle course between the two schools we have attempted to differentiate. He shows a great felicity in the choice of subjects homely yet beautiful, and in their elaboration from an effective, yet not an unduly, scenic point of view. Paintiness is, alas! Mr. Murray's bane; we cannot escape from paint in his light summer skies, in his finely-drawn clumps of trees, in his mangolds, or his gorse. This most unfortunate of defects in a landscape painter seriously detracts from our enjoyment of such well-considered works as the painter's "Gorse" and "Mangolds," both of them happily and originally conceived and otherwise cleverly carried out.

"Matonby Marsh: an October Night," by Mr. T. Hope McLachlan, is distinguished by a happy and novel rendering of the mother-of-pearl or opal tints in moonlit clouds, of which masses are shown driving across a wind-blown evening sky. The execution is, however, in other respects, far from perfect, the dimly-seen earth being here far less well-rendered than the heavens, which are the real motive of the picture.

As an example of pathetic landscape—inspired, it may be, by the now extinct great French school of the last generation—we would point to Mr. Robert B. Nisbet's water-colour "A Yorkshire Moor"—an absolutely simple theme rendered with penetrating truth, in its essence rather than its detail.

For once that veteran and deservedly-popular painter, Mr. J. C. Hook, falls below his usual standard of excellence, showing signs of a decadence which we hope may not prove to be permanent. The best of this year's performances by the artist is a sea-coast subject of

the somewhat too familiar type, with sportsmen shooting wild fowl, called "Hit, but not Bagged." The Dutch scene, "Willing Help-mates: Fishing Station on the Maas," is much wanting in Mr. Hook's usual mastery of execution, especially by contrast with last year's admirable performance of the same type. In the artist's portrait of himself, painted by invitation for the famous Painters' Gallery at the Uffizi, it was not to be expected that any special vigour should be displayed by a hand not greatly accustomed to such a task. Mr. Hook, in his self-presentment, inclines less to the vigorous realism of Sir J. E. Millais, as displayed in a memorable portrait painted of him by the latter, than to the more idealistic and weaker manner which characterises Mr. Watts's later time.

Even Mr. Henry Moore has rarely done better than in his sunset at sea, called "The Setting Sun now gilds the Eastern Sky," showing under the red beams of the departing sun an expanse of agitated yet not angry waves, in which various conflicting currents are marked out with the rarest and most unobtrusive skill. Far less happy—as is usual with this painter—is the cloud-laden sky, finely drawn and modelled, but so heavily and opaquely rendered as to lack true atmospheric effect.

Various causes have combined to render the display of sculpture a less striking and important one than those of the last few years; and yet it is gratifying to observe that the improved standard of general excellence to be observed lately in the productions of the younger English school is on the whole maintained. Several of the most prominent contributions to the sculpture galleries are this time only reproductions in another material of works which have already been seen at Burlington House.

Sir Frederick Leighton's "Athlete Struggling with a Python" is an absolutely identical replica in marble of the well-known bronze original, and recalls with even an added vividness both its merits and defects. We note once more the President's besetting sin as a sculptor, that excessive and over-anxious display of the muscular structure which deprives the human figure of the suppleness of life and of that unity given by the natural envelopment of the flesh. Still, the care and skill with which each part is modelled deserve and command respect.

The late Sir Edgar Boehm's last work, a marble bust, "The Lady Brooke," is not a favourable or a representative specimen of his powers, being too vacant and impersonal for a portrait, and moreover, not remarkable for any special charm either of conception or execution.

Unusually careful, firm, and thorough in modelling is Mr. Alfred Gilbert's simple and charming marble bust, "Daughter of Sir Dyce Duckworth, M.D.," in which, however, the sculptor displays what is for him an unusual lack of taste in the adjustment of the lines of the dress with those of the head. It is questionable whether this same artist's very ingenious experiments in decorative art have not been a trifle overpraised by enthusiastic lovers of innovation; for in them the bold disregard of the trammels of recognised styles, and the equally bold adoption of mannerism, often approach to licence. His little silver statuette of "Victory" has movement and *crânerie* in the bold cast of its voluminous draperies; but it is ill-balanced, and too nearly approaches to that decadent exaggeration—not altogether un-fascinating in its meretricious showiness—which was one of the characteristics of Bernini and his school.

A triumph of subtle and undemonstrative modelling is Mr. Onslow Ford's simple head of a young girl, with her hair closely bound by a kerchief, which he styles "A Study." The art here shown is not of the superficial order, delighting in finish of the obvious and easily

attained kind, but of that which lovingly caresses the marble until it almost breathes into it the breath of life. Much less successful, in our opinion, is the pseudo-Florentine bust in silvered bronze by the same sculptor, described as "Frederica, Daughter of S. Pepys Cockerell, Esq." This just misses a true individualisation of the model, but is highly decorative in general aspect, placed as it is on one of those broad bases familiar to all lovers of early Florentine sculpture. It was a happy idea to incorporate in this base the admirable medallion of the sitter's father, Mr. Cockerell, to render whose expressive features has evidently been to the sculptor a grateful task.

One of the best and most promising things of the year—marred though it is by a certain meanness and timidity of proportion, and by a certain infelicity in the choice of the model used—is Mr. W. Goscombe John's statue, "Morpheus," which presents the god of dreams "drowned deep in drowsy fit," with his head half hidden by his wreathed arms. This work has that rare quality, in which the finest Greek art has remained unapproached, of making the movement and character of every limb, and not only the type and the facial expression, subservient to the due accentuation of the main motive. In this particular Mr. Goscombe John's statue is much superior to Sir Frederick Leighton's "The Sluggard," a bronze statue, in which, as it will be well remembered, it is sought to express a similar subject.

In striking contrast with the subtly wrought, pathetic "Pandora" of last year, comes now Mr. Harry Bates's "Hounds in Leash," a boldly designed bronze group which is the definitive original of a wax model previously exhibited in the same place. The athletic form of the youthful hunter, who restrains with effort a leash of eager hounds, is a good reproduction of the Attic style, but lacks suppleness to give life to its muscularity; the hounds themselves are finely and truthfully modelled, and have more vitality.

Mr. George Frampton has in his "Caprice" chosen a fanciful pictorial motive, and resolutely translated it into a work in the round. The form of this nude damsel, who stands in a disquieting attitude on tip-toe, holding a wand of gilt teazles, does not display modelling of a very searching kind; but the figure imposes itself all the same, and finally succeeds in fascinating the at first unwilling beholder.

Another of the promising younger generation of sculptors, Mr. Henry Pegram, has essayed a lofty flight, indeed, in his large group "Sibylla Patidica," showing the Sibyl, who appears almost wholly shrouded in heavy veils and draperies, in the act of reading the future in the crystal divining ball which she holds in her hand, while across her lap lies prone the wholly nude form of the woman who has come to invoke her aid. The merit of the group lies in the happy pose and finished modelling of the latter figure, the conception of the Sibyl herself being sufficiently trite and uninteresting.

Mr. Hamo Thornycroft has of late devoted himself much to works in high and low relief, in which, to our thinking, he never appears quite at ease. His high relief, "Science," though it does not lack dignity, is a trifle heavy; while the draperies of the symbolical female figures which it exhibits are decidedly wanting in the rare and indefinable quality of style.

Among other things worthy of a more detailed mention than we can here accord to them, are Mr. George Simonds's colossal statue, "The late Hon. Fredk. J. Tollenmache," a simple and dignified but, as to the head, over-wrought performance; Mr. Richard Willis's clever relief in the French style of the seven-

teenth century, "O Love, has she done this to thee?" Mr. Henry Armistead's bust, "Miss Hester Armistead," in which, if the face is dry and overlaboured, the drapery shows great elegance of arrangement; Mr. Adrian Jones's singularly skillful "Triumph: Design for a Quadriga"; and Mr. George Wilson's somewhat timid yet elegant and happily proportioned "Model for a Fountain."

We have reserved for final mention what is, on the whole, the finest piece of sculpture of the year, Mr. Brock's harmoniously proportioned and exquisitely wrought "Genius of Poetry," a statue of which the plaster model has been seen before in the same gallery. There is no extraordinary novelty in this simple and noble conception; but it is flawlessly realised, with a command of means much commoner in French than in English art. The only unsatisfactory part is the back view of the figure, to which the elaborate lyre and the superabundant and not obviously useful drapery give a confused aspect. Still, in contemplating the work, we cannot help rejoicing that we possess a sculptor capable of realising it in so masterly a fashion, and regretting at the same time that the dearth of monumental decoration in the English public buildings of to-day should so limit the suitable opportunities for the display and utilisation of art of this class.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

THE FRENCH SALONS.

V.

A THIRD Salon has been opened in the galleries of the Palace of Industrial Arts at the Champs de Mars. This exhibition, exempt from "the tickle and unjust" decisions of juries, has been opened freely to all comers, and each exhibitor has at least one picture on the line. We have heard so many complaints concerning the favouritism displayed by the juries of the other two Salons, that we were led to hope that among the 814 exhibits of these Independents would be found, here and there, a work of merit or originality. Alas, great has been our disappointment. "Impressionists," "tachistes," "plein airistes," and "pointillistes," to use the jargon of the day—terms which cover a multitude of sins against correct drawing and colouring—one and all have had the wished for opportunity of appealing to public taste. But I am afraid the verdict will not be very favourable; for, taken in its *ensemble*, it would be difficult to form a collection of pictures more devoid of technical ability than those exhibited at the Independent Salon.

Among the few which deserve to be singled out of this collection of rubbish and horrors, I would call attention to a fine sea-piece, "The Wave," by M. Brémond, whose wife, Mme. M. Jeanne Brémond, also contributes a portrait and a charming little nude study, "La Baigneuse." M. Antequelin, president of the exhibition, has two clever pastels, studies of the nude, reminiscences of Besnard and Carrière. M. Monchablon (Prix de Rome) sends a good portrait, and "The Death of Elizabeth, daughter of Charles I." The ill-fated Princess is lying on her deathbed, her face resting on an open Bible; in her hands is clasped the letter which her father wrote to her on the morning of his execution. The general effect reminds one of Delaroche. M. Hermann Paul's "Bathing at Guétry" is a good specimen of bold *plein-air*, or rather *plein-soleil*, work. The composition is disconcerting at first, but gradually the eye realises the strange rendering of light and colours which the artist has succeeded in fixing on canvas. This promising young artist also contributes four decorative panels, in which, however, the violet tints are rather too pre-

dominant, a fault common to the followers of the latest form of "impressionism." M. Darrent-Harrison exhibits two good portraits, and two pretty water-colour views of the environs of Aix-en-Savoie. One of the best *plein-air* pictures is M. La Barre-Duparcq's "L'eau est bonne," a band of urchins bathing and playing. Among the curiosities are two views of the coast of Aracania, not at all badly done, by M. Pertuiset, ex-professional lion-hunter. There is a fair show of horrors, horribly painted, while the medal for eccentricity and bad taste might be awarded to M. Bessède's "L'amour tué par le vice"; the subject is best described in the lines written on the frame:

"C'est la nuit, sur un âne une fille chevauche
Guitare en main, au clair de la lune, montrant
Sa croupe veule et son dos nu. C'est la débauche
Pétissant sa victime : un amour expirant."

CECIL NICHOLSON.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibitions to open next week include—an historical collection of book-bindings, consisting of choice specimens of all schools exclusive of living binders, at the Burlington Fine Arts Club, Savile-row; a series of drawings of Egypt, by Mr. A. N. Roussoff, at the Fine Art Society's; a collection of pictures, by Mr. John Lavery, at the Goupil Gallery; old prints and modern pictures by Japanese artists, and examples of oriental art-work, at the Japanese Gallery—all three in New Bond-street; pictures and sketches of Venice and Cairo, and a series of water-colours of places connected with Robert Browning, in London, Asolo, and Venice, by Mr. Felix Moscheles, at Mr. W. J. Stacey's Gallery, Old Bond-street; and Mr. Lavery's painting of the Queen's visit to the Glasgow Exhibition of 1888, at Mr. McLean's Gallery, Haymarket.

THE recently-formed Society of Portrait Painters will hold their first exhibition in the rooms of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours at the beginning of July. Independently of members' work, the leading English and foreign portrait painters will be represented. The committee includes the Hon. John Collier, Messrs. Jacob Hood, A. Haeker, S. J. Solomon, J. J. Shannon, H. Vos, and A. Stuart Wortley. Mr. F. G. Prange has been appointed manager.

THE catalogue of Mr. F. Seymour Haden's collection of prints and drawings, which are to be sold during the week beginning on June 15, contains a characteristic *Avant-propos*:

"The prints being for the most part singularly uniform both as to condition and impression, the expletives usually employed to express comparative degrees of this form of excellence have not been resorted to. The application of the term 'state' will also be found to be confined to those differences of impression only which indicate a difference of *tirage* (or edition), and which are wholly distinct from those press-side scratches which are made, it may be to complete a defective line or to put the plate into final order for the printer."

THE fourteenth annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings will be held in the hall of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, on Wednesday next, June 10, at 8.30 p.m., with Mr. Philip Webb in the chair. A paper will be read by Mr. W. B. Richmond.

AN exhibition of Scandinavian antiquities and other objects, collected by Mr. Alfred Heneage Cocks, is on view during the present month in the rooms of the Royal Archaeological Institute, Oxford-mansions.

MR. ROBERT SAUBER has been elected a member of the Royal Society of British Artists.

THE Rev. Dr. Winslow, of Boston, U.S.A., has received about 800 dollars (£160) towards the fund for the archaeological survey of Egypt, of which a lady, signing herself "Bubastis," gave 250 dollars, as one of the Villiers-Stuart fifty subscribers of £50 each.

THE Arundel Society has issued to its subscribers, to accompany the chromolithographs of the famous frescoes in the castle of Malpaga, a Life of Bartolomeo Colleoni, by Mr. Oscar Browning, who has been able to add something to the known facts by personal researches at Bergamo and its neighbourhood. The volume is illustrated by eight plates, the frontispiece being a very fine reproduction of the head and bust of Verocchio's equestrian statue at Venice.

A POSTHUMOUS publication, *Report on the Excavations at Troy in 1890*, by Dr. Heinrich Schliemann, has just been issued (Leipzig: Brockhaus), with a preface by Mme. Schliemann, and with contributions from Dr. Wilhelm Dörpfeld. There is also a noteworthy letter from Prof. A. H. Sayce, on a whorl containing an inscription, which was found in the sixth Trojan settlement, counting from below. Mr. Sayce writes (we re-translate from the German text):—

"The inscription is one of the best and clearest I have ever seen, and a splendid sample of Kyprian epigraphy. The reading is—*Πα-τω-ρι Τω-ρι*. According to Hesychios, there was a word *πάτορες* signifying 'proprietor.' If, therefore, the inscription is in Greek, we must translate, 'To the Proprietor Tyris.' But it seems to me more probable that the language is Phrygian; and in that case we may look upon *Πατορι* as the equivalent of the Greek *Πατρι*, for Tyris is the god from whom the name of the Phrygian town Tyriaion is derived. Hence the translation of the two words would be: 'To Father Tyris.'"

THE STAGE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. TODHUNTER's pastoral play, "A Sicilian Idyll," which was seen last year at Bedford Park and at St. George's Hall, is to be produced in a series of matinées at the Vaudeville, commencing on June 15. Miss Florence Farr will resume the rôle of Amaryllis, in which she attracted so much attention, and Miss Lily Lingfield that of Thestylis, with the cymbal dance. Mr. Thalberg will play Aleander, and Mr. Cecil Crefton will again appear as Daphnis. "A Sicilian Idyll" will be preceded by a new poetical play, "The Poison Flower," also by Mr. Todhunter, and suggested by a short tale of Hawthorne's. The principal characters will be played by Miss Florence Farr, Mr. Bernard Gould, and Mr. Thalberg. The new scenery for both plays has been designed by Mr. A. L. Baldry.

"HEDDA GABLER" is dead, as we said it would die. Resurrection, however, has in a sense come to it; for, in the form of an admirable burlesque at Toole's Theatre, it has put on a more glorious body. Mr. J. M. Barrie is, it is reported, the author of this the latest of many witty skits on "Ibsenism." Another little laurel is thereby added to the crown of *Auld Licht Idylls*. But as regards Ibsenism, or rather as regards the dramas of Ibsen, it is Miss Ellen Terry who has dealt the heaviest of blows. That lady has pointed out, as one of the causes for the liking of his dramas by some of the less experienced of her sister artists, that "it is much easier to say *naturally*, 'Take off that bonnet from that chair' than to say *naturally* 'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse.'" In the matter of the dramatist in question, so poetic an artist as Miss Terry is found, of course—with the penetration of real poets—to be upon the side of common sense.

MISS MARY RORKE has left town to take, as it is understood, a two months' rest.

WE hear that a *matinée* of Webster's tragedy, "The Duchess of Malfi," may probably be given at the Shaftesbury Theatre—under the direction of Mr. W. Pool—before the close of the London season. The stage version, which is in four acts, has been arranged by this admirable scholar and practical artist.

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

GOUNOD's "Romeo et Juliette" was given at Covent Garden on Tuesday evening, with Mme. Melba as the heroine. Good vocalisation is always acceptable, and this one gets from the Australian prima donna: with more warmth and passion it would be still more acceptable. Mlle. Pinkert, as Stephano, sang with much point, and was, on the whole, satisfactory. Of MM. J. and E. de Reszke (Romeo and Frère Laurent), it will suffice to say that they were at their best. There was a crowded house.

Of Gounod's "Faust"—by the way, the prominent position occupied by this composer during an opera season deserves note—it would seem that there is nothing new to say. And yet the performance "in French" last Saturday and Wednesday leads one to hope that some day, the difficulties of the language notwithstanding, we may hear Wagner's works in German at the so-called Italian Opera. The *début* of M. Plancon as Mephistopheles, on Wednesday, was a brilliant success: his singing is excellent, and his enunciation of words remarkably clear. He is a very fine actor, and makes the most of his part without any trace of exaggeration. Miss Eames is improving in her acting. She is still somewhat frigid in the third act, but in the Cathedral scene she throws herself more into her part; it was also in this scene that M. Plancon reached his highest point. Mlle. Passans, a new comer, gave a fair rendering of the part of Siebel. M. Van Dyck sang wonderfully well as Faust, but there was a peculiar restraint about both his singing and his acting. Was he not in good form? The hopes excited by his performance of Manon were not fully realised. M. Bevilgnani conducted both operas with great care.

The programme of the sixth Philharmonic Concert included Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony. It was thus called from the fact that it was performed at the Oxford Commemoration of 1791, when the composer received the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. But the work was not, as stated in the programme-book, written for the occasion. Haydn had, it is true, specially composed a Symphony; but there was not proper time for rehearsal, and he substituted for it a work written at Vienna or Esterházy, before he had set foot on English soil. So far as we are aware, the real "Oxford" Symphony is not known. Had C. F. Pohl lived to complete his biography of the composer, he might possibly have thrown some light on the subject. The programme included also Goetz's grand Symphony in E. Both works were carefully rendered under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen. M. Paderewski gave a brilliant performance of Rubinstein's D minor Concerto, but of this pianist more anon.

Mr. Frank Howgrave gave a pianoforte recital at Princes' Hall, on Friday afternoon. There are so many good pianists at the present day that any new comer must have some speciality to attract notice. Mr. Howgrave has considerable technique; but his reading of Bach's Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue, and of Beethoven's "Eroica" Variations did not show any deep insight into the composers' meaning, and besides, there were many wrong notes.

This may have been due to nervousness, but, anyhow, it was not pleasant.

On Saturday afternoon there were two great attractions—Mme. Adelina Patti at the Albert Hall, and Señor Sarasate at St. James's Hall. Of the former it will suffice to say that she was in excellent voice and that the number of encores equalled the number of her songs. She drew an immense audience. The excellent singing of Miss Alice Esty, who has a pleasing voice, deserves mention. M. Paderewski's rendering of Liszt's "Fantaisie Hongroise" was particularly brilliant and effective. The Nottingham Philharmonic Choir, under the direction of Mr. Marshall Ward, sang two part-songs with fair success. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Ganz.

Señor Sarasate's concert opened with Grieg's Suite "im alten Style" (Op. 40) arranged by the composer for strings, and, considering the limitation, with wonderful variety of effect. The concert-giver played first Dr. Mackenzie's Concerto (Op. 32) with his usual skill, though with less than his usual fire. Later on he appears, however, to have been heard to full advantage in Max Bruch's showy Fantaisie Écossaise. There was a good though not crowded house. The orchestra was under the direction of Mr. Cusins.

The programme of the second Richter concert, on Monday evening, had to be considerably modified, as neither of the vocalists announced was able to appear. It commenced with Cornelius' bright and clever Overture to his opera "Der Barbier von Bagdad." The work was produced under Liszt's direction at Weimar, in 1858, but without success. It has, however, been given since in Germany, with better results, and it will soon be brought to a public hearing in London by the students of the Royal College of Music. Herr Richter gave a magnificent rendering of the Introduction to Act 3 of "Die Meistersinger" and of the "Götterdämmerung" March. The programme included the "Siegfried" Idyll and Mendelssohn's "Italian" Symphony. Miss Moore-Lawson sang a Handel Aria in an artistic manner, but Herr Richter gave the orchestral accompaniment in rather a perfunctory fashion.

M. Paderewski's first concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, drew a large audience. An orchestra under the direction of Mr. Henschel gave an effective rendering of Max Bruch's clever and interesting "Vorspiel zur Lorelei." The pianist then played Beethoven's Concerto in E flat, and displayed his best powers as an artist. The tone at times was somewhat harsh, and at other times somewhat cold, but still we rank this as one of the pianist's most serious efforts. In his Chopin Solos his playing was unequal. The delivery of the noble theme of the C minor Nocturne lacked intensity, and the reading of the A flat Prelude was sentimental to an extreme; but he was far more successful in an Étude, a Mazurka, and the C sharp minor Valse. The programme included Schumann's Concerto, and the Mozart-Liszt "Don Juan" Fantaisie. It is only fair to speak of the brilliant, fiery playing of the latter piece; it was wonderful, but it was not music. M. Paderewski was much applauded during the concert, and recalled twice at the close.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

MUSIC NOTES.

A CORRESPONDENT writes: On Thursday and Friday of last week the students of the Guildhall School of Music gave two performances of Donizetti's opera, "Lucia di Lammermoor." On each of the nights the two principal parts were taken by different students: that of Lucia by Miss Eveline Bengabatti on Thursday, and

by Miss Agnes W. Matz on Friday; that of Edgardo by Mr. Edwin Wareham on Thursday, and by Mr. Patrick O'Connor on Friday. The rest of the cast was: Alisa, Mme. Leonora Ellerton; Arturo, Mr. J. H. Ireland; Normanno, Mr. Wilfrid Aefield; Enrico, Mr. John Woodley; Raimondo, Mr. Charles Hinchliff. Speaking only of the second performance, Miss Matz seemed rather nervous; but as the opera progressed she soon regained confidence, and in the end left little to be desired, either in singing or in acting. Especially meritorious was her rendering of the mad scene, in the second act. Mr. O'Connor, as Edgardo, was apparently suffering from a cold, and did not sing as well as he could have done under more favourable circumstances. The chorus and orchestra reflect great credit on the principal, Mr. Weist Hill, under whose direction the opera was produced.

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Lessee and Manager, Mr. H. BEERHOIM-TREE.
Every Evening, at 8.10, THE DANCING GIRL.

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A REGULAR FIX and THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

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To conclude with IBSEN'S GHOST.

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Every Evening, at 9, CONFUSION.
Preceded, at 8, by PERFECTION.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

No. 997, New Series.

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LITERATURE.

Philomythus: an Antidote against Credulity. By Edwin A. Abbott.

Newmanianism. A Preface to the Second Edition of "*Philomythus*." By Edwin A. Abbott. (Macmillans.)

THIS work of Dr. Abbott's, with its Newmanian supplement, is equally opportune and significant. The death of Cardinal Newman was attended by an immediate discharge of high-flown panegyrics—like a simultaneous flight of gigantic inflated balloons—calculated to surprise, perhaps also to amuse, the cold philosophic observer who stood afar off grimly prospecting the bursting, or at any rate the critical pricking, of some of those windy monstrosities. Though a little puzzling to outsiders who had watched Newman's career from its earliest to its latest deviation, the phenomenon had its pleasing aspect. For many years, and in two of the most powerful Churches in Christendom, he had been the accepted religious teacher of certain minds of peculiar organisation and training. It was, at any rate, pardonable that the Romanising Anglican and the Anglican Romanist, who professed to owe to him some portion of their religious stimulation, should surround his grave with indiscriminate and extravagant eulogy, and seek to embalm his memory by hysterical monographs and Lives which merely revealed the blind infatuation of the writers. On the other hand, the phenomenon had its disquieting and humiliating side. It served to show how largely the spirit and methods which found expression in Newman's life and work had permeated the religious thought of England. It proved—not for the first time in the history of ecclesiastics—how completely the glamour of a high religious profession, profound spiritual introspection, and a pietism as invertebrate as it was tender and sympathetic, could disguise a perverse intellectual formation, a diseased self-consciousness, and an incorrigible tendency to self-mystification and deception. Incidentally, too, it suggested, as an indirect and distant inference, what irreparable mischief the ecclesiastical upstir called "the Oxford movement" may have done to the manhood, the moral rectitude, the simple straightforwardness of religious Englishmen. In the clamour of indiscriminate laudation which attended his death, such a question as the following seems rarely to have suggested itself as a fair criterion of his worth: Suppose that most Englishmen possessed Newman's habit of hyper-religious, sickly introspection, his servile terror of

Deity, and his selfish concern for his soul's salvation: or were governed in their social, commercial, and general life by the principles which dominated his religious life. In such a case only one result would, in my judgment, be conceivable: England, under the influence of this New-mania, would become a veritable Anticyra—an island-abode of the unwise—wherein religion would be so much adulterated with ecclesiasticism and an extreme and morbid pietism as to be absolutely worthless.

Dr. Abbott, then, seems to me to have rendered a most invaluable service to English thought and literature by the critical investigation he has here undertaken of one of Newman's most characteristic works, his Essay on "Ecclesiastical Miracles." If his investigation has resulted in shedding, I will not say a wholly new, but an enhanced ominous and sinister light on Newman's mental conformation, we may accept it as a needed correction of the posthumous hyperlaudation with which our ears have been recently dinned. There are, no doubt, persons who will regard Dr. Abbott's *exposé* as superfluous. Observant and critical thinkers—undemoralised by metaphysical or theological subtleties—have long arrived at a fairly unanimous consensus as to the peculiar qualities of Newman's intellect, as well as to their practical outcome in his life and conduct. Ample data existed for the formation of such a judgment. There is little in his later writings, since he joined the Church of Rome, which the critic gifted with psychological insight and conversant with the subtleties of religious metaphysics might not have adumbrated and foreseen as ulterior stages of his career. His earlier writings clearly indicated unusual metaphysical and spiritual profundity, curiously involved and perverse modes of reasoning—partly in forming premisses, partly in determining conclusions—an undisguised delight in tracking the labyrinthine sinuosities of his own thought, and a conspicuous power of perpetrating what in the Athens of Socrates was regarded as an extreme form of dialectical delinquency, viz., "making the worse appear the better cause."

This allusion, however, suggests one notable defect in Dr. Abbott's work, or, rather, in the studies needed in its preparation. He seems inclined to regard Newman's mental faculties and his employment of them as if they were unique or *sui generis*. He appears to consider him as a rare or curious monstrosity on which he has by chance alighted, and which, to prove its extreme rarity, he is anxious at once to dissect. This I consider not only a mistake, but a mistake not unlikely to engender unfairness. Newman's intellect, allowing for the personal equation of individuality, seems to me a typical one. We have it represented in well-known classes of religious and metaphysical thinkers in every age of the world's history. We find, *i.e.*, men secretive, profound, tenderly mystical, sometimes passionately religious, engrossed in their own intellectual and spiritual speculation, ceaselessly constructing some intellectual or moral labyrinth, careless even as to their own extrication from the mazes of

their self-involvement, for ever distinguishing between indistinguishables, less solicitous to fix truth objectively than to watch its protean shapes and disguises in the kaleidoscope of their subtly changeable intellects and warm-hued imaginations—among, *e.g.*, Indian Pundits, Mahomedan Doctors, Jewish Rabbis, Greek Sophists, medieval Schoolmen, Roman Casuists, and Jesuit Fathers. Comparative psychology is as yet an unknown science; but a wider survey of the vast field of introspective ratiocination, whether metaphysical or theological, would have enabled Dr. Abbott to place Newman—like a new specimen in a cabinet—among the species and genera to which he rightly belongs. A further investigation of the common characteristics of the species would have revealed a kind of unscrupulousness in dealing with the multiform intangibilities of their thought, so that when they have some object to serve, as, *e.g.*, the Greek sophist or modern Jesuit, in making the worse cause seem the better, or like Newman, in bringing all human thought into the captivity of Roman dogma, they find in the inexhaustible armoury of their intellectual subtleties, their dialectical and verbal subterfuges, precisely the weapons which suit their wants.

Coming now to Dr. Abbott's criticism. It is divisible, as one may see from the table of contents, into two parts.

I. Examination of Newman's general principles, especially of his stress on Probability.

II. Criticism of the essay on "Ecclesiastical Miracles."

As to the first, I regret—sympathising as much as I do with Dr. Abbott's object—to have to avow my opinion that it is wholly unphilosophical and inconclusive. Instead of that psychological examination into the grounds of man's belief in speculative and indemonstrable objects, which would have demonstrated the essential similarity in origin, procedure, and conviction of Faith and Probability, he attempts to undermine Probability by wholly differentiating it from Faith. A position more suicidal in itself, and more in antagonism with the best thought of Christian philosophical theology, it would be impossible to formulate. By making the conviction of Faith equivalent to independent or inherent certainty, he has made one of those excessive claims for theology which science has always, and most properly, refused to concede, and has very largely destroyed the only sound basis for religion—as the belief in the unseen. Not to mention Scriptural definitions and the Pauline antagonism—which is as philosophical as it is religious—of Faith and Sight, has Dr. Abbott forgotten the argument of the *Analogy*? Is he unmindful that all our best theological philosophers—Locke and Berkeley, as well as Butler—have been content to base religious truths upon Probability and to denounce the craving for certitude as unsuited for our present state of probation. When Newman, in so many of his writings, asserts, in the words of Dr. Abbott, that "we are to arrive at faith in the living God" by accumulated probabilities, he says no more than what all the best divines would not only allow,

but insist on. The accumulated probabilities would be the reasonable conditions and bases of Faith, and we can have no more than faith—a presumptive, indirect, inferential belief in an unseen being, a “Deus absconditus,” as Pascal termed him. No doubt Newman is shifty and unscrupulous in dealing with Probability, as he is with every mental process into which religious dogma enters; but he is perfectly justified in laying stress on Probability as the sole basis and condition of religious belief. His manipulation of Probability in the interests of dogma may be thus expressed: (1) He was careful not to discriminate between its various kinds and degrees. (2) He demanded assent on religious grounds to critically feeble and ethically unworthy probabilities. (3) By a common but illegitimate hocus pocus he transformed at will his personal conviction of Probability to *ab-extra* and infallible dogma.

These unprincipled expedients—it seems important to note—are not confined to Newman. Dr. Abbott writes as if unaware that in denouncing Probability he is attacking a well-known principle of Romanist casuistry, which has been repeatedly attacked from every conceivable point of view. Taking, *e.g.*, the shifty procedures above enumerated, and which may be discovered in almost every page of Newman’s controversial writing, they are precisely the subterfuges of the Jesuits which Pascal exposed in his immortal Provincials. Thus, the trick of basing conduct—and the same rule holds as to belief—on insufficient probability is admirably exposed in the Fifth Provincial, from which I cannot refrain from making a few extracts. Pascal had been complaining of the diversity of probable judgments, since the dictum of any renowned doctor sufficed to form one, to which the Jesuit Father responds:

“Vraiment l’on sait bien qu’ils ne sont pas tous de même sentiment; et cela n’en est que mieux. Ils ne s’accordent au contraire presque jamais. Il y a peu de questions où vous ne trouviez que l’un dit oui, l’autre dit non. Et en tous ces cas-là, l’une et l’autre des opinions contraires est probable; et c’est pourquoi Diana dit sur un certain sujet ‘Ponce et Sanchez sont de contraires avis; mais parce qu’ils étoient tous deux savans, chacun rend son opinion probable.’

“Mais, mon père, lui dis-je, on doit être bien embarrassé à choisir alors!—Point du tout, dit-il; il n’y a qu’à suivre l’avis qui agréé le plus—Eh quoi! si l’autre est plus probable?—Il n’importe, me dit-il. Et si l’autre est plus sûr?—Il n’importe, me dit encore le père; le voici bien expliqué. C’est Emmanuel Sa de notre Société dans son aphorisme *De Dubio*: ‘On peut faire ce qu’on pense être permis selon une opinion probable, quoique le contraire soit plus sûr. Or, l’opinion d’un seul docteur grave y suffit.—Et si une opinion est tout ensemble et moins probable et moins sûre, sera-t-il permis de la suivre, en quittant ce que l’on croit être plus probable et plus sûr?—Oui, encore une fois, me dit-il; écoutez Filutius, ce grand jésuite de Rome. ‘Il est permis de suivre l’opinion la moins probable, quoiqu’elle soit la moins sûre: c’est l’opinion commune des nouveaux auteurs.’ Cela n’est-il pas clair?—Nous voici bien au large, lui dis-je, mon révérend père. Grâce à vos opinions probables, nous avons une belle liberté de conscience.”

It is evident that Newman, as “un docteur grave,” regarded his own “probable

opinion” as a justificatory persuasive to others of the dogma he adopted (see his letter to Pattison, *Philomythus*, p. 84); and the fact shows his intellectual and moral kinship with the most astute and unprincipled of Jesuit casuists.

In this disingenuous dealing with Probability so as to subserve the cause of Romanist dogma, Newman has offered ample ground for controversial attack, wherein, had he found an adversary with the intellectual acumen and controversial skill of Pascal, he might, for all sane and reasonable men, have been easily crushed. Dr. Abbott, in my opinion, has, in this part of his book, made the mistake of an unexperienced general, *i.e.*, choosing his ground badly. Because Newman misused the argument of Probability for dogmatic purposes, he assumes that the argument is not legitimate for Christian apologetics. Has he ever heard the reply of James II. to the extreme Nonconformists at the Hampton Court Conference—“They used to wear shoes and stockings in times of Popery; have you, therefore, a mind to go bare-foot?” Indeed, Dr. Abbott’s hankering for certainty betrays no small share of that very predilection for dogma which was one main cause of all Newman’s intellectual aberrations and moral perversities. Nor is this all; there is another similarity between the author of *Philomythus* and the dogmatic system which had such fatal fascination for Newman. He indirectly uses threats to deter men from placing their religious belief on a conscientiously attained basis of Probability. He talks ominously of the “terrible possibility of losing it” (p. 77). It is to be hoped that the menace will not weigh much with those who regard honestly sustained belief—just that and no more—as the most precious of all treasures. Certainly a confessed loss of a belief—supposing the probabilities which sustained it gave way—would be infinitely preferable to retaining it when the evidence had declared itself against it. Noble failure is, under any circumstances, preferable to ignoble success. Dr. Abbott will, perhaps, recall the words:

Βούλομαι δ', ἡγιασ, καλῶς
δράν ἐξαμαρτεῖν μάλλον ἢ νικᾶν κακῶς.

Before leaving what I consider the critical defects of Dr. Abbott’s book, there is one more point on which I would insist; and that is the kind of submission to external authority which Newman desiderated as the supremest manifestation of human belief. I need hardly point out this is the well-known *sacrificio dell’ intelletto*, in virtue of which Newman first joined the Romish Church and, after sundry hesitations and equivocal professions, submitted to the stupendous demands of the Vatican decrees. It seems to me that Dr. Abbott might have made more than he has of this repulsive and demoralising position. He could have scored a further point by comparing Newman’s faltering—I had almost said disingenuous—submission with Dollinger’s determined refusal to prostitute his most rudimentary conceptions of truth and honesty before the shrine of a half-imbecile Pope.

“If I did so,” pleaded the great German theologian, “there would then no longer be for me

any such thing as historical truth and certainty . . . I should then have to suppose that my whole life long I had been in a world of dizzy illusion, and that in historical matters I am incapable of distinguishing truth from falsehood.”

My remarks on Dr. Abbott’s criticism of Newman’s general principles has extended to such a length that I have but little space left for his attack on the “Essay on Ecclesiastical Miracles.” Here I have only commendation and congratulation to offer. So far as a book can be controversially crushed, so far as its arguments, with their countless perversities, disingenuous and worthless reasonings, can be torn limb from limb, Dr. Abbot has performed the annihilating operation with a verve and zest which is almost savage in its ruthless intensity. At the same time he must not suppose that his reply, crushing as it is, will necessarily present itself in that light to extreme Newmanites. Newman has more than once been theologically exterminated, as *e.g.* by Archer Butler in his *Letters on Romanism*; but like a battalion in the autumn manoeuvres that has been repeatedly under fire and as often annihilated, the operation does not seem to affect prejudicially the continued existence of Newmanism. There is a refreshing innocence—betokening the inexperienced controversialist—in Dr. Abbott’s expressed conviction that he will “catch our Proteus in a net from which he cannot extricate himself.” He has in the judgment of every sane critic performed this feat over and over in the course of his *Philomythus*; but he has evidently forgotten—perhaps has never learnt—that it is one thing to secure a slippery antagonist in a net, but it is another and much more arduous task to make him and his followers confess that he is inextricably secured. Kingsley was a *retiarus*, neither deficient in skill nor lacking in equipment, who found his direct, straightforward tactics absolutely ineffective against an antagonist who, as often as he was fairly netted, could declare that he was wholly unconscious of the entanglement.

With all its imperfections, however—and some of them seem to me serious—I regard Dr. Abbott’s book as meeting partially a sorely needed want. I will not venture to affirm that he has discovered, or, at all events, provided, a sufficiency of hellebore to thoroughly purge England of this Newmania. Probably this would tax the resources of Anticyra itself. But it is surely time, in the interests of truth and religion, to arrive at some fair estimate of the life and works of John Henry Newman. It is time that his career should be reviewed from the standpoint, not of an effete, self-mystifying ecclesiasticism, but from that of ordinary un-dogmatised Christianity. It is time that psychology should learn to discriminate a type of religionism at once too subtle to be sincere and too profound to be questioned, too serpentine to be imitated and too well intentioned to merit reprobation, too self-conscious to be wholly praiseworthy and too widely sympathetic not to deserve some esteem. It is time that the apotheosis of a career remarkable for its piety, however emasculate and perverted but remarkable

also for spiritual and mental shiftiness, for dialectical and verbal sophistry, for unlimited power and capacity for self-deception, should finally cease. Prof. Pfleiderer closes his recent review of theology in Great Britain (*Development of Theology*, p. 401) with the remarkable forecast:—"The days of a Newman and a Pusey are for ever past for Oxford and for England." While every English well-wisher for the sane religious culture and progressive enlightenment of his country will cordially reciprocate the wish embodied in such a vaticination, we cannot as yet be said to be within measurable distance of its accomplishment.

JOHN OWEN.

One of Our Conquerors. In 3 vols. By George Meredith. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE works of a writer past the prime of life are apt to display a certain excess or extravagance: what was once his strength has now become his weakness, and his virtue has changed into his vice. This is most often seen in the case of very strong and masterful writers; those whose good work is all done in some one *annus mirabilis*, or flowering season, fall into mere decay, as Coleridge or as Wordsworth. It is in writers whose whole life has been full of successful toil and untiring effort, that manner degenerates into mannerism. Such writers, and, indeed, all artists of such a kind, are often men who have discovered some new way in art, and who possess a secret and a power proper to themselves; the world, used to the old and familiar ways, will not at once take notice of them. In proportion to their faith in themselves and their fidelity to their art, these artists, unshaken and undeterred, continue upon their way, rather increasing than relaxing their unappreciated labours. Slowly and gradually the world comes round to their side, is converted to their faith, welcomes them with applause. But what of the artists, all this long time? Is there no danger that, in a kind of unconscious defiance and challenge, they will have gone too far, and grown enamoured of that in their work which the world did well to blame? If the world cried out upon their obscurity, where there was some obscurity but not much, was it not natural in them to have replied with worse obscurities, out of an impatient contempt and exasperation? It is permissible to think that Browning had a little of this feeling, when he filled his later books with so much more argument than imagination. Landor dared to think that Milton, in *Paradise Regained*, was "subject to strange hallucinations of the ear." Now, Milton held, although the world does not, that *Paradise Regained* is superior to *Paradise Lost*. It is as though, foreseeing the "revel of rhyme" that was to supersede his greater harmonies, he gathered himself together, and went nigh to straining the resources of his rhythm beyond its just capacity.

It has been said of late that Mr. Meredith, in his new book, has likewise exhibited "the defects of his qualities;" that his former work reached the farthest limits of successful audacity, and that *One of Our*

Conquerors has passed beyond them. Cordial and enthusiastic admirers of Mr. Meredith are ringing the changes upon "wilful eccentricity" and "wanton obscurity" and "lack of proportion in design." Since the present writer is unable to share these opinions, it is incumbent upon him to acknowledge that, upon reading the book for the first time, he did not reckon it a masterpiece. Read three or four times, the book grows upon the reader, the apparent confusion disappears, the intricacies of design become intelligible, and the whole greatness of design is evident. Hasty impression yields to careful meditation.

Let us take, first, a question of style: is *One of Our Conquerors* written in a style of grotesque and perverted eccentricity, whilst *Richard Feverel* or *The Egoist* is full of true force and beauty? That can be maintained only by one who has not read Mr. Meredith's earlier books for a year at least; one who retains a sense of their greatness, forgetting all but their final and permanent effect. Again, he who maintains that view must have ignored this fact: that with Mr. Meredith style and subject change or grow together. In proportion as the subject is simple, or idyllic, or tragic, or humorous, or rapid, so does the style assume those qualities. If the chief influences brought to bear upon the chief characters be influences of the great and busy world, of crowded and complicated life, then the style reflects the nature of those influences. All Mr. Meredith's books are full of stir and animation; but three of them, in especial, are full of this general or social life, this business and animation felt in the very atmosphere. In *Beauchamp's Career*, and *Diana of the Crossways*, and *One of Our Conquerors*, it is not too much to say that "the world," or "society," or "the public," or "the nation," seems to rank among the *dramatis personae*. Now, most English writers who wish to make an effect of this kind, to suffuse their work with this breath of the general life, attempt it by pages of reflection and description, in which the words are abstract and the sentences are sentiments. Unless the writer be very skilful, his writing will be very dull; at the best, it will too often be mere rhetoric. But Mr. Meredith differs in this from almost every other novelist of eminence: that he sees thoughts as things, emotions as images, the abstract as the concrete. He has eyes for the form and colour of an idea; he presents it to us full of life. It is now a truism to say that a cause is identical with its effects; but the illustration may help us out. When an ordinary writer gives us an idea, he gives it us in a dull and sparing way; the implicit truth is there, but it remains implicit: he states, as it were, a cause. Mr. Meredith states the effects, the explicit operations of the cause; the thought is expressed in concrete terms. His lively phrases are not metaphorical, but logical; the ideas are translated into their equivalent expressions in actual life. Those readers are surely wrong who regard Mr. Meredith's characteristic phrases as so many attempts at epigram and wit. Critics have published lists of Mr. Meredith's "failures" in epigram. They might as well be called his failures in epic. All such

characteristic phrases are rather faithful translations of general and abstract ideas into expressions of their concrete contents of meaning: translations by a humourist, whose humour need not relish the phrase, which may be ludicrous, but the act of making it, the discovery that, do but examine such and such an idea, and the phrase will be found to express it. So that when Mr. Meredith is accused of straining after wit, he is in reality but keeping close to facts, which is apt to be a grimly serious form of humour. It may not be amiss to compare with Mr. Meredith's manner of expressing ideas, his manner of expressing nature. His poems, for keenness of sight, for close contact with the most precise details, have few rivals: and here he reverses his process, and from an expression of the visible or the audible in nature, he passes to its meaning for man in thought. In this way he keeps touch with both sides of life: real and ideal, analytic and synthetic; he cannot understand one without the other.

As is always the case with all true writers, the consideration of Mr. Meredith's style passes insensibly into that of his subject. It may be assumed that most readers of the ACADEMY are now acquainted with *One of Our Conquerors*; so that, instead of a lame description of the book, we may consider one or two points, which are of the greatest interest. To begin with Victor Radnor, and his position. When a young man, he, to put it with all possible crudity, married an old woman for her money. Certain critics have cried "Cad!" and refused to consider the possibility of his ever afterwards redeeming that dishonourable act of youthful folly. Such a criticism shows the inadequacy of petrified moral codes. Victor's act was not merely an offence against conventional laws of honour, which change with time, but against immutable laws of nature; and his next act was in defiance of conventional law, but in harmony with reason and with nature. He took for his true wife, in all but legal rights, a woman prepared to obey her nature and his. The first wrong to nature is redressed by a disregard of convention. Now, all this talk about nature and conventionality might, in the case of a weak writer, have been no more than a somewhat nauseous cant, in the least desirable style of Rousseau. But Mr. Meredith—need it be said?—ignores nothing. With a conception of tragic art and of moral law, which is among his greatest achievements, he shows us the failure of both father and mother, Victor and Nataly. Victor is too enamoured of the world which he has defied and coaxed, and Nataly too afraid of it. But he also shows us their triumph, in their child, in Nesta. We agree with Colney Durance when

"he considered the shallowness of the abstract Optimist exposed enough in Victor's history. He was reconciled to it when, looking on their child, he discerned that, for a cancelling of the errors chargeable to them, the father and mother had kept faith with Nature."

Nesta—neither cherishing a prosperous superstition about the world based upon worldly success, nor a shrinking fear and

deference bred of one noble disloyalty to convention—can face the world upon fair terms. She neither accepts its stupid prose, nor dreams over its false poetry; but, interpreting the reason in nature, she has every true power upon her side. Mr. Meredith has drawn more portraits and characters of true women than any other Englishman, but Shakspeare and Browning; Nesta is, it may be thought, the truest of them all:

“Thou hast left behind
Powers that will work for thee—air, earth, and
skies;
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.”

The lines came into our mind, when reading the last pages of the book, as applicable to the woman who, with all her zeal upon unpopular sides and for bold causes, never lost tolerance for the world of folly and of intolerance, except only “when she thought of it as the world condemning her mother.”

LIONEL JOHNSON.

The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times. By E. A. Freeman. Vols. I. and II. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

(Second Notice.)

HAVING discussed the problems connected with the prehistoric races, Mr. Freeman devotes the remainder of his space to the foundation and growth of the foreign colonies, Phœnician and Greek. We are here confronted with the question whether the ideal historian should be absolutely free from bias. Ranke, who approaches nearest to this standard, is unquestionably dull, while the unconcealed partisanship of Macaulay, Froude, and Grote have helped to make them readable.

Mr. Freeman being, as everyone knows, a keen politician, it is difficult for him to write political history with impartiality. In fact, the bias is so manifest that it creates a prejudice against the causes which are espoused. A diligent student of Thucydides, he has failed to learn the lesson taught by the great master. Democracy, he says, means “freedom”; it means “fresh life and fulness of life.” Yet his own pages show that democracy may mean despotism of the worst kind—the despotism of ignorant and irresponsible mobs, swayed by demagogues through appeals to their interests or their passions. The “fresh life and fulness of life” at Syracuse began with the lynching of Tydaron and others “by the well-disposed citizens,” the account of which reads like the recent lynching of Italians “by the well-disposed citizens” of New Orleans. The “fresh life and fulness of life” next manifests itself in the odious tyranny of “petalism,” the proscription by secret ballot of citizens who were supposed to be unfavourable to the new order of things, followed by its natural result, the exclusion or the retirement of all the ablest men from politics and public life. When the republican armies are defeated the cry of treason is raised; and, as in the Franco-German war, *Nous sommes trahis* forms the convenient explanation of inevitable disaster. The incom-

petent general, elected by the popular vote, is accused of having wilfully caused the defeat, and is put to death. Twice within a few years after democratic rule began at Syracuse is a defeated general, chosen by popular acclamation, accused of treason, and made the scapegoat for the blunder of the mob which had selected him. In the French Terror we see the Revolution devouring her own children, the Girondists departing in the tumbril from the scene of their triumphs, and Lavoisier, astronomer, chemist, mathematician, sent to the guillotine; so at Acragas we see Empedocles, poet, philosopher, and man of science, as well as leader of the democratic revolution, dying either in exile or by his own act.

Mr. Freeman is far too honest to garble his authorities. But when they recount the natural results which followed on the establishment of mob-rule he thinks that “we may perhaps detect some touches of a pen hostile to democracy” (II. 375). And again, when Diodorus tells us how, when the Syracusan democrats gained the upper hand, “the chief men were sent away, and other good and able men who might have done good service to the Commonwealth were led by these warnings to keep aloof from public affairs,” Mr. Freeman explains away the account as “a picture clearly borrowed from some rhetorical enemy of democracy” (II. 334). And when Aristotle, the great master of political science, speaks of the Syracusan democracy as “unruly and disorderly,” Mr. Freeman observes that this “is the common way of speaking of all democracies by those who stand aloof from practical politics.”

Naturally, Mr. Freeman does scant justice to the wise and splendid rulers—in technical phrase called “tyrants” by the Greeks—to whom the rapid expansion of Sicily in wealth and power must be attributed. They may also claim the merit, or demerit, of that destruction of the Etruscan navy by which the Western Mediterranean was opened to the commercial enterprise of Syracuse; of that crushing defeat of Carthage at Himera which gave the Greeks the dominion of the island, and of the policy which made Syracuse and Acragas the greatest and most splendid cities in the Hellenic world, their munificent patronage bringing about the golden age of Sicilian literature and art.

Mr. Freeman is even more unfair to the well-balanced political institutions of Carthage, praised alike by Aristotle and by Cato—the constitution under which she acquired a vast colonial empire, an immense commerce, and boundless wealth, and which gave her an unexampled political stability, lasting for some 600 years. The secret lay in the checks and limitations of political power. The constitution resembled, in many respects, that which worked so well in Venice. It was aristocratic in its basis, combining monarchical and oligarchic elements, with certain democratic checks which gave the commons a voice and due influence in the state, protecting them from oppression, but not entrusting them with the uncontrolled conduct of affairs.

This is the real “unity of history.” The

unity of history does not mean that there are no differences between ancient and modern times; but it teaches us the lesson that human nature is essentially the same in all ages, and that similar political blunders will bring about similar evils. This is the lesson taught by Athens, Corcyra, and Syracuse; and this is why Thucydides remains the most instructive of all historians.

Mr. Freeman constantly allows his views on the Eastern Question to colour his narrative. Himera, he says, “is a name that calls up one of the brightest and one of the saddest days in the long tale of the Eternal Strife” (I. 265). Which day was bright and which was sad may be a matter of opinion. According to Mr. Freeman (II. 208), the bright day, which “truly was a strife of light and darkness, of good and evil,” was the day when Hamilcar, in alliance with one great Greek city, was defeated by another, and his army put to the sword or reduced to slavery. The sad day was when the grandson of Hamilcar, welcomed to Sicily by the Greeks as their deliverer from the most odious of Syracusan tyrants, avenged the death of his ancestor by razing Himera to the ground, after most of the inhabitants had escaped by night.

The advent of the Greek settlers is called the “coming of the crusaders,” and the Greek attempt to expel the earlier Phœnician colonists is termed a “holy crusade.” As for holiness, it seems strange to employ such a term to the “unspeakable” Greek—cruel, treacherous, and addicted to unnatural vices, though it may be admitted that the “holy crusade” of the Greeks in Sicily was less atrocious than some other holy crusades, such as the extermination of the Albigenses, the merciless crusading massacres at Antioch and Jerusalem, or the pillage of the wealthiest of Christian capitals by the licentious freebooters of the Fourth Crusade.

The Phœnicians are constantly spoken of as “barbarians,” and their religion as the worship of Moloch. The Greeks, doubtless, used the word *βάρβαροι* to designate races whose language differed from their own; but the English word “barbarian” has acquired another meaning, and it is either pedantic or invidious to use it systematically as the term to designate a highly civilised people (I. 271). The Phœnicians may be called “barbarians” in the same sense that the dwellers in the Celestial Empire call the nations of the West barbarians and foreign devils. But when we remember that to these “barbarians” the Greeks owed the first elements of civilisation and artistic culture, it seems strange to read that it was contact with the Greeks that “awakened artistic tastes in the Punic mind” (II. 411). This is a perverse inversion of the facts. It was from these “barbarians” that the rude tribes of Hellas derived their first knowledge of metals and of writing, of precious gums and spices, of ship-building, masonry, and music. A large proportion of the culture-words in Greek are Phœnician loan-words. The terms used by the Greeks to designate musical instruments, such as the harp, the lyre, and the flute, the words for metal, gold, and bronze, for the sapphire and the

jasper, for myrrh, cassia, cinnamon, wax, and wine, for the finer kinds of pottery, for the *chiton* itself, for the linen of which it was made, and for the precious dye which tinged it, are all Phœnician. The *siglos* is the same word as the Phœnician *shekel*, and the *mina* is the *mna*. To the Phœnicians works of supreme artistic excellence are assigned by Homer. Achilles proposes as a prize a silver bowl pre-eminent in beauty, "since skilful Sidonians had wrought it well." Phœnician craftsmen built and furnished the temple of Solomon. Artistic bowls of bronze from Cyprus and Assyria testify to the skill of Phœnician artists, whose very names are found inscribed on the splendid *paterae* from Palestina.

The perpetual talk about the "Eternal Cause," the "Eternal Strife" between "Hellas and Canaan," between "Aryan and Semitic man," is misleading as well as wearisome. In no correct sense can the Phœnicians be called the "men of Canaan," while ethnologists would be supremely grateful for the exhibition of an authentic specimen of "Aryan man." Till this Aryan man is found, the word "Aryan" must be considered merely as a philological term designating a class of inflective languages spoken by races of heterogeneous origin.

It is no less a misuse of words to say of the battle of Salamis that "Hellas against Canaan was the cause to be judged on that memorable day." It would be less incorrect to say that the cause to be judged on that day was the cause of the Asiatic Greeks against their Athenian oppressors than to say that it was the cause of Hellas against Canaan. The Persians were in no sense "men of Canaan"; and in the fleet of Xerxes the ships of the Asiatic and insular Greeks were actually more numerous than the ships compulsorily furnished by the Phœnicians.

It is an abuse of language to call the Phœnicians barbarians, but it is an abuse of history systematically to represent Moloch as the name of the deity they worshipped. Of this there is no evidence, or rather the evidence is the other way. In the Phœnician inscriptions from Sicily, which Mr. Freeman unaccountably omits to notice, we have the names of Phœnician gods, and these names appear again and again in similar inscriptions from Athens, Sardinia, Malta, Carthage, and Sidon; but the name of Moloch is never found. This constant reference to Moloch seems to be intended to suggest, *in invidiam*, that human sacrifice was a chief element in the Phœnician religion. But when Mr. Freeman contrasts what he calls "the creed of Athênê and the creed of Moloch," he should remember that, if human sacrifice was practised in Carthage, it was also practised, as we read in what has been called the Bible of the Greeks, by the Homeric heroes. And when, only the other day, a bottle of blood-red wine was broken by our Queen over the stem of a vessel to be launched, we recognise a survival of human sacrifice as practised at no very remote period by our own Scandinavian ancestors.

The contest between the religions of the

Greeks and Semites is represented as a contest between good and evil, light and darkness. This is essentially misleading. The chief Phœnician deities were Esmun, a beneficent healing deity, to whom the great temple at Carthage was dedicated, and who was identified with Aesculapius by the Greeks. Next comes Baal Samin, the Just One, the "lord of heaven"; and Melcarth, who at Dorian Corinth, and probably at Dorian Syracuse, was revered under his Semitic name of Melicertes, and elsewhere by the Greek name of Heracles. From Sicily itself we have inscriptions to Baal Hammon, the "sun lord," who is identified both with Zeus and Cronus, and to Astarte, "the heavenly maiden," who became the Artemis and Aphrodite of the Greeks. In fact, the Greek mythology, so far as it was not a rude rural paganism, was mainly derived from the Phœnician teachers. The myths of Apollo, Ares, Adonis, Aphrodite, Artemis, Heracles, Cronus, Zeus, are mainly Phœnician loan-myths.

The conquest of Sicily by the Norman adventurers belongs also to the "Eternal Strife." The name of Roger is inscribed "on the bede-roll of the men who won their choicest laurels in the Eternal Cause" (II. 161). Roger comes as the champion of the "creed of Christ" against "the creed of Mahomet." It is true that Roger extorted from the Pope the title of perpetual and hereditary Legate of the Holy See, and the right to wear the mitre and the dalmatic; but, when we find that Rome was pillaged by Roger's Moslem levies, that a descendant of Roger led his Saracens against the Pope, that Turks fought against Venice under the banner of St. Peter, and that the Greek Emperor Alexius enlisted several thousand Turks to fight against Robert Guiscard, the "Eternal Strife," it must be admitted, seems to have got somewhat mixed. And, when we find the hereditary Legate of the Holy See, clad in mitre and dalmatic, discussing ethics or science with Moslem Doctors, or posing as an Oriental sultan in his seraglio, surrounded by eunuchs and odalisques, it becomes difficult to decide what is light and what is darkness in the "Eternal Cause" of which Roger is the laureate champion.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

A Light Load. By Dollie Radford. (Elkin Mathews.)

UNDER the prettily and whimsically modest title of *A Light Load* Mrs. Radford has published a little book of poems, only sixty-four pages in length—a tiny, fragile load, indeed, but not less exquisite than it is unsubstantial. It is a book of songs, and the songs are full of instinctive music, which soars naturally. They have the choice, unsought felicity of a nature essentially lyrical. Always finished in style, with the distinction which can never be acquired, they have almost an air of impromptu, and one might imagine the writer to be little conscious of the process by which they have come to be so finished. With certain delicate, remote echoes of the poets who have written the most haunting lyrics—of Heine, of Tennyson—they have the originality of a single temperament, of

which one feels they are the direct outcome, the spontaneous, sincere expression. And this temperament, emotional as it is, has attained to see life steadily, to accept the hours of joy and of sadness without extravagant outcry. There is a restraint, a sense of measure, in the expression of varying moods, which gives a singular charm to these really passionate and deeply-felt lyrics. In the lines placed by way of dedication at the beginning—lines which any poet might be proud to have written—there is a thrill of profound emotion which comes with all the stronger effect on account of the strenuous quietness of the lines in which it is expressed:

"The love within my heart for thee
Before the world was had its birth,
It is the part God gives to me
Of the great wisdom of the earth."

These four lines seem to have something final about them—seem to say concerning the supreme devotion, the sacrament and worship of love, all that needs to be said. Something of the same fineness of appropriate expression occurs again and again, in something the same inevitable way, in many parts of the book. Here are some lines which have not a little of Wordsworth's "natural magic" of feeling and style—the perfect communion with Nature bringing with it the perfect expression:—

"Upon your brow the great wise trees
Will breathe, and something sweet
Will reach you from the fragrant grass
You press beneath your feet,
And some fair spirit of the fields,
Peaceful and happy-eyed,
Will find a way into your heart,
I think, and there abide."

Again, in another order of emotion:

"Dear love, my pulses throb and start
To-night with longings sweet and new,
And young hopes beat within a heart
Grown old in loving you."

And yet again, in a stanza which has something curiously rare and intimate, so subtle a simplicity, and, in the last line, a touch of inexpressible magic:

"My unseen brother and sister,
Who dwell 'neath the roofs we pass,
Are you sad and weary with toil and care?
My rest is full, I have rest to spare,
I whisper it through your grass."

Here, too—to give a longer quotation—is a lyric which has again something of "natural magic":

"Amid a crown of radiant hills,
A little wood with blossoms rare
Breathes sweetly, while the young lark trills
His new-learned melody and fills
The fragrant air.

Among its boughs the fresh winds play,
And, where the spreading branches part,
The sunlight drops from spray to spray,
And seeks the ferny streams which play
Within its heart.

And there the wild bee fills his cells,
And murmurs through the golden hours,
And charmed fancies and sweet spells
Are woven in the tall bluebells
And cuckoo-flowers.

There many a mossy bank entwined
With shining leaves awaits our choice;
Come swiftly, love, my soul unbind
With thy dear looks, that it may find
Its prisoned voice."

This *Light Load*, this book of songs and snatches, so musical, so finished, so tenderly

sincere, so full of contentment in love, of delight in the flowers and birds of spring, has the charm of a gracious unity—the unity, as I have said, of a special temperament. This augurs well for the future of a very genuine poet, whose first book is already so full of exquisite accomplishment. So small a volume can scarcely be expected to conquer the attention of a public which takes its poetry unwillingly, but in big doses. It will win its way, however, I am sure, to the grateful regard of that select public within the public which really cares for poetry, and would give most opies for a perfect song.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THREE PLEAS FOR LIBERTY.

A Plea for Liberty: an Argument Against Socialism and Socialistic Legislation. Edited by Thomas Mackay. (John Murray.)

“INTERNATIONAL SCIENTIFIC SERIES.” — *Socialism New and Old.* By W. M. Graham. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

The Eight Hours Day. By Sidney Webb and Harold Cox. (Walter Scott.)

WE have probably to wait a long time for the great work on the politics of an industrial society which shall reduce to order our confused ideas and mark plainly the path of progress. In the meantime we have to piece together our theories as best we may from occasional observation, from blue-books, and from one-sided treatises. For such as are troubled in their minds about the vexed question of state interference, it would be worth while to read one after the other the three books here grouped together. We have put Prof. Graham as the moderate man between the two extremes; but the order of reading matters little. The reader will not find in them, or in all of them together, a solution of the question—when he has read them, he may, like Lord Eldon, simply doubt; but he will at least see that the question is a very difficult one, and that is something.

In *A Plea for Liberty* Mr. Thomas Mackay (the author of a recent book on *The English Poor*, in which “the inoculation of the masses with the instincts of property” was laid down as the true line of social reform) has brought together twelve essays by twelve ardent believers in Individualism, each of whom confines himself more or less closely to a special part of the field, and whose common purpose is to show that the state touches nothing which it does not spoil. Mr. Herbert Spencer crowning the work with an introductory essay entitled “From Freedom to Bondage,” in which he renews, in a tone of gloomy infallibility, his warnings of the fatal result of abandoning the régime of contract for the régime of status. Some of the essays have a general scope; and one of these, on “The Limits of Liberty,” by Mr. Wordsworth Donisthorpe, very brightly written and showing a healthy distrust of abstract principles, serves, though perhaps undesignedly, the useful purpose of correcting the exaggeration of much of the rest of the book.

Industrial legislation, the tyranny and selfishness of state socialism in Australia, trade unionism new and old, the use of capital by the state and by the individual, free education, the housing of the working classes, the post office, free libraries, and electric lighting—those are the texts on which the various writers discourse. The design is to show by illustrations the encroachments on liberty from which we are suffering, and which in their cumulative effect mean, as the editor thinks, “the gradual and insidious advance of a dull and enervating pauperism.”

In his *Socialism New and Old*, Prof. Graham has no particular theory to push. He devotes the greater part of his work to a critical review of Socialism in its different forms, giving special attention to the Collectivist Socialism of to-day, based on Karl Marx’s theory of value; and having reached the conclusion that Universal Collectivism is an impossible cure for the evils most complained of (namely, the undue share which employing capitalists on the one hand, and landlords and other non-workers on the other hand, obtain under the present system), he proceeds to consider how far the more moderate proposals of the state Socialists are practicable, dealing with such matters as landholding, inheritance, wages, the eight hours day, and the extension of government management in the sphere of industry. Speaking very cautiously—so cautiously, indeed, that it is sometimes difficult to understand his exact position—he argues that in many ways the state can exercise a beneficial control, and may usefully extend its functions without fear that the extension will end in the slavery which Mr. Spencer predicts. Yet even if Socialism were slavery, says Prof. Graham, “it would still be a question of the comparison of the degree of slavery under the present system with that under Socialism full-blown.” In our modern communities there is no real freedom for the property-less, and by the force of the state something can be done to diminish the existing inequalities of opportunity. So that Prof. Graham also concludes with a plea for liberty.

Lastly, we have from Mr. Sidney Webb and Mr. Harold Cox a very elaborately constructed argument in favour of state restriction of the hours of labour; and we may say of their work generally that it is in many respects a valuable contribution to the literature of State Socialism, written with great ability, full of information, and grappling with the subject in a serious and practical manner. They sketch the history of the eight hours movement, discuss the economic, sanitary, and social results of an eight hours day, and deal with the different modes of obtaining it. They are in favour of its prompt introduction in government work and in the case of special industries; for the rest, they propose to apply a principle of “trade option,” giving to the majority of the workers in any trade the power to obtain a legal limitation of the hours of labour in that trade. And on what ground do they advocate this interference? Simply on this: that the liberty of some must be curtailed in order that the liberty

of others may be extended. Here also is a plea for liberty.

Which is the wisest plea is not a question for discussion in the columns of the ACADEMY; yet one may fairly protest even here against the calm assumption of Mr. Spencer and his disciples that science is manifestly on the side of Individualism, and that socialistic legislation is the outcome of foolish sentiment and hasty ignorance. What they have done is to set forth in a very forcible way the evils of interference; but they have hardly made any attempt to measure the undoubted evils of uncontrolled competition. This one-sided teaching is useful enough; but it is pamphleteering and not science. And until they show a greater readiness to look at the question in all its aspects, they cannot hope to persuade us that the balance of good is on the side of leaving social evils to settle themselves.

G. P. MACDONELL.

NEW NOVELS.

Creatures of Circumstance. By H. G. Hutchinson. In 3 vols. (Longmans.)

Jerome. By Annabel Gray. In 3 vols. (Sonnenschein.)

Wedlock and its Skeleton Key. By Hope Huntly. In 2 vols. (Sampson Low.)

Orlando Figgins, &c. By Mrs. A. Marks. (Ward & Downey.)

A New England Nun. By M. E. Wilkins. (Osgood & Co.)

Trash. By Mrs. George Blagden. (Ward & Downey.)

A Child’s Romance. By Pierre Loti. (Kegan Paul & Co.)

A Novel Novel. By Twenty Authors. (Offices of “The Gentlewoman.”)

READERS of *Creatures of Circumstance* will, it is to be feared, receive several disappointments. This is to be regretted, because the work appeals in its way to many widely diverse sympathies, and will be enjoyed—in parts—by totally different classes among the patrons of fiction. The author is a sportsman, a cricketer, and the editor of the volume on Golf in the popular “Badminton Library.” His descriptions, where they involve any reference to his favourite subjects, are delightful. Old Slocombe, the cricketing veteran and enthusiast, who was wont to declare that “my fayther was the fastest bowler in all England; he was as big round his arm as I am round my leg,” is a man whose counterpart is to be found in two out of every three village clubs in England; and no sooner do we make his acquaintance than he takes his legitimately earned place among us as a study from the life. Nor is the writer by any means an indifferent hand in the department of pure romance, so that, on the whole, his first volume is a charming one, recalling some of Whyte Melville’s happiest efforts, and raises our highest expectations. The second volume is, unfortunately, a woeful contrast. In order to get over a period of twelve months or so, while events are ripening for the conclusion of the story, we are transferred to America, and treated to a good

deal of commonplace description, which is scarcely likely to prove interesting to a generation heartily sick by this time of ranches, cowboys, and the Wild West. The character of the narrative no doubt improves considerably in the third volume, but it is spoiled by a curiously weak ending. Sybil Davies, who has married Lord Morningham in a fit of pique, and cordially detests him, has been in love with Robert Burscough, the hero, and will continue to be in love with him to the end of the chapter. No one will for a moment believe in the hysterical declaration of hers which ends the story, to the effect that all these deep-rooted feelings of a lifetime are for ever changed, in consequence of a rather cold letter written by Robert with a view of extricating himself from some of the difficulties of the situation. Nevertheless, there is plenty of good stuff in the book, and we shall welcome with pleasure another effort by the same hand, provided there is no Wild West in it.

There are all the materials of a good story in *Jerome*. The artistic young dilettante and enthusiast, hopelessly infatuated with a Parisian *prima donna* nearly twice his age, who, unknown to him, has once been the mistress of his own father; the cynical and sensitive father himself; Mr. North, the rascally family lawyer; Virginia Brooke, the half-savage Creole heiress, and a host of other characters, are all excellent in conception, and, if only they were left in peace to pursue their own devices, would evolve for themselves a sufficiently entertaining series of actions. As it is, the poor creatures are literally done to death. The author, who, somewhere or other, alludes with approval to that "condensation of thought which gives the greatest effect of narrative in a few brief phrases," exhibits in her own writings a singular lack of the faculty of condensation. Opportunity is taken to make capital out of each fresh situation; and the processes of analysis and dissection are carried to such an alarming extent, in flashy imitation of George Eliot, that no one would be more surprised than Jerome Lorimer himself, or his father Harold, or Iris, the opera-singer, at the voluminous machinery actuating their most ordinary proceedings. In the few places where Miss Gray permits herself to write with simplicity, her story is very pleasant reading; but the pages are rare which are not disfigured by tawdry mannerisms and attempts at fine writing embellished by quotations, which often result in such bathos as the following:

"Mighty Sol appeared at the dawn of day, lighting up every nook and corner with his powerful rays; but very often the great luminary of day rendered himself conspicuous by his absence, and, so far as appearance went, made himself 'more honoured in the breach than in the observance.'"

Wedlock and its Skeleton Key is to be included in the category of "novels with a purpose," though the particular breach of moral law which it denounces is scarcely of sufficient prevalence to come within reach of public indignation. Julius Vincent, a famous cabinet minister, while still in the full tide of popularity and success, suddenly

retires into private life, and shuts himself up with his two daughters in a secluded mansion on the coast of Cornwall. He has been mainly instrumental in passing the law which allows a divorced man or woman to marry again; and by a singular fatality the first woman to take advantage of the law is his own divorced wife, who marries the partner of her guilt. It is not quite apparent whether we are to understand that his retirement from public life is due to remorse consequent upon the share he has taken in the enactment of the law. But the story throughout is a commentary on the violation permitted by such law of the teaching contained in the Sermon on the Mount; and the trouble which subsequently befalls Ruby, the elder daughter, arises from the fact that her betrothed husband turns out to be a *divorcé* whose former wife is still alive. Apart from its strongly pronounced views upon this point, about which it is scarcely necessary to offer an opinion, the book contains carefully drawn characters, and is well managed as regards plot and action.

One or two fairly good collections of short tales are on our list this week. "Orlando Figgins," by Mrs. Alfred Marks, is an amusing story, and fully up to magazine mark. "Simp," the second story in the same volume, describes the solution of a difficult cipher, and scarcely calls for any comment; but "Ground up in his own Mill" and "The Ghost in the Albany" are well worth reading.

Another book of the same sort is *A New England Nun*, with which are bound up twenty-three other stories. They are all descriptive of American life of a homely type. Possibly they may be found too homely and too American to secure for their author here the high reputation which she has so quickly attained on the other side of the Atlantic; but they abound in quiet humour and neat character portraits, which suggest, without any conscious imitation, the supreme touch of Jane Austen.

Trash, a book for boys and girls, is a tale of Brittany in the last century. It is prettily told, and is sufficiently stocked with dungeons, hidden treasures, sliding panels, and other mysteries to make it amply entertaining to the readers for whom it is written.

Though there is little that will prove attractive to children in *A Child's Romance*, by the new member of the French Academy, we need hardly say that the book is a genuinely artistic production. It describes with peculiar imaginative force the inner life and emotions of a dreamy, sensitive boy, commencing from the earliest recollections of infancy, and dealing with the history of nearly fifteen years' growth. Some of these reminiscences of the confused ideas of childhood are conveyed with charming skill and exquisite pathos.

The shillingworth entitled *A Novel Novel* is chiefly remarkable for the manner of its production. The first chapter having appeared in the pages of a magazine, continuations of the story were invited from contributors, and each succeeding week a chapter was chosen from those sent in for

competition. The result has been a "literary mosaic," the work of twenty different authors all labouring independently of each other. As for the story itself, it is by no means so incoherent as might be supposed. Starting with the sudden and inexplicable disappearance of Seringa Duchess of Mowbray, on her wedding day, the narrative immediately brings us to the Continent, where we find her in the hands of the villain who calls himself her father, and who by the exercise of almost superhuman ingenuity manages for a considerable time to elude the detectives on his track. The manner in which mysteries are finally solved and due justice awarded is not beyond the bounds of possibility; and as there is plentiful use made of chloroform, drugged potions, daggers, and so forth, the work may be considered a legitimate "shocker."

JOHN BARROW ALLEN.

TWO BOOKS ON CONTINENTAL SOVEREIGNS.

The Sovereigns and Courts of Europe. By Politikos. (Fisher Unwin.) This volume contains a series of biographies of reigning European sovereigns. It is, in fact, a reprint of papers that have appeared in the *Leisure Hour*, though no allusion is made to their earlier publication. Politikos (whoever he may be) is no believer in "the divinity that doth hedge a king," but, on the other hand, he describes kings in a not unsympathetic spirit. Indeed, according to him, all the boys in Dame Europa's school are good boys—all "strive to do their duty in that exalted station of life to which they have been called." When we say all, there is one exception, one black sheep; and that is Milan, ex-king of Serbia. We are far from attempting to whitewash the Charles II. of Serbia, whose selfishness and cowardice have made him a by-word through Europe; but it hardly lies with Politikos to be severe on King Milan, when he passes so lightly over similar conduct in the late King of Holland and another monarch still alive. But the ex-king of the Balkans has offended against the *convenances* as well as against the moralities, and has been sent to Coventry by his brother sovereigns as a disgrace to their cloth. Serbia is not the only little country that has suffered through its ruler. Denmark is another case in point; but then King Christian, though a would-be despot, is a man of irreproachable private character. Therefore Politikos slurs over King Christian's unconstitutional rule by referring to the Danes as "not an easy people to govern," and to the "democratic ideas" that "have considerable vogue" in Denmark:

"It would be difficult to find upon a European throne a person more upright, excellent, and loyal, or a more perfect gentleman in manners and education than the King of Denmark."

This is all very well, but the practical man would ask, How does he transact his business of constitutional sovereign? The answer is, "Very ill." The republican historian of the future will probably have little space to dwell on the private lives of monarchs, but will be more disposed to give a word of commendation to the author of the Serb constitution than to the breaker of the Danish constitution. Politikos writes in a kindly strain of all the leading sovereigns of Europe. Of none does he write with more appreciation than of the Sultan, of none with more discrimination than of the Emperor of Germany. "Can any good thing come out of Turkey?" Politikos answers this

question in the affirmative, so far as the Sultan is concerned.

"That the present Sultan is a serious man whose entire energy and ability are devoted to the affairs of Government, the reforms he has instituted prove. That his private life resembles much more that of an English gentleman than the popular idea of an Oriental prince, is familiar to all who reside at Constantinople. Among other financial reforms, he has consistently discouraged the expenditure on the harem. He himself is practically a monogamist, and has no more legal wives than four, the number obligatory upon a Sultan, and to none does he show special favour. That his harem is nevertheless largely populated arises from the customs of his land and of his dynasty. He, personally, would be glad enough to get rid of his three hundred present spouses, who merely cost him money, and often are the causes of those palace revolutions too common in Oriental lands. But, as we all know, the force of custom is not so easily broken. Thus, on his birthday, and on twenty other days of the year, the Sultan invariably receives from his adopted mother the present of a beautiful slave; and this young lady has forthwith to be transferred to his establishment in the capacity of harem dame, with a household of her own, consisting of at least four eunuchs and six female servants, to say nothing of horses, carriages, and grooms. Multiply the number of these establishments by three hundred, and it ceases to be astonishing that the expenditure on the Sultan's Civil List should amount to £4,000,000 sterling a year. A large item in this sum represents the dowers which the Sultan pays to his slaves when he marries them to favourite officials. About one hundred are married from the palace annually, and each of them is entitled to receive £10,000. Unfortunately, the bridegroom who takes a wife from the Sultan's hands must, at his earliest convenience, make a present of a slave to keep the staff of the imperial seraglio up to its proper figure. The Sultan—those who know him affirm—loathes the whole thing; but there are too many vested interests engaged in keeping the imperial harem supplied with wives, and if the Sultan were to cashier his entire female establishment, he would certainly be deposed or murdered. Sir William White is said to have advised His Majesty to reduce his establishment by not filling up vacancies; but this is not easy, seeing that every cabinet minister and pasha of note looks to passing his daughter through the Sultan's harem as a simple means of securing her a marriage portion, with the title of *sâlidé*, which may be construed as 'princess' " (p. 15).

The article on William II., Emperor of Germany, is excellent both in tone and style. Speaking on February 20 last (since the present work left the press), the young autocrat thus addressed the Diet of Brandenburg: "Brandenburgers, your Margrave is speaking to you! Follow him through thick and thin, wherever he shall lead you." If Politikos cannot be called a follower of the Emperor "through thick and thin," he certainly ranks among his most sympathetic admirers. The following description of William II. of Germany may be taken as a happy specimen of the author's style and critical acumen:

"His psychology is certainly a curious study, and Europe watches with some little astonishment, and no little anxiety, the acts and deeds of the son of Frederick III. It cannot yet understand the abnormal mixture of contradictory qualities exhibited by his conduct, his insatiable activity, combined with a marked tendency to reverie, almost to mysticism, his extraordinary taste for military affairs, his autocracy, and, on the other hand, the passionate initiation he has taken in humanitarian and social reforms, of which the realisation seems totally irreconcilable with the existence of an autocratic and military State" (p. 160).

All who seek for European peace must join in the wish expressed by the President of the Reichstag, in proposing the Emperor's health on his last birthday; that the young Sovereign of Germany, "a captain on the bridge," may

indeed prove to be "a captain with a living consciousness of his responsibility, with a firm will and indefatigable eye, and with the strength of a soldier of God." The present work can be recommended to those who wish to study contemporary history in a pleasant form. It has some interesting illustrations, and has been well got up for publication. We have observed only one misprint, but we miss an index.

Elizabeth of Roumania. By Blanche Roosevelt. (Chapman & Hall.) This book is a study of the work and character of the Queen of Roumania, well known in the world of letters as "Carmen Sylva." Miss Roosevelt describes Roumania as

"a modern kingdom, with gas, electricity, and machinery; and nearly three thousand miles of railway, silvering mountain, and valley and metropolis; Roumania, which has joined her provinces and freed her slaves, whose capital town (Bucharest) is rightly called the Paris of the Orient; whose society is polished like the best European society" (p. 14).

The admiration of Miss Roosevelt for the royal authoress is doubtless sincere; but, if we were to judge by her "study" alone, she knows little of the interesting country of which Carmen Sylva is the queen. In the Preface, which is the most interesting portion of her book, Miss Roosevelt shows that the social triumphs of her heroine are even greater than her literary. The furtherance of home industries and the extension of national education will prove a more lasting monument to her memory even than her poems. The straggling capital of Roumania is said to cover as much ground as the capital of France; but apart from this, any likeness Bucharest may have to Paris is only in the worst features of both. Miss Roosevelt tells us that,

"after long and ardent counsels with prince, ministry, and social personages, it was decided to admit to the drawing-room every lady who had not been divorced more than once." "It was no uncommon thing to notice a lady with her third husband, the two former divorced ones being in the same room, the last having been the first divorced to marry the second, the second put away for the third, the third set aside to take back the first."

No one who has travelled in the Danubian Principalities can charge Miss Roosevelt with exaggeration. The silent king comes in for an appreciative word:

"The king knows everything, is an inveterate reader, but one never hears him speak of his knowledge or his reading tastes—rarely does he commit himself to an utterance which could in any way establish his likes or dislikes. Once touching a volume of her Poems which lay undusted on the table, the Queen remarked with a laugh, 'You see, he [the king] is proud of me and my work, but look at that—I don't believe he has ever read one of my books.'"

That the Queen of Roumania was an angel of mercy during the Russo-Turkish war is well known; but the following anecdote has not, we believe, appeared before in an English book. Many soldiers preferred death to amputation. The Princess Elizabeth thought that if she could get one soldier to submit to a surgical operation others would follow, and thus many useful lives would be saved. Accordingly, she threw herself on her knees by the bedside of an old soldier who had received a compound fracture of the leg:

"'I am not a beggar,' he said proudly; 'I'll lose my life but not my honour.'"

"'Tis true,' said the Princess, 'you are not a beggar, but I am. I have never prayed but to God,' and taking his hand she added, 'but I now supplicate you to listen to His wish and mine. Let your leg be taken off, and spare your life to your family, to your country, and to me—'

'And if I consent, *miea doamna*, what then?'

'What then!' she said joyfully rising, and seizing his hand again. 'Why, I shall give you the most beautiful cork leg that can be made in Europe; it shall work with springs, and when the war is over you shall come and dance at the palace with your sons.'

'I consent,' he said softly, 'but you must hold my hand during the operation' " (p. 96).

The larger part of the volume before us is filled by the translation of two German tales by Carmen Sylva. Miss Roosevelt can find no words too strong to express her admiration for the Queen's writings. She describes the tale entitled "In Fetters," as "the work of a master mind" and "an astonishing study." The characters are, she tells us, drawn "with a directness, naturalness, force, and simplicity beyond all praise." After such eulogy as this, we own to a painful surprise on reading the story. "In Fetters" is unnatural and revolting to the last degree. It is to be regretted that a woman of high position and blameless life should have written a tale which no self-respecting woman should read. "The Mother-in-Law" is more powerful and less painful. The scenes from Roumanian life are well given. The description of the vintage and of the snowstorm are to the life. It is pleasant reading, though a breach of the Seventh Commandment forms the pivot of its plot. It is, after all, impossible to improve on the parable of the Prodigal Son. Undiscriminating and lavish praise is not the only flaw in this book. Its language is involved and high-flown. The following rhapsody (with which our brief notice must close) is a fair sample:

"She [Carmen Sylva] is a perfect Niagara of hidden resource, and has exercised her brains, and, like an acrobat or professional trapeze performer, constant practice has prepared her to be ready at all times for the most daring deeds. She can go on, and on, and on, and there always remains the exhaustless fount of lucid and purring inspiration, the which, without proper technique, would baffle the finest genius in the world to accomplish what Her Majesty accomplishes" (p. 129).

NOTES AND NEWS.

IN correction of an erroneous announcement in a former number of the ACADEMY, we are asked to state that the Hibbert Lecturer for next year is Mr. Claude J. Montefiore, of Balliol College, Oxford; and that the subject of his lectures will be "The Hebrew Religion, its History and Development."

MESSRS. METHUEN & Co. will publish in the autumn a new volume of poems by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

MESSRS. W. & A. K. JOHNSTON, of Edinburgh, will be the publishers of the work on Heraldry, begun by the late George Burnett, Lyon King of Arms, and completed by the Rev. John Woodward, of Montrose, which has already been announced in the ACADEMY. It deals with the subject in both ancient and modern times, and in all countries. It will be in two volumes, containing forty-eight coloured plates, eight black-and-white plates, and over 100 cuts in the text.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. will commence next week a new series, devoted to *belles lettres*, with the issue of Mr. Herbert Baynes' *Dante and his Ideal*. The volume will contain a portrait after Giotto's fresco.

MESSRS. CASSELL & COMPANY will issue next week *Teaching in Three Continents: Personal Notes of the Educational Systems of the World*, by Mr. W. Catton Grasby. The book embodies the author's observations on the systems of education adopted in Europe, America, and Australia, and includes an introduction by Dr. Harris, the United States Commissioner of Education at Washington.

THE forthcoming work by the Hon. George Curzon on Persia will not be published till the autumn, when it will be issued in two large volumes by Messrs. Longman. The scope of the work has been extended in composition; and it will now supply a compendium of all the available knowledge about Modern Persia, containing, besides a description of the author's own travels, accounts of all the principal provinces and cities in Persia, and chapters upon the Shah, Royal Family, Ministers, Government Institutions and Reforms, Army, Revenue, Resources, Manufactures, Commerce, Roads, and Railroads. In addition, the principal ruins will be described according to the latest results of archaeological research. Finally, there will be a discussion of the political problems involved: of British and Russian policy in Persia; of the connexion of Persia with Central Asia, Afghanistan, and India; and of the probable future of the country. The Geographical Society are constructing a special map of Persia for the book, based upon the latest information; and it will further contain nearly 100 illustrations and a complete bibliography of Persian history, geography, and travel. In fact, it will aspire to be the standard work upon the country.

A SMALL but somewhat daring little work by a new writer from Australia, Mr. Arthur A. Lynch, will shortly be published by Messrs. Ward & Downey. It is entitled *Modern Authors*; and it is a proposal to establish, not canons, but certain plastic principles of criticism, to be applied in a general way to the literatures of England, France, Germany, Norway, &c. The author will be found to break away from established methods of considering the subject, and to have opened up many new paths. He is, we believe, proposing to follow up this volume with others amplifying still further his views.

A SECOND series of "Modern Men," reprinted from the *National Observer*, will be issued shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold. It contains critical sketches of Lord Tennyson, G. R. Sims, Lord Salisbury, Mr. Schnadhorst, Walt Whitman, J. G. Blaine, Caran D'Ache, George Du Maurier, Salvini, Henry Irving, Cecil Rhodes, Henry Labouchere, Lord Justice Bowen, George Lewis, Charles Gounod, Hans Richter, Leo XIII., Archdeacon Farrar, M. de Blowitz, and Mark Twain.

MESSRS. ISAAC PITMAN & SONS are about to issue in their phonetic shorthand a little volume entitled *Two Trips to India*, by Mr. T. A. Reed, giving a narrative of his professional and personal experiences during his recent visits to India as the official reporter of the Indian National Congress.

THE next volume of Mr. Elliot Stock's "Popular County Histories," to be published shortly, will be *The History of Nottinghamshire*, by Mr. Cornelius Brown.

THE new volumes of Messrs. Sonnenschein's "Social Science Series" for June will be *The Co-operative Movement*, by Miss Beatrice Potter, and *Neighbourhood Guilds*, by Dr. Stanton Coit.

MESSRS. HUTCHINSON & Co. will issue immediately *Marie Louise: the Return from Elba and the Hundred Days*, which forms the next volume of their "Famous Women of the French Court" series.

MESSRS. DIGBY & LONG have ready for immediate publication, as Volume IV. of their "Albion Library of Fiction," *A Human Spider*, by Edith Henderson.

THE next volume in the "Camelot Series" will be Rudolph Baumbach's *Tales from Wonderland*, translated by Mrs. Helen B. Dole.

OWING to its having been discovered that "A Freak of Fate" has already been adopted

as a title by another author, the Earl of Desart, whose new novel has recently been announced under that title, is going to call his book "Helen's Vow."

THE foreign refugees in the East of London form the subject of an illustrated article called "A Day in Jew Land," which will appear in *Cassell's Saturday Journal*, to be issued on Wednesday next, June 17. The particulars given are the result of a special investigation by the writer, and they throw considerable light upon the present condition and the general habits of the aliens who are in our midst.

MESSRS. SWAN SONNENSCHN & Co. have been appointed agents for the sale of the publications of the American Economic Association.

THE Jubilee of Cheltenham College is to be celebrated during the last week of the present month. After the prize distribution on Friday, June 26, a meeting will be held to inaugurate a movement for a jubilee memorial (to take the form of a new chapel), and in the evening the Old Cheltonian dinner will be held. Sir Henry James will preside, and the Archbishop of Dublin, Bishop Barry, John Morley, &c., have promised to attend. During the week four representations of the "Birds" of Aristophanes will be given.

THE annual conversazione of the Society of Arts will be held at the South Kensington Museum on Wednesday next, June 17.

THE Académie des Inscriptions has awarded the prix Bordin to M. Samuel Berger, for his treatise on the efforts made during the Carlovingian period to revise the text of the Latin Bible.

SEVERAL interesting leaflets connected with the English Puritan period have been added to the series of "Old South Leaflets," published by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co., of Boston, U.S. They include the Petition of Right, presented by Parliament to King Charles in 1628, the Grand Remonstrance, the Solemn League and Covenant, the Agreement of the People, the Instrument of Government under which Cromwell began his government, and Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have already issued a cheap edition of *He Fell Among Thieves*, the novel written jointly by Mr. D. Christie Murray and Mr. Henry Herman, which originally appeared in two volumes last February. We may also mention that Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons have just published a popular edition, containing the two volumes in one, of Mr. C. F. Richardson's *American Literature*, which was noticed in the ACADEMY of July 30, 1887, and February 16, 1889.

THE *Theologische Literaturzeitung*, while warmly praising the new edition of the "Variorum Bible," published last year by Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, remarks that there is no work to be compared with it in Germany.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE name of the Hon. Samuel James Way, Chief Justice of South Australia, has been added to the list of those upon whom the honorary degree of D.C.L. is to be conferred at Oxford.

AT Cambridge, the honorary degree to be conferred on Lord Walsingham, the new High Steward, should have been described as the "complete" degree of Doctor in Law, together with the remission of all charges for fees. We may also mention that the revised Grace correctly gives M. Taine's Christian names as Hippolyte Adolphe.

THE Crewian oration at the Oxford Eneadenia this year falls to be delivered by the professor of poetry, Mr. F. T. Palgrave, who proposes to confine himself mainly to two subjects: the loss which the University has suffered by the deaths of Cardinal Newman and Dean Church; and the recent attacks on the study of Greek.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge has approved the name of Mr. J. N. Keynes for the degree of Doctor in Science. Mr. Keynes, who holds the office of university lecturer in moral science, is best known by his *Studies and Exercises in Formal Logic* (second edition, 1887).

IN Congregation at Oxford, on Tuesday, the statute authorising the establishment of a day training college for teachers in elementary schools in connexion with the University was approved by a majority of 70 votes to 29, despite the strenuous opposition of Prof. Case.

A PORTRAIT of Prof. G. F. Browne, painted by Miss K. M. Humphry, has been presented to the University of Cambridge by Sir George Humphry; and it is proposed to place it in the custody of the syndicate for local examinations and lectures, to which Prof. Browne was for so many years secretary.

We quote the following from the *Oxford Magazine*:—

"The Bodleian is, as usual, the richer for Mr. Greville Chester's return from Egypt. With his customary generosity, he has presented it with a selection of miscellaneous antiquities, ranging from a very early Coptic writing tablet, covered with wax in the Roman fashion for use with the stylus, to coins of the Abbaside Caliphs. We hope that there is some truth in the rumour which promises that the University may also become ere long the richer by a fine collection of scarabs and other early seals."

IN the same connexion we may also quote the following report of the director of the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge:

"A very valuable collection of antiquities of various kinds from tombs in Egypt and elsewhere has been presented to the Fitzwilliam Museum by the Rev. Greville Chester, who on several previous occasions has been a liberal benefactor to the Museum. This last donation includes a large number of interesting objects in bronze, ivory, terra-cotta, glass, and alabaster from Tel-el-Amarnah and from tombs in Upper Egypt. Mr. Greville Chester has also presented a number of valuable coins, including a rare didrachm of Neapolis with the signature of the artist (ΔΙΟΦΑΝΟΥΣ) who engraved the die. The Museum has also acquired a bronze statuette of Aphrodite of the school of Praxiteles, dating from the second half of the fourth century B.C., which is one of the finest bronzes of this class known to exist; Mr. Greville Chester has liberally allowed the Fitzwilliam syndics to purchase this beautiful work of art at less than half its value. The Fitzwilliam Museum owes a real debt of gratitude to Mr. Greville Chester for these very important additions to its collection of classical antiquities."

THE sermon in the chapel of Mansfield College was preached last Sunday by Dr. George Macdonald, the novelist.

MR. BLACKWELL, of Oxford, was to publish at the end of this week the first number of *The Pelican Record*, conducted by members of Corpus Christi College.

WE made last week a stupid mistake—of which it would be tedious to explain the cause—about the number of resident members of Convocation at Oxford. A correspondent points out, in milder language than we deserve, that the total probably amounts to about 450; the members of Congregation, who must live within a mile and a half of Carfax, alone number 391.

VERSE.

MONA LISA—LEONARDO DA VINCI.

(The Louvre.)

HISTORIC, sidelong, implicating eyes;
 Smile on the velvet cushion of the cheek;
 Calm lips the smile leads upward; hand that lies
 Glowing and soft, the patience in its rest
 Of cruelty that waits and doth not seek
 For prey; a dusky forehead and a breast
 Where twilight touches ripeness amorously:
 Behind her, crystal rocks, a sea and skies
 Of evanescent blue on cloud and creek;
 Landscape that shines suppressive of its zest
 For those vicissitudes by which men die.

MICHAEL FIELD.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE *Boletín* of the Real Academia de la Historia for May opens with a valuable article by Gómez Rodríguez, "The Revolt of the Town of Arévalo justified before History." He gives an inedited diploma of Charles V., which recapitulates a series of royal charters from 1311 to 1520, authorising in the strongest possible terms the right of resistance if ever the *fuero* should be violated by the Crown. This right of resistance is expressed in many other *fueros*, but nowhere more energetically than here. José Xiqués prints an Episcopologio of the see of Ceuta, frequently correcting Gam's *Hierarchia Catholica*. Two of the bishops seem to have been of English extraction: Fray Aymar, confessor to Philippa, Queen of Portugal, daughter of John of Gaunt; and Diego de Lancaster. A narrative of archaeological explorations in the north of Palencia, by Romualdo Moro, shows what may be done by a judicious use of the spade on the old Roman sites in Spain. This article is appropriately followed by a Bull of Honorius III., and other documents by Padre F. Fita, giving the mediæval church history of the same district. These documents mark the progress of the Romish over the older Spanish rule; thirty-eight churches "cum omnibus pertinentibus suis" are assigned to the monastery of Aguilar with almost entire independence of episcopal jurisdiction. The notices include Roman and Visigoth inscriptions, and a fine Romano-Christian mosaic. The Spanish edition of the great work of the brothers Siret, *Les primeras edades del metal en el Sudeste de España*, has now appeared at Barcelona.

TWO WYKEHAMICAL BOOKS.

Winchester Commoners, 1836-1890. By Clifford W. Holgate. (Salisbury: Brown; London: Simpkin, Marshall & Co.) About three years ago, when reviewing Mr. T. F. Kirby's *Winchester Scholars*, we expressed a hope that the omission of Commoners from that register might be supplied by some patriotic Wykehamist. Though we knew it not, Mr. Holgate was already engaged on the task; and he has now brought out a first instalment, covering the period from Dr. Moberly's appointment as headmaster down to last year. His reason for beginning at the end must be accepted as adequate, though greater historical interest would undoubtedly attach to the older lists. Not to mention those who are still boys at the school, a large proportion of the others here recorded are yet of that age when their names suggest promise rather than performance; and even the earlier generations have hardly passed into the domain of history. But Mr. Holgate had practically no choice to do otherwise than he has done, if he was to present a continuous register; for, astonishing as it may sound, no lists are known to have been preserved of Commoners who entered under any headmaster before Dr. Moberly. His immediate prede-

cessors—Williams, Gabell, Goddard, and Joseph Warton—are each known to have cherished a warm affection towards the school. It is impossible that they should not have kept proper lists of the boys whom they entered; it is difficult to believe that some of these lists—none more than a century old—may not yet be discovered among their papers. In default of these official records, Mr. Holgate's materials for the earlier and more interesting period will be confined to Long Rolls—lists which were literally "rolls," printed once a year, containing, in Latin, the names of all the boys in the school, with other quaint information. The earliest Long Roll that Mr. Holgate has been able to obtain is that of 1653, and he possesses a continuous set from 1731 onwards; but between those dates he lacks the Rolls for thirty-two years. Under these circumstances, it would manifestly have been premature for him to begin at the beginning, when he might reasonably hope that additional materials of considerable value would be brought to light by means of the publication of the present volume.

It commences in January 1836, when Dr. Moberly returned as headmaster to the school at which he had himself been educated, leaving his tutorship at Balliol to be taken by A. C. Tait, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. He seems to have inherited 105 boys, and to have entered 19 in his first half, making a total of 124, exclusive, of course, of College. When he left, in 1867, there were probably about 170, for three tutors' houses (out of the present number of nine) had then been founded, in addition to the building known as New Commoners, which has now disappeared, or at least been converted to other purposes. But the members fluctuated greatly in Dr. Moberly's time. Taking three successive years, 1850 to 1853, we find the admissions to average only 21 per annum; whereas in 1890, the last year of which we have record, the total reaches 85. And it must be admitted that the after career of Dr. Moberly's pupils failed to equal the achievements of their predecessors. It was an earlier generation which gave Wykehamists to boast that they could point to three out of four successive Lord Chancellors, and to five members of a single cabinet, not one of whom owed his position to birth. It may be added that all of these, chancellors and ministers alike, were Commoners. But Dr. Moberly taught at least three bishops, two judges, and two privy councillors, besides a long series of headmasters and college dons, and more generals than we should have expected. Among historians may be mentioned S. R. Gardiner, G. B. Malletson, Mackenzie Walcott, and two names that it is curious to find side by side—T. G. Law and W. H. Bliss. In literature proper, Winchester has never been very conspicuous—she could never show at one time a Coleridge, a Lamb, and a Hunt; but of late she has evinced a peculiar tendency to breed editors.

To an old Wykehamist, as he turns over these memorial pages, two thoughts naturally rise to the mind. One, the more pleasant, is the persistent recurrence of familiar names, even down to the present day. In a list of some 3600 persons, the name of Smith of course takes the first place; but the Moberlys number 21, the Birleys 18, the Hills and the Williams' each 17, the Wickhams 16, the Wigrams 11 (including the present captain of "Lord's"), the Lees 10, the Awdrys and the Teales 9 each, the Bennetts 8, the Du Boulays 7, and the Forts 6. The other reflexion is not unmixed with sadness; for the elaborate researches of the editor have brought home to us the wide scattering of our old schoolfellows over the surface of the globe, and the ill-fate that has befallen some of them. To omit those who fell in the Crimea and are commemorated in the ante-chapel, Herbert Stewart (whom Dr.

Moberly permitted to enter Commoners after being superannuated from College, in order that he might play against Eton for another year) lies near the Wells of Gakdul in the Sudan desert; Moncrieff, Consul at Suakin, was one of the first victims of the same unhappy war; an elder brother of Mr. Cecil Rhodes was burnt to death in Zululand; W. A. Forbes, shortly after being appointed prosecutor to the Zoological Society, died of dysentery while exploring the Upper Niger; H. B. Urmston was killed by Afghans, "in the act of trying to save a wounded comrade"; this very year has seen the massacre of F. St. C. Grimwood in Manipur, without any slur upon his reputation; of a contemporary of his, it is recorded that he was "accidentally drowned in New Zealand, while attempting to save the life of another." "*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*" We should add that Mr. Holgate has given in appendices a complete series of "Lord's" rolls since 1825, collated from various sources; and also the elevens that have shot at Wimbledon.

Winchester Word-Book. Compiled by R. G. K. Wrench. (Winchester: Wells; London: Nutt.) In our judgment, somewhat too much has been made of the slang spoken at Winchester under the general title of "notions." All boys, even at a day-school, will adopt or invent a number of canting words, which rarely find their way into a dictionary, and possess little philological importance. The older the school, the greater the interest of these canting words, simply because some of them go back to an archaic stratum of non-literary speech. But while it is true that boys are the most inveterate Conservatives, of both words and customs, it is equally true that they will attach the spurious sanction of antiquity to the creations of a generation immediately preceding their own. Unless the history of a word can be traced, or its existence in past time can be confirmed, the explanation of canting terms seems to us little better than guess-work. It is otherwise when the word can be associated with an historic custom, or can be proved to have been at one time in general use.

As examples of this latter class we may take "bevers," "gomers," and "remedy." The present writer well remembers partaking of bread and beer in College Hall, as an agreeable interlude in the four hours of afternoon school on a whole schoolday. This institution was precisely the "afternoon's nunchion" of Cotgrave, and we believe that it was preserved at Eton even later than at Winchester. "Gomers" in our time was supposed to mean two very different things: (1) the large pewter dishes used for meat and potatoes; and (2) clothes for going home in, as opposed to the ordinary College dress of waistcoat and gown. As to the first, Mr. Wrench shows conclusively that it is the Hebrew Chomer, the homer or omer of the A.V. As to the second, he says (erroneously) that the word was applied to the chimney-pot hat, "probably from its gomer-like brim." But we never used it for hats, which we wore nearly every day in the week; and we derived it as—"go-homers." Of "remedy" = holiday, the popular explanation was "remi-day," from *remi-*, short for "remission." But this we ourselves never believed; and not only is the word used for holiday in Colet's statutes for St. Paul's School, but an old Wykehamist has lately found it in monkish Latin as early as 1484.

We are unable to accept Mr. Wrench's account of "end"; in our time, it was used solely of persons, not of things. Of "functure" (*sic*) our spelling was always "functor." As the phrase "order your name" is described by him as obsolete, it may be as well to add the explanation that the consequent roll drawn up by the Bible-clerk ran: "*jussu domini—nomen*

—detuli." "Hollis" = a pebble, we used to derive from the name of a traditional occupant of College Mill, over which college juniors were condemned to "splice" stones until they had become expert in the art. Of "hatch-thoke," again, Mr. Wrench writes like a Commoner. College boys will recollect that on those days they procured their breakfast at what hour they pleased from the buttery-hatch. "Harlequin" was not the wooden nucleus of a red india-rubber ball, but the nucleus of a fives-ball, which had black and white thread wound round it. The terminology of the wall game of football at Eton furnishes analogies for the two words "schitt" and "ferk"; and, indeed, we doubt generally whether Mr. Wrench has made sufficient use of the slang of other schools. It is right, however, to say that he has evidently expended much pains upon the work, and that its *format* contrasts favourably with Mr. Holgate's book.

J. S. C.

GREEK IN THE PREVIOUS EXAMINATION AT CAMBRIDGE.

ON Saturday, May 30, a meeting of the Senate was held at Cambridge for the discussion of the following Grace :

"That a syndicate be appointed to consider whether it be expedient to allow alternatives, and if so, what alternatives, for Greek in the Previous Examination, either to all students or to any classes of students other than those already exempted."

The procedure was somewhat unusual, inasmuch as the discussion was proposed before the Grace was put to the Senate. The reason of this was that the Grace had not been unanimously agreed to by the Council; and its justification may be found in the fact that the Council have now amended the Grace, by substituting the words "one of the two classical languages" for "Greek." The amended Grace will be offered to the Senate at an early Congregation at Michaelmas term; and at the same time it will be proposed to nominate a syndicate, with instructions to report to the Senate before the end of Lent term, 1892.

The discussion was opened by Dr. Peile (Master of Christ's), who traced the history of previous proposals for the relief of candidates from compulsory Greek, and adduced the proceedings at the conference of headmasters at Oxford, last December, in support of the proposal. The other speakers on the same side were—Prof. Henry Sidgwick, who doubted whether the university was justified in insisting on maintaining the study of Greek in the present artificial way in opposition to the wishes of the parents of the boys who are concerned; Sir George Humphry, who thought that amount of both Latin and Greek at present required was unworthy of the university, and suggested that an additional knowledge of Latin might be demanded as an alternative for Greek; Mr. Tilley, of King's, who thought that the university had gone too far to go back; and that it should not encourage farmers and engineers to come to Cambridge, and at the same time shut its doors against boys on modern sides who were prevented from coming because they did not know Greek; and Dr. Montagu Butler (the vice-chancellor), who pleaded on behalf of two classes of boys: (1) those to whom the study of two ancient languages was a greater burden than they were intellectually able to bear, and (2) those whose natural gifts led towards some branch of science.

The speakers on the other side included Mr. Austin-Leigh (the Provost of King's), Prof. Mayor, Prof. Jebb, Dr. Verrall, Mr. Shuck-

burgh, and Mr. J. K. Stephen—the last of whom addressed an eloquent appeal to an audience little accustomed to rhetoric.

We quote the words of Prof. Mayor, as given in the *Cambridge University Reporter*:

"I was sorry to hear the Master of Christ's speak of 'dead' languages. No one could so speak who had heard Cobet at Leyden in 1875, indignant with a scurrilous attack then lately made on Madvig by Lehrs in Ritschl's *Rheinisches Museum*, address the Dane in burning words. 'We all acknowledge you to be the prince of living scholars. *Papam te tamen non facimus; pugnabimus tecum, contendemus tecum, eoque vehementius contendemus, quo te vehementius admiramus.*' Madvig—I was sitting next to him—began his reply: 'Post Cobetum Latine loqui vereor.' Nor do I anticipate more Latin from those who bring no Greek. Cambridge for centuries tried the experiment: Erasmus tells us what slanders the monks heaped on Greek and Hebrew, when Fisher first brought them among us. Did Latin suffer? Nay, classical Latin then first arose. May the day never come when the Greek Professor, the Public Orator, and the Latin Professor shall cease to be *docti sermones utriusque lingue* and have candidates to examine alike versed in the sister tongues. As taught in schools, I confess that the languages are dead. The old scholars, Muretus, Victorius, Casaubon, Lipsius, studied the classics to draw from them the wisdom of old time, and their interest in the subject-matter only quickened their sense of the form. Now, school-boys never reach the Canaan of their hopes, the ancient world, for the wilderness of elementary helps through which they are forced to wander. A student educated, like Churchill Babington, in a learned home, or like Luard, never at any great classical school, never a candidate for classical honours, is far more likely to form a life-long study of the great philologists of the past than those who have gone through the routine of our great schools. Twenty-three years ago I dedicated to the master of Shrewsbury School a text-book, in which, following in the steps of Kidd, in his edition of Dawes, I urged the masters at least to teach their pupils the alphabet correctly. Of the seven Greek vowels, four bear in our grammars barbarian names, invented in the middle ages, utterly unknown to antiquity. I spoke to deaf ears. Again and again I have tested candidates for University scholarships and never met with one who knew his Greek alphabet. Of all Cambridge graduates Dr. Scrivener probably has collated most ancient Greek MSS., and I will give my hand to be cut off in, in the oldest, he found the form *ζυγχα*. Yet even he, prejudiced by early training, notes as a wonder on Revel i. 8 that Lachmann, Tischendorf, and Tregelles read *ζυφα* (at ζ). Certainly a boy whose father would read with him Latin for two years, at the rate of fifty pages a day, would by the end of that time peruse an easy book fluently at sight—a power which most who have gone through our schools never acquire. It is said that of the 20,000 boys in secondary schools 10,000 do not learn Greek. It must not be forgotten that a very large proportion of those 10,000 never intend to enter at the university. And for those who do, why should they not, like Prof. Adams, learn enough Greek to pass the Previous Examination without damage to his other studies? Far from thinking a little Greek useless, I only wish that I had been compelled as a child to learn a little Hebrew: the mere acquiring a new character is a great difficulty to me. Mr. Pryke, the headmaster of Lancaster School, feels very strongly the danger which threatens all smaller schools, if the universities cease to require Greek of all students. Eton and Harrow may for a time maintain the study, but the local pressure on smaller schools will choke it altogether. Mention has been made of the requirements of biologists. I hold in my hand a dedication which I have written to one who, I am told, is the last survivor of medical Hellenists in England, of Cains, Linaere, Clement, Lister, Freund, Sloane, Mead, Askew, Francis Adams; I mean, Dr. Greenhill. I say of him '*medicis nostratibus alia omnia agentibus, tantum non obiectam eruditam famam corporis suo iure, sua strenuus opera excolare intendit.*' May our Cambridge school of medicine never forget that all science and all art came to us from Greece."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BAES, J. Historische u. malarische Thürme Belgiens, nach Aquarellen. Berlin: Claesse. 80 M.
DELAUNAY, P. Notice sur Galliot du Pré, libraire parisien, de 1512 à 1560. Paris: Cercle de la Librairie. 2 fr.
OËLS-DIEOT, P., et H. LAFFILLÈRE. La peinture décorative en France du 11^e au 16^e Siècle. Paris: May et Motteroz. 180 fr.
HAYN, R. Das Leben Max Dunckers. Berlin: Gaertner. 10 M.
KOBELL, L. V. Jgdsz. v. Döllinger. Erinnerungen. München: Beck. 2 M. 80 Pf.
LENAU u. Sophie LOWENTHAL. Tagebuch u. Briefe d. Dichters, hrsg. v. L. A. Frankl. Stuttgart: Cotta. 6 M.
MARIN, P. Bulgares et Russes vis-à-vis la triple alliance. Paris: Baudoin. 5 fr.
RADET, E. Lully: homme d'affaires, propriétaire et musicien. Paris: Lib. de l'Art. 15 fr.
RROQUIN, l'abbé. Origines de l'imprimerie en France (Avignon, 1144). Paris: Cercle de la Librairie. 2 fr.
SCHACK, A. F. Graf v. Joseph Mazzini u. die italienische Einheit. 4 M. Musik. Vermischte Schriften. Stuttgart: Cotta. 6 M.

THEOLOGY, ETC.

- BRAUN, O. Moses Bar Kephä u. sein Buch v. der Seele. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 4 M.
GUTTMANN, J. Das Verhältnis d. Thomas v. Aquino zum Judentum u. zur jüdischen Litteratur. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 40 Pf.
HESEBACH, C. Der Römerbrief, beurtheilt u. geviertheilt. Leipzig: Deichert. 1 M. 20 Pf.
STEINMEYER, F. L. Beiträge zum Verständniss d. Johanneischen Evangeliums. VI. Berlin: Wiegandt. 1 M. 80 Pf.
WREDE, W. Untersuchungen zum 1. Klemensbriefe. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 40 Pf.

HISTORY.

- BROGLIE, le Prince Emmanuel de. Bernard de Montfaucon et les Bernardins, 1715—1750. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
BROGLIE, le Duc de. Maurice de Saxe et le Marquis d'Argenson. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 15 fr.
FINKE, H. Ungedruckte Dominikanerbriefe d. 13. Jahrh. Paderborn: Schöningh. 5 M.
FORSCHUNGEN zur brandenburgischen u. preussischen Geschichte. 4. Bd. 1. Hälfte. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 6 M.
GESCHICHTS-BLÄTTER, hantische. Jahrg. 1889. Leipzig: Duncker & Humblot. 7 M.
JUBIN DE LA GRAYÈRE, le Vice-Amiral. Le Siège de La Rochelle. Paris: Firmin-Didot. 3 fr. 50 c.
MOMMSEN, A. Ueb. die Zeit der Olympien. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M. 50 Pf.
NOEL, O. Histoire du Commerce du Monde. Temps anciens; moyen âge. Paris: Plon. 20 fr.
SCHERER, E. Etudes sur la littérature au 18^e Siècle. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 3 fr. 50 c.
STABELMANN, P. Erziehung u. Unterricht bei den Griechen u. Römern. Triest: Schimpff. 3 M. 50 Pf.
URKUNDBUCH, Fürstenerbergisches. 7. Bd. Tübingen: Laupp. 12 M.
ZEISSBERG, H. R. v. Zwei Jahre belgischer Geschichte (1791, 1792). 1. Th. Leipzig: Freytag. 5 M. 10 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY, ETC.

- CATHARIN, V. Moralphilosophie. 2. Bd. Besondere Moralphilosophie. Freiburg-i.-B.: Herder. 9 M.
DUCLAUX, E. Cours de physique et de météorologie. Paris: Hermann. 7 fr. 50.
EDERHARD, V. Zur Morphologie der Polyeder. Leipzig: Teubner. 8 M.
HENSEN, V. Die Plankton-Expedition u. Haeckel's Darwinismus. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 3 M.
SAALMUELLER, M. Lepidopteren v. Madagascar. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Diesterweg. 40 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- GERRING, A. Index Homericus. Leipzig: Teubner. 16 M.
HOEFFT, C. Th. France, Francis u. Franc im Rolandsliede. Strassburg: Trübner. 2 M.
LIERICH, B. Panini. Ein Beitrag zur Kenntnis der ind. Literatur u. Grammatik. Leipzig: Haessel. 10 M.
SCHWARTZ, E. De numerorum usu Euripide capita selecta. Pars I. Kiel: Lipsius & Tischer. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A WARNING TO LIBRARIANS AND BOOK-COLLECTORS.

Venice: June 1, 1891.

Some time ago I received from abroad the offer of a copy of a Livy, which was stated to have been printed at Venice by Johannes de Spira in 1469. I replied that such an edition could not exist; since the terms of the Privilegium granted by the government of Venice on September 18, 1469, to that printer, and likewise the colophon of the *St. Augustinus de Civitate Dei* (1470), printed by Vindelino, brother of Johannes, exclude it altogether. However, as my correspondent insisted, saying that the book had a special colophon establishing its authenticity, I allowed it to be sent to me for examination.

As soon as I had the book in my hands, I saw that the colophon was identical with that of the *Epistolæ ad Familiares* of Cicero (1469), printed by Johannes de Spira—"Primus in Adriacæ formis . . . &c.," one or two words in the last line only having been changed. It was easy to perceive that this colophon had been reproduced by means of types well imitated from those of Johannes, and then placed at the foot of the last leaf *tergo* of the first volume of the well-known edition of Livy (1470), printed by Vindelinius.

I feel it, therefore, my duty to bring these facts to the notice of librarians and others interested in books, in case the volume should be again put into the market.

CARLO CASTELLANI,

Prefect of the Biblioteca di San Marco.

"THE GREEK MSS. IN THE VATICAN."

[With reference to Prof. Nestle's letter, under the above heading, in the ACADEMY of May 30, the Abbé Batiffol has addressed the following reply to Prof. Sanday, with a request for its publication.]

Paris: June 2, 1891.

Je m'empresse de vous remercier de m'avoir communiqué la note de M. le prof. Nestle. Voici ma réponse:

Si M. Nestle veut bien ouvrir le volume publié par MM. Müntz et Fabre, *La Bibliothèque du Vatican au XVI^e Siècle* (Paris, 1887), il trouvera imprimé (pp. 159-250) l'inventaire des manuscrits latins et grecs de la bibliothèque vaticane rédigé en 1475, sous le pape Sixte IV.

Platina entre en charge et signe l'inventaire des manuscrits que l'on confie à sa garde:

"Ego Platina Sanctissimi Domini nostri Sixti Divina Providentia Papæ IIII Familiaris et Bibliothecarius libros in hoc libro annotatos et in ordinem ac numerum redactos pollicor me conservaturum, redditurumque semper rationem bene atque integre gubernatæ Bibliothecæ. Die xviij Junii 1475" (Müntz et Fabre, p. 249).

Le texte de cet inventaire de 1475 est tiré du MS. Vaticanus Lat. 3954.

J'y vois énumérés d'abord les manuscrits latins au nombre de 1775 (p. 225); à la suite les manuscrits grecs au nombre de 770 (p. 249). Un article est consacré aux manuscrits grecs de la Bible, "*Testamentum Antiquum et Novum*" (p. 244), au nombre de 57. Et parmi ces manuscrits grecs, je n'en vois qu'un qui soit donné comme renfermant la Bible entière. C'est le onzième numéro de la liste: "*Biblia. ex membr. in rubeo*"; c'est à savoir: "*Bible de parehemin à couverture rouge.*"

Nous sommes bien loin de ce qu'a lu Verecillone: "*Biblia in tribus columnis ex membrana*"! Et je serai très reconnaissant à M. le prof. Nestle de s'informer et de nous dire d'où provient cette indication si précieuse, bien convaincu qu'il ne voudra pas s'en tenir au renseignement de seconde main qu'il m'oppose.

PIERRE BATIFFOL.

Post scriptum.—Un article spécial de l'inventaire de 1475 (Müntz et Fabre, pp. 191-193) est ainsi intitulé: "*Libri ecclesiastici repositi in primo hanc in capsâ ipsius quia pretiosi sunt ex serico coperti xlv.*" Il y a, parmi ces manuscrits précieux du premier banc, un "*Evangelistarium Graecum, ex membr. cum tabulis argenteis historiatis,*" etc.; un "*Liber Psalmorum in Graeco, ex membr. in serico salvatico cum tribus seraturis.*" Nulle mention de la "*Biblia in tribus columnis*" mentionnée par Verecillone, "*nel primo banco.*"

THE LITHUANIAN BIBLE OF 1660.

London: June 8, 1891.

In the recent correspondence in the ACADEMY with regard to the lost Lithuanian Bible of 1660,

it seems to have escaped notice that there exists an edition of the London "*Oratio Dominica*," which refers to the existence of this Bible, earlier than 1700. The title of this earlier edition is "*Orationis Dominicae Versiones fermæ Centum.*" There is no imprint or date; but as my copy has a MS. inscription on the title-page recording the gift of the book in April, 1687, and as one of the marginal authorities quoted is 1674, it was evidently issued between those two dates. In this edition, which appears manifestly to have been collected and arranged by the same hand as that which subsequently issued the London edition of 1700 (which, by the way, frankly describes itself as *editio novissima*), the Lithuanian version is given at p. 56, precisely as it appears in the 1700 edition, and with the same marginal reference, viz., "Wilk. n. 35, Conf. Bibl. Lithuan. Lond. 1660."

Chamberlayne's "*Oratio Dominica*" of 1715, as has probably been observed, does not give the same version as the London editor, and adds the Doxology. There is no marginal authority quoted; but Dr. David Wilkins in his preface says it was contributed by the Bishop of Carlisle "*ex Wolfgangi Lazii Lib. de migrat. Gent.*"

Reference has been made to a prospectus of the Lithuanian Bible in 1659. Is it not possible that the Lord's Prayer may have been attached to this document by way of specimen?

T. B. R.

HARLEIAN MS. 7653.

Bardwell Rectory, Bury St. Edmunds: June 10, 1891.

The first verse of the "*Te Deum*" in this MS. runs thus:

"*Te dominum confitemur, te deum laudamus.*"

The first three words were omitted in my letter through an oversight. The first two words and part of the third word are on fol. 5 b of the MS.

F. E. WARREN.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

SUNDAY, June 17, 7.30 p.m. Ethical: "Self-Development and Self-Surrender," by Mrs. Bryant.

MONDAY, June 15, 2.30 p.m. Geographical: Anniversary Meeting.

TUESDAY, June 16, 7.45 p.m. Statistical: "Results of the Recent Census and Recent Death-Rates in the Largest English Towns," by Mr. Noel A. Humphreys.

8.30 p.m. Zoological: "A Contribution to the Knowledge of the Races of *Bana esculenta* and their Geographical Distribution," by Mr. G. A. Boulenger; "Notes on Ungulates," by Mr. Oldfield Thomas; "A Collection of Marine Shells from Aden, with some Remarks upon the Relationship of the Molluscan Fauna of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean," by Mr. Edgar A. Smith.

WEDNESDAY, June 17, 4 p.m. Royal Institution: Faraday Commemorative Lecture, by Lord Rayleigh.

8 p.m. Microscopical.

9 p.m. Royal Society: Conversazione.

9 p.m. Society of Arts: Conversazione.

THURSDAY, June 18, 5 p.m. Zoological: "The Animals Living in the Society's Gardens," IV., by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

8 p.m. Linnean: "An Investigation into the True Nature of Callus," II., and "The Alleged Existence of Protein in the Walls of Vegetable Cells, and the Microscopical Detection of Glucosides therein," I., by Mr. Spencer Moore.

8 p.m. Chemical: "The Action of Sulphuric Acid on Dehydracetic Acid," by Mr. N. Collie; "The Refractive Power of Certain Organic Compounds at Different Temperatures," by Dr. W. H. Perkin.

8.30 p.m. Antiquaries.

8.30 p.m. Historical: "France and Cromwell," by Mr. Herbert Haines.

SCIENCE.

Greek Lyric Poetry: a Complete Collection of the Surviving Passages from the Greek Song-Writers. Arranged with Prefatory Articles, Introductory Matter, and Commentary. By G. S. Farnell. (Longmans.)

WHEN we contemplate the remains of the lyric poetry of Greece, we stand as it were

on the shore of a dark, unfathomable sea. At our feet, wave-worn and disfigured, lies the wreckage of a golden argosy, here a clasped bracelet, and there a broken tiara. We gather up these exquisite fragments with mingled admiration and despair, so perfect is the workmanship of what survives, and yet, alas! so scanty the survival.

"Our knowledge of Greek poetry in general," says Mr. Farnell in his Preface, with absolute truth, "is almost as limited, as if in our own language we read Milton and the Elizabethan dramatists, but knew nothing, or almost nothing, of the great song writers contemporary with them, or of the lyrics of Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson in our own century."

Take Sappho alone, the immortal poetess, whose fame rests on two more or less complete odes, some forty readable fragments, and a small quantity of diamond dust in the shape of half lines and single epithets. What a loss is here! It is as though there existed in the case of Burns but a poor couple of his passionate lyrics, such as "*Mary Morrison*" or "*Ae fond kiss, and then we sever.*" two-score detached stanzas, as for example:

"My love is like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June,
My love is like the melody
That's sweetly played in tune,"

and a brief glossary of delicate flower-phrases, or what Lord Tennyson describes as "lonely words," like "*the milk-white hawthorn bush*" or "*the wimpling burn.*" To those who know and love the Scotch poet, no statement of what we lose by the well-nigh total eclipse of Sappho's genius could, we imagine, be more eloquent than this.

Mr. Farnell was well-advised when he determined to present the "surviving passages" of the Greek lyrics in a connected and convenient form. Of course Bergk had done the work with Teutonic thoroughness before him, and the monumental *Poetae Lyrici* of that editor still remains unshaken in its pre-eminence. But Mr. Farnell's book, in which he aims "at including everything that can fairly be regarded as readable," while he secures completeness by relegating the corrupter fragments and single phrases and epithets to the seclusion of an Appendix, will hold a distinct place of its own. The selection seems to us to have been, on the whole, judiciously made; and we do not quarrel with Mr. Farnell for omitting the Epinikian Odes of Pindar, which, as he reasonably says, from their having "by great good fortune," come down to us in an almost complete form, require an entirely separate treatment. The value of the book is also enhanced by the Commentary, which, so far as we have been able to test it, is scholarly and full without being diffuse, and by the various essays prefixed to it, which deal with Greek lyric poetry from every possible point of view in a careful, if somewhat frigid, style. We should have been glad if Mr. Farnell had seen his way towards giving a prose translation of the whole text, which would have been a boon to those whose originally slight, or gradually waning, knowledge of the language debars them from the pleasure of reading Sappho or

Simonides in the Greek. Perhaps, however, he may meditate undertaking this addition to his task in a second volume; and if so, we can promise him, so far as we are concerned, that it would obtain a favourable reception.

To come to details, we have in the several introductory articles much laboriously compiled information on the subject of the lyric poetry of Greece, its rise and decline, and its salient characteristics at different periods. The essays on the dance and on the musical accompaniment of Greek songs are particularly interesting, as relating to matters which are professedly obscure. In speaking of the latter, Mr. Farnell does not, indeed, attempt to set at rest the vexed questions raised by Chappell and other writers; but he makes several acute remarks on the growing importance of music at the expense of poetry, which marked the later epoch of Greek art. With regard to the former, as possessing originally a sacred significance, though in our own times associated with less solemn occasions, Mr. Farnell draws attention to the curious survival seen in the dance of choristers before the high altar at Seville, and in the observances of the *Springende Heiligen* of Luxemburg. He might also have instanced the dancing dervishes of the East, and that strange community, the Shakers of America, to say nothing of the "corybantic Christians" of the Salvation Army. On metre and dialect Mr. Farnell writes clearly and with knowledge. He is a votary of the "time-honoured theory," as he calls it, "of the composite nature" of the lyric dialect; but he gives some prominence to an article by Dr. A. Führer, in which, mainly on a *pricri* grounds, that theory is controverted, and it is asserted that the poets, while using epic forms, employed with this exception their own local dialect. We quite agree with him, however, when he says that scarcely any of the great choral poets could be called local poets at all. He instances Pindar, whose verse "found favour at cities so diverse as Cyrene, Syracuse, and Athens," which it would hardly have done if, instead of possessing an eclectic character, it had been written in pure Theban.

No part of Mr. Farnell's book is more instructive than the Appendix, which he devotes to the later developments of lyric poetry in the hands of the dithyrambists. The subject is doubtless handled as fully as was compatible with the space at his command; but we should like to have more information upon it. The gradual divorce of sound from sense, and the corresponding growth of what Plato calls *ψαλη καθάρσις*, struck the orthodox mind as giving evidence of mere decay. Yet in spite of these philosophic strictures, the emancipation of music from the trammels of verse left it free to take a far loftier place among the arts, by virtue of the very vagueness and aloofness of the sensations that it excites.

Turning to the authors themselves, we find selections from Archilochus, Terpander, Tyrtaeus, Aleman (the less corrupt part of whose Parthenion, discovered in Egypt in 1855, which, *pax* Mr. Farnell, can scarcely be called "recently," is given entire), Alcaeus, Sappho, Stesichorus, Ibycus, Anacreon, Simonides, Timocreon, and

Bacchylides. There are also the detached writings of Pindar, and a number of skolia and other slighter productions by various hands. The scanty details relating to the lives of the poets are neatly summarised in short and well-written biographies. In point of criticism, Mr. Farnell seems to us a little hard upon Alcaeus when he says that he thinks "modern readers will fail to find in his fragments poetry of the highest order." The small quantity of his work that remains scarcely justifies any generalisation; but we find the highest qualities, if not elsewhere, at all events in the stasiotikon beginning *ἀσυνέτημι τῶν ἀνέμων στάσις*; and what could be more beautiful than the line—

ἰόπλοκ' ἄγνα μελλίχμοιδα Σάπφοι—

even if the other half of the couplet (as put together by Bergk) must be ascribed to a different hand? Of Sappho herself Mr. Farnell writes temperately and; generously and as regards the question of her private morality, and the wranglings of Wolcker and Colonel Mure over a somewhat unsavoury subject, he keeps a dignified silence. "What concerns us in this and similar instances is not so much the morality of the writer's sentiments as their poetic depth and value." In that dictum we heartily and unaffectedly concur.

The book is adorned by five wood-cuts from Greek vase-paintings bearing upon the text, of which the third, depicting Eros as described in the lyric poets, is perhaps the most interesting. For so comprehensive a work it is remarkably free from misprints. Outside the list of *corrigenda* we have only noted one, though doubtless others exist. The skolion of Pindar to Theoxenos of Tenedos should be numbered ix., not xi. The indexes, both of subjects and Greek words and phrases, are good and complete.

H. F. WILSON.

SOME BOOKS ON GEOMETRY.

Euclid's Elements of Geometry. Books III., IV. By H. M. Taylor. (Cambridge: Pitt Press.)

Text-Book of Geometrical Deductions. Book I. By J. Blaikie and W. Thomson. (Longmans.)

Foundations of Geometry. By E. T. Dixon. (Deighton, Bell & Co.)

THE second instalment of Mr. Taylor's edition of Euclid's *Elements* contains the third and fourth Books. It is generally acknowledged by teachers of geometry that the third is for learners the easiest of Euclid's Books, and at the same time the least satisfactory in its treatment. It is probable that Mr. Taylor agrees with the latter part of this opinion, for he has made considerable change in the arrangement of the earlier propositions, and in the statement of some of the definitions. For example, the first and second of Euclid's propositions are the fifth and sixth of Mr. Taylor's; Euclid's seventh and eighth are broken up into four parts, and three or four others are relegated to the rank of corollaries. These changes, while they may cause some embarrassment to teachers brought up to consider Euclid's sequence as sacred, will cause none, of course, to those who read Euclid for the first time; and it must be said that they are all, or nearly all, improvements. To signalise only one of the benefits resulting from the rearrangement, young learners have no longer to

encounter in the diagrams any of those misshapen circles which at once offend their eye, and lead them to fancy that geometers are trifling with their notions of what a circle is. It is also to be noted that Mr. Taylor is more precise in his terminology than Euclid and most of Euclid's editors; the word "circle," for instance, he uses uniformly to denote the curved line, and not the figure bounded by it. From the thirteenth proposition to the end of the Book the received text has not been much altered except in four places—the eighteenth proposition, the twenty-seventh, the twenty-ninth, and the thirty-sixth. The fourth Book, with one or two slight changes, is substantially as Euclid left it. Throughout the volume useful notes and corollaries are appended to several of the propositions, and some additional theorems are inserted. The important theorem known as Ptolemy's, which Robert Simson incorporated in his edition as VI. D, Mr. Taylor says *he* has been bold enough to insert as proposition 37 B of Book III., prefacing it by another theorem which appears as 37 A. In this rearrangement Mr. Taylor has the countenance of Thomas Simpson, in whose *Elements of Plane Geometry* (1747) the theorem holds a corresponding place. The appendix to the third Book gives the simpler properties of pole and polar, radical axis, and the theorems of the nine-point circle, and the pedal or Wallace line.

The Text-Book of Geometrical Deductions, by Messrs. Blaikie and Thomson, forms a useful supplement to any of the numerous editions of Euclid's *Elements* which have been published for school purposes. Its aim is to provide a method by which the art of solving geometrical deductions or riders may be systematically taught. It consists of two chapters, the first on theorems, the second on problems. These chapters are divided into sections; and corresponding to each section in the first chapter there is indicated the amount of bookwork assumed to be known before the deductions given in the section can be solved. Each section begins with a deduction, often a standard theorem which does not occur in Euclid, whose solution is developed at length; this is followed by other deductions, to which diagrams and hints for solution are supplied, and a few deductions are left to the unaided efforts of the learner. In the second chapter the bookwork necessary for the solution of the problems is not specified, but general methods (which may be indicated by the phrases, intersection of loci, analysis and synthesis, reduction to a simpler case) are explained by the help of illustrative examples. There is an appendix, consisting of the enunciations of the propositions and corollaries of Euclid's first Book and references to the standard theorems. The book contains more than 500 exercises, which are carefully selected and graduated; it abounds in excellent diagrams, and, regard being had to the extent of ground it covers, is the best we have on the subject.

In the preface to his *Foundations of Geometry*, Mr. Dixon states that he believes the system he has set forth to be logically sound, and that consequently the more it is discussed, the more firmly will it become established. He therefore invites criticism of his views, and specifies certain questions for his opponents in argument to consider categorically. He also states that as his book is intended for the study of geometers, he has not entered upon the question whether beginners could readily be brought to understand it or not, but he does not doubt that it could be drummed into the head of the average schoolboy as easily as Euclid. In this opinion few teachers of geometry will, we suspect, be found to concur. As to the logical soundness of the views set

forth, it is not so easy to form an opinion. Mr. Dixon has raised a host of controversial points, philosophical as well as mathematical; and any adequate discussion of them would require a pamphlet instead of a few lines. It must suffice to say that this attempt to relay the foundations of geometry is a serious one, the outcome of much thought and acuteness, and worthy of attentive consideration. Most of the remarks which follow are not a critical discussion of Mr. Dixon's views, but merely a succinct statement of some of them, as far as possible in his own words.

The book consists of three parts: (1) On the logical status of the science of geometry; (2) a subjective theory of geometry deduced from the two fundamental concepts, position and direction; (3) on the applicability of the foregoing subjective geometry to the geometry of material space. After criticising in some detail Euclid's definitions and axioms, Mr. Dixon affirms that the fundamental misconception of Euclid and of nearly all subsequent geometers is that they regard the conception of space as a fundamental attribute of the human mind. In Mr. Dixon's view the conception of space is not a fundamental one at all, but those of position and direction are more fundamental than it. What explanation, then, can be given of position and direction? Here we come to Part II.

"Implicit definition of position:

"(a) A position may be conceived to be indicated by a portion of matter, called a point, which is so small that for the purpose in hand variations of position within it may be neglected.

"(b) But a position is not the same thing as a point, for a point may be conceived to move, that is, to change its position, whereas to talk of a position as moving, is a contradiction in terms.

"Implicit definition of direction:

"(a) A direction may be conceived to be indicated by naming two points, as the direction from one to the other.

"(b) If a point move from a given position constantly in a given direction, there is only one path or series of positions along which it can pass.

"(c) If the direction from A to B is the same as the direction from B to C, that from A to C is also that same direction.

"(d) If two untermated straight lines which intersect are each intersected by a third straight line in two separate points, any untermated straight line extending in the same direction as this last one, which intersects one of the two former, shall also intersect the other.

Mr. Dixon then explains what he means by dependent and independent directions, and by help of these terms gives definitions of line, surface, space. Parallel he defines as equivalent to extending in the same direction. It will thus be seen that direction holds a prominent place in Mr. Dixon's system; and if readers are satisfied with his definition of it, Mr. Dixon may be said to have gained his case. Part II. consists of two books, the first, containing 23 propositions, on straight lines and angles, the second, containing 17 propositions, on planes and space. It is a distinctive feature of Mr. Dixon's method that he does not separate the text into plane and solid geometry. Of these 40 propositions, 26 have their equivalents in the first or the eleventh Book of Euclid, the others have not.

In the first chapter of Part III., Mr. Dixon says that a rooted prejudice exists, not only among the ordinary public, but even more among geometers, against what they call geometry of four dimensions, but which he calls geometry of four independent directions. "If therefore," he adds, "any of my readers is of opinion" that a fourth dimension

is *a priori* inconceivable, the remainder of this book is not for him; if he reads it and thinks it transcendental folly, let him at least not presume to criticise what, by his own confession, he does not understand."

J. S. MACKAY.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTES ON SOME PĀLI AND JAINA-PRĀKRIT WORDS.

Deobam School, Essex.

(1) *Tādin* = *tāyin*.

"Uvānīyatarassa *tāino* bhayamānassa vivik-kam āsanam
sāmāyām āhu tassa jam jo appāna bhaena
dānisae?"

(Sūyagadāngasutta i. 2, 3, § 17, p. 132.)

Of this very excellent holy sage, frequenting a sequestered seat, all declare the virtuous conduct, who then would show himself with fear (in his presence, since there is no harm in him?)

Tāino is explained in the commentary by "*tāyinaḥ parātmopakārināḥ trāyino vā.*"

Sāmāyika (= *sāmāyika*) is glossed by *cāritra*. Dr. Hoernle, who renders it by "inward peace," has a long note on this word in the *Uvāsagadasāo* (i. 5, 3, p. 31). He says that the logical outcome of the scholiast's explanation of the term "is that *sāmāyika* is the same as *saṃatva* or *sāmya*. . . Etymologically the word is always derived by means of the *vriddhi* suffix *ika* from the compound of *sama* ('equal') and *āyu* ('gain, profit')." *Sāmāyika* appears, however, to be a derivative of *saṃaya* ("religious obligation"). The noun *sāmāyika* does not occur in Pāli in the sense of *cāritra*; but we have the use of an adjective formed (by double *vriddhi*) from *saṃaya* in Milinda-pañha (p. 305): "*Sāmāyikam maraṇam upagato*" = "samaye maraṇam upagato."

"Kujāe aparāḷie* jaho akkhehim kusalehim
divayam †
kaḍam evam gahāyano kaḷim no tiyam no ceva
dāvaram †
Evam loḡammi tāinā buie je dhamme anut-tare
tam giṇha hiyam ti uttamam kaḍam iva sesa
vahiya paṃdie."

(Ib. i. 2, 3, vv. 22, 23, p. 136.)

As a gambler, not beaten (at play), playing skilfully with dice, having thus got the lucky throw, (takes) no tray nor deuce, so do thou take that highest good, the law declared by the all-knowing sage to be unrivalled in the world, just as the clever (dicer takes) the winning die, rejecting all else.

The commentators explain *tāinā* by "*tāyinaḥ trāyivā vā*," as well as by *sarvajñena*.

The form *tāyin* occurs in Buddhist Sanskrit; and Prof. Kern has pointed out that the word is common in the "Lotus." He was the first to see its radical connexion with the Pāli *tādin*. "As *tāyana* (Pāṇini i. 3, 38) is explained to have the meaning of thriving, prospering, it may be supposed that *tāyin*, on the strength of its derivation, denotes thriving, prosperous, mighty, holy, as well as making prosperous, blessing, sanctifying. Burnouf derives it from

* Cf. Pāli akkha-parājita.

† Cf. Pāli dibbati and jūtam kīṭṭum (Jāt. iii., p. 188).

‡ The metre of this line is faulty; as *kaḍam* signifies "the lucky die" marked with four spots (cataska), *kaḷim*, "the unlucky die," is quite inadmissible here (cf. Pāli kataggaha and kalaggaha in *Journal of Pāli Text Society* for 1887, p. 159; see also Majjhima Nikāya, i., pp. 403, 407). The last line of this gāthā is incorrect: but it cannot be amended without leaving out *sesa(m) pahāya* (a mere gloss?), and reading *kaḍam se iva paṃdie*.

§ The commentators say he rejects the *trika*, *dvika*, and *ekaka*.

a supposed Sanskrit *trāyin*, and translates it by 'protector.' It is indeed by no means unlikely that *tāyin* was used synonymously with 'nātha' or 'nāyaka'; but it seems not necessary to derive it from *trāyate*" (see *Saddharmā-pundarika*, S. B. E., p. 25).

Prof. Kern has also noticed the false reading *tāpin* for "*tāyin*" which has found its way into some Sanskrit dictionaries. In *Divyāvadāna*, p. 392, l. 4, we find *tāpitā* glossed in the Index of Words "roused," "converted," as if it were the passive participle of the causal of *tap*:

"Udrakārādakā nāma rishayosmin tapovane
adhigatācāryasattvena puruṣhendrena *tā-pitā*."

We ought to read *tāyina*; for *tāpitā* is not in adjectival relation to the subject of the sentence; and in Buddhist phraseology *tāpita* never has the meaning of "roused" or "converted."

The prose passage has the following:

"Asmin praḍeḷe Bodhisattvo rājñā Bimbisārenārddharājyenopanimantritaḥ | asmin praḍeḷe Arāḍodrakam abhigataḥ."

Here we see that *adhigata* = *abhigata*, and that *tāyina* is to be taken with *ācāryasattvena* and *puruṣhendrena*.

The Buddhist-Sanskrit *tāyin* may be referred to a root *tāy* (1) extender, auger; (2) tueri, servare, which seems related to the root *tā*, "to stretch."

But *tāyin* may be a prakritised form of an original *tādin*. Childers derives the Pāli *tādi* from Sanskrit *tādriḥ*, which, however, does not give us a stem *tādin*. He thinks the primary meaning was "such," "like that," then "like that Buddha," holy, tranquil, firm. The form *tādi* (gen. *tādino*) is old (see Thera Gāthā, 878, 905, 1067), and cannot well be connected with *tādriḥ*, either in form or meaning. There seems to have been in Pāli two forms, *tādi* and *tādi* (= "*tādin*"), the latter of which has puzzled the commentators. (See Thera Gāthā, 1096.)

As the Jaina-prākṛit *tāyin* is probably connected with *√tā*, so *tādin* may be derived from *tād*, an extension of the same root. Vanček connects with *√tad* (= "tan"), the Doric *ἐν-τὰδες* (Theoc. 7, 42), "*intente*, sorgfaltig, mit Vorbedacht, absichtlich."

R. MORRIS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

Two lectures in commemoration of the birth of Michael Faraday will be delivered this month at the Royal Institution: the first, by Lord Raleigh, on Wednesday next, June 17, at 4 p.m., when the Prince of Wales has promised to be present; the second, by Prof. Dewar, on Friday, June 26, at 9 p.m.

At the meeting of the Royal Statistical Society, to be held on Tuesday next, June 16, at 7.45 p.m., in the lecture-room of the Museum of Practical Geology, Jermyn-street; Mr. Noel A. Humphreys, secretary of the Census office, will read a paper on "Results of the Recent Census, and Recent Death-rates in the Largest English Towns."

Pantobiblon: International Bibliographical Review of the World's Scientific Literature. Edited by A. Kersha. (St. Petersburg: Fontanka; London: Sonnenschein.) This is the first number of a monthly periodical, conducted by a Russian civil engineer, the aim of which is to supply a classified bibliography of publications concerned with the applied sciences in all the countries of the world. The first number contains the titles of about 1200 books, arranged under twenty-nine different headings; reviews of about 80 more important books; and a summary of the contents of 270 periodicals. The whole forms a volume of about 300 pages, closely printed in double columns. Mr. Kersha

* Prof. Cayley, in his presidential address to the British Association, remarks: "It may be at once admitted that we cannot conceive of a fourth dimension of space."

has paid England the compliment of giving both his title-page and his preface in English, and in English alone; the headings are in Russian, English, French, and German; but the main contents show examples of all the languages of Europe. Whether such an enterprise is capable of being continued on such a comprehensive scale month by month, we do not know; but the present instalment is certainly a proof of marvellous linguistic attainments and infinite perseverance. It is noteworthy that it is issued in this country by the publishers of *The Best Books*.

MR. J. W. TUTT, editor of *The Entomologist's Record*—a monthly periodical, now in its second year, which is devoted to the recording of curious entomological facts mainly relating to the variation of insects—has now advanced one stage further in his laborious task, by collecting into a volume (Sonnenschein) all the evidence relating to the variation of British Noctuae. In a learned Introduction he discusses the causes which produce variation in lepidoptera, an interesting subject in connexion with natural selection generally, about which we have much yet to learn. Then follows a description of the varieties of each species of Noctuae, arranged in the order of their families, &c., with varietal names. The painstaking elaboration of the work may be judged from the fact that Mr. Tutt enumerates as many as twenty-seven varieties of the three species of *Miana*, of which twelve have been observed and named by himself; while of the closely-allied species of *Apamea didyma* he gives fifteen varieties, not counting intermediate forms. Of this species he possesses in his own cabinet a series of no less than 200 specimens. We trust that Mr. Tutt will receive sufficient encouragement from entomologists to carry his undertaking to a successful conclusion.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

PROF. WEBER, of Berlin, is issuing a protest, in the name of the leading members of the last Congress of Orientalists, against Dr. Leitner's Congress. The title of the pamphlet is *Quousque tandem*.

PROF. WINDISCH, of Leipzig, the distinguished Vedic, Pali, and Celtic scholar, has been elected an honorary member of the Philological Society. The new part of his *Irische Texte* comprises:—(1) Three Middle-Irish Treatises on Metres, edited, with Notes, by Prof. Thurneysen, from MSS. in Dublin and the Bodleian; (2) The Story of the Ordeals, Cormac's Adventure in the Land of Promise, and the Decision as to Cormac's Sword, edited, with an English Translation, by Mr. Whitley Stokes, from the Book of Ballymote and the Yellow Book of Lecan; and (3) The *Cophur in dá muceido*, edited, with a German version, by Prof. Windisch himself, from Egerton MS., 1782, and the Book of Leinster.

THE "Constitution of Athens" is still the chief subject of attention in the *Classical Review* (David Nutt), though we find no reference to the German treatise noticed in the ACADEMY of last week, nor to an elaborate review that recently appeared in the *New York Nation*. To the June number Mr. F. G. Kenyon himself sends a list of nearly forty passages, in which a fresh revision of the MS. has established readings different from those given in the printed text, or has made it possible to fill up lacunae which were there left blank or only tentatively supplied. Mr. J. W. Headlam adduces evidence in support of Aristotelian authorship, from the avoidance of hiatus; while Mr. Herbert Richards collects examples of un-Aristotelian words and usages. Further textual

criticism is contributed by Messrs. W. Wyse, E. S. Thompson, and J. R. Whardale. It is also pointed out by C. S. that an ostrakon is preserved which had been used in the ostracism of Xanthippos. Among the other contents of the same number, we may mention an elaborate description of the harbours of Carthage, by Mr. Cecil Torr, as the result of a recent visit; a learned article on sonant *z*, by Mr. F. G. Plaistowe; a fresh discussion of the vexed question of the difference between the Synoptic Gospels and John in fixing the hour of the crucifixion; and a review of recent French books on palaeography, by Dr. E. Maunde Thompson.

La Littérature Grecque. Par Émile Egger. (Paris: Picard.) This is a selection from M. Émile Egger's minor writings, made in part by himself, and published by his sons. M. Egger's reputation rests upon a solid basis of other work; but the present collection will not do much to increase that reputation. The publication of essays so slight as most of these are is a cruel kindness to a man's memory. They were good in their day, chiefly as spoken addresses, and did good service; but few of them deserve republication. They do not form anything like a history of Greek literature, but are disconnected, and merely grouped under literary heads, as *The Theatre*, *History*, or *The Orators*. Some of them are occasional pieces, *i.e.*, are indebted for their origin to circumstances of the moment; such as the paper on Literature at Athens in Wartime, which was delivered in Paris as a lecture on November 28, 1870, and which owes to the Siege of Paris some of its piquancy. The pen which wrote these essays was a skilful one, and knew how to avail itself of all that could make its topics interesting. The editors have chosen papers fitted to show M. Egger "sous son double aspect de professeur éloquent et d'académicien érudit," but the former aspect is the more distinct. The essays abound in general views, as on the influence which the importation of papyrus into Greece must have exerted upon the letters and the science of that country; and they are not always free from mistakes, as when Melos before 416 B.C. is spoken of as one of the subjects of Athens appealing to Sparta for help in recovering its independence (p. 237). M. Egger is perhaps seen at his best in the French translations from Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon. But there are many good things of his own in the book, too. For instance:

"La Némésis, pour nous, c'est une furie armée du fouet de la satire. La Némésis, pour les anciens, est une divinité plus calme, plus sévère; c'est la déesse des compensations et des répartitions" (p. 41).

"Les Grecs n'ont ni moins erré, ni plus cruellement souffert de leur fautes que les peuples modernes; mais ils ont décrit et expliqué leurs propres misères avec une lucidité de raison, avec une éloquence qui ont vraiment fait d'eux les immortels instituteurs du genre humain" (p. 241).

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

ELIZABETHAN SOCIETY.—(Wednesday, June 3.)

JAMES ERNEST BAKER, Esq., in the chair.—Mr. W. H. Cowham read a paper on "Marlowe's Doctor Faustus." The play of Faustus holds a unique position in the history of the English drama. It may be compared to a glass prism, focussing the colourless light on one side and transmitting the spectrum on the other. The white light is the representative of the preceding drama, the miracle and mystery plays, the spectrum of the glorious wealth of Elizabethan drama which takes its rise with Marlowe. The story of Faustus most probably became known to Marlowe through an English translation of the Volksbuch, published by Spiers, at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, in 1587. An English company of actors, which played

Faustus at Grätz in 1608 may perhaps have had a part in introducing the story to the notice of Marlowe. From the sixth century the idea of a man selling his soul to the devil in consideration for unlimited power to be exercised for a certain period has been very popular. Faustus is an undoubted historic personage, although much controversy might be waged about him. He is alluded to by many writers of note, including Melancthon and Luther. The play is a dramatic poem rather than a drama. It presents many points of resemblance to the old morality plays, as in the dialogues between Faustus and Good and Evil Angels, the procession of the Seven Deadly Sins, the appearances of the Devils, and the Old Man who flees to prayer when assaulted by the evil spirits. Dramatically, the work is weak, both in characterisation, in plot, and in action. Against these defects may be set, first, the great dramatic force of some of the speeches; secondly, the artistic and moral truth of what little plot there is; and, thirdly, the beauty of the language. Faustus himself, the only interesting character, is a personification rather than a person. He belongs to that category of lust, of which Tamburlaine and Barabas are the other members. The great point of interest to critics is the authorship of the comic scenes. The earliest known edition, published in 1604, has a few very poor prose scenes, more pantomimic than dramatic. Two entries in Henslowe's Diary speak of additions to the play before this date. Therefore, say the great majority of critics, these additions must be the comic scenes, because they are so bad that Marlowe could not have written them. This assumption, followed to its conclusion, would lead to the further proposition that Marlowe never wrote a prose scene in his life, as there is not one good one in all his works. Again, Marlowe is distinctly lacking in humour, and that is the great defect of these "comic" scenes. The critics above mentioned must assume that lack of humour is incompatible with lyric and dramatic genius. There only remains, then, the entries in Henslowe's Diary, which, if that volume were above suspicion, would be conclusive. But here one reads that Dekker added to the play, and anything more unlike Dekker's work could not be imagined. The price paid to Bride and Rowley, *viz.*, £4, was far more than Henslowe was likely to have paid for the comic scenes in the edition of 1604, and one cannot assume that they wrote any of the verse. Their additions, it seems very possible, were the extensive new scenes in the edition of 1616. The simplest and most satisfactory position seems to be that whether Marlowe wrote these scenes or not, there is nothing to determine.—The paper was followed by a discussion, which was opened by the chairman, and continued by Mr. Frederick Rogers, Mr. H. Hunt, Mr. T. Adamson, and other members and friends of the society.

FINE ART.

EARLY ENGLISH MASTERS AT
DOWDESWELLS.

THIS small exhibition, composed mostly of small works by those who are now called the Early English Masters, or the "Old Masters of England," reminds one, among other things, of the many excellent English painters who are at present unrepresented in the National Gallery. We are going to mend all this, we know, with a great gallery at South Kensington or elsewhere; but, meanwhile, we wish there were some chance of securing for the nation a few of those fine pictures, daily increasing in value, by English artists who worked at the end of the last and the beginning of the present century. That the public appreciation for them is tolerably keen, the little tickets inscribed with the magic word "Sold" attest on many a frame at Messrs. Dowdeswells', whose collection, small as it is, contains the names of several artists that will be sought for in vain at Trafalgar-square.

There are, for instance, to be seen here a very fine example of George Chambers worthy

to hang with any sea piece by any master, ancient or modern; several Vincents, one of which at least—"A View of Norwich" (77)—we should like to steal for patriotic purposes; a beautiful little De Wint; and not to mention one or two more, a John Robert Cozens, a master scarcely known as a painter in oil, which though a little rubbed in parts, retains still enough rare beauty of colour to show that he should be added to Mr. Orrock's list of water-colour painters who deserve to be ranked among the best of our landscape painters in oil. Passing by such names as Ibbetson, Stannard, and "Jock" Wilson, we come to others who, though represented in the National Gallery, are better represented here—John Sell Cotman, for instance, by whom are five small oil pictures, most of which are at least better than the poor example in Trafalgar-square—and two are excellent and characteristic works. "The Harbour" (No. 6) is distinguished by the breadth and richness of its colour—a harmony of reds—water, boat, and shore dyed deeply with the hues of sunset. Nor of Bonington does the nation possess any example of so fine a quality as the "Houffleur" (141); and it is impossible not to wish that that fine colourist and thoroughly English painter, George Morland, could be represented in the national collection by some other picture than the "Interior of a Stable," although that is indeed a masterpiece. We should like to see on each side of it some of those examples of his free and juicy brush, which make one of Messrs. Dowdeswells' walls like a bouquet of colour. Specially fine examples of the master are "The Sleeping Shepherd" (110), and "Washing Day" (118). Here also are a fine early Turner, "Dunstanboro' Castle" (31), a number of "old" Cromes, somewhat various in quality, but including two or three fine ones like the "Mousehold House" (55a), worthy to rank with the "Chapel Fields" in the National Gallery, and the very luminous and beautiful "Return of the Flock" (48); some interesting small Gainsboroughs, including his portraits of Sir Richard Neave, painted at Bath (small and highly finished), and General Wolfe; two Glovers, one (65) important chiefly from its size, and another (66) which shows the artist at his best; a simple and impressive Barker, of Bath, "A View in Italy" (72); a Wilson of the finest quality, "The Lake of Nemi" (68), fresh and brilliant in colour; and several admirable little Starks and Müllers.

We might add to the list, but enough has been said to show that the collection is well worth a visit from all who are interested in their country's art.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

MR. COCKS'S SCANDINAVIAN EXHIBITION.

THE exhibition of antiquities and ethnological objects from Norway, Finland, and Lapland, gathered by Mr. Alfred Henneage Cocks, of Marlow, continues on exhibition at the rooms of the Archaeological Institute, Oxford-mansions, near Oxford-circus.

Mr. Cocks, having spent some years in these northern countries, has become well acquainted with the dialects, and consequently has been able to associate with and collect from the peasant proprietors. From Norway are arrow heads and lance heads, and the contents of some barrows. The burials were by cremation, the corpse being laid on or covered by a bear-skin. One find, a gridiron-looking object, is supposed to have been used when "burning the water" for salmon spearing. The "prim stav" calendars of wood, dating from the sixteenth century, are extremely interesting, reminding us of Robinson Crusoe's plan for marking time. On these the

year is divided into winter and summer, one half being on either side the stave. These should be seen and examined. Then there are fine examples of the hand mangle, in Norwegian "fjoel," also dating from the sixteenth century. These things, handsomely carved, are in shape like a large plane as used by carpenters, and were used in the same manner. A curious and remarkable old deed box (No. 115 in the catalogue), will bear examination. Several "beer troughs," large and small, testify to the northern customs, as also a punch-bowl, bearing a runic inscription, translated: "Let me drink: the toast go round: till I reach my proper bound." A series of photographs well shows the various types of the inhabitants.

But the prominent and most valuable objects of this exhibition are the tapestry counterpanes. The oldest known piece is from Thelemarken, dated 1575, and the manufacture ceased about 1720. Ten examples are shown, the Parable of the Wise and Foolish Virgins being the commoner subject. The Visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon is very good, the colours being quite bright and fresh. Solomon is represented in trunk hose and high boots. Another example represents Herodias' daughter dancing at Herod's feast. These counterpanes, being hung round the walls, can be seen well and in a good light.

A small charge is made for admission, but an excellent catalogue, now in the second edition, is provided gratis.

ART SALES.

THE last picture which William Mulready ever painted—it is called "The Toy-Seller"—was bought at the Matthews' sale, last Saturday, by Mr. Henry Doyle, for the Irish National Gallery, where, alike because of its excellence and of the fact that its author was an Irishman, it cannot fail to be much appreciated. The price paid for it was only a little over £300, whereas at the sale which took place after Mulready's death, in 1862, it had fetched £1097. Nor do these prices indicate the limits within which it has ranged, for it is understood that the sum paid for it by Mr. Matthews was greatly in excess of the larger of the two sums which we have named. The low price last Saturday must have had about it something of the nature of a happy accident; for while the works of several of Mulready's contemporaries have justly depreciated in money value, there is no cause, and, indeed, no general indication, of a like falling off in work which is from Mulready's hand. The man was too fine a draughtsman for this—and at a time when fine draughtsmanship was comparatively rare. He was too fine a colourist—and at a time when we were relatively poor in that which has generally been a rich endowment of our British School.

They have been selling during the present week, at Christie's, an important collection of the favourite mezzotints after Sir Joshua Reynolds, formed during many years by Dr. Edward Hamilton, whose Catalogue of the engravings after our most popular master of portraiture has long constituted him an authority on Reynolds and the men who reproduced his art.

THE TOMB OF "ARISTOTLE."

WE quote the following from the *Times* :—

"Before a brilliant audience at the Royal Institution on Tuesday evening, June 2, Dr. Charles Waldstein delivered a lecture on his recent discoveries at Eretria, in the island of Euboea. Among them stands foremost a tomb of great magnitude and splendour, which—by a process of subtle inference, from data which, taken singly, might appear minute or insignificant, but assume

a new aspect when they are found to be interdependent and to converge to a common centre—he is led to believe to be that of the great philosopher Aristotle. Dr. Waldstein contributed a short account of his discoveries to the *Nineteenth Century* for May, which may be said to be only of a preliminary character, and in which he confined himself mainly to a narrative of the excavations, and to the negative aspects of the question and the objections which might fairly be urged against the hypothesis that on this spot were interred the philosopher's remains. In the meantime Dr. Waldstein has incessantly been engaged in literary and epigraphical researches, to enable him to arrive at a final conclusion on the subject. These investigations are not yet completed; and he hopes to ransack all the principal libraries in Europe, in search of literary or other *indicia* which may go to support or destroy the theory.

"It should be premised that Dr. Waldstein went to Eretria with no thought of such a discovery. He knew that it was a place of great historical importance and antiquity, and he knew also that there were dispersed among the clandestine dealers in antiquities at Athens many objects which could be traced to that ancient city, so familiar to students of Herodotus and Thucydides. Even if it be found that the explorer is mistaken, there can be no doubt of the great value and interest of the ancient remains which have been disinterred, and of the light which they reflect on an interesting period of Hellenic history and culture. It would be remembered, he said, that Eretria and Chalcis were the two great commercial cities of Euboea, and every reader of Thucydides was familiar with the rivalry which so long subsisted between Eretria and Athens. Its position was on the Euripus, with a beautiful hilly landscape behind and the mountains of Attica opposite on the other side of the channel. Especial attention was drawn to Eretria by the discovery at Chalcis, in 1869, of a long inscription referring to the former city, the date of which lay between the years 340 and 278 B.C. This document embodied a formal contract for the execution of a work resembling that which, in our own times, has been done by the Bedford Level Commissioners. It recited that an engineer, Chaerephanes by name, contracted with the Eretrians to drain their marshes. He was himself to bear the cost of the work, on condition that he was to be allowed to cultivate the reclaimed land for ten years at an annual rental of 30 talents, or about £7000. The work was to be completed in four years. In case of war the ten years' lease was to be prolonged by a like period. There were also provisions for the compensation of persons whose land might be taken for the making of reservoirs or sluices; and the concession was to continue in the heirs of Chaerephanes, and the latter was to find sureties for the due execution of the works. This was one of the many indications of the richness of Euboea as a field for archaeological research, and would be found to have an incidental bearing upon the question at issue.

"At the beginning of the present year Dr. Waldstein, having obtained a concession from the Greek authorities, proceeded from Athens to Eretria for the purpose of digging out tombs, and in particular of discovering, if he could, the temple of Artemis Amarysia. As is well known, the Greeks were in the habit of burying their dead outside the city walls, and at Eretria there was a continuous succession of graves running in different directions from the ancient city. These graves were of different periods, some as late as the Roman period, and many of the persons buried were foreigners. Out of twenty-six inscriptions, he found that no fewer than eight referred to strangers and sojourners in the land. In the course of his excavations he came upon the most beautiful of all the family tombs which had yet been discovered. The lecturer had described the difficulties which he encountered in the labour of excavation in the article above referred to, and, in fact, he and his associates had three times to give up the attempt. In the course of his narrative he gave an interesting account of Greek writing materials—*μύλαν γραφικὴν*, for ink, *καλαμὸς γραφικὸς*, a pen—being the materials used for permanent records on papyrus; while the *στυλὸς* or *γραφὴς* was the stylus used for writing notes of transient importance on waxed tablets. He had already in the article referred to described

the statuettes and ornaments and other things, including the only extant metal pen, so far as he knew, which had been found in Greece.

"As before mentioned, Dr. Waldstein, in his contribution to the *Nineteenth Century*, had dealt in a sceptical spirit with his own discovery. On Tuesday evening he argued the affirmative side of the question, and indicated the considerations which induced him to believe that in the family tomb which he had discovered once reposed the Stagiritic remains. According to the best authorities, Aristotle died at Chalcis in 322 B.C., of disease in the stomach at the age of sixty-three years. The stories that he committed suicide by drinking hemlock and that he drowned himself in the Euripus, in consequence of disappointment at not being able to discover the cause of the ebb and flow of the tide, were both discredited by Zeller and the best authorities. But, it would be asked, as he died at Chalcis, how came he to be buried at Eretria, which was some twelve miles distant from the city of Chalcis? One answer to this objection was that in the Macedonian period the name Chalcis was sometimes used for the whole island of Euboea, so completely had it eclipsed its former rival Eretria. Strabo described Chalcis as τὰ πρῶτα καὶ μητρόπολις of Euboea. He then said, διενερέει δ' ἡ Ἐρέτρια. Thus, the statement that Aristotle died at Chalcis was not inconsistent with his having been buried at Eretria. Further, from the will of Aristotle himself, as published in Diogenes Laertius, it was to be inferred that the philosopher's house was not in the city, but in the country. By that will, which was a most interesting document, he gives his second wife, Herpyllis, a choice of residence; ἐὼν δὲ ἐν Χαλκίδι βούληται οἰκεῖν τὸν ξενῶνα πρὸς τῇ κήρῳ, ἢ ἐν τῇ Σταγείρῳ τῇ πατρὶος οἰκίᾳ. Now, it was well ascertained, first, that the term ξενῶν, or guests' quarters, was at this date applied not to a part of the principal residence, but to a separate house on a gentleman's estate. Thus, in this instance, if the widow elected to live in Euboea, the ξενῶν would be the dower house. Next, it was not customary in Aristotle's time to have gardens in a city, and it was Epicurus who first, in the year 308, attached a garden to an urban residence. Thus the words πρὸς τῇ κήρῳ indicated that the house was in the country. It was noticeable, also, that the contract to which he had referred, though it was to be performed at Eretria, was found at Chalcis; and other similar inscriptions dealing with Eretrian affairs had been discovered at Chalcis and not at Eretria. Again, it was known that Eretria was a philosophic centre; Menodorus, the philosopher, lived there, and the place was also visited by Phaedon. It might, in fact, be regarded as a literary suburb of Chalcis. Then the will contained instructions for the philosopher's burial. In effect, he said, "Bury me where you like. But take up the bones of my first wife and put them in the grave with me." Now, it was clear from the excavations that the tomb was a family grave; and from the will it was apparent that Aristotle would be the first occupant. There was architectural evidence that the particular part of the mausoleum in which the head of the family reposed was built towards the close of the fourth century B.C. Of course the name Aristotle was not unique, and the inscription deciphered on the slab, Βίδη Ἀριστοτέλου, was not conclusive. But it was by no means so common as other Greek patronymies. There were about twenty Aristotles whose names were recorded in literature. But none of these was a Euboean, save one whom he found to be a Chalcidian. We were, moreover, in possession of details of Aristotle's family history. He was twice married, his first wife having been called Pythias and his second Herpyllis. He had two children, a son, Nicomachus, and a daughter Pythias. Nicomachus died without having been married, and Pythias was married three times. By Nicanor, her first husband, she had no children. To Procles, her second husband, who was a descendant of the Lacedaemonian king Demaratus, she bore two sons Procles and Demaratus. By Metrodorus, who was a physician, she had a son who also bore the name of Aristotle. The name was also found in inscriptions in Sicily, where there was a Chalcidian settlement, but it did not appear in Eretrian inscriptions earlier than the second century. In an Eretrian inscription of the second century he had deciphered about 1600 names, among which were found a Nicomachus and a Procles, but no Aristotle.

Now, it was an admissible hypothesis that the family of Pythias, one of whose sons was Aristotle, lived at Eretria or one of the cities of Euboea, because we had also the name of Procles in this inscription. This Aristotle, the son of Pythias, was mentioned in the will of Theophrastus, who was the successor in the Peripatetic School of Aristotle. A curious point arose in connexion with the inscription Βίδη Ἀριστοτέλου. The ordinary genitive of the word was Ἀριστοτέλους. The latter form was invariably found in inscriptions before 350 B.C. But from 350 to 300 the former began to prevail, and the German scholar Meisterhaus had discovered 39 instances of οὐ when οὐς might have been expected. After 300 the latter form was found exclusively on inscriptions. This inscription was assigned by the best epigraphical authorities to the third century B.C. Now, it was clear from an examination of the remains that the principal grave, which was shown by the strigil to be that of a male, belonged to an earlier period than the adjoining graves. This Biote might, from the genitive which follows, have been either the wife or the daughter of Aristotle, the philosopher's grandson. In addition to the inferences which might be drawn from the circumstances which he had mentioned, there were others to be derived from the study of iconography. There were a number of terra cotta statuettes in the grave. But one, in particular, was of a singular and striking character. These statuettes in tombs were known to have relation to and to be frequently descriptive of the persons interred; and this was immediately recognizable as a type of the statues of the fourth century B.C., known as those of philosophers and orators. The figure was draped and the hands folded at the side. The grave was clearly that of a person of great distinction. There was a gold diadem and a band of pure gold about 1½ inches wide, with repoussé patterns fastened round the brow. Then at the head, where a portion of the skull remained, there was another diadem with leaves of conventional ivy attached to it; and there was also, as he had mentioned, a metal pen. Here, therefore, he had discovered a tomb belonging to a great family, the burying place of an eminent man, as was shown by the profusion of gold ornaments, and this man was a man of letters, as evidenced by the pen and styluses, and a philosopher, as indicated by the statuette. When to this was added the startling inscription which was disclosed in the adjoining space, the chain of historical and circumstantial evidence appeared to be almost irresistible.

"The lecturer concluded his discourse with an enunciation of the principles by which in researches of this character—according to the doctrine termed by the late Henry Bradshaw, "prince of librarians and bibliographers," the doctrine of equivalents—a date might be assigned to a book or a work of art by the concurrence of notes or indications which were independently known to have been prevalent at a particular period.

"The lecture was admirably illustrated from photographs taken for Dr. Waldstein by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Oswald."

CORRESPONDENCE.

A GALLIC FIND IN DENMARK.

Copenhagen, Denmark: June 7, 1891.

An antiquarian find, which will excite interest all over Europe, has lately been made in Rørmose peat-bog, near Høbro in Jutland, Aalborg Amt.

The objects are all of silver, the principal piece being a very large basin, on which have been fastened plates of silver hammered out with figures of men, women, and animals. The basin is twenty-six Danish inches in diameter, but scarcely eight inches high. One or two pieces are apparently wanting; but it is hoped they will turn up when the moss is minutely examined. The eye-holes of the figures are now empty, but have evidently been filled with coloured glass. One of the plates, which is nearly seventeen inches long, shows warriors with helmets and other ornaments. One figure is a god with a wheel at his side, and on another are two elephants. A third

shows a horned god in a sitting posture with his legs crossed orientalwise.

All these have apparently nothing to do with Northern mythology, as was at first supposed. The whole find has now reached the Danish National Museum, and we see that these pieces belong to the god-lore of the Gallic peoples. The god with the wheel, for instance, is the Gallic Sun-god. The whole is the work of a Gallic artist at that early period when the Roman and Gallic peoples first came in contact. Allowing time for these things to wander so far North, the date would seem to be, as regards Denmark, the first century before Christ. Other things belonging to this Gallic group have been found previously in this country. The total weight of precious metal hitherto exhumed is about twenty Danish pounds.

GEORGE STEPHENS.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE June exhibition of water-colour drawings and sketches by members of the Dudley Gallery Art Society will open next week at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.

MR. GEORGE ALLEN will have ready for publication next week a new edition of Mr. Ruskin's *Lectures on Architecture and Painting*, which has not been reprinted for thirty-six years. These lectures were originally delivered at Edinburgh in November 1853, and deal chiefly with mediæval architecture, with Turner and his works, and with Pre-Raphaelitism. The volume will be illustrated with an engraving on steel for frontispiece, and fourteen full-page woodcuts. A limited edition will be issued on large paper.

A VOLUME entitled *Letters to Living Artists* will be published next week by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The Letters are addressed to the President of the Royal Academy, Sir J. E. Millais, Messrs. G. F. Watts, W. P. Frith, E. Burne Jones, Alma Tadema, Walter Crane, H. S. Marks, E. J. Poynter, J. M. Whistler, &c.

MR. CECIL NICHOLSON writes from Paris: A group of American artists have opened an exhibition of their works at Durand Ruel's gallery in Paris. As at the two Salons, the visitor is struck with the want of originality in the works of American painters, who, with few exceptions, appear to be content with imitating, to the best of their ability, the *manière* of the French masters under whom they have studied. Among the 184 exhibits which, with a few bronzes and marbles, compose the American Exhibition, but few are worthy of more than passing notice. For instance, Mr. William Chase's full-length portrait of Mr. Whistler, painted *à la* Whistler; Messrs. Bridgman, Healy, Wyatt, Eaton, and Peixotto contribute several pleasing portraits; Mr. C. Pearce's two rustic scenes are charming; while among original subjects we noticed "An Ostrich Farm in South Africa," by Mrs. Nicholls, and a series of studies of East Indian life and scenery, by Mr. L. Weeks.

THE Académie des Inscriptions has nominated M. Enlart, of the School of Rome, to receive the grand medal awarded annually by the Société Centrale des Architectes Français to a member either of the School of Rome or of the School of Athens.

THE first part has just been published of the report on the excavations at Timgad in Algeria, conducted during the past ten years, chiefly by the late M. Duthoit. The report is written by MM. E. Boeswillwald and R. Cagnat. Timgad was the ancient Thamugadi; and its remains possess the peculiar interest that they show the

condition of the town exactly as it was when destroyed by the Moors in the seventh century, on the approach of a Byzantine army. Another unique feature is that all the public buildings were constructed at the same time and on a uniform plan, in the first half of the second century A.D., as is shown by the inscriptions. Great paved streets have been excavated, terminated at each end by triumphal arches, one of which is almost perfect; also the complete area of the forum, a theatre, and a curious market place.

MUSIC.

MUSIC OF THE WEEK.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS—or we might almost say Miss Eames—revived Gounod's "Mireille" on Wednesday evening at Covent Garden. It is now more than a quarter of a century since the work was produced at the Théâtre Lyrique, Paris; but the music has never really won the favour of the public—with exception, perhaps, of the famous Chanson de Magali from the second act. The charming Provençal idyll, "Mireio," by Mistral, attracted the composer, but the naïve village maiden and her rustic lover can scarcely be recognised when presented in operatic dress. Gounod felt—and indeed has acknowledged—the weakness of the libretto, and several attempts have been made to condense the opera and render it more attractive, but all to little purpose. It contains plenty of charming music and delicate orchestration, but after all it is only a concert of light music in disguise. Miss Eames in the title-role greatly distinguished herself: she has the best part in the work, and made the most of it. Her singing was excellent, and she showed more life in her acting. Miss Eames has rapidly made a name, but fully deserves the success she has obtained. M. Certe took M. Maurel's part at short notice, and acquitted himself well of his task. It was owing to this change at the last moment that the promised "Rhône" scene had to be abandoned. Mlle. Passama as Taven made a good impression, both as singer and actress. Mlle. Pinkert sang the pastoral air with taste. M. Lubert (as Vincent) showed to advantage, but we do not like the quality of his voice. M. Isnardon took the part of Maître Ramon. Sig. Bevigmani proved an efficient conductor. The opera was given in French.

Señor Leo de Silka gave his first pianoforte recital at St. James's Hall last Thursday week. His reading of two short Scarlatti pieces was commendable; but in his rendering of Schumann's "Études Symphoniques" and some Chopin solos—apart from some good though not always perfect technique—we could not perceive anything entitling him to rank among the great interpreters of the great masters. From what we heard, we should imagine that he would show to better advantage in music of a light character.

Señor Sarasate's third concert on Saturday afternoon drew a large audience; but there was nothing in the programme to call for detailed notice. He played magnificently; and his reading of Beethoven's Concerto, if not an ideal one, was in many respects admirable. Two pieces by Saint-Saëns were played to perfection, and his brilliant execution of the "Carmen" Fantasia resulted in four recalls and an encore.

Señor Albeniz gave another concert last Thursday week. His Chopin solos were well received. Herr J. Kruse was again the violinist, and was encored for his excellent rendering of Tartini's G minor Sonata. Miss Liza Lehmann sang with her usual success. There was a good attendance.

The third Richter concert, on Monday, was one of considerable interest. Beethoven's three "Leonore" Overtures were played in the order of their composition, apparently for the first time. Mendelssohn gave them at Leipzig in 1840, and Mr. Manns at the Palace in 1870; but on both those memorable occasions the historical succession was inaccurate. As a rule with Beethoven, a later work means a greater work. But in the third Leonore Overture the composer made no effort to surpass himself: he only undertook, in fact, to write for a performance of his opera at Prague "a new and less difficult" overture. It came as an anti-climax after the other two. Mendelssohn and Manns were artistically right in putting the last first. The performance of the first and second (popularly known as Nos. 2 and 3) under Dr. Richter was extremely grand. These were followed by the second and part of the third scene from "Tannhäuser," with Mr. E. Lloyd, who was in splendid voice, as Tannhäuser, and Mr. Max Heinrich as Wolfram. Then came the closing scene from Act I of "Siegfried." A less suitable excerpt could scarcely have been chosen from Wagner's tetralogy; every note of the music imperatively demands stage action. The programme ended with another anti-climax—Mozart's "Hafner" Symphony. A clever *pièce d'occasion*, written for a wedding festivity, sounded tame after the noble music and imposing orchestration of Beethoven and Wagner.

M. L. Dubouy made his *début* at Mr. Farley Sinkins' orchestral concert at St. James's Hall, on Tuesday afternoon. He played a Vieuxtemps Concerto with great technical skill and with taste. It was a clever performance, but there was too much straining after effect. M. Ernest de Munck gave a good, but mild, rendering of a Concerto of his own composition. Mr. Eugène Ondin was highly successful as the vocalist. The orchestra, under the direction of Mr. F. H. Cowen, played Overtures by Mendelssohn and Beethoven.

The Musical Guild gave its fourth and last concert at the Kensington Town Hall on Tuesday evening. The performances at these musical evenings, with one or two exceptions, have been given by students and ex-students of the Royal College of Music, and an enterprise so beneficial to rising artists well deserves the support of the public. So much music goes on in London that it is impossible to do justice to everything, and hitherto we have omitted to notice the Guild. At this closing concert Mr. Charles Wood's clever and characteristic Quintet in F for wood-wind and horn was well performed: this was the work which, a short time ago, gained a prize offered by the Wind Instrument Chamber Music Society. Mr. Leonard Borwick gave an energetic reading of Schumann's "Études Symphoniques," and after several recalls played a Liszt "Étude" in most finished style. Mr. Daniel Price sang Sullivan's "Thou'rt passing hence," with good taste and expression.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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LITERATURE.

Collingwood. By W. Clark Russell. (Methuen.)

THE splendour of the career of Nelson—in the opinion at least of most Englishmen—effaced that of many of the seamen of his time, and has nearly eclipsed that of his greatest colleague. Yet Collingwood had an individuality of his own; and, though he had qualities akin to some of Nelson's, he was a different naval chief from the first of admirals. In Collingwood we see, as well as in Nelson, professional skill of the very highest order, perfect confidence in the superiority of the fleets of England, a strong sense of duty, and the heroic nature. But Collingwood had not the inspiration of Nelson or the passionate ardour of that impulsive genius; and, though he commanded the respect of the men he led, he did not gain their devoted affection, and indeed, was not a popular or fortunate seaman. On the other hand, as was proved on one great occasion, Collingwood was more profound and sagacious than Nelson; he had a better judgment in affairs of state, which our admirals are often obliged to determine; and he had a more perfect intellectual training. As if, too, to complete the contrast, Nelson's private life was deplorably flawed: in this he had little principle, and was the slave of passion; the private life of Collingwood is one of the most beautiful and touching of which we possess a record.

The purpose of this volume is to give an account of this illustrious and noble life. The biographer of Collingwood is, in one respect, fortunate: the despatches of the admiral and his private letters are models of graceful and simple English; but the reminiscences of contemporaries as regards his career are not copious or of very great value. Mr. Clark Russell has shown discernment in drawing his materials from these sources; he has described Collingwood mainly from Collingwood's writings, and has given but a small space to inferior evidence; and his book gives proof of industry, research, and judgment. Mr. Clark Russell, however, has not the art of portraiture; he does not give us Collingwood's image; he has not put before us the living features of the sailor, the commander, and the high-minded gentleman. His work, too, is overlaid with fine writing, and, as in the case of his sketch of Nelson, does not contain nearly an adequate account of the battles in which Collingwood took a great part and made his personality distinctly felt. Mr. Clark Russell, indeed, only just

alludes to that striking passage in the career of his subject in which Collingwood was clearly superior to Nelson, his insight—though it was partial only—into the deep-laid and masterly plan formed by Napoleon for invading England.

We shall not attempt a sketch of the life of Collingwood; his correspondence reveals what he was, and possesses, besides, a peculiar interest. The future chief was born in 1748, and was a scion of an ancient but decayed family which had engaged in trade but was not fortunate. The boy, though under the cold shade of poverty, had the advantage of an excellent school; he was trained by Moises of Newcastle-on-Tyne, a really famous master of those days—he was the educator of Lords Stowell and Eldon—and probably he owed, in part, to this discipline his remarkable command of felicitous English. Collingwood entered the navy in 1761, and, like Nelson, served before the mast for a time; and possibly his mastery of practical seamanship, as in the case of Nelson, may be traced to this circumstance. The lad rose in the service slowly, saw Bunker's Hill and a good deal of the fighting of the American war, and became associated with Nelson in a brotherhood of arms and a friendship which have become historical, as both gradually made their way upwards. He was already known as an excellent officer when the Great War broke out in 1793; and it is a proof of his penetrating and capacious mind that he appreciated the nature of the contest with France far better than Pitt and most English statesmen:

"This war is certainly unlike any former, both in its object and execution; the object is a great and serious one—to resist the machinations of a mad people, who, under the mask of freedom, would stamp their tyranny on every country in Europe, and to support and defend the happiest constitution that ever wisdom formed for preserving order in civil society. The execution is quite mysterious; great fleets are prepared and lay totally inactive; schemes of conquest are formed and relinquished at the moment when execution is expected."

The navy of England in 1793 was far superior to that of France, which the Revolution had fatally injured. But it had suffered from the effects of the Peace; its organisation was defective, and it was very different from what it became under the discipline and careful hand of St. Vincent. This was pointed out by Collingwood at the time:

"I do think (and it grieves me) that we do not manage our ships with that alacrity and promptness that used to distinguish our navy. There is a tardiness everywhere in the preparation and a sluggishness in the execution that is quite new. The effect is obvious to everybody, and the moment the ships are put in motion they feel it. Lord Howe cannot get down the Channel in fine weather and the middle of summer without an accident. Two ships ran foul of each other, and the *Bellerophon* has lost her foremast and bowsprit, and gone to Plymouth a cripple. This was not the fault of the weather, but must ever be the case when young men are made officers who have neither skill nor attention; and there is scarcely a sloop in the navy that has not an instance that political interest is a better argument for promotion than any skill."

The following belongs to a later period; but it shows the feelings that caused the Mutiny at the Nore:

"When it was known that the French were about to send a great armament to the West Indies, four of our ships, viz., *Téméraire*, *Formidable*, *Vengeance*, and *Majestic*, were fitted for foreign service and ordered to sail—to open their further orders in a certain latitude. It was pretty well understood among the sailors that they were to go to the West Indies, and they peremptorily refused to weigh anchor, except to England."

Collingwood commanded the *Barfleur*, under the flag of Bowyer, on the great day of the First of June; and he has left a good account of that famous action. He confirms the tradition that Howe distrusted more than one of his fair-weather captains; but he was enthusiastic in his praise of Howe's tactics, cautious, and not original, like those of Nelson; and he made them, afterwards, a model for himself when he was lying in wait for a French fleet and hoped to fight a second Trafalgar. He thus describes Howe's advance at Villaret:

"After closing our line and putting in order, between eight and nine, the admiral made the signal for each ship to engage that opposed in the enemy's—came close, and in an instant all the ships altering their course at the same time, down we went on them. 'Twas a noble sight. Their fire soon began; we reserved ours until we were so near that it was proper to cloud our ships in smoke. However, we were determined not to fire until Lord Howe had, and he is not in the habit of firing soon. In three minutes our whole line was engaged, and a better fire was never. It continued with unabated fury for near two hours, when the French broke."

The *Barfleur* distinguished herself greatly; but Collingwood was not mentioned by Lord Howe among the captains deserving promotion. This galled him to the quick, as we see from his letters; but, in truth, Collingwood, though well known as a seaman of remarkable parts, was not liked by his superiors, if we except Nelson. He had keen insight and the critical spirit, was rather a *frondeur* of men in high places; and though his heart was warm, and his affections strong, he was "stand-off" to equals and colleagues. He was in command of the *Excellent* under Hotham, and agreed with Nelson's estimate of that third-rate chief. The following, however, is very different from the impetuous and scornful judgment of Nelson:—

"We should be careful and slow in censure, because men of weakest judgment are most prompt to question what perhaps their want of intelligence makes them not comprehend, and in this instance because the commander has been esteemed a skilful and good officer; yet the opportunity seemed a good one to ruin the French naval forces in this country."

The conduct of Collingwood at St. Vincent is an admirable specimen of his professional zeal, and of the high sense of duty which marked his character. Mr. Clark Russell has not vouchsafed to describe the evolutions of this renowned action. Jervis would have let the Spanish fleet slip; but Nelson brought Cordova to bay by wearing the *Captain* at the right moment. The victory was due to the inspiration of Nelson; but Collingwood nobly seconded his friend,

and the *Excellent* had a large share in the triumph. St. Vincent appreciated both heroes; but he did not select Collingwood to assist Nelson in the celebrated pursuit that ended at the Nile, though the *Excellent* was, perhaps, the crack ship of the fleet, a model of good handling and perfect discipline. The admiral, in truth, disliked Collingwood; there was no sympathy between their natures; but certainly Nelson was the true choice to scour the Mediterranean and to discover Brueys. Collingwood was greatly hurt at being overlooked; but the magnanimity of his noble character is seen in the congratulations he addressed to his friend and companion-in-arms after the great victory.

We must pass rapidly over the following years of Collingwood's career. It was his fortune to do much hard work, and to be seldom engaged in decisive battles; and, though his seamanship was proved in tedious blockades, this has no interest for the general reader. He was afloat once more when the war was renewed, after the armed truce of the Peace of Amiens; and, having justly attained an admiral's rank, he was recognised as second only to Nelson among an illustrious company of naval worthies. Napoleon was now engaged in a death struggle with England; and Mr. Clark Russell ought to have described his celebrated project for a descent on our coasts. Unquestionably, the Admiralty was deceived, and Nelson never guessed the emperor's designs; it is to the lasting honour of Collingwood that he was the only one of our naval leaders who had even the faintest notion about them. If we read the Channel for Ireland Collingwood hit the truth:

"I have considered the invasion of Ireland as the real work and butt of all their operations. Their flight to the West Indies was to take off the naval force which proved the great impediment of their undertaking. This summer is big with events."

When the ill-fated Villeneuve had put into Cadiz, Collingwood actually blockaded him with four ships, an "instance," it has been justly remarked, "of genius and address that is scarcely to be paralleled in the pages of our naval history."

We shall not dwell on the crowning day of Trafalgar: Collingwood nobly joined in Nelson's attack; but it is doubtful whether he approved of it at heart. He was engaged with the *Santa Anna* for nearly half an hour before the *Royal Sovereign* received support, and was literally in the midst of the hostile fleet; and tactics like these, though, as affairs stood, right, were not in accord with his cautious nature. But, in truth, the British fleet could run any risk, its superiority was so immense; and the genius of Nelson secured victory. The following describes the effects of Collingwood's first broadside:

"Don Ignacio Maria D'Alava, whose flag she bore, told me five years afterwards at the Havannah, that one broadside killed 350 men, and he added, 'Il rompa todos'; and though he fought on afterwards for a couple of hours like 'a man of honour and a cavalier,' the first broadside did his business, and there was an end of him."

Collingwood was blamed for not following Nelson's injunctions, and for not anchoring after Trafalgar. De la Gravière, however, thinks that he had no choice, for few of our ships had a whole cable; and St. Vincent, certainly no friend of Collingwood, approved of the sinking of the ruined prizes:

"In the anecdote book, Lord Eldon says—'I heard Lord St. Vincent say that Collingwood's conduct after the Battle of Trafalgar in destroying, under difficult circumstances, the defeated fleet, was above all praise.'"

Collingwood, when Nelson had passed from the scene, was easily the first of our seamen afloat. His career was prolonged for five years; and he was spared to do England excellent service, though, after Trafalgar, she was supreme on the ocean. He commanded in chief in the Mediterranean; and he proved very superior to Nelson in difficult negotiations and affairs of State, which, on several occasions, he had to conduct. The difference between the two men is seen in their attitude to the Court of Naples: Maria Caroline turned Nelson's head, and made him her accomplice in evil deeds; with her followers, she was regarded by Collingwood with disgust. Collingwood showed remarkable tact and prudence in the disputes which led to the expedition of Sir John Duckworth; and he displayed considerable diplomatic skill in this instance. He has been blamed for not catching Ganteaume in the flight of the Frenchman from Corfu to Milan; but the censure seems to be wholly undeserved; Nelson had missed Brueys and Villeneuve in the same way. Collingwood was most eager for a fight with Ganteaume, and issued general orders of attack; but it deserves notice that he adopted in them the tactics of Howe, and not of Nelson.

During this period of command Collingwood was what he had always been—a consummate seaman, an admirable chief, an administrator of no ordinary gifts; but still, as a leader, not inspired with the power of Nelson over his officers and men. He died at sea, worn out, in 1810, having been nearly forty years afloat in a naval career of half a century. We wish we had space to refer to his domestic life, and to his beautiful letters to his wife and his children: these are models of pure and noble affection. Do la Gravière's commentary on Collingwood is just: he had not the gifts of supreme genius; but his professional excellence was of the highest type, and he does enduring honour to a renowned service.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR MORRIS.

Love's Looking Glass. (Percival).

THIS little volume is at once old and new; it solves a previous puzzle and creates a new mystery. *Love in Idleness* was published eight years ago, and is now out of print; the rumour of its triple authorship must have set many readers wondering who had written this and who had written that. The promise of the book was unquestionably high. No poem in it, I think, reached the same level as "In Scheria"; but "A Pastoral" lingered in the memory, and "May Day" and "Afternoon" were some-

thing more than the ordinary sentiment of undergraduate life. And now *Love in Idleness* is reborn as *Love's Looking Glass*. Much, however, has been subtracted and more added; and the authors have acknowledged their respective poems by an initial apiece; B. standing for the Rev. H. C. Beeching, M. for Mr. J. W. Mackail, N. for Mr. J. B. Nichols.

Some of the omissions will strike the possessors of the earlier volume with a sense of loss. I would reckon among such the poem named "Afternoon," and especially the speech of Thyrsis, "Rose ever morning fairer," etc., with its vision of Thermopylae. Perhaps, too, "Santa Cruz," though oddly unlike the poems among which it stood, deserved to live for its force and fire. On the other hand, I respectfully think that the authors were wise in omitting the comic poems, such as "The Last Tennis Party" and "Monologue D'Outre Tombe." They were not bad grins; but still they were mere grins, and had got into company too good for them. "In Scheria" reappears—thanks be to the Muses!—but under new names. Part i. is called "Nausicaa," and Part ii, "The Return of Ulysses;" and they stand now as separate poems. I confess that I regret their disconnexion. Few people can have read the *Odyssey* without a wistful desire to know what became of Nausicaa. Mr. Mackail has gratified that wish. In the Land of Might-have-been Ulysses rejoins her, and this is the last news of them:

"We entered in and at the thwarts sat down;
And at our going all the Scherian town
Stood thronged to speed us; softly in the heat
The water rippled through the oar-blades brown.

"And through the palace garden he and she,
Hand clasped in hand, came down beside the
sea,

And hailed us one by one with voices sweet,
And bade farewell and all prosperity.

"Then our oars dipped together, and the spray
Flashed in a million sparkles round our way,
As we with rowing swift and strenuous
Shot out across the sleeping sunlit bay.

"There on the white sea-verge, till all the strand
Grew dim behind us, still I saw them stand
In the low sunlight: if they looked at us
I know not; but they stood there hand in hand."

It is a beautiful close of a beautiful poem: one can only trust that no one will be Philistine enough to ask if Penelope acquiesces in the arrangement.

But the revelation of the authors' names and shares in the volume creates, as I have said, a new mystery: a wonder how three poets, writing independently, have approximated so closely in style and thought. If any one will study the first twenty or thirty poems in *Love's Looking Glass*, with their author's names subjoined, and then try to infer from them the authorship of the remaining poems, he will, I think, meet with a humiliating failure, and, when he verifies his guesses, will find—if we may so far pervert Calverley's oracle—that "M's and N's are mostly Pronounced like B's." No doubt, a certain community of taste in subjects, a love of the same writers, a brevity that is contented to touch a thought and glance at a situation without dwelling upon them, contribute to this assimilation. None the less,

Love's Looking Glass is a most remarkable instance of successful collaboration; and if, as I think, it raises in us a certain desire to see the writers standing separately and not arm-in-arm, and giving us poems of rather more substance and of more ambitious character, that is a wish which no doubt they may be well satisfied to have caused.

Mr. Nichols' best work is, I think, to be found in his sonnets, and particularly in those inspired by Rome—"Schizzo Dal Vero" (p. 67) and "Caligula" (p. 89). The latter, addressed to that terrible basalt bust of the frenzied emperor which stands in the Capitol Museum, is one of the most powerful things in the book:

"Being in torment, how should he be still?
The slim neck twists; the eyes beneath the wide
Bent Claudian brows shrink proud and terrified;
Along the beardless cheek the muscles thrill
Like smitten lute-strings. Can no strength of
will
Silence this presence ever at his side,
This hateful voice, that will not be denied,
That talks with him, and mutters 'Kill' and
'Kill'?"

"O dust and shade, O dazed and fighting brain,
O dead old world that shuddered on his nod,
Only this iron stone endures; and thence
Looks forth a soul in everlasting pain,
The ghost of Caesar, maniac and god,
And loathes the weakness of omnipotence."

The earlier lines, though effective, are not remarkable. But the last nine deserve the high compliment—paid, I think, by one French poet to another—that they cause us "a new shudder." One almost regrets that the writer who is capable of that, has preserved such a second-rate piece of work as "The Young Landlord" (p. 124). It is not impossible to introduce a tragedy with a jerk, but it is not easy to do it well.

Among Mr. Beeching's pretty poems, readers of the earlier volume will perhaps turn most gladly to the "Song of the Three Kings" (p. 70) and "To Comatas" (p. 16); yet perhaps "Hope" (p. 153), one of his now poems, is better:

"I shall not see him yet, I know, for still
Between us lies an insurmounted hill;
And tho' I hurry and pant, his pace is slow;
Yet shall I see his sunny face and bair
(For he will surely come to meet me) there
In the last valley somewhere—that I know.

"What tho' he pauses in the pleasant wheat
To watch the lark mount skyward, do my feet
Pause or my eyes desert the path they climb?
What tho' he strays where pleasant voices call
Of thrush or dove or woodland waterfall,
My ears hear nothing till that meeting-time.

"Will my strength last me? did not some one say
The way was ever easier all the way,
The road less rough, the barren waste less bare?
The briars are long since past, the stones cut less,
This hill is not so steep; let me but press
Across that peak—I know he will be there."

It is an old theme, an ordinary one; but the treatment of it has a melancholy grace that is by no means ordinary. Who will explain why, where every word is hopeful, the whole effect is sad even to tears? It has what Mr. Arnold so finely called a "ground-tone of human agony."

Of Mr. Mackail's verse a beautiful specimen has been given above; next to that, perhaps the sonnet (p. 101) on "The Debate of the Heart and Soul" might be

chosen to represent his muse on the sombre side. "Only to die" the Heart wails:

"Only to die, if death might ease my smart;
O soul, I am not fashioned as thou art,
Dowered with thine awful immortality.'
And the soul answers darkly: 'Even thus,
Thou and thy bodily vesture shalt decay;
Pain's self through length of pain shall wear
away,
And no new life shall come to quicken us;
Till one dread day in darker silence I
Shall know thee dead and know I cannot die.'"

But there is one poem of such pathetic personal interest, that even those who did not know its subject personally cannot read it unmoved. I scarcely like to make extracts from Mr. Mackail's poem, "On the Death of Arnold Toynbee"; knowing what was to many of his friends, I would rather not intrude with any criticism, and will only say that the poem is on a level with the following stanzas (p. 162):

"Beyond our life how far
Soars his new life through radiant orb and zone,
While we in impotency of the night
Walk dumbly, and the path is hard, and light
Fails, and for sun and moon the single star
Honour is left alone.

The star that knows no set,
But circles ever with a fixed desire,
Watching Orion's armour all of gold;
Watching and wearying not, till pale and cold
Dawn breaks, and the first shafts of morning fret
The east with lines of fire."

There are things in this volume much too slight to last, e.g., such epigrams as those on pp. 92-3. But, on the whole, the writers are real singers, closely resembling one another in vision. In another sense than that of Aeschylus, they are

τρεῖς κυκλόμορφοι, κοινὸν ὄψιν ἐκτεμνένοι.

E. D. A. MORSHEAD.

The Oracles of God. By W. Sanday, D.D. (Longmans.)

THE nine lectures included in this volume treat of the nature and extent of Biblical inspiration, and of the special significance of Old Testament Scripture at the present time. Dr. Sanday holds that the duty of the theological professor is twofold: "to advance by all means in his power the detailed study of the subject committed to him;" and "to do what he can to help the public mind to clear itself in times of difficulty and perplexity." The controversy stirred up by *Lux Mundi* has caused Dr. Sanday to "turn away for the moment with some reluctance and self-distrust" from the first of these duties to the second. He is reluctant, because his line of work "stretches forwards from the New Testament rather than backwards," and he doubts his competence to pronounce on questions outside his special sphere; but it is just because Dr. Sanday is not a professor of Hebrew, and has not made the Old Testament his special study, that his opinion of those who have is valuable. As a student of the New Testament he has the confidence, in a remarkable degree, of all parties of Christians, and we are therefore anxious to know his judgment on the spirit and methods of the suspected critics of the Old Testament; if he hails them as brothers we need not be afraid to learn what they teach. It need

scarcely be added that, in any eyes but his own, Dr. Sanday is a Hebrew scholar. He merely claims for himself a "rather fuller acquaintance with foreign work, as well as with English," than is possible to most of us; but these lectures, with their scholarly notes and valuable appendices, are the work of a man competent at all points to treat of his subject.

The lectures deal with two questions which controversy has joined together to the injury of both. Dr. Sanday's real subject is the nature and consequence of the "change in regard to the conception of the Old Testament as the vehicle of revelation" which criticism has effected. But he is obliged to add a chapter—Lecture VIII.—on Christ's use of the Scriptures, because the acceptance by Christ of the views of His time on the authorship and character of the books of the Old Testament has been held to place those views above criticism. Dr. Sanday's treatment of the question is admirably wise and candid; his lecture makes for peace in every paragraph, and will satisfy all reasonable Christians. He rejects the idea "that our Lord accommodated His language to current notions, knowing them to be false," and prefers to think with Dr. Gregory Smith that He "condescended not to know": it is, at all events, clear that "some humiliation, some circumscription," was involved in the advent upon earth. One point only we should like Dr. Sanday to have added. When Galileo has convinced himself that the earth moves, or a modern scholar feels certain that the Book of Jonah is not literal history, the inquirer has not to choose between his own opinion and Christ's, as the heretic-burner would insist. Galileo's difficulty is that Christ who came in the flesh and Christ who is the Spirit of Truth seem to contradict each other. Treason to Truth the heretic-burner thinks nothing of, but such treason stamps a man at once as a pharisee and not a follower of Jesus of Nazareth. If Christianity is not false, more emphatically even than if it is false, treason to Truth is treason to Christ.

But Dr. Sanday's main subject is the inspiration of the Old Testament, and what he has to say divides itself into two parts. First, he gives us his opinion of the value of recent criticism—he describes its results, he criticises its methods, and lets us know his opinion of the critics; and, secondly, he develops a theory of inspiration. The two subjects are not treated separately; while the theory of inspiration is elaborated, recent criticism is described and exemplified, sometimes in general terms, but occasionally in detail. We cannot help thinking that the treatment of the first of the subjects named is the specially valuable part of the lectures. We all are most eager to know what Dr. Sanday considers proved as to the composition of the Old Testament; our theory of inspiration we shall form for ourselves when we understand what our documents are and how they were written. We note, then, that Dr. Sanday is most profoundly convinced of the sincerity and spirituality of such scholars as Dr. Driver and Dr. Cheyne, that he is content to sit at their feet, assured that their work is necessary to the

progress of Christian thought and knowledge.

Scattered up and down the lectures, sometimes in the text and sometimes in the notes, are many hints and criticisms from Dr. Sanday as to the books and authors most likely to help the student of the Old Testament. The most definite statement of his own position occurs in the words:

"It is agreed on all hands that the Pentateuch is formed by the dove-tailing together of different documents; it is agreed by the great mass of inquirers that nearly all of these documents in their present shape are not earlier than the time of the kings."

When we turn to Dr. Sanday's theory of inspiration we find him less helpful. He insists that

"there are two spheres: there is the sphere of what St. John calls *the world*, and what St. Paul calls *the natural man*; the sphere of eating and drinking, of marrying and giving in marriage, the sphere of trade, of pleasure, of science, of politics; and there is the other sphere intersecting this, though distinct from it, the sphere of a higher, finer, spiritual life, in which *they sow not, neither do they spin*. . . . In a book like Shakspeare's Plays we have the interpretation of the one; in the Bible we have the interpretation of the other."

When we have got over the surprise occasioned by this use of Shakspeare's works, in which for many of us the higher sphere is at least as prominent as in the Books of Samuel and the Kings, we shall not find the first part of the sentence altogether final. It will not do to make the sphere "of trade, of science, of politics," with which the Jewish prophets were so constantly concerned, identical with "the world" of St. John, or we shall all become hermits. Dr. Sanday, indeed, qualifies the words we have quoted. In Lecture VII. he recognises the existence of "divine influences" in India and Greece; and there are passages in the lectures which allow us to find inspiration where we can, even in Shakspeare. The fact is, Dr. Sanday writes with the fear of "making sad the heart of the righteous," and of increasing the "disquietude in the air amongst good people," too much before his eyes. We are not all comforted by an insistence on the uniqueness of Biblical inspiration. To some of us this uniqueness is merely a stumbling-block and trouble. What touches our hearts and cheers our journey is such a detection of the inspiration of the Greeks as Mr. Ruskin makes for us in the *Queen of the Air*, or Browning in his *Balaustion's Adventure*. Critics who spread God's sunshine abroad over the universe surely glorify Him better than those who bottle it up in one corner. Dr. Sanday insists, in his fourth lecture, on the objective character of the impulse compelling the Jewish prophet. "The personality of the prophet sinks entirely into the background: he feels himself for the time being the mouthpiece of the Almighty. Imagine anyone doing this in the present day." Does Dr. Sanday think, then, that God has withdrawn Himself from the world? That is the melancholy conclusion of all this line of argument. It tends to empty of all serious meaning Christ's promise to be with His disciples till the end of the world. We cannot afford to admit that the

world in its old age is further off from heaven than when it was young, although it is quite true that there are many striking differences between God's way of coming to us now and His way of coming then.

RONALD BAYNE.

THE LIFE AND WORK OF CORAY.

Adamantios Korais [Ἀδανάτιος Κοραΐς]. By D. Theroianos. (Trieste: Austrian Lloyd's Press.)

THE subject of this memoir, Adamantios Korais, or, as he is more commonly called in Western Europe, Diamant Coray, is one whose name ought not to be forgotten, and the present work will help to save it from oblivion. Few men have set before them a more definite purpose in life, or have pursued it with more unswerving fidelity and more unflinching self-denial; but his position as an alien in a foreign country, maintaining a life-long struggle against poverty, and supported by his unaided genius and industry in an unremunerative occupation, has tended to confine the number of his admirers to his countrymen and to special students. His life also was, in the ordinary sense of the term, uneventful, and its greatness is only traceable in the steadfastness with which he followed out his aims. These were three in number—the advancement of classical Greek scholarship, the improvement of the Modern Greek language, and the regeneration of the Hellenic people.

Coray was born at Smyrna in the year 1748, and was instructed in the Greek Evangelical school of that city. The merciless use of the rod, which prevailed in that place of education, and drove away his brother for ever from the pursuit of the Muses, did not avail to discourage him; and his ardour in cultivating the study of the classics, and his penetration in perceiving what preparation was necessary for that purpose, displayed themselves at an early age. A copy of the Amsterdam edition of Strabo with Casaubon's notes had descended to him from his grandfather; and the feeling of incapacity which the perusal of it awakened in him, owing to his inability to read those notes, taught him to appreciate, what scholars of Greek nationality are apt to undervalue, the importance of an acquaintance with Latin. In that language he obtained instruction from Bernard Kuen, the pastor of the Dutch consulate at Smyrna, a man to whom he afterwards looked up as his best adviser and chief benefactor. He also taught himself French, Italian, and Arabic. But his first great advance was made in 1772, when his father, who was a merchant, in the hope of extending his business connexion, sent his son Adamantios to Amsterdam—a change which was welcome to him, notwithstanding the expatriation which it involved, because none of his compatriots were disposed to sympathise with him in his studies. As a man of business, as might be supposed, he was not successful; but since Holland was at that time the most distinguished centre of classical learning in Europe, his six years' residence in that country laid the foundation of his accurate and comprehensive acquaintance with

Greek philology. There also he learnt to write Latin fluently, and became acquainted with German. At the end of that time he was recalled, much against his will, to Smyrna, and on his return he found that his father's house had been lately destroyed by an earthquake which had visited that place. The despondency into which he was thrown by this occurrence was deepened into melancholy by the sight of Ottoman tyranny, and still more by the behaviour of those of his countrymen who acted as agents of the Turks; and at the end of four years his parents, fearing lest he should go out of his mind, consented that he should remove to Montpellier in France, where he proposed to study medicine. He arrived there in 1782, and during his six years of residence published his treatise on fevers and other medical works. In 1788 he removed to Paris, in which city the remainder of his long life was spent. He lived through the French Revolution, and has described many of the occurrences of it in his letters. Like most of the literary men of the time, he was at first inspired with enthusiasm for the movement in favour of popular liberty, but soon became shocked and disgusted by its excesses. From the Parisian *savants* he received a hearty welcome, for his fame as a scholar was already established. Before long we find him communicating to Larcher critical notes on Herodotus, which were largely embodied in his French translation of that author; and to Schweighäuser notes on Athenæus, which were gratefully used by him. In 1791 negotiations were carried on by Bishop Burgess with him about printing his notes on Hippocrates at the Oxford Press, of which transaction Mr. Bywater has given an account in the *Journal of Hellenic Studies* (vol. i., p. 305), and though these fell through, yet they prove the esteem in which Coray was held at this time in England. The first-fruits of his work were his edition of the *Characters* of Theophrastus, which appeared in 1799 with a French translation and notes. From that period almost until his death, in 1833, he continued to issue editions of the classics and other literary works, on which the space at our command forbids us to dwell. His merits as a scholar were fully recognised by his contemporaries, especially his acumen in discovering the seat of error in MSS. and suggesting emendations, based as it was on wide reading, sound judgment, and constructive genius.

Coray's biographer remarks that what Herodotus said of Greece was literally true of him, that from first to last poverty was his inseparable companion. For many years he obtained a scanty living by giving lessons in Greek, making copies of MSS. in the Paris library, and translating medical treatises from German and English into French. But at times he was almost reduced to destitution, and nothing but his ardent love of letters prevented him from leaving France. In 1807, he writes concerning his bodily ailments and mental anxieties, "my days are full of pain, and my nights a purgatory from sleeplessness." But, notwithstanding this, he was unwilling to receive money, when by doing so he seemed liable to place himself under an obligation to

any one in high position. Thus, when he was one of the *collaborateurs* in the French translation of Strabo, which was made under the auspices of Napoleon, he declined to receive additional gratuities for the work, lest he should be indebted to that emperor and possibly hampered in his political sympathies.

One of the most interesting questions at the present time connected with Coray's writings is his opinion concerning the regeneration of the Modern Greek language. He professes himself to occupy an intermediate position between the two schools, which already existed at the beginning of this century, and which stand in marked antagonism to one another at the present day—advocating, the one the strict retention of the existing forms of the language, the other a return to the Hellenic prototype. But it is easy to see that while he deprecates any sudden change, his sympathies are with the latter of the two views. He says, indeed, "Our language is the same which has been spoken by all Greeks for many centuries, and a language cannot be remodelled in a few years; it has taken a long period to form it, and in like manner many years are required to reform it." He is also afraid of macaronic expressions and solecisms arising from the ill-advised juxtaposition of words of different dates. His primary object, therefore, is to enrich the language by increasing the vocabulary from the storehouses of antiquity, and to expel Turkish and other words which are essentially alien to the Greek tongue. But at the same time he evidently contemplates an ultimate return to classical forms. Thus he strongly advocates the reintroduction of the lost dative case, though he hesitates about using it in his own writings; and by doing so he condemns by implication the analytic forms by which its use has been superseded. In one passage he broadly enunciates the maxim that the corruption of a language corresponds to the degeneration of those who use it, and that it should be restored by corresponding remedies—a principle the latter part of which is as erroneous as the former part is true, because words in the course of time are apt to lose the consciousness of their earlier significance, and with it the unfavourable element of meaning which they once contained. To take one instance of this, the frequent use of diminutives is a sign of an enfeebled national character, because it arises from an effeminate dislike of "calling a spade a spade"; but not even Coray would have maintained that the ordinary words for "bread," "fish," "eye"—*ψωμί, ψάρι, μάτι*, which are diminutives of *ψωμός, ὄψον, ὄμμα*—and innumerable others of the same kind, both in Modern Greek and the Romance languages, are any the worse now for their traditional form. Possibly, if Coray had lived at the present day, and had been acquainted both with the linguistic study of the last fifty years, which has brought out to view more and more clearly the historical continuity of languages, and with the mediæval Greek literature which has been published during that time, he might have modified his views on this point; nor are we very confident that he would have approved the literary language

which is now in use for prose. But here we are trenching on a subject which involves other than merely philological considerations, and can only be decided by the Greeks themselves.

The regeneration of the Greek people was an object which Coray had continually before his eyes. Both the advancement of Greek study and the improvement of the modern language were regarded by him from this point of view. He introduced this subject and insisted upon it, not only in separate addresses and pamphlets, but even in his editions of the classics, and he added advice for the development of education and culture among the Greeks themselves. His *Σάλπιγμα Πολεμιστήριον*, which was published in 1798 in connexion with Napoleon's Egyptian expedition, was a summons to the Greeks to second the efforts of the French in the East, since it was thought that they would devote themselves to the liberation of the Christians. His *Mémoire sur l'état actuel de la civilisation dans la Grèce* is spoken of by Mr. Fyffe in his *History of Modern Europe* as a historical sketch of great importance. He foresaw the rising of 1821, and supported it when it came; but he did not advocate it, for he considered it premature, since the people were not politically educated, and were likely to give way to party spirit. He lived to see the triumph of the cause for which he had laboured so effectively; but he can hardly be said to have been satisfied with it, for his advanced age—he was in his eighty-fifth year when he died—caused him to be despondent and severe in his judgments.

M. Thereianos has spared no pains in the execution of his task, and has brought great research to bear upon it. He is somewhat uncritical in his eulogies, and he errs on the side of fulness, in consequence of which his book is heavy reading; but we are indebted to him for a very complete account of the life and work of one of the most remarkable scholars of his time.

H. F. TOZER.

NEW NOVELS.

Mea Culpa; A Woman's Last Word. By Henry Harland. In 3 vols. (Heinemann.)

Some One Must Suffer. By H. Cliffe Halliday. In 3 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Miss Devereux, Spinster. By Agnes Giberne. In 2 vols. (Longmans.)

The Smuggler's Secret. By Frank Barrett. (Spencer Blackett.)

At an Old Château. By Katharine S. Macquoid. (Ward & Downey.)

The Speculator. By Clinton Ross. (Putnam's Sons.)

Captured in Court. By Sylvain Mayer and Antony Guest. (Eden, Remington & Co.)

THE cleverness of *Mea Culpa* scarcely atones for the unpleasantness of the story. It is clever in more ways than one. The plot is novel; and, while there are only five characters in all, two are fairly new. With five people and no more to do the plotting, talking, and acting, it was impossible that there could be much elaboration. Instead

of it, we have a bold, roughly done, but effective impressionist book. If the story had an agreeable ending, or middle, or beginning, it would deserve to make some mark; but it is depressing throughout. Perhaps it should be allowed that the beginning is dramatically a good one. The reader's attention is caught, and almost before he knows it he has given his sympathy to the young lady whose fortunes—evil for the most part—form the subject of the tale. It is well that this happens so early, for at a later stage the same young lady says and does some very foolish things, which are a sore strain on the regard which the reader has conceived for her. His pity comes to the relief of his judgment, and he has more forgiveness for Monica than she has for herself. When the story opens she and her father—a Russian nobleman suspected of Nihilism—are living in exile in Paris. They are miserably poor, and the daughter bravely sets to work and earns a sufficient livelihood for both. They make the acquaintance of a musical composer, a Frenchman, introduced only as Armidis, who is one of the two striking characters in the tale. He is picturesque and epigrammatic: a poet, composer, and philosopher in one. Outwardly somewhat half-witted, his conversation contains more than the wit his appearance lacks. But it is all so jauntily spoken, and with such Arcadian airs, that it seems perhaps even more sparkling than it is. The other remarkable character is a Russian prince, who is the most unconscionable egoist and the most curious make-up ever presented under the name of Highness. He is repulsive in appearance and vicious in taste; but combined with these qualities he has literary genius and capacities of refinement undreamt of by the reader. He proposes for Monica's hand, and ultimately marries her, but not with her consent. Her heart was given to a young American painter, who took his dinner at the frugal table in the Paris restaurant at which Monica and her father and Armidis usually dined. The painter turns up again when a crisis has been reached in the relations of Prince Léonticheff and his wife, and his reappearance in the story intensifies the sadness of the climax. Monica herself is disappointing; her father is selfish and uninteresting; the painter scarcely belongs to the story until all the sorrows of it are heaped upon his head—but Léonticheff is a personality to be remembered with wonder, if also with incredulity; while Armidis, quaint, genial, wise, and Arcadian, will take a real hold upon the reader's affections.

If the earlier chapters of *Some One Must Suffer* had been ruthlessly cut down, and so much of the story as was worth telling had been compressed into a single volume, "some one," to wit the present writer, would have "suffered" less than he has done. It was quite unnecessary to make the reader wade through all the childish experiences of Lameth Legh, when the interest centred in her does not begin till she has grown up. A well-managed opening chapter would have sufficed to tell all that it is necessary to know of about two-thirds of the history here set forth in three volumes. Mr. Cliffe Halliday seems him-

self to have been conscious of the difference in point of value of the materials he was putting together, for the first two volumes are written in the goody-goody style of infantine literature, while the last contains a powerful presentation of a really powerful story. What on the stage would be called the "properties" of the piece are well suited to the plot. They include an old manorial house, with a mystery attached to it, which at first is only vocal, though afterwards it becomes visible. Altogether in keeping with such associations is the singular personality of Rivers Ravensbourne, a man whose physical deformity suggests quite other possibilities than those which are brought about by the soul of goodness in him. The plot turns upon the deliberate burying alive, for what may seem a sufficient reason, of an unhappy young woman. It is this, and its causes and consequences, which give point to the title of the book. But the suffering, though everybody more or less shares in it, is not unrelieved. The melancholy interest gathered around the memories of Jeanne and Jennette is beautiful as well as sad; and Lameth's presence in the story gives an added tenderness to it throughout, and is ultimately the sun which dispels all the clouds and makes everyone happy. The tale is a striking one, and, except for the defects which have been pointed out, it is well told.

Miss Giberne has set a gratuitous puzzle to her readers by describing *Miss Devereux, Spinster*, as "a study of development." Everybody will, of course, look for some development in Miss Devereux herself. But that demure spinster is only a "study" of arrested childhood, and why her name should have been given to the book is even a greater puzzle than the other. There are some people in the story who do develop—it would be strange if there were not—though it would have been better if Miss Giberne had allowed them to go their way freely, instead of stopping the machinery every now and then to see how the traits of character in her men and women answer to certain known qualities in their ancestors. A "study of development" pursued on these lines is too much like the childish habit of digging up seeds to see how they are growing. It was perhaps with some notion that Miss Devereux would wisely influence the development of her nephew Cyril that this young gentleman was placed under her charge, but one cannot blame him for breaking from his aunt's leading-strings and making his own career. The Trevelyans are in every way the best people in the book. Mr. Trevelyan is a strong, original character, who would relieve the monotony of any circle, while his daughter Jean makes an altogether serviceable heroine. She has much to endure, and she is very noble and generous about it. By way of fual criticism, it may be admitted that the most marked development in the story is that of the general interest it arouses, and which increases right to the end after the first few chapters are past.

Mr. Frank Barrett is an old hand at a yarn; but he has excelled himself in *The Smuggler's Secret*, which is, as he calls it,

a veritable romance, and a very touching and beautiful one. The "secret" has to do with mysterious caves and hidden wealth; but these are very subordinate things. Of far greater interest is the tender life rescued from one peril to be doomed to another, and to grow up under conditions hitherto unknown out of fairy tales. The story Mr. Barrett tells is quite within the bounds of what is possible; but to have imagined it implies rare powers of invention, while it could only have been told by a writer capable of much sympathy, and of a pathos far beyond the ordinary needs of a novelist. Psyche is really a beautiful conception. She is a soul brought to life, and made capable of speech, feeling, intelligence, and affection by the creative art of the romancist. The book has other points of interest: it begins and ends with a love-story; there are vivid portraits in it of two old rascals, one of whom may well stand for the type of smuggler at its worst; there is a confessed crime and a pathetic expiation—but it is Psyche whom alone the reader will care for, and he will regret that the exigencies of the plot did not accord to her a kinder fate.

Mrs. Macquoid is generally successful in her French stories, but *At an Old Château* is not the best of them. Still, an attractive title goes a long way, and the charms of a quaint old house in Brittany, officered by family servants of more than one generation, go still further. The situations of the story were meant to be only pleasantly embarrassing, but they are embarrassing without being pleasant. It is hard to believe that a Frenchwoman, of the position of Manon's mother, would leave the secret of her daughter's marriage to be found out by the girl's brother, after her own death, and after needless complications had arisen. Fortunately, the complications all come right, but they are too obviously invented for the purpose of being removed. The events do not occur naturally; they are made to suit the story-teller's purpose, and the reader is not deceived into believing in them.

The story told in *The Speculator* is the too familiar one of the terrible plunge from wealth to poverty which speculative commercial ventures sometimes result in. This particular story is, no doubt, made more impressive for English readers by its American background. Everything is on a big scale. Samuel Chester, the night before he failed, and when he was reputed to be one of the richest men in New York, gave a sumptuous ball, which emphasised the popular notion of his wealth. It was from this height that he fell. The next morning he suspended payment, and all the markets of the world felt the shock. The story has a pathetic side, too; for the first thing the fallen man did was to revisit the little country town where he began life, and which he had left twenty years earlier when a larger career opened before him. Why he did so the reader sees, but the poor fellow himself did not. He had to go back to his starting-point, and he did it; but the race he had run was not to be run over again.

Captured in Court is rather a weak shilling's-worth, as such things go. The narrative is dull and amateurish; but some strong incidents crop up, of which the capture in court is the most effective.

GEORGE COTTERELL.

THREE CAMBRIDGE PRIZE ESSAYS.

Election by Lot at Athens. By J. W. Headlam. The Prince Consort Dissertation for 1890. (Cambridge: University Press.) It is a great pleasure to find an original bit of work in ancient history done in English, and we welcome Mr. Headlam's dissertation as something which we may set off against the numerous German pamphlets which find their way to this country. Mr. Headlam has a definite theory of the use and objects of the lot, as used in appointing officials at Athens, and he advances it in a vigorous and agreeable way. His investigation will be of great service in clearing and fixing men's ideas upon a subject about which some historians have been very wrong and most historians very vague. We are not sure, however, that he is quite just to Müller-Strübing in seeming to impute to that vivacious writer the view that the lot was introduced "to give oligarchs a chance of being elected"; for we have always understood Müller-Strübing to mean that it did give oligarchs a chance, but not that it was designed so to do. Mr. Headlam himself maintains that "it was introduced, not only to prevent rich men being elected, but to prevent the executive officials being too influential. It was not a δέυτερος πλοῦς to keep down oligarchs, even at the price of putting second-rate men in office; mediocrity in office was its object, because this was the only means of ensuring that not only the name but also the reality of power should be with the Assembly." The device of casting lots was religious in its origin (as we can infer from its being kept up in connexion with so many religious appointments)—an appeal to the decision of the gods—and therefore of great antiquity; but at Athens it was almost completely secularised and turned to the above political purpose. The purpose was a democratic one, and all Hellas recognised that the use of the lot was a democratic institution. The Athenians lost by it control over their elections (with certain exceptions), but that mattered little to them; they never attributed to elections any such importance as we do. There was nothing at all like an elected prime-minister, for the sufficient reason that the Athenians did not want such a person. They preferred to initiate their own policy, and to leave to no official any real independence of action. The lot checked the possible rivals of the Assembly: (1) the Councils; for the incoming of mere chance-appointed Arehons destroyed the mysterious prestige of the Areopagus, while the new Council of Five Hundred was named in the same way and sat only for a year; and (2) the executive; for there was no way in which individuals on boards could rise into a position of power independent of the Assembly. The lots "helped to secure perfect equality among all citizens, a regular rotation in office, and the undisputed authority of the Assembly." They "broke down and weakened all bodies, so as to make of every office nothing more than a committee of the Assembly." Now, this is sensible enough; and it goes on beyond the ordinary vague teaching that the lot was a democratic safeguard, and shows us the practical working and consequences of the arrangement. It is a view which carries its truth on the face of it; and Mr. Headlam also finds a certain confirmation in the new Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία, c. 4, where it is plainly said that to secure rotation in office

was one object of the lot. But we cannot see how, if the lots were fairly handled, and especially if men might be re-elected, the rotation could be complete. How did the system ensure to everyone a turn of office? In his anxiety to show that there was no organisation possessing real power except the Assembly, Mr. Headlam underrates, we think, the importance of the clubs. He refers us to Vischer, whose essay on the subject, like all others which we have seen, is very meagre and incomplete. Clubs, Mr. Headlam says, "were always attached to an individual." But this surely cannot be affirmed of the *συνετασεις ἐν δίκῃ καὶ ἀρχαῖς* of Thucydides; and the mere name for these in Thucydides seems to contradict another of Mr. Headlam's assertions—that "there was no organisation to support candidates of particular opinions." The conduct of the clubs showed that they held very particular opinions indeed.

The Fragments of Zeno and Cleanthes. With Introduction and Explanatory Notes. By A. C. Pearson. (Cambridge: University Press.) The institution of prize essays is not often successful in calling forth compositions of real and lasting value. Written generally by very young men, and for the purpose of the moment, these essays give promise rather than performance, ἀγώνισμα ἐστὶ τὸ παραχρῆμα rather than κτῆμα ἐς αἰὲν. But every rule has its exceptions. Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, and Mr. McColl's *Greek Sceptics* were important studies of their subjects; and now Mr. Pearson's essay (Hare Prize, 1889) will be of permanent value, not merely for his collection of passages, but also for the skilful arrangement and the learned commentary which set the passages off to the best advantage. He has, of course, had to build upon foundations laid by his predecessors, and he has judiciously gone to the best modern authorities. But he claims to have made and arranged his collection of the fragments of Zeno and Cleanthes before seeing Wachsmuth's two Göttingen programs on those philosophers, and to have added something of his own to the work (though he modestly says that "the additional matter which will be found here for the first time is not large"). It is at least probable that we have now got collected most of the material which is to be found at all for writing the history of the earlier Stoa; and the first result of the collection will no doubt be a rise in reputation for Cleanthes. The philosopher of Assus has hitherto been unduly overshadowed by the philosopher of Citium. Zeller wrote of him that he was incapable of expanding his master's teaching, and even the latest historian of philosophy whose writings we have seen (Windelband, *Gesch. d. Phil.*, 1890) passed him with little notice. On the other hand, Mr. Hicks declared in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (on the strength, we suppose, of the fragments which Wachsmuth collected) that the contributions of Cleanthes "were more distinctive and original than those of any Stoic." Mr. Pearson does not expressly give his assent to this rather strong statement; but he evidently thinks that Cleanthes has been underrated, and his arrangement of the fragments in natural sequence will assist the formation of a fair judgment. His own verdict is as follows:

"To Zeno belongs the establishment of the logical criterion, the adaptation of Heraclitean physics, and the introduction of all the leading ethical tenets. Cleanthes revolutionised the study of physics by the theory of tension, and the development of pantheism; and by applying his materialistic views to logic and ethics brought into strong light the mutual interdependence of the three branches" (p. 48).

The History and Prospects of British Education in India. Being the Le Bas Prize Essay for 1890. By F. W. Thomas. (Cambridge: Deighton, Bell & Co.) The object of the Le

Bas prize, if we understand aright, is neither to promote specialist research, nor to reward fine writing, but to direct attention towards some subject connected with British rule in India. Of such subjects, none is more important, as regards both the present and the future, than education; but perhaps none is more difficult to treat in an intelligible fashion. The complications of the subject are enormous. Not only does it comprise oriental teaching of different kinds—in Sanskrit, Tols, Muhammadan Madrasahs, and village Pathshalas—as well as education in English; but the systems adopted vary in each province. An additional element of confusion is introduced by the classification of government, aided, and unaided institutions. We are, therefore, paying Mr. Thomas no idle compliment when we say that he seems to us to have found his way with considerable ability through this bewildering jungle, though we do not feel sure that he will have made himself altogether clear to those previously ignorant of the subject. He starts with indigenous instruction, which forms perhaps the most readable of his chapters. Then, after a short account of the educational work of the early missionaries, he describes the first period of encouragement of education by government, which closes with Sir Charles Wood's famous despatch of 1854. In this period, the most interesting stages are—the sympathetic investigations of Mountstuart Elphinstone (whom our author erroneously styles "afterwards Lord Elphinstone") in Bombay; the establishment of village schools in the North-Western Provinces by Thomason; and the heated controversy about giving higher instruction in the English language, with which the names of Dr. Duff and Macaulay are associated on the victorious side. Then comes the modern period, which Mr. Thomas excusably sub-divides into two, drawing a line at the Education Commission of 1882. But, in truth, that Commission—like most Commissions, both in India and in England—was appointed mainly to satisfy a temporary agitation; and its recommendations do little more than emphasise or slightly modify different aspects of the system introduced in 1854. That system had two, or perhaps three, principal objects: (1) the creation of universities, on the pattern of the University of London, which by their examinations should regulate the entire curriculum of higher education throughout the country; (2) the organisation of an Education Department, like that in this country, to administer grants-in-aid by means of inspection; and (3) the special encouragement of primary schools. On the whole, the system started in 1854 has continued down to the present time, with but few developments—such as greater attention given to technical instruction, and to the education of girls and of Muhammadans. Here, we think, Mr. Thomas has somewhat overburdened his pages with details, probably because he was desirous of not seeming to ignore any of the numerous side-issues that have been raised. In a concluding chapter, he discusses some of the larger questions that suggest themselves with regard to the future of education in India. We commend his fairness, but we cannot altogether agree with his conclusions. He seems to us scarcely to realise—though he might have learned it from his Indian fellow-students at Cambridge—the increasing predominance of the English language in India, not only as the medium of instruction and the stepping-stone to official employment, but also as the literary and political link which unites the educated classes in the several provinces, and which symbolises the acceptance of Western civilisation. Not that the educated natives of India will ever forget their own vernaculars, any more than they will abandon their religious and social customs. Their destiny is to become bilingual, and thus to transmit to their less

fortunate brethren the results of the moral and material progress they have themselves acquired. A gradual regeneration of oriental life and character—under the impartial protection of English rule, but carried out by the agency of English-speaking natives—is our dream of what the twentieth century will witness.

TWO FOREIGN NOVELS.

Induleka. A Malayalam Novel. By O. Chandu Menon. Translated into English by W. Dumergue. (Madras: Addison.) Considering that this is the first novel written of Malayalam life and manners, the author has succeeded, to a very fair degree, in making his book interesting and instructive, although it is not altogether free from faults and weaknesses inevitable to a first venture. Perhaps it is in his delineation of the character of Namburis—the Brahmins of Malabar—that his abilities are seen to most advantage; the sketches of Suri and Cherusher are very true to nature, and decidedly the best in the book. The author's peculiar vein of humour finds free play here. Panthu Menon is the old type of the head of a family that is fast disappearing, exacting almost slavish obedience from all under him, rash and wrathful, yet withal kindly and generous when not in a passion. The characters of Induleka and Madhavan serve to show the changes that are taking place in the life and thought of young Malabar, through the spread of Western education. The book, on the whole, is a true picture of the life passed by the members of a rich Nair family of South Malabar at the present day. The weakest part seems to be the plot; there we see the inexperience of the author as a novelist. The several incidents are described rather by themselves than as parts of a connected whole. We notice this specially in chapter xviii., where, in our opinion, the conversation on the Congress and religion is entirely irrelevant. The author would have done better, if he was anxious to air his opinions on these subjects, to have written a separate pamphlet on them. In fact, after Madhavan's departure from Malabar the story loses all interest; the end is exceedingly weak. The translation is as near to the original as possible, without sacrificing clearness, and is, on the whole, well executed. Nevertheless, many ideas which are appropriate to the Malayalam, and even exquisite there, look strange and uncouth in their English garb; some fine pieces of humour are utterly destroyed. We specially commend the beauty of the English verses, into which the Slokas have been translated.

The Strange Friend of Tito Gil. By Pedro A. de Alarcón. Translated by Mrs. Francis J. A. Darr. (New York.) Pedro de Alarcón has written many novels, and one masterpiece, *El Sombrero de tres picos*, a re-setting in modern guise of the old world-wide tale of *The Miller and his Wife*. *The Strange Friend of Tito Gil* is an attempt in the same style, but with by no means equal success. It is the folk-lore tale of the Clever Physician, who, without study, or knowing how to read or write, gains reputation and wealth, because he can see Death, whom he had once unconsciously befriended. The story has been told by Fernán Caballero in her *Cuentos y Poesías Populares Andaluces*, under the title, "Juan Hologado y la Muerte." The first half of Alarcón's tale promises well, though the characters are very faintly drawn. The scene with Philip V., and the death-bed of his son Louis are impressively related; but after that the incidents lose all verisimilitude. The aerial voyage of Tito Gil and Death to the North Pole reads like a bad parody of some of Jules Verne's work; and all the former interest in the chief characters is destroyed by the announcement (p. 125) that

Tito and Elena were dead before he commenced his career as a physician, and, consequently, the scenes described were impossible even in imagination. In all this we may perhaps trace the influence of Alarcón's early friend, the poet Espronceda, and an unhappy mixture of his Byronism with the more recent influence of Jules Verne. The result can attract by its fantastic strangeness only.

NOTES AND NEWS.

WE learn that Mr. Herbert Spencer's new work, entitled *Justice*, is nearly through the press. It forms the fourth division of his "Principles of Ethics," which he has executed out of its turn as being the most important division. Parts II. and III., completing the first volume, will next be undertaken, and afterwards, if he should succeed in completing these, Parts V. and VI., which, with the part now issued, will make up the second volume.

WE are promised a new version of the life-story of Emma Lady Hamilton, retold by Hilda Gamlin from original materials, which are asserted to disprove much that has hitherto been alleged to her injury. Mr. Alfred Morrison has placed unreservedly at the disposal of the author his unrivalled collection of autograph letters bearing on the subject. There will also be printed numerous letters from Greville, disclosing the actual circumstances under which she was transferred to Sir William Hamilton. Evidence will also be adduced to prove that Lady Hamilton was merely the voluntary guardian of Horatia, and that the celebrated series of "Thomson" letters was not written by Nelson. The book will be illustrated with nearly fifty plates, including portraits, views, and facsimiles of letters; and it will be published, in handsome form and in a limited edition, by Mr. Edward Howell, of Liverpool.

THE second instalment of Miss Garnett's book, *Women of Turkey and their Folklore*, is to appear in a few days. The first volume, it will be remembered, dealt with the Christian women of Turkey. The new one is devoted to their Jewish and Moslem countrywomen. To a description of the social status and family life of the women of Turkey is added an historical account of the Osmanli poetesses. Mr. Stuart Glennie's concluding chapter on Folklore and Historical Origin may be expected to shed a new light on certain much discussed problems relating to the origin of marriage, and more especially of its patriarchal and matriarchal forms.

TWO new volumes in Mr. David Nutt's series of "Waifs and Strays of Celtic Tradition" will be published almost immediately: *Folk and Hero Tales from Argyllshire*, collected and translated by the Rev. James MacDougall, with an introduction by Mr. Alfred Nutt; and *The Pians*, traditions in prose and verse, collected during the last forty years by the Rev. J. G. Campbell, of Tiree.

MESSRS. LONGMAN have in the press, to be published in the autumn, a volume entitled *Games, Ancient and Oriental*, by Mr. Edward Falconer, illustrated with ten photographs and other full-page plates.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN & Co. will shortly publish in their "Golden Treasury Series" a selection of the best modern German ballads, edited by Prof. Buchheim as a companion volume to his *Deutsche Lyrik*, which is now in its seventh edition. The book will contain, besides a critical survey of German ballad literature from Bürger to Paul Heyse, brief annotations giving the sources of the ballads and romances.

MR. HUGH L. CALLENDAR has greatly simplified his system of cursive shorthand, by adapting it to the ordinary spelling method instead

of the phonetic standard which he has hitherto followed. The exposition of the system in its revised form is contained in a pamphlet of thirty-two pages, twelve of which are devoted to specimens for reading practice. It will be published immediately by the Cambridge University Press under the title of *A Manual of Orthographic Cursive Shorthand*.

AMONG new volumes of verse announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for early publication are—*Day Dawn, and Other Poems*, by J. Meller; and *Descriptive Poems written in England and India*, by E. Templeman.

THE annual dinner of the Society of Authors will be held at the Hôtel Métropole on Thursday, July 16. Lord Monckswell, who introduced the Copyright Amendment Bill into the House of Lords, will take the chair; and it is proposed to make the occasion one of recognition of the passing of the American Act.

IN reply to a question from Mr. Bryce in the House of Commons on Monday last, the Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs stated that "Her Majesty's Government are advised that the law of this country in the matter of copyright is so favourable to aliens that we may expect to satisfy the conditions of the new American law."

SIR CHARLES DILKE has deposited his valuable collection of Keats' relics in the Chelsea Public Library. They consist of books containing holograph poems and notes by Keats, letters by and to him, and other objects of interest connected with the poet. The collection is arranged in a show case, and exhibited in the reference library.

AT the general meeting of the British Economic Association, to be held on Wednesday next, June 24, at 9 Adelphi-terrace, the chair will be taken by Mr. John Morley, in the absence of the president, Mr. Goschen.

AT the monthly meeting of the Browning Society, to be held at University College on Friday next, June 26, at 8 p.m., a paper will be read by Mr. R. G. Moulton, entitled "'Balaustion's Adventure' as a Beautiful Misrepresentation of the Original."

DURING the first three days of next week, Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling what they describe as the library of an "eminent" collector. It is, indeed, a very choice collection of those books which bibliophiles most affect, including foreign incunabula, first editions of the classics printed at Rome and Florence, Aldines, and—in particular—the highly valued illustrated works which were produced in France in the last century. Some of the books came from the Beckford, the Syston Park, and other historic libraries.

THE funeral of the late Captain Sir Richard Burton took place on Monday, June 15, at the Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Mortlake. The requiem mass was sung by Monsignor Stanley, of Spanish-place Church, assisted by Fathers White, Regan, and Cafferata. The music was by Casciolini, and was rendered by a special choir of professionals. Father Cox's "In Paradisum" was sung on the removal of the coffin from the church to the cemetery adjoining, the concluding prayers being said at the graveside by Provost Wenham, the priest of the mission. A harmonised "Benedictus" was then sung, during which Lady Burton and several friends laid wreaths of flowers by the side of the coffin. The tomb, which is subscribed for by Sir Richard's countrymen, represents an Arab tent, with a star above and a crucifix over the entrance; the interior is a small chapel, with altar and some oriental lights.

THE Italian papers announce the discovery of a valuable library, hitherto hidden in the monastery of Sant Antonio del Monte, near

Rieti. Signor Villari, minister of education, immediately sent to the spot Prof. Monaci, who reports that the library contains about 500 printed books and 69 MSS. Of the latter the greater number are written on parchment, and date from the tenth to the fifteenth century. They are described as having great palaeographic interest, with fine illuminations in some of them. But it does not appear that they include any classical texts. The subjects mentioned are theological and liturgical, civil and canon law; only a few philosophical and literary treatises.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE July issue of the *Antiquary* will contain an illustrated article by Dr. Munro, F.S.A. Scot., on "Prehistoric Beaver Traps." The same number will also include an article descriptive of the little-known but very valuable private museum of Mr. Mortimer, at Driffild, wherein are stored the fruits of much barrow digging on the Yorkshire Wolds.

THE July number of *Harper's Magazine* will have for frontispiece a portrait of Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, with a biographical and critical essay by Mr. G. W. Curtis. There will also be the opening chapters of a new novel by Mr. W. D. Howells, entitled "An Imperative Duty."

IN the series of articles which are appearing in *The Bookworm*, entitled "Bookworms of To-day," by Mr. W. Roberts, the subject of the July number will be Mr. Fred. Burgess, whose collection of Dickensiana is second only to that of Mr. W. Wright, of Paris, and whose dramatic library is one of the most extensive in this country. Mr. Burgess' name will be more familiar to the general public in connexion with a certain troupe of minstrels than as a connoisseur in "first editions" and old play-bills.

Literary Opinion will in future be published by Messrs. Hutchinson & Co. The July number will begin several new features, including a portrait of some distinguished living author, with memoir, also a monthly summary of the ever increasing book production of Greater as well as of Great Britain, with special Australian and Continental letters. A portrait of Mrs. T. Humphry Ward will appear in the July number.

MR. MACKENZIE BELL contributes to the *Rural World* a poem entitled "Two Lives," which is a plea for Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of "Old-Age Pensions."

THE extra summer number of *Cassell's Magazine* will be issued on June 25, under the title of "The Crown of the Year." It will contain a complete novel called "A Matter of Skill," by Miss Beatrice Whitley, illustrated by Mr. Percy Tarrant; and other papers for holiday reading.

THE July part of *Little Folks*, which forms the commencement of a new volume, will contain the opening chapters of two new serial stories: "Four on an Island," by L. T. Meade, and "To School and Away," by H. Atteridge.

WITH the next number of *Ariel* will be issued, as a supplement, on specially fine paper, the first of a series of coloured cartoons by "Cynicus." It will be entitled "Truth."

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE Rev. Henry Melville Gwatkin, sometime fellow of St. John's College, has been elected to the Dixie chair of ecclesiastical history at Cambridge, vacant by the transfer of Dr. Creighton to the see of Peterborough. Mr. Gwatkin is best known by his *Studies of*

Arianism, and by a popular volume on the same subject which he contributed to the "Epochs of Church History" series in 1889.

M. TAINÉ and Prof. Weierstrass were unable to be present to receive their honorary degrees at Cambridge on Tuesday.

MR. PETER GILES, of Emmanuel College, has been elected reader in comparative philology at Cambridge, in the place of Dr. Peile, who has resigned that office in view of his approaching vice-chancellorship.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have approved the name of Mr. T. G. Tucker for the degree of Doctor in Letters. Mr. Tucker—who is, we believe, professor of classics in the University of Melbourne—will be remembered for his critical edition, with translation, of the *Supplies of Aeschylus* (1889).

The following is the text of the speech of the Public Orator (Dr. Merry) on introducing Dr. Wright for the degree of M.A. *honoris causa*, at Oxford:—

"De grammaticis historicisque linguarum ac dialectorum studiis apud nos Oxonienses indies invalescentibus bene augurari licet, quod vir doctissimus Iosephus Wright, philologiae comparativae professor deputatus in hac Academia nuper est electus. Cuius quidem litterarum accuratam cognitionem testantur non solum nostrates, verum etiam eruditissimi in Germania doctores, quorum praelectiones quum diu diligentissime audivisset, in fidem ipse studiis summam laudem consecutus est.

"Mihi quidem horum insignium virorum tabellas commendaticias perlegenti persuasissimum est professorem nostrum in omnibus quibus operam impenderit rebus strenuum Britannorum ingenium eum argutiore Tentonum subtilitate coniunxisse, nec minore successu doctrinam aliis impertiri quam sibi ipsi parere consuevisse. Quapropter Academiam de studiis philologicis optime esse meritum censeo, quae tam praeclari viri auxilium sibi adseverit, nec sine certa quadam confidentia spero hodie vos, Academici, doctum virum vel arctiore vinculo vobis esse consociaturos."

THE Rev. Dr. Cunningham, who has just been elected a fellow of Trinity, has resigned the post of university lecturer in history at Cambridge.

IN his presidential address on "The Progress of Geography," at the anniversary meeting of the Royal Geographical Society on Monday last, Sir Mountstuart E. Grant-Duff was happy to be able to report that their efforts to promote geographical education at Oxford were being crowned with success, thanks to the enlightened views now prevailing there, to the powerful assistance of the Warden of Merton and other friends in high place, and to the zeal and high intelligence of Mr. Mackinder, who was rapidly winning not only golden opinions for himself, but an excellent place for his science on the banks of the Isis. Negotiations were now in progress which would, he hoped, result in the establishment of a travelling scholarship at the joint expense of the society and of the University of Oxford. On Tuesday, Convocation at Oxford voted a grant of £50 for four years, to meet a like sum provided by the Geographical Society, for a scholarship to be held by a student engaged in geographical research.

THE *Oxford Magazine* records the acquisition of historical relics by two colleges. The late Dr. Bloxam has bequeathed to the President of Magdalen Addison's shoe-buckles, together with six chairs and a lamp-stand, to be preserved in the president's lodgings; and Mr. Henry Willett, of Brighton—who is not, we believe, himself a university man—has had restored, in order to be returned to Queen's College, a battered effigy of Queen Philippa, which had for long been lying neglected in the neighbouring village of Wolvercote.

THE Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Ashbourne, presided last Wednesday, in the Middle

Temple Hall, at a dinner attended by Irish gentlemen in England who had graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, to commemorate the terecentenary of their University.

THE senate of Durham University have adopted a scheme for two new degrees—that of Bachelor and Doctor in Hygiene. Candidates for the former, who must be already registered medical practitioners, will be required to have spent one year of professional study at the Newcastle-on-Tyne College of Medicine. Candidates for the latter must further have been engaged for two years in practice as medical officers of health.

THE University of Adelaide, South Australia, has been admitted to the privileges of affiliation at Cambridge.

THE annual meeting of the Chelsea centre of the University Extension Society will be held at St. Mark's College on Thursday next, June 25, at 8.30 p.m., with Lord Monkswell in the chair. The certificates will be presented to students by the Marchioness of Ripon; and a lecture on "India," illustrated with lantern slides, will be delivered by Mr. C. L. Tupper.

WE may mention here the article on "Oxford," which has been contributed to the new edition of *Chambers's Encyclopaedia* (Vol. VIII.) by the Rev. Andrew Clark. It covers sixteen closely printed columns, and may be called exhaustive—like of the topography, the history, and the educational system. This last is almost entirely ignored in the corresponding article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, which is also much shorter. The only omission we have noticed is any reference to the extinction of at least two historic Halls in recent years. But Mr. Clark has not only written a condensed guide-book to the town and the university, he has also found space to include not a little criticism. After giving a table of the honours lists for 1890, in which the several branches of science are classified, he adds:

"A comparison of the above table with the list of professors, lecturers, and demonstrators yields the ridiculous result that, to produce 26 candidates graduating in honours in science, the university employs a staff of 27 teachers, and that these require the assistance of several college lecturers."

And again, when enumerating the features which distinguish Oxford from other universities, he says:

"The Oxford course is entirely out of touch with the professional education of the country. The Oxford undergraduate, entering the university at 19 or 20, finds himself at 23 or 24, after the expenditure of £800 or £1000, and the formation of idle habits and expensive tastes, with his whole life to begin afresh."

Some severe but not unjust comments are likewise passed upon "the excessive luxury and idleness" of the students. It is curious, too, for one who remembers the reforming enthusiasm of twenty years ago, to find the old system of prize fellowships described as the "best feature" of Oxford.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

THE CHARM OF THE RUE.

Why do you come to disturb me?
I laid you away to rest,
With red rose-leaves for your pillow,
And rosemary over your breast.
There was lavender all around you,
I knew that your grave was deep;
There were king-cups growing above you,
And yet you have stirr'd in your sleep.
I promised that you should have flowers;
And I did not forget the rue;
But sometimes I think you forgot, dear,
All the old-world spells that I knew.

You said that I must not remember,
But bury you out of my sight;
I might strew the red rose-leaves upon you,
And then must forget you quite.

But I knew you would one day waken,
If only the rue was there;
That the past it would all come back, dear,
Some day when the skies were fair.

You know that you bade me forget, dear,
All the love that you told long ago;
To bury it deep, nor regret you,
It had passed with the last year's snow.

But for years I hoped you would waken,
For I knew that the rue it was there;
But I thought that the charm was broken,
No answer there came to my prayer.

And now you have slept so soundly,
'Mid roses, rosemary, and rue,
That I have had time to remember
It was I, not you, that were true.

But the charm it has worked, and you waken;
The spell of the rue holds you fast;
The grave has no power to keep you,
Your love it is mine at last.

And, dear, you should not reproach me,
Remember that I was true;
Red roses and rosemary wither,
You took no heed of the rue.

But yet for the sake of the past, dear,
And the days e'er you proved untrue,
I would I had left you to sleep, dear,
With never the charm of the rue.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

OBITUARY.

JOHN BOXWELL.

JOHN BOXWELL, B.C.S., Commissioner of Dacca, one of the Indian civilians who, like Colebrooke, were equally distinguished as administrators and as scholars, died last month, of cholera, at the seat of his commissionership. The following order by the Lient.-Governor of Bengal appears in the *Calcutta Gazette* of May 20, 1891, and records the opinion of the local government under which Mr. Boxwell served:

"The 18th May, 1891.—The Lieutenant-Governor has heard with deep regret of the loss which the Government and the public have sustained in the sudden death of Mr. John Boxwell, C.S., Commissioner of Dacca, and formerly Commissioner of Patna. An accomplished scholar of wide and varied culture, his large sympathies and elevated character endeared him to all with whom he came into contact during his long service in Bengal. Sir Charles Elliott wishes to express his personal sympathy with the general sorrow which will be felt at the death of one who was not less loved in his private life than esteemed as a public officer."

It is hardly necessary to add that such a man received none of the honours which the Government of India has scattered so profusely during the last ten years.

Mr. Boxwell is known to the readers of the *ACADEMY* and to the members of the Philological Society as the author of a remarkable Latin version of *Rigveda* x. 108 in the metre of the original (the *ACADEMY* for November 20, 1886, p. 245), a paper on the place of Sanskrit in the development of Aryan speech in India (*ACADEMY*, February 12, 1887, pp. 116, 117), and a report on the language of the Santals (whom he ruled as Commissioner for some years), which has appeared in the *Proceedings* of the Philological Society. He also contributed to the *Journal* of the Asiatic Society, Calcutta. His gift for language was sedulously cultivated; thus during one of his furloughs he attended Prof. Brugmann's lectures and mastered the methods of the modern philology.

In his honesty, energy, and charm of manner Mr. Boxwell resembled his countryman, Lord Mayo. Like Lord Mayo, too, he was a good

rider, a keen sportsman, and, physically, a veritable *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*. He leaves a widow, five children, and many mournful friends.

W. S.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

THE ornament of the June *Livre Moderne* (the last number of the third volume of that ingenious publication) is a full-page lithograph, or rather aquatint etching, after no less a person than the mighty and naughty Félicien Rops, as much in his peculiar style as could be ventured on in a publication intended for general reading. A sober bibliophile sits in an armchair studying a folio; but on the back of that armchair and comfortably supporting herself also on the bibliophile's neck and shoulders is a gigantic female figure with as little clothes on as Mrs. Midshipman Easy had when Mr. Midshipman Easy first saw her, and probably less. She is masterly enough, this *succuba insidens*, and considerably more decent than some saints of our English Academicians' creating. The letterpress contains a bundle of unpublished letters (we hope, by-the-way, that this fashion will not make its way into England), M. Gausseron's usual *compte-rendu* of recent books, and the index for the half-year.

WE have received the first number of the *Revue des Bibliothèques* (Paris: Bouillon), which is edited by M. Emile Chatelain. Its object is not to compete with the many bibliographical reviews that are already published in France, but to supply to library officials the means of making their stores better known to "the studious public." Consistently with this conception, the three first articles have to do—not with library appliances, nor even with books—but with MSS. M. H. Omont prints, from the British Museum, the catalogue of the MSS. of the Benedictine abbey of Lobbes, near Liège, drawn up in the year 1049; M. Chatelain himself gives an account of the library of the Collège du Trésorier, at Paris, tracing all the MSS. from it that are now known to exist; and he also identifies a new leaf of a fragmentary MS. of Virgil in the Bibliothèque Nationale, which he has already described in the *Mélanges Renier*. The reviews likewise are almost entirely concerned with catalogues of MSS. There is, however, one article which our librarians will be interested to note: an appeal, signed by M. Ch. Mortet, of the Bibliothèque Sainte-Geneviève, for the establishment of an association of French librarians, after the pattern of those in America, the United Kingdom, and Germany.

THE HONORARY DEGREES AT CAMBRIDGE.

THE following are the speeches delivered by the Public Orator, Dr. Sandys, in presenting to the vice-chancellor the several distinguished persons on whom honorary degrees were conferred at Cambridge on June 16:

LORD WALSLINGHAM.

"Multum in summo Seneschallo nostro nuper amissimus; qui duodevigiinti annos amplissimo illo functus officio, aureo uumismate carmini heroico Latino per annos complures donato, et insignem litterarum humaniorum amorem et eximium erga Academiam benevolentiam testabatur. Carmen autem audietis hodie praemio illius ornatum, carmen Timoleontis in laudem conscriptum, qui olim Crimisi (ut meministis) ad ripam progressus militibus suis omne tristi attonitis egregie ostendit apii coronam non mortuorum modo sepulcris sed etiam ante omnia victorum frontibus esse idoneam. Ergo Seneschalli a nobis abrepti sepulcro corona nostra quantalacumque non sine reverentia imposita, hodie successorem eius illustrem, certaminum complurium victorem, libenter coronamus. Olim Etonae, postea Cantabrigiae, in ludo campestri spectandus, saepenumero erat

(ut Gracce dicam) *ἐὶς τῶν ἑνδεκα*. Suo igitur in foro iuventuti Academicae iudex nullus erit benignior, nullus gratiosior. Idem, avium ferarum venator acerrimus, quot in campis quantas strages edidit. Scientiarum amore instinctus, quot terras longinquas obivit. Etiam papilionum genera minutissima, microlepidoptera nominata, curiositate subtilissima perscrutatus est, rerum naturam in minimis quoque maximam esse arbitratus. Musea vero nostra rerum naturae illustrandae dedicata, quot et quantis muneribus ornavit. Nuper autem, cum id agebatur ut Academiae inter studia etiam agri culturae locus tribueretur, Academiae consilium quanta cum dignitate, quanta cum comitate interfuit. Ergo scientia illa, senectutis inter voluptates a Tulio laudata, patriae totius ad communem fructum, etiam iuventutis nostrae inter studia fortasse aliquando numerabitur. Qua de re ut Tullii verbis utar, 'possum persequi permulta oblectamenta rerum rusticarum, sed ea ipsa quae dixi sentio fuisse longiora.'"

THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

"Titulo nostro primum omnium hodie ornamus virum titulis quam plurimis aliunde decoratum, qui (ne minora commemorem) orbis terrarum in regionibus inter sese remotissimis, inter omnium approbationem Reginae ipsius vicarius exstitit. Quid referam sex annos in provincia Canadensi feliciter exactos, ubi (ut poetae locum ab ipso quondam non sine lepore laudatum usurpem)

Hyperionis instar

Solis in occidenti solio flammarum sedebat;

ubi 'occidentis usque ad ultimum sinum' inter omnium plausus velut triumphans ibat; ubi in colonis illis fidelissimis Reginae erga ipsam amorem indies flagrantem incendebat? Quid annos quattuor dicam imperio nostro inter Indos non modo prudenter conservando sed etiam fortiter prorogando dedicatos? Etenim in orientem versus solem regionem ipsa Britannia tribus partibus maiorem imperio nostro addidit, novo cognomine Burmanicus appellari meritis. Idem in legationibus obeundis quam exercitatus, quam praeclare versatus. Olim in Syria Christianorum sanguinis viudex; postea velut uno tenore Petropolis a pruinis Bospori atque adeo Nili ad soles transitit, quolibet sub caelo ubique felix, etiam Italiae in luce aliquando non minus quam antea illustris futurus. Legati sane inter virtutes taciturnitas quaedam non immerito numeratur, quae in hoc certe viro cum admirabili consentanea est eloquentia. Oratoris igitur eloquentissimi, comœdiorum scriptoris lepidissimi pronepos, neque una in tellure neque una in lingua dedit insignia eloquentiae documenta. Olim etiam in ultima Thule Latine locutus, postea semel saltem Graecam inter Canadenses, Persicam inter Indos, Gallicam coram Galliae comœdis praestantissimis habuit orationem. Patrio autem in sermone quam promptus, quam peritus, quam perfectus dicendi artifex. Nuper vitam ante actam memoria remensum, etiam iuventuti Caledonicae, prudentissimis mortalium, Mentor fuit. Neque vero verbis dicendis magis quam rebus gerendis studuit, sed ubique terrarum trans lata maria gloriae Britannicae velut imaginem ante oculos habuit, nihil antiquius arbitratus quam Britanniae famam veterem factis extendere, nihil pulchrius quam patriae prodesse."

SIR ALFRED LYALL.

"In imperii nostri Indici quasi corpore non satis est quod caput egregium gubernat omnia; etiam brachiorum, pectoris, ceterorum membrorum, opus est auxilio. Viri autem huiusce prudentia et sapientia imperio nostro longinquo diu profuerunt. Ibi primum domesticis, deinde externis rebus administrandis praepositis, Indiae septentrionalis provinciae mediae maxima cum laude erat praefectus. Quod si illa demum beata est civitas, in qua aut philosophi regnant aut reges philosophantur, quam fortunata erat illa imperii nostri provincia ubi eodem in rectore et philosophi et proconsulis partes erant feliciter consociatae. Origium antiquarum in studiis eruditus versatus, idem nostri saeculi in negotiis agendis erat indefessus. Nuper, magno laborum spatio decurso, patriae redditus, consilio Indico summa cum dignitate adscriptus est. Interim ne subsicivi quidem temporis otium perire passus, quanquam lyram ipsam non neglexit, sermonis pedestris Musam severiorem summo cum fructu coluit. In

versibus quidem eius hominum vita qualis inter Indos philosophanti appareat, patet quasi vota in tabella non minus fideliter descripta quam ipsius imago quae, a pictore eximio nuper depicta, principum Indicorum in eum benevolentiam in perpetuum testabitur. Ceteris autem in scriptis quam praeclare ostendit, et in provinciis domi administrandis et in rebus foras gerendis, inter nostrum imperium Indicum et Romanorum imperium antiquam quanta similitudo intercedat. Idem quam erudite, quam luculenter, etiam de Indiae religionibus disputat. Ceterum tanto de argumento plura hodie dicere non nostrum est: crastino die in hoc ipso loco ipsum audietis."

SIR ARCHIBALD GEIKIE.

"Salutamus deinceps virum et scientiarum et litterarum laude illustrem, in Academia Edinensi quondam geologiae professorem, Britanniae et Hiberniae explorationi geologicae praepositum, societatis Regiae socium, societatis geologicae praesidem, societatis denique Britannicae scientiarum terminis prorogandis praesidem designatum. Geologiae et geographiae studiosorum in manibus sunt scripta eius plurima, scientiis illis aut docendis aut illustrandis destinata. Etiam aliis loquuntur libri eius elegantissime conscripti, quorum in uno Caledoniae montes vallesque per immensam saeculorum seriem causis cotidianis minutatim excelsas fuisse demonstrat; in altero vitam et res gestas geologi magni, quem Siluriae regem nominaverim, ea quae par est dignitate describit. Viri talis laboribus non modo geologiae fines latius indies propagantur, sed etiam populo universo studia illa praeclara commendantur."

DR. W. H. FLOWER.

"Quod e sapientibus septem unus dixisse fertur, ἀρχὴ ὄντος δέξαι, de hoc certe viro, per honorem cursum satis longum probato, verum esse constat. Regio Chirurgorum in Collegio, primum museo conservando praepositus, deinde physiologiam et comparativam quae dicitur anatomiam professus, deinceps Musci Britannici auditio novo rerum naturae studiis dedicato praefectus est. Idem societati et zoologicae, et anthropologicae, et Britannicae, maxima cum laude praefuit. In museis autem ordinandis quam perspicax; in scientiarum studiis populo toti commendandis quam disertus; hominibus in diversis generibus capitis mensura inter sese distinguendis quam subtilis; maris denique in monstris immensis describendis quam minutus. Ergo, velut alter Neptunus, intra regni sui fines etiam 'immania cete' suo sibi iure vindicat; idem, anthropologiae quoque in studiis versatus, ne barbaras quidem gentes contempsit, sed, velut alter Chremes, homo est; humani nil a se alienum putat."

M. ELIAS METSCHNIKOFF.

"Sequitur deinceps vir, qui scientiarum in provinciis duabus, et in zoologia et in bacteriologia quae dicitur, famam insignem est adeptus. Primum Ponti Euxini in litore septentrionali zoologiam professus, multa de morphologia animalium, quae invertebrata nominantur, accuratissime disscruit. Deinde Parisiis rerum naturae investigatori celeberrimo adiutor datus, eis potissimum causis perscrutandis operam dedit, per quas genere ab humano morborum impetus hostiles possent propulsari. Nam, velut hominum in mentibus virtutes et vitia inter sese confligunt, non aliter animantium in corporibus contra pestium exercitus copiae quaedam sanitatis et salutis ministrae concertare perhibentur. Mentis quidem certamen olim in carmine heroico, Psychomachia nominato, Prudentius narravit. Inter eos autem qui corporis certamen experimentis exquisitis nuper explicaverunt, locum insignem sibi vindicat vir quidam summa morum modestia praeditus, qui, velut vates sacer, proelium illud sibi sumpsit celebrandum, in quo tot cellulae vagantes, quasi milites procurantes, morborum semina maligna corripunt, correpta comprimunt, compressa extinguunt. Talium virorum auxilio febrium cohortes paulatim profigantur, et generis humani saluti novum indies affertur incrementum."

MR. W. E. H. LECKY.

"Etiam Musae historicae cultorem illustrem, Academiae celeberrimae Dubliniensis alumnum, hodie salutamus. Diu legentium in manibus fuerunt opera illa magna stilo lucido conscripta et

Europae in historia tractanda occupata, quorum in uno de vi rationis in hominum opinionibus commutandis disputat; in altero de saeculi cuiusque moribus inter Augusti et Caroli Magni aetates describit. Opere in utroque diu agnovimus scriptorem et doctrina varia et veritatis amore insignem. Hodie vero eundem titulo nostro idcirco decoramus quod, non iam Europae totius sed patriae potius historiam aggressus, saeculi prioris rebus gestis enarratis, opus ingens ad finem feliciter perduxit. Quot Thucydides libros bello Peloponnesiaco narrando dedicavit, totidem volumina magna, non minorem veritatis amorem testantia, saeculi unius rebus gestis conscribendis consecravit. Opere in toto libenter admiramur scriptorem veracem, sine ullo patium studio fidelem, rem namquamque curiositate minuta prosequentem. Hiberniae vero, patriae eius natalis, annales nemo adhuc minutius, nemo accuratius exploravit; quod patriae totius, his praesertim temporibus, quantum intersit, quis est quin statim agnoscat? Qui quondam patriae natalis duces ingenue admirabatur, nunc certe patriae universae commoda ante omnia putat esse praeponenda. Qua de re audite paulisper Tullium ipsum in libro de Legibus incripto disserentem. 'Omibus municipibus duas esse censeo patrias, unam naturae, alteram civitatis... sed necesse est caritate eam praestare quae... universae civitatis est, pro qua mori et cui nos totos dedere et in qua nostra omnia ponere et quasi consecrare debemus. Dulcis autem non multo secus est illa quae genuit quam illa quae exceptit. Itaque hanc meam esse patriam prorsus nunquam negabo, dum sit illa maior, haec in ea continentur.' (De Legibus, li. 2 § 5.)

HERR ANTONIN DVORÁK.

"Oratoribus antiquis in peroratione praesertim animi motus varios aut excitare aut sedare licebat: artis musicae magistris idem facere ubique licet. Ergo nos quoque, statim peroraturi, virum libenter laudamus in animi affectibus inter sese diversissimis arte musica exprimentis solertissimum. Olim Bohemiae in rure remoto in lucem editus, et per ardua, per adversa, in altiora evectus, patriae famam suo illustravit ingenio, patriae in arte musica quicquid proprium esset fideliter interpretatus. Testantur cantus eius vocibus duabus accommodatis, Moraviae Musas ipsas spirare visi; testantur choreae Slavonicae, quae fautoris et adiutoris eius magni choreas Hungaricas aemulantur; testantur symphoniae, partim elegorum modis flebilibus contristatae, partim fidium furore tremendo agitatae: testatur denique, velut Lemurum e regno egressa, formidulosa sponsae per tenebras abreptae fabula. Idem arte quali etiam alienigenarum musicam aut aliquatenus imitando aut in melius commutando expressit, sive tribuum errantium cantus tristes effingit, sive Italorum carmina sacra misericordiam moventia operis magni argumentum sibi sumit. Qua de re non aliorum eget testimonio; vos de matre dolores, iuxta cruceam lacrimosa, carmen hesterno die egregie recitatum audivistis."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- CASTRO, Luiz de. Le Brésil vivant. Paris: Fischbacher. 3 fr.
CUNET, Vital. La Turquie d'Asie. 2e Fasc. Vilayets d'Angora, de l'Archipel et de Crète. Paris: Leroux. 4 fr.
ROUSSE, E. Mirabeau. Paris: Hachette. 2 fr.
SAMSON-HIMMELSTERN, H. v. Russland unter Alexander III. Leipzig: Dumcker & Humblot. 8 M.
SKRYBIR, G. J. Die Geschichtsphilosophie Augustins nach seiner Schrift de Civitate Dei. Leipzig: Fock. 1 M. 20 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- AGAMY, R. Die fränkische Thorhalle u. Klosterkirche zu Lorsch an der Bergstrasse. Darmstadt: Klingelhoeffer. 15 M.
FAZY, H. Les Constitutions de la République de Genève. Paris: Fischbacher. 4 fr.
MONUMENTA mediæ ævi historica res gestas Poloniae illustrantia. Tom. XII. Cracow. 12 M.
PANTSCHOFF, M. Kaiser Alexander I. u. der Aufstand Ypsilantis 1821. Leipzig: Kössling. 1 M. 20 Pf.
PEREY, Lucien. La fin du XVIIIe Siècle: le Duc de Nivernais. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
RELATIONS de la Cour de Sardaigne et de la République de Genève depuis le traité de Turin jusqu'à la fin de l'ancien régime (1764-1792). Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.
URKUNDE u. Actenstücke zur Geschichte d. Kurfürsten Friedrich Wilhelm v. Brandenburg. 14. Bd. 2. Thl. Answärtige Acten III. (Oesterreich). Hrg. v. A. F. Pribram. Berlin: Reimer. 20 M.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- COTTEAU, G. Echinides coënes de la province d'Alicante. Paris: Bandy. 30 fr.
EMMERICH, A. Die Brackischen Gebilde u. ihre Beziehungen zu den verwandten merkwürdigen Punkten u. Kreisen d. Dreiecks. Berlin: Reimer. 5 M.
FISCHER, E. L. Theorie der Gesichtswahrnehmung. Untersuchungen zur physiolog. Psychologie u. Erkenntnislehre. Mainz: Kirchheim. 7 M.
JACOBI, C. G. J. Gesammelte Werke. 6. Bd. Hrg. v. K. Weierstrass. Berlin: Reimer. 14 M.
KOTULA, B. Distributio plantarum vasculosarum in montibus Tatricis. Cracow. 10 M.
TELLER, P. Ueb. den Schädel e. fossilen Dipnois Ceratodus Sturii nov. spec. aus den Schichten der oberen Trias der Nordalpen. Wien: Holder. 10 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- AUBES, A. Traité de métrologie assyrienne. Paris: Bouillon. 6 fr.
BECKER, J. H. Saga III. Die Zwillingsgasse als Schlüssel zur Deutung urzeitlicher Ueberlieferung. Leipzig: Fock. 2 M. 30 Pf.
COMMENTARIA in Aristotelem graeca. Vol. I. et vol. II. pars II. Berlin: Reimer. 63 M.
EPHEMERIS epigraphica. Vol. VIII. fasc. I. Berlin: Reimer. 7 M.
GRAUX, Ch., et A. MARTIN. Fac-similés de manuscrits grecs d'Espagne. Paris: Hachette. 25 fr.
GIESSECKE, A. De philosophorum veterum quae ad exilium spectant sententiae. Leipzig: Teubner. 2 M.
GAMM, J. u. W. Deutsches Wörterbuch. 8. Bd. 6. Lfg. Rind-Roman. Bearb. unter Leitg. v. M. Heyne. Leipzig: Hirzel. 2 M.
MIDDELDORP, E. W. Die einheimischen Sprachen Perus. 5. Bd. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 20 M.
NICOLE, Jules. Les Scéles genevoises de l'Iliade. Paris: Hachette. 35 fr.
PHILOLOGIA de aeternitate mundi, ed. et prolegomenis instruit F. Cumont. Berlin: Reimer. 4 M.
SCHULTZ, E. Die Sprache der English Gilds aus dem J. 1389. Rudolstadt: Dabbs. 1 M. 20 Pf.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DISCOVERY OF A FRAGMENT OF "THE SHEPHERD OF HERMAS."

Trinity College, Dublin: June 15, 1891.

It will interest readers of the ACADEMY who study palaeography to know that we have identified the text reproduced by Wilcken in the third of his recent *Tafeln zur älteren griechischen Palaeographie*. He entitles it "Bruchstück einer unbekannten (?) Christlich-theologischen Schrift," and gives the decipherment of a few lines.

Mr. Bernard, my colleague who recently identified the fragments of Cyril in the Petrie papyri, read it with me yesterday; and he brings me the news that he has found the text in the Second Similitude of *The Shepherd of Hermas*. The fragments of the next column visible in the right are from the Fourth Similitude.

The text is on papyrus, not in book shape, but in parallel columns. The handwriting may be as old as any extant of the *Shepherd*. In any case it gives quite a new interest to the fragment to have its author and context determined. The passage has some variations from the text published by Harnack. Whether they are important or not remains to be seen. Mr. Bernard is preparing a critical notice.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

MR. ISAAC TAYLOR ON SICILIAN HISTORY.

Wells, Somerset: June 15, 1891.

The ACADEMY is one of the few places where one answers one's critics. But I do not think that I should have answered Mr. Isaac Taylor's two articles on my History of Sicily, if he had only kept to generalities, and had not in some cases ventured to meddle with facts.

It is perfectly natural that Mr. Taylor and I should look at the history of the world from different points of view. I am φιλόδημος τὴν φύσιν; I am also φιλέλλην, or rather what Lord Strangford used to call φιλορωμέος. Mr. Taylor is clearly φιλοβόρβωρος; he seems also to have taken the famous oath καὶ τὸ δῆμα κακόνους ἔσομαι. About such things it is no use erying. He certainly will not convince me, and I have still less hope of convincing him. I will only tell

him that he is wrong as a matter of fact when he says, "Mr. Freeman constantly allows his views on the Eastern Question to colour his narrative." By "the Eastern Question" Mr. Taylor most likely means some matter of our own day, say the betrayal of Jóannina, or the present state of Armenia. It is possible that my views of those events may be coloured by the belief that I learned, from the opening chapters of Herodotus, a much older and wider Eastern Question. In any case that is the order of thought, and not the other.

Mr. Taylor complains that I use the words "tyrant" and "barbarian" in their Greek sense. Writing on a scientific subject, I do use scientific terms in their scientific sense. Mr. Taylor can use them in any penny-a-liner's sense that he pleases. He may, if he likes, say that Gelón "received an ovation" on his return to Syracuse. I shall keep the word for Marcellus. He may say that the army of Himilcón was "decimated" in the marshes by Syracuse. I shall not say so unless Mr. Taylor can show me the exact figures. It is, in Mr. Taylor's view, "pedantic and invidious" to use the word "barbarian" systematically as the term to designate a highly civilised people. I could judge better of the charge if the word "barbarian" were found in vol. i. p. 271 of my book, to which Mr. Taylor refers. I had thought that I had drawn a not unkind picture of Gelón; but Mr. Taylor is dissatisfied with my treatment of all tyrants. To tyrants, according to Mr. Taylor, was owing "the crushing defeat of Carthage at Himera which gave the Greeks the dominion of the island." I have had my say about Himera, at which I think Gelón would not be displeased; but it is from Mr. Taylor that I hear for the first time that the battle "gave the Greeks the dominion of the island." I will not dispute with him about democracy, a word which he oddly thinks synonymous with "mob-rule." I shall some day get, and I hope he will too, to the great definition of δημοκρατία, given by Athénagoras. I will only say that Mr. Taylor objects to my "historical parallels" as "frequently misleading and always inexact." I could have told Mr. Taylor beforehand that all historical parallels are "inexact." No event can exactly reproduce any earlier event, if only because the earlier event has gone before it. But, when used with this caution, it does not follow that all historical parallels are "misleading." But when Mr. Taylor goes on to draw his own historical parallels between what he is pleased to call the "lynching of Tyndarión" at Syracuse, and the late "lynching" of Italians at New Orleans, I venture to think that Mr. Taylor's narrative is a little "coloured" by his "views" of recent events—in short, that his parallel is not only "inexact," which it cannot help being, but even altogether "misleading."

About skulls I will not dispute one word with Mr. Taylor. I do not think the time for so doing has come. My grandchildren and Mr. Taylor's may perhaps dispute about them to some profit; I do not think that we can ourselves. Meanwhile, Mr. Taylor is well employed in getting together all the facts that he can find about skulls; but he will be wiser if he keeps himself from forming theories.

It is comforting to be told that I am less "immeshed in entangling details" than I was in the earlier volumes of the *Norman Conquest*. It is comforting, because, though I do not exactly know what "immeshed" means, it sounds as if it meant something unpleasant. But it seems that, in the *History of Sicily*, as "compared with the earlier volumes of the *Norman Conquest*," I escape being "immeshed in entangling details" by "judiciously reserving them for appendices of ample bulk." In the first volume of the *Norman Conquest* there are seventy-one appendices, some of them of "ample

bulk," most of them dealing with "details" which were possibly "entangling." In the first volume of the *History of Sicily* the appendices have shrunk to twenty-one.

But Mr. Taylor goes on to say that I am "more at home with the topographic and literary evidence than with certain subsidiary sources of information, which he had no occasion to use in his previous works." When I have to "deal with numismatics, epigraphy, and prehistoric archaeology, or with any of the physical sciences, such as geology, or anthropology, his touch is rather that of an amateur than that of a master." I keep aloof the -ologies, but what can Mr. Taylor mean by saying that I had "no occasion to use numismatics in my previous works"? Not even in Sicily itself is the evidence of coins of more importance than it is in the history of the Achaian League. In dealing with the history of that League I once did a good deal in the numismatic way in fellowship with the present Lord De Tabley. I say in fellowship, because I believe that the result could not have been got at either by me or by Lord De Tabley alone. And "immeshed" among the "entangling details" of an appendix to the first volume of the *Norman Conquest* Mr. Taylor will find something about the coinage of Harold, which I had great occasion to use in that volume. I cannot, I may explain to Mr. Taylor, conceive of any time in European history where there is not some "occasion" to "use" numismatics, though there is much more occasion in some times than in others. Still, if the word "amateur" means that I have not gone so deeply into numismatics as I have into some other things, I do not refuse the name. For I do not profess to be a special expert in numismatics. There are those who care for a coin in itself; I care only for it so far as it proves something. And I do not venture to talk about Sicilian coins without consulting Mr. Arthur Evans. But by his help, I think, I have made them prove a thing or two, and I hope, as I go on, to make them prove a thing or two more. As for "epigraphy," that means inscriptions, and that means documents written on a certain material. I think that I have said something about all of the very few that come within my period, and in Note xxxii. in the Appendix to the second volume, I fancy I got fairly "immeshed" in some "entangling details." Happily Mr. Hicks was good enough to keep the amateur right as to purely technical points. The -ologies I give up to Mr. Taylor. I had no notion that I had presumed to touch them even as an amateur. Only I must claim geology in any case, and ethnology, in the sense that the word bore when I was young, as something higher than "physical sciences."

Of numismatics I presume Mr. Taylor is a "master." The amateur mind was therefore a little startled at his very positive saying that the Elymians "used the Phoenician alphabet, as is shown by the fact that the early coins of Segesta, the chief Elymian city, are in the Phoenician character." Had we all, one asked, been utterly wrong in believing for so many years that no coin of Segesta ever bore a Phoenician legend? The amateur thought well to strengthen himself by the masters, Head and Poole, against the other master, Mr. Taylor. Not one Phoenician coin of Segesta does either of them know. The only guess that I can make is that Mr. Taylor took the mysterious ΕΙΒ, or whatever it is, for Phoenician. And it must have been in a very amateur way that Mr. Taylor read the opening chapters of the sixth book of Thucydides when he can give us as a summary of them that "the Phoenician Eryx is reputed to have been originally an Elymian city."

I must not be thought to accept every charge of Mr. Taylor's which I do not answer. I have

too much thought for your space. But I must pick out one or two cases. I will not argue with Mr. Taylor about the Sikels. He seems to think—for I do not above half understand him—that the notion of their Italian origin is some private fancy of my own, founded on the single word *Gela*, instead of being, as it is, the general belief of scholars, founded on the general consent of the ancient writers. That belief I largely illustrated, and tried to bring it into its full prominence; but I did not treat it as a point open to controversy. The point fairly open to controversy, and which I treat as such, is the relation between Sikans and Sikels. For the whole evidence for the Italian origin of the Sikels, evidence founded on a much wider examination of language than Mr. Taylor thinks, I must refer to Appendix IV. of my first volume. But one saying of Mr. Taylor's I must quote:

"Mr. Freeman, with his usual candour, notes that he has come across a river *Gela*, in Caria, nearly opposite Rhodes, whence came the founders of the Sicilian colony of Gela. This fact at once disposes of the argument that the name of the Sicilian Gela is necessarily Latin."

I do not see the remarkable "candour" shown in bringing in every piece of information. The compliment is like another, when Mr. Taylor says that I am "far too honest to garble my authorities." I do not know what may be the standard among Mr. Taylor's barbarian acquaintance; in the Hellenic and Teutonic fellowship to which I am used we do not praise one another for not "garbling" our authorities, because it does not come into our heads that any of us could "garble" them. But to come back to Gela. If Mr. Taylor will look to p. xxxiv. of my first volume, he will see that neither I nor anybody else ever "noted" anything about "a river Gela" in Caria. The passage in Stephen of Byzantium to which I refer—it would almost seem as if Mr. Taylor had not referred to it—stands thus:—

Συνάγεται, πόλις Καρίας, ἐνθα ὁ τάφος ἦν τοῦ Καρῆος, ὡς δηλοῖ καὶ τοῦνομα· καλοῦσιν γὰρ οἱ Κάρες σοῖαν τὸν τάφον, γέλαν δὲ τὴν βασιλείαν.

Mr. Taylor seems to fancy that the connexion between *Gela* and *gelu* is a guess of mine. It comes from Stephen's article Γελα, where he says that the river Gelas was so called, ὅτι πολλὴν πᾶσιν γενεῇ ταύτην γὰρ τῇ Ὀπικῶν φωνῇ καὶ τῶν Σικελῶν γέλαν λέγεσθαι. In other words, Stephen's authority held that the Sikels called the river by a name which, in their Italian (Opic and Sikel) tongue, expressed its coldness. Mr. Taylor must think that the colonists, somewhat unaccountably, called the river by the Karian name for a king. *Utri creditis?*

But one is yet further startled when in his second article Mr. Taylor tells us that "the grandson of Hamilcar"—that is, Hannibal the destroyer of Himera—was "welcomed by the Greeks as their deliverer from the most odious of Syracusan tyrants." Now we know the story only from Diodoros. In his narrative, Hannibal, ὁ μισέλλην, the ruthless destroyer of Greek cities, has not a single Greek ally; he has some Greek mercenaries, who are melted to pity at his treatment of their countrymen. And all that Hannibal did was done at a time when there was no tyrant anywhere in Sicily. Where did Mr. Taylor find his story? If he had found a Carthaginian account unknown to Diodoros, he would surely be so well pleased with the find that he would have told us. Anyhow, when a man who takes on himself to correct and rebuke others makes such an astounding statement as this, we have a right to ask for chapter and verse; and I do ask Mr. Taylor for them.

It is the same to the end. It seems to Mr. Taylor that at one stage the "Eternal Strife got somewhat mixed." I suppose that remark is

clever. But Mr. Taylor's ideas have certainly got "somewhat mixed" in his highly picturesque scene of a Roger in "mitre and dalmatic," and surrounded by Moslem doctors and "odalisques." As the Bishop of Oxford says of the Hughes, "How many Rogers go to make up his personality?" I think I see a certain "mixing" of Roger the Count and Roger the King; and I am not sure that I do not see touches both of William the Bad and even of William the Good, as he is not quite fairly reported by Ibn Djobeir. On the whole, it would perhaps be wiser in Mr. Taylor to put off reviewing the facts that are to come in my future volumes till he has the volumes themselves to review.

To end kindly, I have to thank Mr. Taylor for some very pleasant generalities, though I do not feel at all so sure as he does that I shall "never write a better book" than the *History of Sicily*; and I thank him for speaking of me throughout by a rational description, and not thrusting any ugly and meaningless handle on to my name. I do not doubt that I shall win somewhat of Mr. Taylor's favour by, in return, forbearing to misuse his name in the like sort, as I have known some do.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

ON THE ETYMOLOGY OF "LETUM."

London: June 13, 1891.

Since the old spelling (*lethum*) and the old connexion with *λήθη* have been given up, no one, I think, save Vaníček and Fick, has attempted to trace the Latin *letum* to its source. Vaníček compares *letum* with *λοιμή*, and its cognate *de-lère* with the Skr. *ri-lī*, "verschwinden"; but there is no sure instance of Lat. *ē* = Gr. *ω*, or Skr. *ī*. Fick (*Wörterb. des indogerm. Sprachen*, fourth edit., i. 538, s.v. 2 *leya-*) would bring *letum* from a ground-form *leieto-*, cognate with Skr. *liyate*, "verschwinden"; but the difficulty of treating a Latin *ē* as = *ie* seems insuperable, and most of the words which he quotes as cognate (*λεῖρος*, *λοῖσθος*, Lith. *leilas*, &c.) differ too greatly in meaning from *letum* to be connected with it.

I venture to think that *letum* is an example of the well-known change in Latin of *d* to *l*. *Letum*, I suggest, comes from **deto-m*, just as *lacrima*, *lautia*, *lēciv*, *limpidus*, *lingua*, come from *ducruma*, *dautia*, *dēvir* (*δαῖρ*, *devar-*), *dūmpidus*, *diugua*.

This **deto-m* is not only cognate with Lat. *dē-leo*, from **dē-deo*, but with the Vedic *√dā*, "abmāhen, abschneiden," whence *dātṛ*, "reaper, mower," *dātṛa*, "sickle, sithe," where the *ā* represents an Indo-European *ē*, as it does in *dāna*, *prāta*, *nās-*, *rāj*, *vātī*. Longfellow's conception of Death as a reaper thus seems to be primeval.

Our **deto-m* is also cognate with the Old-Irish *dith*, "destruction," where the long *i* represents an Indo-European *ē*, as in the following instances:

crin, "dry, parched, withered," from **krēno-s*, Skr. *√crā*, "to cook."

dīnu, "lamb," *dith*, "suxit"; Gr. *θηλή*, Lat. *fēlare*.

fīr, "true"; Lat. *vērus*, O.H.G. *wār*.

līuam, "I fill"; Lat. *plēnui*, *ex-plēnui* (Festus), Gr. *πλήθω*.

mē, gen. *mēs*, "month"; Gr. *μήν*, Lat. *mēnsis*. *ro-midar*, "judicavi"; Goth. *mētum* (plur. perf.).

mīl, "beast"; Gr. *μήλορ*, Aread. *πολυ-μήλορ*.

mīr, "morsel," from **mēm̐sren*, Gr. *μυρρός* (from *μμησρο-s*), Skr. *māṃś*, "flesh."

rī, gen. *rīg*, "king"; Lat. *rēx*, *rēgis*.

sīd, "peace"; Lat. *sēdo*.

sīl, "seed"; Lat. *sē-men*, O.H.G. *sāmo*.

sīr, "long"; Lat. *sērus*.

tīr, "laud"; Osc. *terām*.

To these instances (most of which have been already collected by Osthoff, *Zur Geschichte des Perfects*, pp. 10, 602) we may, perhaps, add *i-*, the reduplication-syllable of the *s*-future of *oryim*, "caedo, occido": e.g., *i-[u]rr* (gl. occideris), *MI. 77^a 10*; *i-urth-und* (nos occidet), *LU. 108^a*; *i-uras* (qui occidet), *LU. 87^b 37*; *i-urad* (occideret), Book of Armagh 180; *i-urthar* (occidetur), *LU. 88^a 5*; *friss-i-urr* (gl. aversabor), *MI. 37^c 12*; *fritam-i-or-su* (gl. me adficiet), *MI. 32^d 27*. Here *i-* from *ē-* seems comparable with the *η* of the Homeric *δη-δέχαται*, *η-οικύει* (for which the editors give us *δειδέχαται*, *ειοικύει*), the *ā* of the Vedic *sā-sātha*, &c.

WHITLEY STOKES.

GENERAL AVITABILE.

Gainsborough: June 15, 1891.

This Italian (as I have heard from one of his numerous heirs) was originally a non-commissioned officer in the Neapolitan army who deserted and fled to India. There he entered the Sikh service, and his former experience of the military career enabled him to train and drill the natives more or less in European fashion. His astute and energetic character caused him to rise very high in the confidence of Ranjit Singh, who loaded him with wealth and honours. Thus influentially placed, he is said to have sold state secrets to the English. Some twenty years ago his surviving relatives used to exhibit with pride the empty case which once held the sword of honour presented to the General by the Honourable East India Company. Having by cautious degrees exchanged beforehand his gold and non-portable treasures for bills drawn upon the English, he one night mounted a fleet white horse and crossed the border into a safe refuge. A medallion representing his flight is placed on the middle of the floor of one of the rooms in the Villa Belvedere at Castellammare, overlooking the Bay of Naples.

Besides this villa, General Avitabile, by means of his vast wealth, built another near the coast, just visible from the sea, on an eminence not far distant from Amalfi. It is of immense size and construction. In his extreme old age, the story runs that he induced the parents of a young girl to dispose of her to him in marriage, although she was already betrothed to a young lover of her own humble station. Soon wearying of her burdensome grandeur, the youthful wife is traditionally accused of having hastened the end of her husband by poison. Whether she did so or not, popular superstition attributed the aged general's death to that cause; and his ghost is still said to haunt the house of Castellammare, now transformed into a pension for strangers.

WILLIAM MERCER.

THE ORIENTAL CONGRESS.

Louvain: June 16, 1891.

Allow me to state, although it is of little importance, that I have nothing more to do with the Oriental Congress of the present year.

C. DE HARLEZ.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

TUESDAY, June 23, 5 p.m. Statistical: Annual General Meeting.

8.30 p.m. Anthropological: "Tasmanian Stone Implements," by Mr. H. Balfour; "The Primitive Characters of the Flint Implements of the Chalk Plateau of Kent, with reference to the Question of their Glacial or Pre-Glacial Age," by Prof. Joseph Prestwich, with Notes by Messrs. B. Harrison and De Barri Crawshaw.

WEDNESDAY, June 24, 4 p.m. Society of Arts: Annual General Meeting.

5 p.m. British Economic Association: General Meeting.

8 p.m. Geological: "Wells in West Suffolk Boulder Clay," by the Rev. Edwin Hill; "The Melaphyres of Caradec, with Notes on the Associated Felsites," by Mr. Frank Rutley; "The Geology of the Tonga Islands," by Mr. J. J. Lieter.

8 p.m. Cymmrodoriou: Annual Reunion and Conversation.

9 p.m. Royal Academy: Soirée.

THURSDAY, June 25, 5 p.m. Zoological: "The Animals Living in the Society's Gardens," V., by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

8 p.m. Chemical: Extraordinary General Meeting.

8 p.m. Victoria Institute: Annual Meeting; Address by M. Naville.

FRIDAY, June 26, 5 p.m. Physical: "The Construction of Non-Inductive Resistances," by Prof. W. E. Ayrton and Mr. T. Mather; "The Influence of Surface-Loading on the Flexure of Beams," by Mr. C. A. Carus-Wilson; "Pocket Electrometers," by Mr. C. V. Boys; "Electrification due to the Contact of Gases with Liquids," by Mr. J. Enright.

8 p.m. Browning Society: "Balaustion's Adventure" as a Beautiful Misrepresentation of the Original," by Mr. R. G. Moulton.

9 p.m. Royal Institution: Faraday Commemoration Lecture, by Prof. Dewar.

SATURDAY, June 27, 3.45 p.m. Botanic: General Fortnightly Meeting.

SCIENCE.

TWO PSYCHOLOGICAL TEXT-BOOKS.

Outlines of Psychology. By Harold Höffding, Professor at Copenhagen. Translated by Mary E. Lowndes. (Macmillans.)

Outlines of Physiological Psychology. A Text Book of Mental Science for Academies and Colleges. By J. T. Ladd, Professor of Philosophy at Yale. (Longmans.)

THE appearance in England of two text-books in psychology so soon after Prof. W. James's elaborate treatise is suggestive. It was not so long ago that students of the science in this country were practically shut up to one text-book. Now, perhaps, they are likely to suffer from an *embarras de richesses*. However this may be, one cannot help being grateful that a science which is unique in its interest and its disciplinary value, and to which large and important additions have been made in late years by the introduction of methodical experiment, is now coming to be better represented in English literature. The existence side by side of different text-books dealing with somewhat different aspects of the subject, and reflecting, as they ought, the individual mind of the authors, will do much more good than harm. It will save the unwary examinee from supposing that any single tome contains the Alpha and the Omega of the science; it will stimulate the genuine student to critical comparison and to independent reflection.

The two works just published are, while both reflecting the present condition of psychology, curiously different. Both the Danish and the American professor look at mind in its connection with the nervous system, and are familiar with the newer psycho-physical research. But here the likeness ends. Prof. Höffding is before all things a *littérateur*. His chapters read like charming essays. They are about as unlike the conventional text-book as can be imagined. This is seen by a glance at the form of the work, in which there are no staring headings, and of which the flowing, leisurely style is suggestive of the man of letters unfettered by thought of time-pressed student or exacting examiner. Prof. Ladd, on the other hand, though he has strong predilections of his own, keeps his eye warily on the student. Short, crisp paragraphs, plenty of headings in big type, at once tell us that this is a *bona-fide* text-book. One other point of contrast must not be omitted, though this is not

suggestive of any difference of intention in the authors. While Prof. Ladd's volume is excellently printed on a good page, Prof. Höffding's work, presumably for cheapness' sake, is introduced to English readers in a form that will rouse the ire of all but those gifted with a microscopic eye. It is odd that publishers should completely ignore the obvious principle (psychological by the by) that economising of the eye-work of readers is urgent in the ratio in which their brain-work increases. In reading a psychological treatise we might surely be spared the miseries of a small type packed into every available square inch of the page, fringed with footnotes in a yet smaller type that demands a good-sized lens. One protests the more in the present case, because Höffding's book is a piece of good writing, and ought to be read by many others besides the young sharp-eyed examinee.

A word or two on the peculiar features of each of these handbooks. Höffding's work gives, on the whole, a clear and fairly complete sketch of the present aspect of the psychological domain. In its plan it has much to recommend it, though its faults are on the surface. For example, chaps. i. to iii., or just one-fourth of the whole work, are taken up with introductory matter—an arrangement which is surely rather unskilful in an elementary work. The tendency to what the Germans call *Weitläufigkeit*, the want of a rigorous delimitation of the field which this introduction suggests, shows itself further in the amount of metaphysical matter mixed up with the properly psychological, and this in spite of the author's own announcement at the beginning that he is going to be psychologist *pur sang*. In spite of faults of structure, however, and of a style which, to say the least, has not the directness, the pointedness desiderated in a text-book, Höffding's work will be a valuable addition to the library of the English student of psychology. It comes near enough to his native treatises to be intelligible, while it is far enough off to be new and stimulating. The translation, made from a German version of the original Danish, has been well carried out, and the book reads as well as one that has undergone a double process of verbal substitution can be expected to read. It is particularly interesting from its numerous references to the more picturesque and striking manifestations of mind in genius, insanity, hypnotic sleep, &c. Its literary allusions are also frequent and happy.

Professor Ladd in his *Outlines* boils down his rather ponderous treatise, *Elements of Physiological Psychology*, and invests it with the regulation text-book appearance. The new volume will serve as a very useful introduction to the domain of modern physiological psychology. The descriptive account of the nervous system, together with the connected organs of sense and movement, is well carried out, and is illustrated by a sufficient number of good drawings. The results of recent experimental inquiries into variations in the quality and quantity of sensation, the duration of psycho-physical process (reaction time), and so forth, are given with tolerable

fulness, though a student who wishes to understand more of the experiments themselves must still have recourse to the larger volume. The whole account of space-perception might with advantage have been simplified. Prof. Ladd in this part of his exposition follows Wundt with almost irritating closeness, and Wundt's theory is anything but a simple and easily intelligible one. Whether the medical and other students who take up the volume will find the author helpful at this particular point is doubtful. A much more serious objection than this is the retention in reduced form of the concluding chapter on the ultimate nature of mind and its relation to body. This is of course going outside psychology, and suggests, hardly less in the new volume than it did in the old one, that the whole investigation into psychophysical phenomena was undertaken solely in the interest of a particular metaphysical conclusion.

JAMES SULLY.

TWO BOOKS ON JEWISH LITERATURE.

To lovers of Hebrew literature the *Bibliotheca post-Mendelssohniana*, by William Zeitlin (first half, A—M), may be heartily recommended. The work contains all or most of the recent publications in the new Hebrew language since the age of Moses Mendelssohn to the year 1890. The difficulties of the task were enormous, owing to the number and often the remoteness of the seats of Jewish literature; and the merit of the editor is proportionally great. He has produced undeniable evidence of the continued strength of the old Jewish feeling. The notices of Elie Hilevy, Max Letteris, and S. D. Luzzatto have specially interested us.

Die im Talmud vorkommenden Angaben über Hariz's Leben, Studien und Reisen. Von Karl Albrecht. (Göttingen.) This is a study, the result evidently of much careful and painstaking research, on the *Talmud* of the famous mediaeval Jewish poet, Jehudah al-Harizi, of Toledo. In this poem the author gives the narrative of his travels: leaving Toledo, he passed through Egypt to the Holy Land, thence to Damascus, Mosul, Bagdad, Susa, and other places in the far East, and then back again through Antioch, Cyprus, Greece, Germany, and France to his home in Spain. The different places which he visits, with their inhabitants, he describes, and often, indeed, satirises with no sparing hand, in rhymed verses, constructed largely of Biblical phrases cleverly interwoven. Dr. Albrecht collects the notices of these places, in cases of ambiguity or difficulty examines what places are meant, compares his descriptions with those of other ancient or mediaeval travellers, and illustrates the method of composition followed by the author. The brochure is not (as might be inferred from the title) a mere statistical register; it is well-written, and contains much topographical and other interesting information. And Dr. Albrecht displays in it a capacity of patient and thorough research which makes us hope that we may meet him again in some other field of literary investigation.

FURTHER DISCOVERIES AMONG THE BRITISH MUSEUM PAPYRI.

WE quote the following from the New York Nation:—

"A small volume will appear containing the unpublished papyri of literary interest in the British

Museum. Their preparation and publication is under the direction of Mr. Kenyon, to whom is due the *editio princeps*, so justly admired in Germany and America, as well as in England, of Aristotle's 'Constitution of Athens.'

"The most noteworthy addition to the known body of Greek literature which the new volume will bring, is seven poems of about 100 lines each, written by Herodas (Herondas or Herodes). From these, scholars will doubtless be able to determine, if not the orthography of his name, at least the time when this poet lived. The date hitherto assigned has varied between the early period of Hipponax and the Alexandrine age of Callimachus. The twenty-five lines of his composition hitherto known consist of fragments, the longest and least obscure of which comprises four lines. All but one are in the hobbling iambic metre invented for satirical purposes by Hipponax and called the choliambic measure. It is interesting to find that all the new verses of Herodas are in this same comically hamstrung rhythm. They are described by Mr. Kenyon as 'dramatic idylls,' and are chiefly of domestic interest. One contains an account of the visit paid by a party of women to a temple of Aesculapius. Interesting allusion is made to works of art in the temple, and a well-known passage in the 'Ion' of Euripides may possibly have been in the mind of the poet. This has its bearing upon the date of composition, and may give support to Bergk's surmise that Herodas was a contemporary of Xenophon, whose son Gryllus he is supposed to mention. The characteristic liveliness of our 'iambographer' has full scope in another of the new poems, where the mother of an incorrigible 'mauvais sujet' brings him for salutary flogging to the schoolmaster. It is to be hoped that the boy was not old enough or not clever enough to turn upon his wrathful mother with that charming line of Herodas which declares that 'an agreeable woman is bound to stand anything.' The diction of these poems, like that of the shreds and patches of Herodas already known, is very strange. The MS. is a long and narrow papyrus-roll, well preserved only in the middle. One end is badly rubbed, while the words have had their way with the other.

"A second papyrus contains nine narrow columns of an attack—presumably, but not certainly, by Hyperides—upon a political opponent whom he arraigns for violation of the Constitution. The beginning of this speech is lacking: its ending is preserved intact.

"Together with this absolutely new material will also appear at the same time collations of parts of works already well known. These papyri contain nearly the whole of three Books of the *Iliad* (ii-iv), considerable fragments of two Books (xxiii and xxiv), and small bits from four others (i, v, xvi, and xviii). The back of the papyrus containing *Iliad* ii-iv has written upon it the text of a grammatical treatise bearing the name of Tryphon. It is to be hoped that this also may be published, as well as a collation of *Isocrates de Pace* and of the third epistle of Demosthenes, both of which are among the treasures of Mr. Kenyon. Treasures they surely must be called, since their date appears to range between 100 B.C. and 500 A.D.

"LOUIS DYER."

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE Albert Medal of the Society of Arts for the present year has been awarded by the council, with the approval and sanction of the president, the Prince of Wales, to Sir Frederick Abel, "in recognition of the manner in which he has promoted several important classes of the arts and manufactures by the application of chemical sciences, and especially by his researches in the manufacture of iron and of steel, and also in acknowledgment of the great services he has rendered to the State in the provision of improved war material and as chemist to the War Department."

MR. WORTHINGTON G. SMITH is preparing for the public gallery of the botanical department of the British Museum a series of ninety-six tables illustrating the British Fungi. Every

species of the Hymenomycetes will be figured in its natural colours, the drawings being taken from Mr. Smith's own series already in the Museum, with others from original figures lent by Mr. Plowright, &c.

THE president of the Institution of Electrical Engineers and Mrs. Crookes have issued invitations for a conversazione, to be held in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-colours, Piccadilly, on Monday evening, July 6.

THE following awards have been made by the Institution of Civil Engineers:—*For Papers read and discussed at the Ordinary Meetings:* Telford medals and Telford premiums to Messrs. L. B. Atkinson and C. W. Atkinson, for their joint paper on "Electric Mining Machinery"; a Telford medal and a Telford premium to Mr. R. E. Bell Crompton, for his paper on "The Cost of the Generation and Distribution of Electrical Energy"; and Telford premiums to Mr. F. E. Robertson, for his account of "The Lansdowne Bridge over the Indus at Sukkur"; to Mr. E. W. Stoney, for his description of "The New Chittravati Bridge, Madras Railway"; to Prof. J. Milne and Mr. J. Macdonald, for their joint paper on "The Vibratory Movements of Locomotives, and Timing Trains and Testing Railway-Tracks"; to Mr. W. Langdon, for his paper on "Railway-Train Lighting"; and to Mr. W. T. H. Carrington, for his paper on "The Reception and Storage of Refined Petroleum in Bulk."

THE Edinburgh Observatory Circular of June 10 states that Mr. A. Stanley Williams, of Burgess-hill, Sussex, has discovered three delicate but distinct markings in the equatorial regions of Saturn. The first and third of these are round bright spots, somewhat brighter than the white equatorial zone in which they occur. The second is a smaller dark marking on the equatorial edge of the shaded belt which forms the southern boundary of the white zone. Mr. Williams has obtained abundant proof of the reality of these markings, but points out that it requires patience and practice to observe them readily. It is very desirable to obtain repeated observations of their times of transit across the planet's central meridian.

ON behalf of Prof. E. C. Stirling, of the University of Adelaide, South Australia, Prof. Newton communicated to the Zoological Society of London, at its last meeting, a figure of the new Australian Marsupial, originally described by Dr. Stirling in *Nature* (vol. xxxviii. p. 588), together with some notes on this extraordinary animal. *Notoryctes typhlops*, as Dr. Stirling now proposes to call it, is a small mole-like animal belonging to the order of Marsupials, of which it forms an entirely new type. A general description of it has already been given, as above referred to, but Prof. Stirling now adds that the Marsupial bones are exceedingly small nodules, and escaped his notice at first. Four or five of the cervical vertebrae are fused, and there is a keeled sternum, an enormously thick and short first rib, which serves a purpose of buttressing the sternum in lieu of coracoids, and a bird-like pelvis. The eyes are mere spots underneath the skin. The four specimens as yet received of *Notoryctes typhlops* were obtained in the centre of Australia, on the telegraph line between Adelaide and Port Darwin. The animal is said to burrow in the sand with great rapidity.

A NEW department has been established at the Smithsonian Institution, Washington, for a physical and astro-physical laboratory, which has been furnished with specially designed apparatus for the prosecution of investigations in radiant energy and other departments of telluric- and astro-physics. The communication of memoirs bearing in any way on

such researches is requested. Mr. S. P. Langley has resigned the directorship of the Allegheny Observatory in order to devote himself entirely to his duties as secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

MESSRS. NEWTON & Co. have been appointed philosophical instrument makers to the Royal Institution.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

A NEW part of the second volume of Prof. Ascoli's work on the Old Irish codex in the Ambrosian Library has just appeared. It contains the continuation of his version of the glosses on the St. Gall Priscian (pp. 39^a-75^a of the codex), and letters L and R (down to -*rig*-) of the Glossarium palaeo-hibernicum.

PROF. MAURICE BLOOMFIELD has reprinted from the *American Journal of Philology* a paper on "Adaptation of Suffixes in Congeneric Classes of Substantives." Under this somewhat deterrent title is contained a valuable contribution to that department of etymology which seeks to explain the origin of the terminations of certain nouns by help of analogy. For example, Prof. Bloomfield starts with the Greek *τοὺς*, the diphthong in which has never been accounted for satisfactorily, but which he believes to be formed in direct imitation of *δούς* = "tooth."

"Designations of parts of the body exercise strong analogical influence upon one another, and occasionally the suffix of some one of them succeeds in adapting itself so as to be felt the characteristic element which bestows upon the word its value. That is to say, when such a suffix has spread analogically to a greater or less extent within the category, then the meaning of the category may be felt to be dependent upon the special form of the suffix; or, stated conversely, the suffix may be infused with the special characteristic of the category: after that, when occasion arises to form new words of this same class, the suffix is put into requisition as though it were the essential element which imparts to the word its special significance."

As early as Indo-European times, a considerable group of designations of parts of the body were formed after a peculiar heteroclitic declension; namely, neuters having the casus recti in -*r* and the casus obliqui in -*n*. For example, Greek *ἥπαρ*, Latin *hepar*, Sanskrit *yakrt*, Lithuanian *ješn-os*, English *liver*; Greek *ὄστρον*, Latin *ostrea*, Sanskrit *ashtra*, English *adder*. Again, the Greek suffix -*κο*-, -*κ*- (nom.-*ς*) is largely pre-empted by designations of animals (especially birds) and of plants. English "hawk" and "pinnock" exhibit the same suffix adapted to the same function; and Prof. Bloomfield would also explain in this way the *ν* of *πτερυγ*. Again, the metaplastic declension in -*r* and -*n* has gained quite a considerable footing within the semasiological category which includes the designation of seasons and divisions of time. As other examples of analogy within this category, Prof. Bloomfield mentions: *diurnus*, patterned after *nocturnus*, and *nocturnus*, patterned after *diu*; *au(c)tumnus* and *vertumnus*; and Sanskrit *vasantā*, "spring," and *hemantā*, "winter." He then refers to the suffixes -*ter*- and -*er*- as the prevailing forms of the earliest Indo-European category of nouns of relationship. Finally, we may mention a few miscellaneous categories of words for office in Latin: the denominative word *iudicare*, from *iudex*, naturally forms an abstract in -*tu*-, *iudicatu-s*, "office of judge"; of the same sort are *senātu-s*, *principātu-s*, *ducitu-s*, *pontificatu-s*, none of which have a verb corresponding to *iudicare* by their side. A movement in a similar direction is at the base of the Latin group *dominus*, *decanus*, *patronus*, *tribunus*; the primary formation *dominus* (= Sanskrit *dāmanā*, "conquering") may have started the category. Prof. Gildersleeve has observed that the suffix

-*γξ*, in *αἰγίγξ* "pipe," *σάλπιγξ* "trumpet," *φάρυγξ* "wind-pipe," *λάρυγξ* "throat," *σπηλινγξ* "cave," owes its considerable scope to adaptation. Is it possible that the secondary suffix -*ma* of *lacruma*, *lacruma*—which is otherwise unknown in Latin, and not to be traced in the related words (*δάκρυ*, &c.)—may be borrowed from *spīma*, "foam"?

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CLIFTON SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY.—(Saturday, May 23.)

MISS FLORENCE HERAPATH, president, in the chair.—Mr. S. L. Gwynn read a paper on "Massinger's Style," taking exception to the favourable criticism which had been passed upon Massinger by so many writers. Massinger should be looked upon, not as a poet, but as a playwright, whose dramas can be read with pleasure for their stories. But in this light "The Virgin-Martyr" poorly represents his skill. There is a want of delicacy in Dorothea's portraiture, the play contains too many soliloquies, and its comic parts are not in Massinger's usual style. Massinger's comedy is simple and more natural. He might be called an excellent constructor of scenes, but not a delineator of character. A comparison of Massinger's "Picture" should be made with De Musset's "Barberine." It would be easier to write verse like Massinger's than prose like De Musset's.—Prof. C. H. Herford, in a paper on "The Defects of 'The Virgin-Martyr,'" said that the play, like Marlowe's "Faustus," is interesting as a phenomenon, and for somewhat the same reason. Both are daring attempts to introduce a strictly exotic product which, not without germs of affinity to native art, was in the main of foreign origin, and also addressed itself in the main to emotions and sympathies more richly developed abroad than in England. It is possible that the pecuniary success of Marlowe's effort may have been alluring to Massinger, who was, as is well known, in money difficulties in his early dramatic career. "The Virgin-Martyr" is the first notable example of that class of "Christian tragedies," of which the other chief examples in European literature are Calderon's "The Joseph among Women," and Corneille's "Polyeucte"—both about a generation later. The germ of this class is to be found in the Miracle-plays in the stricter sense. These were, of course, intimately bound up with the saint-worship of the Roman Church: they were also popular: that is, they were edifying spectacles for the multitude, not literary efforts for the court. Hence they nowhere persisted as a normal and vigorous element in the modern drama, except in the one country in which that drama was at once popular and Catholic—in which it effectively resisted both the classicism of the New Learning and the Protestant rejection of saint-worship, viz., in Spain. In France, where the drama was Catholic, but classical and learned, and in England, where it was popular and national but quite alien from the Catholic temper and tradition, the revived Miracle-play was alike, though not quite in equal degree, exotic. And the national antipathy to Spain, which by no means ceased when the English government became under James a tool of Spanish policy, did not tend to reduce the normal dissonance between English society and such topics as "The Virgin-Martyr." It must be allowed that Massinger has striven hard to accommodate his subject to the traditions of English audiences; and also that in doing so he has only partially grasped either its capacities or its perils. It was for him, perhaps beyond any of his contemporaries, rich in both. No one else was so well fitted to render, without intrusion of alien elements, the abstract and unearthly spirituality of the Dorothea of legend, or to depict in unexceptionable black the Roman persecutors as the legend conceives them. Massinger's drawing of character tends to fall into sharp contrasts, and the subject flattered this tendency only too effectively. The chief beauty of the drama, the character of Dorothea, is closely bound up with one of its main defects, the glaring and crude antitheses and the savage realism with which the powers of evil are painted. Here the example of "Measure for Measure" is particularly instructive. The subject suggested a similar contrast of good

and evil, and Shakspeare has not feared to paint it with terrible force. Yet we are plainly moving among men and women, not among fiends and angels. Isabel is perhaps the most kindred figure to Dorothea to be found in the Elizabethan drama; she is not less committed to the specifically Christian conception of life, she is not less devout nor less resolute. Yet she is full of human touches compatible with this conception, but not derived from it; whereas every word and act of Dorothea flow immediately from the simple and absolute idea of a Virgin-Martyr. It is only another phase of this defect that there is no gradation in the development of character. Changes no doubt occur, but by processes which, in spite of the rhetorical exuberance of Massinger's debates, are psychologically inscrutable. A third defect is the excessive simplicity, the bareness, so to speak, of the dramatic motive. Tragedy implies stress of mind, a conflict between contending passions or instincts; and this is not realised either by the pressure of bodily suffering or by the mental calm of resolved expectancy. In other words, the subject can be made tragic only by enriching the element of martyrdom with the element of conflict. The tragic poets—in all the three cases mentioned, devout Christians and, perhaps, devout Catholics—have on the whole been more loyal to the claims of piety than of poetry. In Calderon's great drama, *Eugenia*, the gifted lecturer on philosophy at Alexandria is very little moved at the indignation with which her father (like Massinger's Theophilus, a zealous persecutor of the Christians) receives the news of her conversion; Polyeucte endures with equal stoicism the protests and the pleadings of his unconverted wife; and the daughters of Theophilus follow the lead of Dorothea with unperturbed alacrity. Of the three, Corneille must be allowed in this respect the pre-eminence, in spite of the brilliant and glowing poetry of which the Spanish play is full, and which is tamely enough reflected in the stately periods of the French play. For his Pauline, pagan wife of the martyr, is a genuinely tragic figure, the pathos of whose fate is worked out with the finest sympathetic insight; while her resistance to her husband's impending doom is made a source of true dramatic retardation and suspense. While admitting, then, that Massinger's drama is gravely defective from the point of view of tragic art, and also that, as a piece of writing, it is, apart from a few speeches, rather meritorious than distinguished, we may give him the praise of one who introduced for the first time a subject capable of profound effects, but beset with immense difficulties which greater dramatists did not wholly vanquish.—Mrs. H. F. Rankin read "A Short Note on 'The Virgin-Martyr,'" in which she said that the play, although fine and edifying, is one in which the *dramatis personae* are little more than marionettes. The serious, intense, elaborately-drawn characters do not live for us in a way at all to be compared, for instance, with even the tightly and sketchy characters of so badly a conceived play as Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida."—Mr. Walter Strachan read a paper on "The Moral of 'The Virgin-Martyr,'" saying that the poet, the dramatist, and the philosopher are often credited with a didactic intention which they never possessed, but we may see in Massinger's noble and soul-stirring lines a strong emphatic appeal against religious intolerance. The buffoonery of Hircius and Spungius, which has caused the play to be much decried, is not without its use. These two show the natural consequence of hypocrisy. Having before us the touching and beautiful way in which Dorothea endures to win the martyr's crown, it is perhaps too prosaic to adopt the nineteenth-century view that martyrs should be protected from themselves. The moral which Massinger enforces in this play can teach us, as it taught those of two centuries and a half ago, that the greatest of all virtues is charity.—Miss Louisa Mary Davies, in a paper entitled "Massinger in the Pulpit," said that in reading "The Virgin-Martyr" we feel that in plays, no less than in the orthodox morocco folding cases, sermons are sometimes imprisoned as palpably to the wistful eye as is the fly in the amber drop. The sermon in this play is not tacked on at the end in the shape of a prosy moral, or delivered at intervals in didactic speeches, but is burning right at its very heart, diffusing warmth

and beauty through the whole. The story embodying the sermon is one of the gems of legend-lore, one that we may be quite sure would often have been selected to be read in the convent refectory, being free from the puerilities which half amuse, half disgust, in so many of the monkish narratives. The diction of the play might be called Scriptural; and it is remarkable how one verse after another of the inspired writers is suggested by the verse of Massinger, who must certainly have had them floating in his memory as he wrote. Following out the quaint Puritan fashion of the day, his discourse may be divided into three sections, (1) Preparation, (2) Percussion, (3) Resolution; and, although the intervention of visibly miraculous agencies lifts the subject a little out of the plane of our ordinary life, the practical application is there, and it has, for seventeenth and nineteenth century alike, the lessons for everyday use: (1) that each of us must choose his master wisely, and (2) that we must never veil our colours. —This meeting brought to an end the work of the society's sixteenth session. The plays chosen for next session are "Cymbeline," "The Duke of Milan," "The Winter's Tale," "The Tempest," "The Birth of Merlin," "Henry VIII.," "The Two Noble Kinsmen," and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." The Hon. Sec. (9, Gordon-road, Bristol) will gratefully acknowledge the receipt of anything for the society's library, which now consists of 511 volumes.

PHILOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 5.)

HENRY BRADLEY, Esq., president, in the chair.—Prof. Windisch and Prof. Zupitza were elected honorary members of the society.—Prof. Skeat read a paper on "Miscellaneous English Etymologies." *Alaum*, a mastiff; *O.F. alan* (New English Dictionary). The *O.F.* word represents Latin *Alanus*, originally Albanian; *alan* is a dog from Epirus. *Beggar*, originally a Beguin; *Beggar* translates *O.F. Beguin*; Rom. of the Rose, 7254. *Colè*, an accolade (Barbour); this is misprinted *tole* in Weber, King Alis. 815. *Derring do*, i.e., a daring to do, is not a compound word, but two separate words; Chaucer, Troil. v. 835. *Dirk*, perhaps from *O.Irish delg*, pin; cf. *A.S. dale*, the same. *Gofish*, in Chaucer, Troil. iii. 584, is a misprint, in old editions, for *gosish*, goose-like. *Loigne*, a leash, Rom. Rose, 3882; *O.F. loigne*, *F. longe*, Low Latin *longia*, a tether; from *longus*. *Lunes*, a hawk's jesses; originally the same as *loignes* (above). *Lyngell*, in Ritson, Met. Rom. ii. 37; probably for *O.F. lince*, linen vesture; from *linceum*. *Mistery*, in the sense of "ministry," occurs in Chaucer, ed. Morris, iii. 348; Low Latin *misterium*, a contraction of *ministerium*. *Oubit* (Kingsley); Scotch form of *M.E. woolbode*, "woolly beetle"; hence, "hairy caterpillar"; cf. *A.S. ucl*, wool; *budda*, beetle. *Pentacle*, corruption of *M.E. pentangel*, Grene Knight, 627; a six-sided figure, but originally a five-sided figure, as the etymology shows. *Pomet touris*, Ritson, Met. Rom. ii. 55; for *pomed touris*, towers ornamented with pomes or knobs. *Posset*, *O.F. possette*, Palgrave. *Pray*, in gloss, to Weber, Met. Rom., means "a flock," or "a host"; from Latin *præda*; see Ducange. *Malice prepnise* was originally *malice purpnise*; from prefix *pro-*, not *præ-*. *Quert*, in Stratmann, from Old Scand. **kwert*, neuter; cf. Icel. *kyrr*, *kvirr*, calm; Goth. *kwairrus*; in *quert* meant "in peace and safety." *Rankle*, hitherto of undiscovered origin; *O.F. raonele*, originally *draonele*; Low Latin *dracuncul*, a rankling sore; from Latin *draco*; see Godefroy and Ducange. *M.E. rehten*, to cheer; from the same source as *F. sou-hait*. *M.E. rencian*, Old Eng. Misc., p. 92, l. 70; it means "cloth of Rheims"; *O.F. raencien* (Godefroy). *Rideled*, pleated, Rom. Rose, 1235; lit. pleated like a curtain; from *O.F. ridel*, *F. rideau*. *Scale*, of a fish; not *E.*, but *F.*; *O.F. escale*. *Soak*, *A.S. soecian*, occurs in Cockayne's Leechdoms, ii. 240; iii. 11. *Tawt*, *M.E. toht*, *toght*, pp. from Icel. *toga*, to draw, pull, tow. *Trayeres*, ships (Weber); error for *crayeres*, *craves*, ships. *Venter*, a greyhound-keeper; Grene Knight, 1116; see Gloss. to Babees Book; the same as *feuter-cr*. *Wayz-goose*, originally "stubble-goose," see Bailey; *M.E. warse*, also *wase*; Swed. *vase*, sheaf; Swed. dial. *vase*, *vrase*, corn left on the field; Dan. dial. *vase*. This way, better *wase*, *warise*, is for *warse*; allied to *E. writhe*, *wreat*, *ureath*.

ARISTOTELIAN SOCIETY.—(Monday, June 8.)

SHADWORTH H. HODGSON, Esq., president, in the chair.—The report of the executive committee and the financial statement were read and adopted. The following were elected officers for the ensuing session: Mr. Shadworth H. Hodgson, president; Mr. S. Alexander, Dr. A. Bain, and Mr. G. F. Stout, vice-presidents; Mr. B. Bosanquet, editor; and Mr. H. W. Carr, hon. secretary and treasurer. —Mr. A. Bontwood read a paper on "The Philosophy of Rosmini." Rosmini was fundamentally a scholastic, and taught a modified form of the doctrine of St. Thomas Aquinas. He was, however, an independent thinker, and his attitude towards Aristotle is, in its perfect independence, in strong contrast with that of St. Thomas. He criticised Kant on account of the subjectivity of his forms and categories, but he did not quite escape a similar error himself. Idea and cognition are used almost interchangeably, and the mental process which, according to Rosmini, exists in our ideas also appears to have a share in the actual formation of the objects of cognition. He starts with the intuition of Being in the mind, and endeavours to show how from this, on the occasion of feeling and sensation, we obtain our conceptions of our own selves, of our bodies, and of external things. After criticising Rosmini's logical principle, and remarking the purely metaphysical manner in which he treated the questions of Theism and Natural Religion, the paper examined some of the main points of Rosmini's teaching as follows: That we have clear and indisputable knowledge of the soul; that we also know of the union of the body with the soul as one co-existent subject; that we know of the existence of external bodies, but that the so-called qualities of these bodies are purely subjective, being simply modes of our own sensitivity.—The paper was followed by a discussion.

FINE ART.

REPRESENTATIONS OF COMBAT IN ANCIENT ART

Kampfgruppe und Kampfertypen in der Antike.
Von Oscar Bie. (Berlin: Mayer and Müller).

THE aim of this work is to deal with ancient representations of combat with regard both to their composition and to the action of single figures.

The friezes of the so-called Theseion and of the temple of Athena-Nikè have hitherto been criticised with reference to their meaning. Dr. Bie passes on to another province of criticism, "das der Statik des Körpers, der Körperstellungen, und der Beziehungen der Figuren zu einander, der Gruppierung."

Between the two parties of seated deities on the eastern frieze of the Theseion, we find on each side a group of pursuers and pursued, then on the right a group of fighters armed with stones attacking a hero whose commanding form towers above them in the centre as an apex of the whole composition. This group is balanced on the left by another formed of warriors hastening onwards, and including the despoiling of a fallen foe. In this we have traces of the old realistic idea of representing combatants in rows, for which Attic art substituted a succession of varied groups. Such succession is seen in full force in the western frieze, where the isolated groups of Centaurs and Lapiths might have come straight from the metopes of the Parthenon; while, on the other hand, the eastern frieze, with its conspicuous centre, reminds our author of a pedimental composition. Yet this rhythmic symmetry is not

wholly wanting in the western frieze, where the Kaineus-group, if not strictly in the middle, practically forms the central point of a series of fairly corresponding scenes. Such rhythmus was due to architectonic influence; and the diminution of this centripetal tendency, together with the spread of the principle of simple idealistic grouping, constituted the progress shown in the frieze of the Temple of Athena-Nikè. This principle gradually prevailed, as satisfying the eye, which cannot so well take in long rows of figures leading to a central point.

Realism in depicting warfare is characteristic of Assyrian art, which, besides decapitation of prisoners, &c., gives rivers, woods, and other details of the background, so completely absent from Hellenic work. Characteristic, too, are the rows of warriors whether in fight or in triumphal procession. This is called by our author the "Epic" style, as opposed to the "Dramatic," or idealistic art of Greece. These rows of figures appear in the oldest Greek imitations of Oriental art; they appear again (though ennobled by Greek influence) on the Lycian monuments; in Hellenistic times they receive a sort of official sanction; and they complete their course of development on the banks of the Tiber.

In Homer the evolutions of the masses serve only as a framing for the single combats of heroes. On the monuments of Asia Minor the monotonous files of soldiers hold their ground, even in the Gjölbaschi frieze, despite its Attic character. But it was in Rome that the realistic representation of warfare ultimately triumphed, where centralising despotism crushed the individuality so essential to Hellenic art. Thus on Trajan's Column the well-known Greek motive of a fallen hero forming the centre of a group of combatants is translated into two armies, divided by a heap of corpses. With the sarcophagus of Helena we arrive once more at the Assyrian standpoint.

The old Ionic art, of which Klazomenae is the chief representative, has supplied three typical "schemata" or forms of group: (1) Single combats, often over a fallen warrior. (2) Pursuit; a figure striding after another, who looks back in his flight. (3) Victory; a figure striding towards another, who kneels and looks back to his pursuer.

Such a group may form a centre to several single figures added on each side ("Gruppenconcentration"); or in later fashion there may be several independent groups in succession ("Gruppencoordination"). These two classes are traced in their development on Korinthian, Chalkidian, and Attic vases: especially on the François vase, in the war between cranes and pygmies. They are traced, too, in the sculptures of the Megarian Treasury, of Selinus, and of pre-Persian Athens, till in the Aeginetan pediments the last vestige of realism disappears, and the warriors stand forth with helm thrown back and body-armour cast aside.

The friezes of the Theseion represent a wonderful development of the combat-scene, transferred from the metope and the pediment to a space less cramped and more

suiting for its display. The highest point of this development is reached, however, only in the frieze of the temple of Nikè, not so much by the creation of new types as by evolution from those already established.

As time goes on, there is greater demand for activity. The simple combat of two is avoided; and so are lifeless forms. Of the hundred figures in the Phigaleian frieze only two are dead. Variety is sought by placing figures with the back to the spectator. One of the Mausoleum friezes affords a striking example of a position apparently much in favour in sculpture of the fourth century—one leg kneeling to the front, while the other leg is seen in profile. In this frieze, however, there is little new, only an improvement of what has gone before. Here, as elsewhere, the types are to be traced back to Athens.

In Hellenistic times the fourth century group of a standing figure supporting one sinking—as the Niobid with his dying sister—is retained without essential alteration. To the original type a new and sterner expression of wild passion is imparted, and we have the Ludovisi group of the Gaul and his slain wife. Progress in the composition as a whole was more marked than in the individual types; as may be seen in the Gigantomachia from Pergamon. A new type, however, at last appears in the seated barbarian prisoner, with hands bound behind his back.

The battle-picture carved in relief, originating in Hellenistic buildings commemorative of victory, appears in the Augustan age in Southern Gaul (at St. Rémy), and then passes on to Rome. The series of warriors in parallel lines, so utterly opposed to the principle of grouping, asserts itself more and more. The group is more and more neglected, the type loses its power. Realism makes swifter progress; at the end of the third century its triumph is complete.

Such is the gist of the treatise before us, a learned treatise such as is common enough in Germany, and in Germany alone. In our own country few would be competent to write such a book, and none willing; for who would read it? It is hardly probable that any English examiner will propound questions as to *Kampfgruppe* or *Kämpfertypen*.

TALFOURD ELY.

THE PICTURES AT THE GERMAN EXHIBITION.

VERY few opportunities are afforded us in London of seeing the tendencies and productions of modern German painting. No adequate ones, indeed; for, though not a few of the enterprising London dealers—Mr. Wallis, Mr. Maclean, and Mr. Tooth, for example—acquire from time to time, for spring or autumn picture-shows, canvases that are of German origin, these are selected, not to be representative, but to be popular with English picture-buyers; and, after seeing them, we remain in a condition of uncertainty as to what is really the development of German art. Now Mr. Whitley, the director of the German Exhibition, has naturally and rightly gone upon a different tack. He has charged Mr. Gurlitt—the great Berlin dealer, to whose initiative, by-the-by, we owe the best of the modern reproductions

of the Tanagra figures—to secure for the inspection of English folk a thoroughly representative collection. The task has been ably fulfilled, and Mr. Gurlitt places before us important works which show at once the merits and defects of the schools and men of Munich, Berlin, Düsseldorf, and I know not what besides. Without attempting to generalise, to dogmatise, to deduce conclusions, I shall mention a few pictures which, from one point of view or another, seem to be noteworthy.

Anton Werner, the President of the Royal Academy of Arts, one of the two chief artistic corporations in Berlin, contributes what is practically a large portrait group of the German Imperial family. It has, of course, historic interest, and is not without technical merit; but one has not to go far before one finds it surpassed in dignity and charm. More of dignity and charm, for example, belong to the works of Prof. Oswald Achenbach, of Düsseldorf, whose elaborate design and refined and, within certain limits, complete execution are made evident in the first instance by a "View of Rome" (No. 3)—a landscape of realism, it is true, rather than of poetry—and again, by a "Burial on the Island of Ischia," which catches the luxuriant nature of the South and the glow of a Southern sun. The now famous "Lachende Erben" of Prof. Becker is contributed from Berlin. Like a good deal of modern German pictorial work, it is not above fulfilling the function of the story-teller. Here, indeed, is a measure of caricature; here, also, is a more constrained and reserved satire. A group of self-seeking relations fill the foreground of the canvas, and in the background is the faithful retainer—the Jaques or the George Barrett of German comedy or melodrama—who alone, with sincerity, regrets his departed lord. The weakness of the un-instructed is cleverly satirised by Ferdinand Brühl in "In the Picture-Gallery." This shows us the resort of student and idler at a moment when a pedantic little copyist—perched upon his little ladder—is beheld, in pride of achievement, receiving the homage of the folk to whom a dexterous imitation counts for much more than originality. Dücker, of Düsseldorf, has a thoroughly studied, yet, it must be confessed, not very attractive, sea-piece (No. 87). We believe that Mr. Gurlitt may be credited with the invention of the convenient term *Hellmalerei*. He will not, however, claim to have invented the thing; no, no! for that, so far as work of our own day is concerned, is of French *provenance*. Of this *Hellmalerei*, one of the best examples is Julius Exter's group of croquet-playing young people.

Harburger, of Munich, sends a delicately wrought *genre* picture, called "The Sempstress." Its handling is of admirable certainty, and likewise of the facility which charms. What it represents is but a pleasant bloude, in a dull black gown, working upon some large and flowing draperies of blue-white muslin. "Dying Words," by Kampf, is more dramatic, and it is intensely realistic. In it one who has been done to death makes his last doleful utterances. Quite a match for this, however, in realism, and, strange as it may appear, hardly so grim, is the picture by Seligmann, of Vienna, of Prof. Billroth and the medical students in an operating room with a patient in act to inhale chloroform before the knife of the expert does its work. Again—but here indeed realism ceases altogether to be repulsive—a water-colour of Herr Menzel's should be seen and done justice to. It represents the interior of a Lutheran church during sermon-time. The portraiture of Director Kaulbach, of Koner, and of Conrad Kiesel, is worthy of attention; though the artist pre-eminent in portraiture is, I take it, Prof. Lenbach, a painter who, owing something to tradition, owes much to keen personal observa-

tion and to a wisely restrained power of hand. Lenbach's "Bismarck" (No. 272) is assuredly the best and most penetrating portrait ever painted of the Ex-Chancellor.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE EGGER COLLECTION.

ON Thursday and Friday of next week (June 25 and 26) Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the superb collection of bronze arms and implements, and of ornaments in gold, silver, and bronze, which was formed several years ago by the late Dr. S. Egger, of Vienna. It may be safely affirmed that such a representative series of the prehistoric art of a particular district has never before come into the market; and we can only express our surprise that the Austrian Government has permitted it to be brought over to this country for sale.

An admirable catalogue—with a preface by Dr. F. von Pulsky, of the Buda-Pesth Museum, and illustrated with no less than twenty-six plates—enables us to appreciate the extraordinary richness and variety of the collection.

It covers the entire evolution of early culture in the central basin of the Danube, from the neolithic age, through the bronze age (including the Hallstadt and La Tène periods), down to the Roman occupation and the later invasion of barbarian tribes. Specially interesting is the evidence of a period preceding the bronze age, when hammered copper was used for tools closely resembling those of the polished-stone age. In the bronze age proper, the objects found in Hungary are much simpler than those of Scandinavia, Germany, and the North. There are also several peculiar weapons, such as the war-hammer and war-axe, the square plates of bronze wire for the protection of the forearm, and the sword with a cup-shaped pommel, perforated to allow a leather strap to be passed through, by which it hung, without a sheath, from the belt. Another point of interest is the introduction of Celtic art at about the time of Roman domination. Examples of this are the torques or twisted collars of metal, the fibulae with turned-up feet, the jointed bronze chains and other horse-trappings, the specifically Celtic ornamentation developed from the circle and triangle, and (lastly) the use of enamelled jewellery, in brick-red, blue, and white colours.

Of great importance is the hoard of silver ornaments, &c., found at Aszár in 1884, which are to be sold in one lot. In a large bronze culinary vessel, with the maker's name—CARATVSVS—punched on the handle, were found, together with the ornaments, two oblong tablets of thin bronze, with inscriptions on each side. These inscriptions record that, in the year A.D. 148, during the reign of Antoninus Pius, one Atta, son of Nivio, an Azal (consequently a Celt), received the Roman citizenship in reward for twenty-five years' service with the Pannonian cohort. Another inscription recites that the decree was engraved on the wall at the back of the Temple of Minerva at Rome.

We may also mention here that Messrs. Sotheby were also to sell, on Thursday of this week, a collection of Greek, Etruscan, and Roman bronzes, formed by Herr Georges von Ráth, of Buda-Pesth. Though this collection is not so unique as the other, it comprises some very fine and curious pieces, as may be seen from the photographs in the catalogue.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE exhibitions to open next week include: a collection of Mr. Walter Crane's works, at the Fine Art Society's, New Bond-street; original sketches of the Burmese War and the Nile Expedition, by Mr. Melton Prior, the special

artist of the *Illustrated London News*, at Mr. Mendoza's Gallery, King-street, St. James's; and what we believe to be the first exhibition of a new body, the Artists' Alliance—who invite exhibits from their own members in all forms of artistic work—at the Marlborough Gallery, Great Marlborough-street.

LORD JUSTICE BOWEN has consented to preside at the annual meeting of subscribers to the British School at Athens, which will be held at 22, Albemarle-street, on Friday, July 3, at 5 p.m.

THE sale of the late Koeley Halswelle's "remaining works," at Christie's last Saturday, realised altogether £6708. Most of the lots were only simple sketches; but of the four catalogued as finished pictures, "The Witches' Scene in 'Macbeth'" realised 250 guineas, and "Venice: Moonrise" and "Rokeby: the Junction of the Greta and the Tees," 200 guineas each.

THE prix du Salon has been awarded, at the third ballot, to M. Paul-Jean Gervais, for his picture entitled "Les Saintes-Maries," representing three nude, or almost nude, women in a boat.

THE Accademia dei Lincei is proposing to undertake the publication of two important archaeological works. One is an exhaustive description of the excavations which have recently been conducted at Civit  Castellana, the site of the ancient Falerii, the results of which are now exhibited in the Villa di Papa Giulio at Rome. All the photographs, plans, drawings, &c., made in the course of these excavations have been placed at the disposal of the Academy by Prof. Villari, the minister of education. The other work is the archaeological map of Italy, which the government has had in hand for some years past, under the direction of Commendatore Gamurrini, who has himself paid special attention to the territory of the Falisci. This map will ultimately cover the entire area of the peninsula. Different colours will show the state of culture, as revealed by excavation, at each epoch, from the most ancient times, through the ages of stone and bronze, down to the close of the Roman empire.

AT two recent meetings of the Acad mie des Inscriptions, M. Albert L b gue read a paper upon the discoveries made during recent excavations at the little town of Martres-Tolosanne, in the department of Haute-Garonne. The site had formerly been examined by Dum ge, who found two classes of statuary, one very fine, the other of a style so strange as to suggest forgery. But the recent explorations have removed this suspicion. An immense number of sculptures have been brought to light of very varied character—some incorrect, but many delicate, many vigorous, and almost all showing much expression: in particular, bas-reliefs representing the labours of Hercules, portrait-busts, and children's heads of an exquisite grace. The material of all is a local marble, and, therefore, they must be the work of native artists of the Gallo-Roman period. A large number of traces of foundations of buildings have been found, but apparently no inscriptions; for it is stated that not even the name of the ancient town has been preserved.

MUSIC.

RECENT CONCERTS.

OF new pianists there seems to be no end. Last Friday week the latest comer, Mme. Olga Vulliet, gave a recital at Princes' Hall. This lady certainly has talent, and a good touch, and understands and feels the music which she interprets. She commenced her programme with a movement from Brahms's Sonata in F minor, followed by three pieces from the same composer. This prominence given to Brahms

deserves notice, if only for its novelty: it was a pleasant change from the "Chromatic Fantasia," or transcription of a Bach organ Fugue, with which so many of our pianists commence their programmes. Mme. Vulliet was most successful in soft, quiet passages; when vigour was needed her tone became hard. She played a number of short pieces by various composers, including a neat *El gie* of her own, and a Gavotte from a violin Suite of Bach's, arranged for the left hand by Joseffy. The latter was cleverly performed.

Mr. Augustus Harris's operatic concert at the Albert Hall, on Saturday afternoon, was long, but interesting. When the history of music in England during the second half of the nineteenth century is written, the chapter dealing with Wagner will be one of the most attractive. Explain it how one may, the fact remains that Wagner, long ignored and fiercely opposed, is now so popular that his name, even on an "operatic" programme, is an attractive feature; at the concert under notice, Mozart and Beethoven were each represented by one Aria, but Wagner by no less than nine excerpts from his operas and music-dramas. A detailed notice of the concert is unnecessary: the principal artists of Mr. Harris's company appeared with distinguished success. The special feature of the afternoon was the appearance of M. Van Dyck. He has been heard at the Opera, and has won well-deserved praise. But in the "Graf's Erz hlung" from "Lohengrin," in Siegmund's "Liebesgesang" from the "Walk re," and in the "Schmiedelieder" from "Siegfried," he sang with marvellous dramatic force. His powers as an exponent of Wagner have not been over-rated. It is to be hoped that his services have been secured for Wagner's works at the Opera next season. The conductorship at the Albert Hall was divided between Signori Mancinelli, Randegger, and Bevington.

A concert was given at the Guildhall, Cambridge, by the Musical Society, on Monday afternoon, in honour of Herr Antonin Dvor k, on whom the University of Cambridge has conferred the degree of Doctor of Music. This recognition of his genius is doubly welcome: it shows the interest that is taken in music and musicians, and it will probably have a beneficial influence on the composer and stimulate him, if possible, to still higher efforts. The programme of the concert, devoted entirely to Dvor k's works, commenced with the "Stabat Mater," which, since its first production by the London Musical Society under Mr. Barnby in 1883, has been universally recognised as one of the most original and one of the most powerful sacred compositions written within the last quarter of a century. The rendering, under the composer's direction, was not free from reproach. The orchestral playing was somewhat rough, and the quality of tone of the Cambridge choir somewhat hard. But any shortcomings were well atoned for by the earnestness shown by all who took part; there was evidently but one desire, viz., to do justice and honour to the composer. The soloists, of whom the same can be said, were Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, and Messrs. Lloyd and Henschel. Mme. Albani sang the first solo from the "Spectre's Bride," for which she was recalled. The concert concluded with the Symphony No. 4 in G (Op 88), first heard in London at a concert of the Philharmonic Society on April 24, 1890. The music is unmistakably fresh and picturesque. We are told Dvor k "confessed" that, while composing this Symphony, he had a programme in his mind. This was a confession of which he had no need to be ashamed. We imagine that the division of music into "abstract" and "poetical" is an artificial one. We know that some of the greatest musicians, and we fancy

all, worked to a programme; but we think they were wise in keeping it, as a rule, to themselves. The peculiarity in the form of the first movement of Dvor k's Symphony is peculiar, but once understood there is no difficulty in following it. The Adagio, with its pensive opening minor theme, and its fascinating theme in the major and subsequent workings, is certainly one of the composer's most striking movements. Then the quaint Menuet and dainty Trio, and the humorous Finale, complete a work as full of skill as it is of imagination. Dvor k was greeted with loud applause at the close; and, indeed, throughout the concert the enthusiasm was great. The composer will certainly not be of opinion that we are a musical nation.

The programme of the fourth Richter concert, on Monday evening, commenced with the "Tannh user" Overture, of which a remarkably fine performance was given, and included the second scene from the same opera with the alterations made for the production of the work at Paris in 1861. Wagner once found fault with Berlioz for retouching his "Benvenuto Cellini," for putting new wine into an old bottle; and yet he afterwards did the same thing himself. The changes, however, show a master hand. Mrs. Moore Lawson and Mr. Barton McGuckin strove hard to do justice to their parts. The remainder of the evening was devoted to Brahms's Requiem. The solemnity and nobility of the music are beyond dispute; but the difficulties to be overcome are so great that no one can listen to it without a certain sense of pain, and much pity, especially for the chorus. And then again in passages in which the voices are at their loudest, and the orchestra at its strongest, one longs for a hall larger than that of St. James's. Apart from these inevitable drawbacks, the performance under Herr Richter was excellent. The chorus sang with vigour and precision, and the orchestral accompaniments were effectively rendered. Mrs. Moore Lawson sang her trying solo with fair success; and Mr. Santley, who appeared for the first time since his return from America, showed his usual artistic taste.

Se or Sarasate gave his fifth concert on Wednesday evening. His performance of the Mendelssohn Concerto was excessively brilliant, though we think his tone in past seasons has been fuller. The Finale was taken at the usual rapid rate. The Raff Suite displayed the violinist's powers as a virtuoso; an encore was accepted. The hall was well filled.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891.

No. 999, *New Series*.

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It is particularly requested that all business letters regarding the supply of the paper, &c., may be addressed to the PUBLISHER, and not to the EDITOR.

LITERATURE.

History of the Church of England, from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction. Vol. IV., 1553-1558. By Richard Watson Dixon. (Routledge.)

CANON DIXON'S new volume is devoted to the reign of Mary. It opens with that "strange interregnum of a fortnight during which Northumberland struggled to lift his own family into the throne over the unburied coffin of Edward VI.," and it closes with a portrait of the dying Queen, when "she beheld the Court passing and repassing, as they took the road to Hatfield to salute Elizabeth."

The interval between these two events is the most wretched and shameful period of English history. In politics, England was little more than a dependency of Spain: Philip, it is true, had no regular nor constitutional position, and his duties were limited with the utmost care by Gardiner's treaty; but his influence with the Queen was unlimited; the whole conduct of our affairs was subordinated to his interest, and our foreign policy was altogether at his disposal. In religion, England was more dependent upon the Holy See than it had ever been since the minority of Henry III. But the peculiar and abnormal relations of the Papacy with that sovereign were political and secular: Innocent III. had managed to become the feudal superior of the English king; and his enlarged authority is not the measure of his predecessors' ecclesiastical jurisdiction over the national Church. Under Mary the new methods of the counter-Reformation were established among us; the Legate came over with "pardons" and principles "from Rome, all hot"; and all the bishops, in fact as well as in theory, were Papal delegates. Calais was lost, through the blindness of a feeble and wayward administration; the people were disheartened; and the whole state appeared to be at once deprived of good counsel, of courage, and of hope.

"The rest of the reign," says Canon Dixon, "was spent in a miserable war of efforts of recovery; in gathering armaments that seldom sailed, in bidding musters that were thinly kept by men of hangdog look, in 'negotiating for foreign mercenaries who never came.'"

Or, as an old writer says, with something more of harmony and strength:

"The people went to the musters with kerchiefs on their heads, they went to the wars hanging down their heads, they came from them as men dismayed and forlorn."

Pestilence and famine were no less destructive than the bishops; and the most

malignant efforts of nature and of grace were equally discharged against the prospect of the unhappy kingdom.

It is of such a period, ill-omened, tempestuous, and cruel, that Canon Dixon has had to write; and it must be allowed that he has written with more calmness and discrimination than several of his predecessors. We are spared the ordinary flow of sentiment for Edward VI., and for the Lady Jane. The one was undoubtedly a precocious youth, if his diaries be authentic; and it is probable that both himself and his people are to be congratulated, not commiserated, for his premature decline. The other was an usurper, whatever may have been her private virtue, her accomplishments, or her good intention: an usurper, because she was not supported by popular feeling, nor justified by constitutional authority *Capax imperii*, the beautiful and interesting pupil of Ascliam can still be thought, *Maria capaxior*; but she committed the unpardonable blunder of having reigned, and incurred the certain penalty of an unsuccessful and unpopular usurpation. Although Canon Dixon has no emotion to squander upon Edward or on Jane, he offers many apologies for Queen Mary and for Bonner.

"Seldom in history," he says, "have noble qualities and bright opportunities fallen in failure so utter, so terrible and gloomy. The character of Mary was strong and magnanimous: her conduct in the selfish relations of life showed a rare example of feminine delicacy and propriety: as a sovereign she was of the great kind: and before her accession there was no person so beloved in the realm."

I don't know precisely what "the selfish relations of life" can mean; or how "delicacy" and "propriety" can ever be exhibited in what is "selfish": from a clerical instructor, I shall be happy to learn that soothing and comfortable knowledge. If the words refer to Mary's uncontrollable desire to marry Philip, at any risk to her kingdom and her subjects, or to her feverish anxiety to possess him always, we may, indeed, with Horace, describe her *flagrans amor et libido* as "feminine," and, with Canon Dixon, as "selfish": but it was hardly "delicate" in her, and where is the "propriety"? Instead of "selfish," it might appear that Canon Dixon should have written "private" or "domestic"; and in early life, as a sister and as a daughter, the character of Mary was unimpeachable. Not that I would venture myself, with Pole and other admirers, to compare her to the Virgin Mary: Paul IV. knew not how to describe the mature bride of King Philip, the betrothed of so many deceased and worn-out sovereigns; but in her latter years she reminds me too much, I am afraid, of the forlorn and phrensied Lydia. Unlike Lydia, she may be suspected of a blameless youth; but her unquiet maturity and her stormy ending have too much resemblance to the impotent anguish, to the querulous exit, of that *anus flebilis et flagrans*.

Canon Dixon's last phrases, too, are surely a satire upon what goes before; it may be kindly meant, but is not kindly expressed, to say that a most popular heir apparent departs as a gloomy and terrible sovereign.

Mary, in truth, was not a great sovereign. With unbounded popularity, with a splendid opening for moderation and for a stable settlement, her reign was a miserable failure: she reigned, indeed, but never ruled; she chose to favour an alien and an un-English party, when she might have been the leader and the restorer of her people; and she died in more than contempt, baffled, hated, and disobeyed. For her most active agent, Bonner, Canon Dixon has undoubtedly prepared a better case. Bonner was not so dark as he is painted; his character was not so bloody as his reputation. A frank, bluff Englishman, scorning half-measures and theological subtleties, of a coarse and blustering nature, he performed courageously and brutally what he had to do. But his hectoring way, his loud arguments, his personal assaults were all meant in kindness to his victims; so too were the beatings in the orchard, the uncomfortable medicine of the stocks, the strait and tedious imprisonments in the "coal-house," with which he managed to subdue the resolution of more than one aspiring martyr. So argues Canon Dixon, and he argues plausibly. Nor are his arguments based upon imagination alone, but upon documents and statistics; and it is clear that Bonner has too often received the odium which should have been bestowed on Pole. That sophistical rhetorician was not so innocent of the persecution as it has been usual to assert, and as he evidently desired it to be supposed. *Quod facit per alium, facit per se*, is an axiom of the moral theology; and Pole, high in the favour of the Queen, and wielding all the powers of metropolitan and legate, cannot be absolved from the responsibility of the persecution. With Pole there came into England that new spirit of the counter-Reformation, which had been slowly forming within the Italian Church, and which was officially defined and promulgated at the Council of Trent. It is difficult to say whether the Jesuits were its inventors, or only its most zealous pupils and exponents; at any rate, it mounted the Apostolic throne in 1555 when Cardinal Caraffa was transformed into Paul IV., "the man who gave to the austere spirit that was entering into the papacy the bent which it has never lost." And by a consistent modern Romanist, the age of Mary should always be admired as the most blessed and fruitful epoch in English history; for in his eyes the independence of the mediæval bishops must often border upon disloyalty and schism, but under Mary the genuine successors of the Apostles were for the first and only time supreme among us. Formed upon the latest Italian modes, the bishops of the counter-Reformation were commissioned, each like "a prophet now-inspired," to reveal the true meaning of the evangelical precepts and to show how the gospel should be practised. For the religion, which was established under Mary, was not the mediæval catholicism which had formerly existed under Henry VIII.: as Canon Dixon well remarks, "the papacy existed not henceforth for the Christian religion, as under Gregory the Great; but for its own claims, which were continually increased."

Canon Dixon has done well to bring out this distinction between the Catholicism of the mediæval Churches, and the narrow Romanism of the post-Tridentine Church. Of the term "protestant," when applied to the Church of England, he says it "declares no more than her accidental relation towards another church"; "it is not found in the formularies of the Church of England." It is, perhaps, not historically true to describe the Church of England as "the most ancient national Church that has opposed itself to the claims of Rome"; but it is true to describe it as the most vigorous and active asserter of constitutional independence; and, in these days, it may be described as an opponent whose organisation and existence are something more than national. We may assert, however, of the ancient Church of England, that it was protestant, not in its doctrine, but in its attitude to Rome, "long before the Reformation."

In Canon Dixon's History, it is the personal element, rather than the controversial or the constitutional element, which is valuable and for which his readers have to thank him. He has pondered his materials with the greatest care; he has lived with the personages whom he describes, and he is able to fill them with human interest. It is amusing in his pages to follow the course of Pole's alienation from Paul IV.; and, indeed, a less vigorous and patient ruler might well be exasperated with Pole's verbosity, and with his failure in administration. His facile eloquence, his pedantry, his bad statesmanship, his obtrusive piety, his interminable letters, his elastic conscience, and his wonderful compromises were fortunately rare among English public men in the sixteenth century: it would be difficult to say whether he did most mischief to his friends, to his country, or to his Church. Incomparably greater than Pole is Gardiner, the restored bishop of Winton and Mary's chancellor. Under Henry VIII. he had accepted Catholicism without the Pope; and he wrote a treatise, *De Vera Obedientia*, in defence of the Anglican position. Under Mary he submitted to the papal obedience; but his book was turned into English for him, and circulated widely; it was always being quoted against him by the martyrs. Nor is he the only theologian who has been puzzled as a "Romanesque" to answer what he wrote as an English churchman. Cardinal Newman wrote in 1827: "I must express my belief that *nothing* will satisfy the Roman Catholics"; and I would give some such answer to the attacks upon Elizabeth and Cecil for their compliance during the reign of Mary. They did what the great majority of the clergy and people did under Henry and Edward; they practised themselves what they enforced afterwards, that the ceremonies and the uniformity of religion were the affairs of government. For the substance, they were either impartial or indifferent; or they may have adopted the wise maxim of Tiberius: *Deorum injurias Dis curae*. Not so the body of the people, who objected loudly to the alterations in the ritual; "nobody even who understood the Latin language could understand the Latin service, the priests so champed and chewed their

words, and posted so fast." The leading martyrs are very distinct in Canon Dixon's pages. Latimer, too old to argue, but answering with all his vigour when he is pressed, and going bravely to the fire; Ridley and Hooper, one argumentative and sour, the other gentle and persuasive, both dying with prolonged and frightful torment. Cranmer is always very human, if not always heroic. In the history of his trials we get an interesting account of Oxford in the days of Mary; and, after all, much must be forgiven Cranmer for the sake of his fine English. It would be difficult to name a prose which is more musical, more direct and dignified, more strong and flowing, than the prose of Cranmer, the prose of the English Litany.

The same compliment may not be paid to the Histories of Canon Dixon: their style, I grieve to say it, is the worst thing about them. The author is too fond of awkward and abstruse inversions, which always make his phrases clumsy and sometimes obscure. An inversion should be even more sparingly used than an alliteration; the force and beauty of either are destroyed when they are vulgarised and squandered. He is too fond, also, of strange words: "debellate," "evitate," "nulled" for annulled, are specimens of what I mean. It is not witty, nor satirical, but merely incorrect, to speak of "Duke Dudley" instead of "the Duke of Northumberland." It is worse than incorrect in a theologian, an Anglo-Catholic, to speak of people "taking the Mass": you may hear Mass, if you be a layman; you may say it, if you be a priest; but you only receive or take the Holy Communion. It is not fair to violate the laws of good writing, and to distract the reader, by a riddle of this kind: "the brother of the late wife of the deceased brother of his departed enemy Somerset." "Vulgarity doubtless," Canon Dixon says of the martyrs, "the English failing, beset and spoiled in many examples the dignity of sacrifice": vulgarity, that English failing which we have inherited from our Germanic ancestors, spoils too much, not only of our conduct, but of our art, our writing. And something that goes very near to vulgarity often spoils the interest and the pleasure, and cannot fail to diminish the permanent value, of Canon Dixon's laborious but slovenly, discursive, and eccentric histories.

ARTHUR GALTON.

Pearl: an English Poem of the Fourteenth Century. Edited, with a modern rendering, by Israel Gollancz. (David Nutt.)

THE *Pearl* is one of the "alliterative poems" issued by the Early English Text Society in the first year of its existence (1864). Five years later a revised edition was published, and there seemed little likelihood, at that time, of another edition being called for outside the Society's publications. The first editor was attracted towards these poems chiefly by the dialect in which they were written; though he was not unmindful of their literary merit, which recent writers on English literature have fully recognised,

and to which the present editor of *Pearl* does ample justice.

Mr. Gollancz has made a full and complete study of the first of these "alliterative poems," and he has, we think, done well to give the results of his valuable labours to the general public. His modern and rhythmical translation will prove most helpful to the reader who desires to make himself acquainted with a poet that, notwithstanding the archaic form of his language, "stands on the very threshold of modern verse." It is true, as the editor himself admits, that his rendering is often periphrastic and free, yet it seldom misinterprets the author's meaning. His notes are few, but always acute and suggestive. The attempt to connect *westernys* (26.7) "perversely" with the Old French *bestorneis* is very ingenious, though not altogether convincing. The Glossary is a careful piece of work; its only fault is that the meaning assigned to some of the words differs from that employed in the editor's modern rendering of the poem. Mr. Gollancz has not been content to take the text as he found it, but has evidently studied the original MS. carefully, and has, we gladly note, amended some false readings in the earlier editions of the *Pearl*, the most important of which are *furdokked* for *furdokked* (I.11), *mys* = *amys* for *uiys* (17.5), *freuch* for *french* (91.6).

There are many word-puzzles in this poem which the editor has not attempted to pass over in silence, but has skilfully dealt with a number of knotty problems. Here and there he has, we venture to believe, been somewhat too hasty in his conclusions. His weak point is in Middle-English syntax; and, at times, we find him quoting modern English or Lowland Scottish idioms, in order to settle a construction that can only be properly dealt with by a reference to older syntactical usage. Thus in 51.9 the phrase "to dare to" (=to stand in fear of) is compared with Scottish "to dare at" a person; but the phrase "to dare to" in this sense does not, as far as we know, ever occur in Early or Middle-English. It is simply the editor's guess, in his endeavour to explain some very puzzling lines. Without inventing a new construction, we must try to explain the verb "dare" according to its usual acceptation in Middle-English. We give the original with Mr. Gollancz's translation:

"He lavez hys gyftez as water of dyche,
Other gotez of golf that never charde;
Hys fraunchyse is large that ever dard
To hym that macez in synne rescoghe;
No blysse beez fro hym reparde;
For the grace of God is gret inoghe."

He lavisheth (his) gifts as water from weir,
Or streams of the deep that never turn.
Large is man's franchise, when he hath feared
Him that maketh a rescue in sin;
No bliss shall be denied to him;
The grace of God is great enough.

Briefly, the meaning of the above passage is this—God's gifts are inexhaustible as the deep, and endless. His liberality, which has ever been unsearchable, abounds to all. To the man who makes amendment for sin (or repents) no blessing shall be denied, for the grace of God is sufficiently great. The writer seems to have had in his mind St.

Paul's exclamation in Rom. xi. 33: "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out."

Charde (51.8) does not signify "turn," but rather "has turned aside, ceased, stopped"; compare Gen. and Ex. 3055, Moyses do this weder *charen*. *Dard[e]* is from the verb "dare," "to liehid, to be out of sight," hence "to be unsearchable?" The other sense of "dare" to tremble, be afraid, also occurs in the poem (70-11).

Mr. Gollancz has missed the true construction of *elem* (not in the Glossary) in 69.10:

"Hymself ne wroghte never yet non [synne],
Whether on hymself he con al *elem*."
Yet He Himself wroght n'er one sin
Though He laid claim to all."

"Whether on Hymself he con al *elem*" seems to signify "nevertheless He laid on Himself all (men's sin)." The writer was thinking of Isaiah liii. 6: "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." The following line in the text is from the eighth verse of the same chapter.

If we look carefully at the rhyming words, we find that *Jherusalem* rhymes with *ben* (beam), *drem* (dream), as well as with *elem*, so that this last cannot be rendered *claim*—Middle English, *cleime*. *Clem* must be referred to A.S. *clēman* M.E. *cleme*; and the phrase "*cleme uppon*" (the wound) in *Palladius* 3 st. 125 may be compared with *elem* on in the passage now under discussion.

Another instance of this kind is seen in the note on *toez* (goes 43. 9). This verb is referred to M.E. *ton*, A.S. *tēon*, and the infinitive "to" is supported by a quotation from *Gawain*, 1671, "For hit was negh at the terme that he *to schude*"=for the term was close at hand to which he was bound. Here "to" is a preposition and "that . . . to"=to which. For the ellipse after *schulde*, compare Chaucer's *Knights Tale* 1696—"But thider he *shall* by force, and ther abyde."

The writer (57.6), quoting from Ps. xv. 1-6, says two kinds of folk will be saved—the righteous man and the innocent.* The latter is called "the harmlez hathel" (57. 3); and in l. 9, below, "innocent men" are alluded to as "hondelyngez harme," rendered by Mr. Gollancz as "servants whose hands," and in the notes by "servant's arm." Bearing in mind such phrases as "edye men and *arme*," the expression "hondelyngez harme" probably signifies "poor innocent underlings," thus corresponding to "harmlez hathels." In connexion with the allusion to Ps. xv., it may be mentioned that the words (58.3) "that takez not her lyf in vayne" cannot mean "who taketh not his life in vain," but "who taketh not his life (neighbour's) life away wantonly," a very free rendering of "nec fecit proximo suo malum."

With regard to the vexed word *strothe* (10. 7), we do not think that it can mean "strawed" or "thatched"; it is too far-fetched to make "strothe men" mean "men sleeping beneath their thatches," or "strowed

about on the floor asleep." We feel disposed to connect *strothe* with A.S. *strūdan*. *Myrthez* (12. 7) seems to be an error of the MS. for *myrchez* or *merchez*, i.e., marches, borders, or shores. Mr. Gollancz suggests "joyous shores." *Adyt* (30. 1) is a romance form, not derived from *adihten*, compare *dyt* (contrives, 57. 9), which may, however, be an error for *dyzt* or *dyghtt*. In the phrase "in blysse to *brede*" (35. 7), the last word hardly signifies "to revel," but "to be nourished or nurtured," representing A.S. *brēdan*, "to nourish," while *brede* (68. 10), "to stretch or spread," is from A.S. *brēdan*.

We have here and there had occasion to differ slightly in some minor details from the views expressed by Mr. Gollancz; but, in taking leave of him, we feel that his edition of the *Pearl* is a real gain to English scholarship, and we trust that he will before long give us further proof of his intimate acquaintance with, and interest in, our earlier literature by bringing out an *editio princeps* of an important Middle-English text.

R. MORRIS.

Essays of Leigh Hunt. Selected and edited by Reginald Brimley Johnson.

Poems of Leigh Hunt. Selected and edited by Reginald Brimley Johnson. (Dent.)

SEEING that these volumes belong to the "Temple Library," it is needless to say that they are pleasant to the eyes as well as good for food. With regard to the volume of *Essays* which contains Mr. Johnson's biographical introduction, we may add that it is a book to be desired to make one wise—wise, at any rate, concerning one matter which cannot be regarded as altogether unimportant, the true character of a man of genius to whom thousand of readers owe some of the most delightful of their solitary hours. I say the matter is one which cannot be regarded as altogether unimportant, because I have never been able to sympathise with, or even to understand, the feeling of those who contend that appreciation of literary art should be dissociated from personal considerations. Literature—especially that literature which has the quality of intimacy—is not the mere product of an endowment, but the expression of a personality. The fact that Villon and Wainwright were criminals and blackguards does not blind us to the other facts, that one wrote fine verse and the other fine prose; nay, it even imparts to those facts an interest similar to that aroused by the examination of a *lusus naturae*. But there is something more than interest—there is genuine instructive pleasure—in the knowledge that the books of a man like Milton or Wordsworth or Lamb are not mere books, but revelations, projections of the nature behind them; and that in acquainting ourselves with the "works" we enjoy in the truest sense the companionship of the worker. I make no excuse for devoting what may seem a disproportionate amount of space to Mr. Johnson's introductory *apologia*, because it does not merely justify a personal emotion; it quickens and intensifies a general delight.

To those who know them, Hunt's life and

character, though not faultless, are so winning and attractive that, at the first blush, they find it difficult to understand how it is that the writers who have treated Hunt sympathetically have one and all assumed, as if under compulsion, an attitude of polemical vindication. The difficulty is, perhaps, not so great as it really seems. The very qualities which constituted Hunt's charm for those who were admitted to his intimacy are qualities so apt to degenerate into their defects that the world is ready, upon the slightest encouragement from those who speak with authority, to take the existence of the defects for granted, or at any rate to accept it as proved on the evidence of malicious or, more probably, ignorant rumour. In this respect Hunt has been singularly unfortunate, especially so inasmuch as the blow which has undoubtedly inflicted the most widespread and permanent injury upon his reputation with the world at large was struck, not wilfully by an enemy, or aimlessly by a stranger, but carelessly by a friend and admirer. In the brief space at his command, Mr. Johnson has been compelled to confine himself to vitally essential material, and to omit much that in a fuller narrative would have been found not merely interesting but significant; but he would have made a serious mistake had he ignored the effect produced by what may be called the great Skimpole libel. "A lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest of lies," and the popular belief that Leigh Hunt served as a model for the sentimental sponger who is such a prominent figure in Dickens's *Bleak House* owes its injurious effect to the fact that it is not wholly baseless. When Leigh Hunt was dead, and when nearly every one who knew him by name only had become assured that in the person of Harold Skimpole was to be found a portrait drawn from the life, the creator of Skimpole published in an early number of *All the Year Round* a remorseful confession that he had indeed, for artistic purposes, decorated his imaginary scoundrel with some of "those graces and charms of manner" which were characteristic of his living friend, but that

"he had no more thought, God forgive him! that the admired original would ever be charged with the imaginary vices of the fictitious creature than he has himself ever thought of charging the blood of Desdemona and Othello on the innocent Academy model who sat for Iago's leg in the picture."

Of course the rhetoric of the passage is in the writer's most strained and effusive manner, but this was Dickens's way; and, allowing for the way, there is no mistaking the accent of sincerity. True, Mr. Saintsbury's account of the affair is that Thornton Hunt "forced from Dickens a contradiction, or disavowal, with which I am afraid the recording angel must have had some little difficulty"; but surely it is difficult to believe that Dickens could have been "forced" into a bogus confession of culpable carelessness, expressed in a statement which was from beginning to end a gratuitous and elaborate perjury.

Apart from the Skimpole legend, Hunt's fame has suffered most from the accounts of his relations with Byron, which have been given with varying degrees of misrepres-

* *Qui ingreditur sine maculo* applies to the spotless and innocent; *et operatur justitiam* to the righteous.

sentation by Byron's numerous biographers who have held briefs for their somewhat unheroic hero, and have repeated each other's blunders with a tiresome iteration. The true story of the Italian episode in Hunt's life, compiled from documents easily accessible to all the world, was briefly told rather more than four years ago by the present writer (*London Quarterly Review*, January, 1887); and though Mr. Johnson tells it still more briefly, his one short paragraph is a concise statement of facts which amply suffices to dispose of the absurd fiction that Hunt was the recipient of favours from Byron which he repaid with the basest ingratitude. In this affair, indeed, the defence is easy, because the case for the prosecution lacks even the half truth which is often so difficult to deal with. In his transactions with Byron Hunt was not the benefited but the injured party; and in after years he regretted the publication of his book on *Lord Byron and His Contemporaries* simply because his kindly spirit prompted him to regard with exaggerated disfavour the utterances of a mood of natural resentment. Perhaps if he had expressed no regret at all, but had stuck to his guns, he might have been judged less harshly; for, by a certain unworldly recklessness of candour which endeared him to those who knew him, Hunt more than once put weapons into the hands of those who knew him not, and they, applying a generally sound rule to a particular instance in which it does not hold good, have said in effect, "If this or that is confessed, something more must remain behind." Only by such a method of interpretation could Mr. Saintsbury have arrived at the conclusion that Hunt himself, in the *Autobiography and Correspondence*, supplies evidence for the charges which it has become fashionable to bring against him. The fact is, that Hunt's "confessions" are to be accepted with caution, not because they are uncandid or incomplete, but because they are too injudiciously unguarded, because in writing about himself, as in writing about everything else, he seems to take it for granted that he is chatting to a company of friends, not holding converse with a police constable who is listening with a view to the witness-box.

Mr. Johnson's biographical sketch does justice to Hunt the man, his selections do satisfactory all-round justice to Hunt the essayist and poet; but in his work, as in most works of this kind, both the inclusions and the exclusions lend themselves to not unreasonable criticism. This remark applies specially to the prose volume, though it is only fair to admit at the outset that Mr. Johnson has had peculiar difficulties to contend with. Hunt differs from the majority of writers, inasmuch as his best work is by no means always identical with his most characteristic work; and therefore an editor engaged in the task of representative selection has to choose whether he will give prominence to special excellence or special idiosyncrasy. It is clearly his duty to ignore neither, since acquaintance with both is essential; and in this respect Mr. Johnson is certainly free from reproach, for he has given us both matter which is noticeably

good and matter which is noticeably Huntian. But—whether on principle or by accident I cannot say—he has allotted much more space to the latter than the former, a proceeding which seems to me a violation of the true order of proportion. If one were compelled to characterise Hunt's literary manner by a single epithet, one would describe it as a "chatty" manner. Indeed, this was Hunt's own word—witness the memorable letter in which he so terribly alarmed Mr. Macvey Napier by proposing to write "a chatty article" for the *Edinburgh Review*. Now, chattiness itself is a good thing; but when a man writes constantly and hastily under the inspiration of the *res angusta domi* it is apt to degenerate into chatter, which is by no means so good; and such degeneration is not infrequent in Hunt's work, especially when he let himself go in elaborate discourse upon some inherently trivial theme. When he wrote *con amore* of his favourite authors and books he almost invariably chatted; when he produced "copy" about "Getting up on Cold Mornings" or "Seamen on Shore," he was tolerably sure to lapse into chatter somewhere. Mr. Johnson not only gives equal honour to both classes of work, but even a certain advantage to that which is inferior. The selections from the purely critical *causeries*, in which—after the delightful *Autobiography*—Hunt is seen at his best, are not deficient in quantity, but they leave a rather irritating feeling of scrappiness. Many of them are too brief to be at all satisfying, and several of the most interesting—"An answer to the question, 'What is Poetry?'" "Wit and Humour," and "Gray"—are so cut down that Mr. Johnson is occasionally compelled to interpolate a word or two to secure intelligibility, while on the other hand a long essay like that on "Coaches," which (*pace* Charles Lamb) is by no means good throughout, is left un-mutilated.

The volume of poetical selections—in which are to be found the prefaces to Hunt's various periodicals and a capital bibliography—yields little material for remarks which have even a savour of complaint. Personally, I regret the absence of the lines "To a Spider running across a Room," which appeared in the third number of *The Liberal*, and provide as good an example as could well be found of Hunt's touch in light serio-comic satirical verse; but preferences are so various that any omission stands a chance of being resented by somebody. There is, however, one poem wanting which ought not to be absent from any selection which professes to represent Hunt's poetical contribution to literature—"The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit." The special omission is inexplicable, for it seems impossible that Mr. Johnson could have overlooked the poem, and incredible that, knowing it, he should deliberately have set it aside. Its conception has such freshness of fancy, and the execution is such a perfect example of the adaptation of artistic means to a worthy imaginative end, that it must be regarded as one of Hunt's masterpieces. If, as seems the only possible explanation, Mr. Johnson has been repelled by the fantastic treatment of the first of the three connected sonnets, a

second glance would have sufficed to convince him that this, so far from being a blemish, is absolutely a necessity to the production of an effect the nature of which is not realised until the work is surveyed as a whole.

I hope that the two or three complaints in which I have indulged—perhaps with needless elaboration—will cast no suspicion upon the sincerity of my gratitude for two most delightful volumes, by which Mr. Johnson has put all Hunt lovers deeply in his debt. Some books are bought, but not read; others are read once and never returned to; others, again, are taken down from the shelves, say, once in a decade; but these are books whose happy lot it will be to become companions, intimates, familiar friends. Even Hunt's chatter has an agreeable quality, and his best chat is good talk which appeals to us irresistibly in any and every mood.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

The History of Sicily from the Earliest Times. By E. A. Freeman. Vols. I. and II. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

(Third Notice.)

Few things have escaped Mr. Freeman's acuteness and research, and it is only when he has to deal with branches of knowledge which lie out of the track of his previous studies that his learning is at fault. In questions of anthropology and ethnography, as we have already seen, it is possible for him to err; it is the same, to some extent, with numismatics, epigraphy, and the physical sciences. He is at home with his books, but shows there is some truth in Prof. Mahaffy's allegation that even eminent English Hellenists are found to be helpless in face of a Greek inscription. Thus, when he comes across the dedication by Hieron to Olympian Zeus of an Etruscan helmet from the spoils taken at Cumae, which, hanging as it does in the entrance gallery of the British Museum, is perhaps the best known of all Greek inscriptions, it is curious to find him observing, with an air of surprise, that to one to whom Greek comes most commonly in the form of printed books "there is something really startling in the look of an inscription such as this," as if Hieron could be expected to write in the Greek minuscule of the eleventh century A.D., which we happen to have adopted for our printed books.

Want of familiarity with the elements of epigraphic science is shown by the repetition, without comment, of the impossible story that the letter Omega was invented by Simonides—a story disproved by the fact that the letter Omega was first used in the Ionic alphabet, appearing in an inscription from Miletus written before Simonides was born; while eighty-two years after his birth it had not yet reached Dorian Sicily, as is shown by the dedication on Hieron's helmet, where it is replaced by a clumsy substitute. So, also, the attribution to Heracles of the lion's skin, the club and the bow, originated in the East rather than in Sicily, as Mr. Freeman suggests (II. 152). As early as the seventh century, Peisander, the Rhodian, in

his poem on the exploits of Heracles, gives him, doubtless from ancient monuments, the lion's skin, the club, and the bow. Mr. Freeman laments that "we do not know the Semitic name of the greatest Semitic city on Sicilian soil" (I. 302). But if, as seems possible, we may attribute the coins with the legend *ain* to Palermo, we should have for the settlement on the Conca d'Oro the appropriate Semitic name of the "shore" or "coast."

Mr. Freeman misunderstands his own authority when he says Mr. Head implies "that the Sikiliot Greeks adopted a non-Hellenic standard for their coins." This was not the case except so far as all the Greek standards were obtained from the East. The Aeginetic was derived from the Phoenician silver stater, while the Attic, Euboic, or Corinthian standard, which replaced the Aeginetic in Sicily, was ultimately of Babylonian origin. The first Siciliot standard was the Aeginetic, which was followed in the earliest coins of Zancle, Naxos, and Himera, as well as in those of Cumae. It should also have been noted that the early coins of Naxos, which follow the Aeginetic standard used in Cumae and Etruria, exhibit the Latin X and not the Greek Xi. But when the Aeginetic weight standard was exchanged for the Attic, the Attic Ξ replaced the earlier X. That, after the introduction of coinage, there was an effective commercial intercourse between Sicily and Central Italy is shown by the fact that the unit of the earliest Etruscan silver coins is identical in weight with the Sicilian silver *lira* of 13½ grains. Mr. Freeman does not seem to be aware of Dr. Deecke's allegation that the change in the Etruscan coins to the weight-standard of Syracuse dates from the decisive defeat of the Etruscans by Syracuse at Cumae. The theory is not universally accepted; but even if the Syracusan standard was partially adopted in Etruria before the fight at Cumae, the change is a striking proof of the growing commercial importance of Syracuse.

Mr. Freeman seems to be unacquainted with the important Phoenician inscriptions from Sicily, six of which (two of considerable length) are reproduced in the *Corpus Inscriptionum Semiticarum*, and, together with two others—presumably forgeries—are discussed by Schröder and Ugdulena, whose important works he has omitted to notice. Facsimiles of these inscriptions, as well as autotype reproductions of a few of the more notable Sicilian coins, would have added greatly to the interest and value of the book.

A few similar oversights may here be noticed. Mr. Freeman accepts without question the curious blunder of Strabo, who thought there were gold mines in the volcanic isle of Ischia (II. 251). It is impossible that the *latomie* of Syracuse could have been designed or intended as defensive works. They are plainly mere quarries, excavated at the spot nearest to Ortygia where good building stone is found. For purposes of defence the enormous depth of 130 feet would not be required, and a shallow continuous trench, such as we find at Epipolae, would have sufficed; whereas the *latomie* are isolated pits separated from

each other by considerable intervals, and hence offering no obstacle to an enemy's approach.

Mr. Freeman endeavours to explain why the Greeks did not occupy such an attractive site as the peninsula of Xiphonia—a site apparently as desirable as the island of Ortygia. He finally acknowledges that his attempt "is hardly satisfactory, but it is not easy to suggest anything better" (I. 389). The obvious explanation is the want of any spring of fresh water at the extremity of the long peninsula. The haven of Xiphonia might be as good as the haven of Ortygia; but it was the copious, never-failing fountain of Arothusa which made possible the greatness of Syracuse. The all-important question of the water supply is one which Mr. Freeman leaves out of account in discussing the causes why certain sites were selected, and why, with the increase of population, it became necessary, as in the case of Mineo and Palica (II. 366), to abandon lofty but arid sites for others less defensible but with a more adequate supply of water.

The remark about the *Civitas Ruthenorum* (I. 508) seems to be a grim joke—grim but dangerous, as some of his readers may take it as an inexplicable blunder, and others as a valuable piece of information. The injunction Pythagoras gave his disciples to abstain from beans can hardly be called "one of his most mysterious precepts." It was a plain parable advising them to keep aloof from politics, of the same class as our Lord's warning to His disciples to beware of the leaven of the Pharisees.

Mr. Freeman necessarily fails in his futile attempt to write Greek names with a Latin alphabet in what he calls Greek fashion. To use a Latin alphabet according to the rules of Latin orthography, is, he says, a "superstition against which all sound study of language, all sound study of history, must for ever strive." Surely a sound study of orthography and some acquaintance with the history of the alphabet might also be useful. When he writes *ruθrōn* he is not, as he imagines, writing Greek fashion. His use of the circumflex shows that he is using an alphabet which does not contain symbols for Eta or Omega, and the symbol *ii* denotes in Greek a vowel and not an aspirate. If he had used Theta, or even Thorn, he would be writing Greek fashion, but the use of *th* shows that he is necessarily writing Latin fashion, because he is using a Latin and not a Greek alphabet.

He writes Xerxes, Carthage, Hamilkar, and Hannibal. On his own principles, "all sound study of language and all sound study of history" should have taught him that Persian names should be written Persian fashion and Punic names Punic fashion. Cuneiform and Punic types are to be had; but at all events he might have given us Khshayārshā for Xerxes, or even the Asiatic form Ahasuerus, which we have in the Book of Esther. Carthage should be Qrthdst, as on its own coins, or, at least, Karthada, Cartago, or Karkhédōn; Hamilkar should be Hmīlgrt, and Hannibal Hnb'ol or Hubaal.

As for the native Sicel names, he says: "As I write Greek names Greek fashion, I write Sicel names Latin fashion, to point

out what the real tongue of the Sikels was." It has been already shown that it is a very dubious proposition that the Sicels spoke Latin; but if they did, we ought to write Sicel, and not Sikel, as *k* was not a Latin letter. Moreover, the Sicels themselves, as we see by their coins, used the Greek and not the Latin alphabet.

We should have been glad of the familiar name Palermo or even Panormus; but Mr. Freeman might have been content with Panormos without indulging, with wearisome iteration, in the affectation of calling it "The All Haven." So "New City," instead of Carthage, is all very well for once, but when frequently repeated it becomes tiresome. In like manner it is pedantic to substitute for the familiar name of Corfu the archaic term Koryphō. In vain we look for the familiar names of Selinunto, Girgenti, Solanto, and Taormina, and have to be content with Selineus, Akragas, Soleus, and Tauromenion.

It is annoying to find the great central street of Palermo—we beg pardon, of the "All Haven"—perhaps the noblest street in the world, not once mentioned by any of its familiar names. Of course we do not ask for the modern official designation, "Via Vittorio Emanuele"; but to call it only by the Norman name, Via Marmorea, or the Arabic Casr, is an affectation. Locally called the Cassaro, it is known to all Sicilian travellers as the Toledo, a name Phoenician in origin and significance, and historically interesting as having been imported from the greatest of the European lands which the Phoenicians conquered to designate the greatest street in the greatest of the European cities which the Phoenicians founded.

It is because this book is so great, because it must be ranked among the most important historical works of our own generation, because it cannot fail to become the standard work on the subject, that it has seemed worth while to devote so large a space to its few shortcomings. If Mr. Freeman could moderate his political and ethnic hatreds, if to his own massive erudition and rugged honesty he would add a few small literary graces, above all the supreme merit of lucidity and simplicity, if he would resolutely eschew allusiveness, pedantries, affectations, and the "barbarism" of using English words in senses which they do not bear in English—if, in short, he would supplement his own historical virtues with the literary charms of Mr. Froude's matchless style, his works would find more readers, because they would be easier to read. But in any case it must be hoped that the remaining volumes, some of which we are told are in an advanced state of preparation, may follow at no distant interval.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

"THE BADMINTON LIBRARY." — *Riding*.
By Capt. Robert Weir, Riding Master,
R.H.G.

Polo. By J. Moray Brown. (Longmans.)

THIS volume, as usual with the series to which it belongs, is written by a number of authors, whose work varies greatly in quality.

The editor states that the object of the series is to produce a cyclopaedia to which the inexperienced man can turn for information on all British sports and pastimes. Captain Robert Weir's information on Training the Young Horse, on Horsemanship, and on Hand and Seat is quite encyclopaedic; but I would guarantee an inexperienced man to rise from its perusal in as complete practical ignorance, after going through that painful performance, as he could have been in before. It is difficult to imagine any sane man, quite ignorant of the art of riding, going to a book for printed instructions; and it is therefore clear that encyclopaedic information such as Captain Weir attempts to impart is out of place on such subjects, and would far better have been omitted. Thirty Riding Lessons, by the same author, are described with tedious technicality. And, though these descriptions are relegated to an appendix, it would really appear as if this kind of teaching in print, by which no one can by any possibility profit, is meant to constitute the *raison d'être* of the whole work, and that the few readable chapters are thrown in as plums to reward the weary reader.

The chapter on the Saddle Horse, by Mr. Watson, is not comparable to his chapter on Race Riding, the best literary effort in the book, which, with Lord Suffolk's Riding to Hounds, may be fairly placed beside Apperley's articles in the *Quarterly* on the same subjects fifty years ago. I think, however, that to most Englishmen Lord Onslow's chapter on the Colonial Horse will be found to be the most interesting contribution to the volume. The account of racing and hunting at the antipodes is to some extent novel to English sportsmen; and the cleverness shown by New Zealand horses and the pluck of their riders in negotiating wire fences should alter the view of English cross-country riders, who have hitherto looked on wire as the destruction of their sport.

An enthusiastic account of polo by Mr. Moray Brown completes the work. Assisted by Mr. Dadd's admirable illustrations an excellent idea of this grand game is afforded, and the descriptions given only fill me with regret to think that its introduction into India was so long after my own time. I cannot imagine a better school of horsemanship than the practice of this game by the young men of the present day.

As usual in this series, the illustrations add greatly to the interest of the work; and, where all the artists employed are so good, it seems invidious to award the palm to any one of them. The illustrations to the chapter on the colonial horse, by Mr. Stuart Allan, are very characteristic; the pictures of English hunting and racing, by Mr. Giles, are simply perfect in their way; and yet the spirited sketches by Mr. Dadd of polo and its various incidents must, I think, be set down as best when all are good.

JAMES INNES MINCHIN.

NEW NOVELS.

The Hermits of Crizebeck. By Henry Cresswell. In 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

A Hidden Foe. By G. A. Henty. In 2 vols. (Chapman & Hall.)

Eric Brighteyes. By H. Rider Haggard. (Longmans.)

The Girl he did not Marry. By Iza Duffus Hardy. (Hutchinson.)

Sir George. By Florence Henniker. (Bentley.)

Amaryllis. By ΓΕΩΡΓΙΟΣ ΔΡΟΣΙΝΗΣ. (Fisher Unwin.)

The Little Lady of Lavender. By Theodora C. Elmslie. (Ward & Downey.)

Sunny Stories. By James Payn. (Chatto & Windus.)

IN *The Hermits of Crizebeck*, Mr. Cresswell appears not as a novelist in the ordinary sense, but as a laborious chronicler. This second rôle does not suit him so well as the first: *A Wily Widow* is preferable to *The Hermits of Crizebeck*, which, though a painstaking attempt to describe the rise and fall of an Anglican monastic establishment, becomes very tiresome, before the end of the second volume is reached. Happily—in a sense also unhappily—some of the hermits are not altogether unsociable, and do not object even to the company of girls. Still more, the girls, so far from objecting to the company of the hermits, seem ready to fall in love with them on the smallest provocation. Especially susceptible is Rosie, one of the two nieces of the supposed narrator of this story. She first of all takes to adoring an athletic young man, who saves her from being crushed or burned to death in a theatre. But she throws him over on becoming acquainted with his brother, who is one of the Anglican "Fathers"; and the athletic young man takes to drink. Meanwhile "Father"—he is also brother—Nolan has been appropriated by a magnificent young woman, with the magnificent name of Diana Vining. Rosie thereupon abandons the ascetic Anglicanism she had, under the "Father's" guidance, gone in for, and takes to Atheism or something like it. Finally, after considerably waiting to see her sister Mab married, she commits suicide. Rosie's story is the most melancholy element—or segment—of *The Hermits of Crizebeck*, but it is also that which is best worked out. Diana Vining has the makings of a Junoesque heroine in her; but as she figures here she is rather hard and unsympathetic, while Mab, Rosie's sister, is a trifle too inane. The details of the experiment made by the hermits would be interesting in a work descriptive of Anglican monasticism, but they are rather out of place in a novel.

Mr. Henty would seem to have set himself deliberately in *A Hidden Foe* to curb his power of manufacturing and depicting adventure, so that it should not be said of him that, while writing a book ostensibly for adults, he had in reality produced one for boys. Perhaps in consequence of this, *A Hidden Foe* is a somewhat conventional story, with an essentially conventional plot. Mr. Henty must, indeed, have felt himself

cramped when he wasted time in describing modern Bath, and in sneering at it in this fashion:

"So impressed are the inhabitants with the idea that external dirt is an evidence of internal respectability that they make no effort to brighten the houses by window decorations, and nowhere else are dingy blinds the rule and clean blinds the exception as at Bath."

His hero, Philip Clitheroe, is the familiar noble young man who, discovering, as he thinks, his mother engaged in a conspiracy to defraud a young woman of her rights for his sake, declines to benefit by any such trickery, tells his mother indignantly of the discovery he has made, and exiles himself from her and from England. Of course it is the most natural thing in the world that he should find himself on board the same ship as this ill-treated young woman, and that she, being on the way to Australia to find means for asserting her rights, should think him a scoundrel. Mr. Henty warms somewhat to his work when he introduces a shipwreck and its sequel into the plot of his story. It is needless to say how Philip Clitheroe and Constance Corbyn settle their differences. Mrs. Clitheroe as a clever woman whom affection for her son has made unscrupulous, Constance Corbyn as a high-spirited English girl, and her delightfully French companion, are very well sketched; while the villain, who—and not Mrs. Clitheroe—steals out of the marriage-register the leaf which is of the utmost importance to Constance, is one of those thorough-going scoundrels that young readers get positively to like. Still, *A Hidden Foe* does not show Mr. Henty quite at his best.

Mr. Rider Haggard may have a more weird imagination than Mr. Hall Caine, but *Eric Brighteyes* does not prove that he will be able to produce a better Saga, either of the old or of the new sort. In fact, it is neither slaughter, athleticism, witchcraft, and essentially animal love, in which Mr. Haggard delights in the disguise of an Icelandic Saga. A few heads are knocked off in more nor less than one of those stories of almost every chapter, and so *Eric Brighteyes* is as readable as need be. The plot is almost modern in its conventionality. Eric Brighteyes, Thorgrimur's son, the bravest and unluckiest man that lived in Iceland before "Thangbrand, Wilibald's son, preached the White Christ" there, gets entangled with two women, Gudruda the Fair and Swanhild the Fatherless, who were born in the same house, and were half-sisters, for although Swanhild is nicknamed the Fatherless, she was universally understood to be the illegitimate daughter of Groa the Witch and Asmund Asmundson, the Priest of Middalhof, whose other daughter, Gudruda, was the offspring of his marriage. Eric loves Gudruda, but Swanhild loves him, and schemes to get him into her possession. She conducts herself as a sensual woman of fashion would conduct herself in the present day, only that the sensual woman of fashion does not, as a rule, contrive to have her rival killed by means of an enormous sword. As for the various adventures of Eric and his grotesque Sancho Panza, Skallagrim Lambstail, the Baresark,

the admirer of Mr. Rider Haggard must follow these up himself. He will probably be thoroughly exhausted before he gets half through them. *Eric Brighteyes* is, in our judgment, the poorest book its author has written.

Miss Duffus Hardy has curiously misnamed her new story. It should have been styled not *The Girl he did not Marry*, but *The Boys she did not Marry*. For Hazel Marsh is the leading personage in the story; and she is engaged in turn to Charlie Tempest, to Norman Holyoake, and to Philip Chester, who "talked of impersonal subjects to his betrothed, discussed literature and high art and political economy—strove to enlighten the darkness of her mind on astronomy, ethnology, and the occult sciences." Yet she marries nobody and runs away with nobody. She has indeed a chance of an elopement, when, owing to an accident, she can only be said to "have been good-looking once." Charlie Tempest, very much married to "a good specimen of the brilliant yet delicate type of American beauty," with "wavy blonde hair and a charming figure shown to advantage by a tight-fitting tailor-made walking dress, elegant and striking in its perfect simplicity," asks Hazel to go off with him in his yacht. She refuses, whereupon Charlie goes off with some friends and is drowned. *The Girl he did not Marry* is, in truth, a rather dull story, in spite of Hazel's agonies and troubles, and the extraordinary amount of fashionable dressing and undressing to be found in it.

"There was nothing" we are told, "that Hazel disliked more than being brought into contact with the 'masses'; but a 'class' crowd, especially in evening toilette, she enjoyed all the more that now and then in such a crowd, in the glare of gas-light, roving eyes must fall upon her face, and were likely to linger there." Miss Duffus Hardy, like Hazel, evidently prefers the "classes" to the "masses"—especially when "the classes" are distinguished by "the costly elegance of dress—which displays the 'superb abundance' of snowy arms and shoulders." *The Girl he did not Marry* is a story to be read in what the Solicitor-General—in his capacity as Sir Edward Clarke—differentiates as What-is-called-Society.

So far as plot goes, *Sir George* is a very commonplace novel. It is, indeed, the familiar story of an old man supplanting a young one in the affections of his ward. Sir George Gresham, however, is different from most oldsters of his class, in that his treachery to his nephew Harold is not intentional. It is not so much that he courts Olive Garforth, as that Olive falls out of love with Harold and in love with him. *Sir George* is, indeed, a very elegant and refined version of the almost too familiar and helpless "Oh! the pity of it!" The final blinding of its unfortunate hero-villain seems a rather unnecessary aggravation of his troubles.

The name of the latest addition to the "Pseudonym Library" is idyllic, and certainly there is a great deal of very sweet simplicity in *Amaryllis*. The plot is boy-and-girlish to a fault. Two old modern

Greeks—Messrs. Aristides and Anastasius—enter into a conspiracy to make their young folks Stephen and Amaryllis fall in love with each other. They succeed. That is all, except that the scene of *Amaryllis* is laid in a pretty corner of Greece, and that, in addition to an incident in which a revolver plays a curious part, the book contains a fair amount of passable Arcadian—but not quite Theocritean—verse.

Had *The Little Lady of Lavender* appeared during the gift-book season—as it perhaps ought to have done—it would to a certainty have achieved a phenomenal success; for it is one of the best stories intended for, or at least about, children that have appeared since *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, which indeed it recalls in tone, though not in plot. But it would be unfair to tell how little Evangeline Herbert penetrates into the castle of the ogre, *alias* Captain Ransom, and conquers him, how she brings her father and mother together, and how generally she plays the part of a "Christmas angel." No sweeter, healthier, more humorous, or less maudlin story of this particular kind has ever been published.

Mr. Payn always maintains—although he might easily rise above—a certain standard of excellence, and especially of humour, in the sketchy stories he writes for magazines, and republishes at intervals in volume form. So not much need be said of the first section of this book, containing the *Sunny Stories* which give a title to the whole, except that they are up to the usual mark. "Dauntless Kitty," in particular, shows admirably how a reputation may be made under false pretences, and the dog-fancying White-chapel hero of "Mrs. Blodgers' Apology" is one of Mr. Payn's best sketches of low-life. In the second part of the volume, "Gleanings from Dark Annals," Mr. Payn, however, sets himself to give the air of geniality to the gruesome, and succeeds wonderfully. Some of the chapters, such as "Modern Amazons," "Inadequate Motive," and "Coming to Life again," prove how detective fiction ought to be—though it very seldom is—written.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

SOME ECONOMICAL BOOKS.

The Principles of State Interference. By David G. Ritchie. (Sonnenschein.) This little volume is a reprint of some clever and brightly-written review articles on Herbert Spencer, J. S. Mill, and T. H. Green from the Neo-Hegelian Liberal point of view. Mr. Ritchie seems to make out very convincingly, as against Mr. Spencer, that English Liberals, when they abandon the doctrine of *laissez-faire*, do not necessarily give up the essential principles of Liberalism nor adopt those of the opposite party. He is equally successful in showing that the theory of organic evolution has nothing to say against sanitary legislation or against State education. He also makes out a good case against Mill's belief, shared to a certain extent by Mark Pattison, that an *a priori* philosophy is the natural ally of Toryism. In this connexion, the points of agreement between T. H. Green's ethics and Utilitarianism are well brought out. But the criticism of Mill's doctrine of Liberty is far too slight, and a summary reference to Sir J. F. Stephen's volume cannot be held to

exonerate the controversialist from the duty of making an independent examination. As Green said of Hegel's Logic, "it will all have to be done over again."

Principles of Political Economy and Taxation. By David Ricardo. Edited by E. C. K. Gonner. (Bell.) Mr. Gonner has done a service to that numerous class of readers who are content with the chief treatise of a great author, and make no demand for his complete works. The editor has provided an explanatory preface, a running commentary (with collation of texts, &c.), and an apologetic appendix. The whole is carefully, loyally, and intelligently done. The rearrangement of chapters (on p. xxvi.) is only one out of many instances where the student gets valuable help from this edition; and, if the complaint might be made that Mr. Gonner leaves his readers too little to do for themselves, he would no doubt reply that Ricardo, like Sophocles, cannot be made too easy. Like every writing on Ricardo, these commentaries are full of debatable matter. The attempt (on pp. xlvi., xlix.) to show that Ricardo in his theory of value erred no more by pursuing one extreme than the mathematical economists by pursuing the other, seems to imply the belief that a middle way must be the way to truth, without regard to its breadth or narrowness. The attempt to confine the theory of rent to cases where there are different grades of fertility (p. lv.) seems unfortunate. If the fertility were uniform, but land yielded a greater profit than manufacture, then land would yield a rent. In this, as in other points, the weight of modern criticism bears on the whole in favour of Malthus, and not of Ricardo. As regards Ricardo's supposed bias and bad faith in writing, there has hardly been in this country such a general sympathy with the declamations of Held and other foreign economists as to justify Mr. Gonner in devoting so long an appendix to the refutation of them.

The Conflicts of Capital and Labour. By George Howell. Second and Revised Edition. (Macmillan.) So much has happened in the industrial world since 1878, the date of Mr. Howell's first edition, that his work has had to be "practically re-written," or, at any rate, considerably augmented. The author has not followed the commendable practice of indicating all the changes which he has made. For the convenience of those who have invested in the first edition, we may notice that the new matter has often been inserted at the end of a chapter. Among fresh contributions to industrial history may be mentioned the analysis of the proceedings at recent trades union congresses, and the estimate of the progress which co-operation has made during the last few years. All new developments do not command Mr. Howell's admiration. He is very severe upon the so-called "new trade unionism." "It seeks to effect by statute and by municipal law what can only be effected by mutual arrangement on equal terms of negotiation." Mr. Howell's ideal may be summed in the following words:

"The equitable proportion of work to wages must be settled by workmen and employers. Wrongful claims will be abandoned, and rightful dues will be conceded, when fair-minded men on both sides sit at the same table on an equal footing, to discuss the terms and conditions of employment with the view of settling them upon an equitable basis."

The difficulty of defining what is equitable does not obtrude itself on Mr. Howell. Yet it is a difficulty which has puzzled philosophers from the age of Plato. But abstract speculations do not much trouble Mr. Howell's cheerful common sense. His chapter on "Political Economy and Trade Unions" still retains passages to

which the theoretical purist may take exception. However, he has made some alterations—which seem to us improvements—in his critical remarks on political economy. He admits that “a broader and more humane political economy” has grown up. It is pleasant to think that not only political economy and trades unionism, but also Mr. Howell’s treatment of both subjects, have improved.

The Labour Movement in America. By Richard T. Ely, Ph.D. (Heinemann.) The contents of this book are not entirely new. Several of the chapters have been published in American periodicals; and the whole volume, if we mistake not, appeared in its present form in the United States two or three years ago. But the interesting information with which these pages abound is still fresh; and the good advice of which the author is not sparing bears repetition. Mr. Ely begins his historical studies by a chapter on Early American Communism. He gives a graphic and impartial account of the Oneida Free Love Community.

“Odious as their practices must appear to one who believes in the divinity of the monogamic family, it seems necessary to admit that they lived quietly and peacefully, and conscientiously discharged all financial engagements so as to win the goodwill of many of their immediate neighbours.”

Among existing organisations the “knights of labour” are particularly distinguished. Their federation is of a higher type, Mr. Ely thinks, than the ordinary trades union. They justify their name by the chivalry with which they have defended the cause of women. Mr. Ely’s picture of the Internationalists is less reassuring. Their organ, *Most’s Freiheit*, advocates a new genealogy traced from mothers, whose names, and not that of the fathers, descend to the children; “in order that the old family may completely abandon the field to free love.” Here are some extracts from an article headed “Revolutionary Principles”:

“The revolutionist has no personal interest, concerns, feelings, or inclinations, no property. . . . He is the irreconcilable enemy of this world; and, if he continues to live in it, it only happens in order to destroy it with the greater certainty. He knows only one science, namely, destruction.”

The principle of the Miltonic Satan—“All pleasure to destroy save what is in destroying”—appears to have been adopted by these Internationalists. Discussing the remedies for these social diseases, Mr. Ely does not abide by Prof. Walker’s dictum that the economist should teach, not preach. Indeed, some parts of the work, if we remember rightly, were first uttered in the form of a “lay sermon.” He writes—

“A wider diffusion of sound ethics is an economic requirement of the times. Christian morality is the only stable basis for a state professedly Christian. . . . Manufacturers should cultivate the true humility of great souls, and adopt a more conciliatory attitude towards their labourers. . . . Working men must remember that they too often give just cause for complaint to their employers, by reason of carelessness, wastefulness, poor workmanship, neglect of trusts committed to them, bad faith, distrust and downright insolence. . . .”

These are good words; let us hope that they may have some effect in arresting an outbreak of that revolutionary Socialism which the author justly regards with alarm.

NOTES AND NEWS.

MR. GERALD PORTAL, C.B., who has just been appointed H.M. Consul-General at Zanzibar, in succession to Sir Euan Smith, has written a narrative of his adventurous mission

to Abyssinia in 1887-1888, when the British Government sent him to endeavour to mediate between King Johannis and the Italians after the massacre of Dogali. Accompanied only by two Europeans and a few native servants, Mr. Portal penetrated for several hundred miles into the interior, successfully overcoming the grave difficulties of the route, and the undisguised hostility of the Abyssinian General, Ras Alula. Even when he reached the King’s quarters, he was imprisoned for a considerable time while the Great Council of Chiefs was deciding whether he and his companions should be put to death or allowed to return home; fortunately the decision was in Mr. Portal’s favour. The book, which will be illustrated, will be published shortly by Mr. Edward Arnold.

WE understand that Mr. E. Poste, the editor of *Gaius*, has nearly finished an English translation of “Aristotle on the Constitution of Athens,” which will be published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co.

MR. HENRY LITTLEHALES, of Clevelly, Bexley Heath, proposes to reproduce, by photolithography, a facsimile of the Durham Liber Vitæ, provided that a sufficient number of subscribers come forward. The value of such a work lies chiefly in the fact that each page will display the arrangement of the names by successive scribes from the ninth century; and, where a later insertion has been entered among these of an earlier period, the approximate date of such entry will be supplied by the form of its appearance. The size of the reproduction will be 129 pages, quarto. A second part, containing a short introduction, will be issued subsequently.

THE next volume of the “Catholic Standard Library,” published by Mr. John Hodges, will be a series of essays on *The Relations of the Church to Society*, by the late Father Edmund J. O’Reilly, edited, with a biographical notice, by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J. The same publisher also announces, as nearly ready, a second edition, with a preface, of Father Gasquet’s *Edward VI. and the Book of Common Prayer*, which has attracted so much attention among English liturgiologists.

A VOLUME entitled *The Co-operative Movement of To-day*, by Mr. George Jacob Holyoake, will shortly be published by Messrs. Methuen & Co. Its object is to show that distributive co-operation—the only portion officially carried out—does not touch the problem of capital and labour, and that the principle of profit-sharing in production, the earlier and nobler part of Co-operation, does.

THE next volume of the “Gentleman’s Magazine Library” is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock for immediate publication. It will commence the topographical section, and will contain the local information found in the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, classified alphabetically under each county.

MESSRS. EDEN, REMINGTON & Co. will in a few days issue a new work by the Hon. Albert S. G. Canning, entitled *Thoughts on Religious History*.

WE hear that the second edition of *A Girl in the Karpatis*, by Mémie Muriel Dowie, is already out of print.

MR. JOSEPH HATTON has returned from New York with an armful of reasons for international copyright in America, including five editions of *By Order of the Czar*, from which he derives no benefits. But he is to be congratulated upon the issue in London by Messrs. Hutchinson of a fifth and popular edition of this novel, completing ten thousand copies for the English market.

THE first edition of Mr. Arnold Forster’s work *In a Conning Tower*; or how I took H.M.S. “Majestic” into action, has already been exhausted, and a second edition will be issued next week by Messrs. Cassell & Company.

THE Marquis of Bute has been elected president of the Honourable Society of Cymmrodorion in the place of the late Earl of Powis.

M. PAUL BLOUËT (Max O’Reil) will sail, on October 21, for a third lecture tour in the United States and Canada, to be immediately followed by a twelve months’ tour in the Australian colonies.

LADY BURTON writes as follows about the MSS., &c., left by Sir Richard:

“My husband left his *magnum opus*, “The Scented Garden,” completed save half a page. [The whole of this she has thought it her duty to burn.] His “Pentaméron” is ready for press. Disjointed, and not quite complete, is “Catullus,” a scrap of “Ausonius,” various small fragments, and poetry. Part of the second Part of his great work on *The Sword*, of which the first part appeared (there were to be three), and one almost written book on the gipsies, also several unpublished MSS. of former travels. Everything possible will see the light by degrees in his own name; and the unfinished things and the poetry in magazines or a book of fragments.”

THE Académie Française has decided to award the prize of 20,000 francs (£800) to the widow of Fustel de Coulanges. The Duc de Broglie, it will be remembered, felt himself compelled to decline the honour; and it was rumoured that the second recommendation of the committee was in favour of M. Elisée Reclus.

DURING Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday of next week Messrs. Sotheby will be engaged in selling the large collection of autographs and historical documents, formed in the first half of the present century by the Rev. Dr. Thomas Raffles, of Liverpool, and a near relation of Sir Stamford. The general collection consisting of sign manuals of English kings, letters of statesmen, soldiers, authors, &c., which is contained in forty folio volumes, will first be offered in one lot, at a reserve price; and if not so sold, in 544 lots. Included in this is the holograph MS. of Heber’s hymn, “From Greenland’s icy mountains.” Then follow special lots, such as a complete set of the signers of the American Declaration of Independence, and of Presidents of the United States; bound volumes containing letters of noblemen, bishops, nonconformist divines, &c. The whole collection is profusely illustrated with portraits and personal relics.

M. CÉLESTE, city librarian at Bordeaux, has printed, in the first number of the *Bulletin* of the Société des Amis de l’Université de Bordeaux, a hitherto unpublished letter of Montesquieu. It is addressed to President Barbet, under date of December 20, 1741, and thus refers to the *Esprit des Lois*, which was not published until 1748:—

“J’y travaille huit heures par jour; l’ouvrage est immense, et je crois avoir perdu tout le temps où je travaille à quelque autre chose qu’à cela. Il y aura quatre vol. in-12 en 24 livres. [It was actually published in two quarto volumes, divided into thirty-one books, which in some editions are grouped in six parts.] Il me tarde fort que je sois en état de vous le montrer. J’en suis extrêmement enthousiasmé. Je suis mon premier admirateur, je ne sais si je serai le dernier. Je ne vous le montrerai que lorsque je n’aurai plus rien à y faire, ce qui, je crois, sera à la première vue; mais j’exigerai que vous ne m’en disiez rien, que vous ne l’ayez lu tout entier, si vous voulez le lire, et j’ose vous dire que je ne crois pas qu’on y perde son temps, par l’abondance des choses.”

THE last number (72) of the admirable series of Catalogues issued by Signor Ulrico Hoepli,

of Milan, deals with bibliography, libraries, and printing. It comprises more than 1400 lots, most of which seemed to be priced very low. We notice super-illustrated copies of the first edition of Bryan's *Dictionary of Painters* (1816), and of Joubert's *Manuel de l'amateur d'estampes* (1821); copies of the *Index Librorum Prohibitorum* from 1628 to 1880; and a series of publications connected with the name of Libri. The highest priced lot of all seems to be the fifth edition of Brunet (eight vols., 1860-1880), and next the latest edition of Quaritch's General Catalogue (6 vols., 1880-1887).

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have begun a cheap re-issue of the works of Mr. Henry J. Shorthouse with *John Ingelant*. According to the bibliographical record on the verso of the title page, this romance was first published in two volumes in 1881 (in the month of June, we believe), ignoring the edition printed for private circulation in the previous year. No second edition was required for six months; but then the demand immediately became so great that each month of 1882 saw an edition of its own, in two volumes; and in every subsequent year there has been a single volume edition.

FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE forthcoming number of the *Contemporary Review* will contain an important article on "The Union of the Australias" by Sir Henry Parkes, premier of New South Wales; also "The Finest Story in the World," by Mr. Rudyard Kipling.

THE July number of *Merry England* will be devoted to a collection of "Letters on Subjects of the Day," by Cardinal Manning. The illustrations will include an impressionist drawing of "A Reception at Archbishop's House," made last May by Mr. Ponsonby Staples, to whom the cardinal has since given several sittings. A variety of the autographs of the cardinal will be shown in facsimile.

THE July number of the *Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review* will be devoted largely to the programme of the forthcoming Oriental Congress. Among the papers promised, we may mention: a report on the progress made since 1883 in the study of African languages, by Captain T. G. de Guiraudon; "The Dignity of Labour in the Talmud," by Rabbi H. Gollancz; and a joint account of "Kohistan, including Gabriel," by Mir Abdulla (a native of that country) and Dr. Leitner, which will be illustrated with several portraits of the inhabitants, from photographs. There will also be an article on "Recruiting the Anglo-Indian Army," by Surgeon-General Sir W. Moore.

THE *English Illustrated* for July will have for frontispiece an engraving, by Mr. Lacour, of Mrs. M. L. Waller's picture, "A Fencing Lesson"; and descriptive articles, each profusely illustrated, on Fawsley Park in Northants, Cookham and its neighbourhood, Nymegen in Holland, and Dartmoor. Mrs. W. K. Clifford also contributes "On the Wane: a Sentimental Correspondence."

THE *Genealogist* for July will contain a paper entitled "Further Notices of William Stanley, sixth Earl of Derby, K.G., as a Poet and a Dramatist," by Mr. James Greenstreet, wherein he discusses, in continuation of his article in the April number of that magazine, the question of the authorship of certain of the "Shaksperian" comedies.

THE July number of the *Strand Magazine* will contain an article on "Captain Mayne Reid: Soldier and Novelist," from the pen of Mr. Maltus Q. Holyoake. It will include a personal reminiscence and unpublished letters, and will be illustrated with several portraits of Mayne Reid and his child wife.

MESSRS. GRIFFITH, FARRAN & Co. are about to issue, beginning with the July number, an English edition of the *Art Amateur*, which was founded in America about twelve years ago by Mr. Montague Marks. It appeals to all learning or teaching oil, water-colour, or china painting, charcoal, crayon or pastel drawing, etching, pen-drawing, book illustrating, art needle-work, wood carving, fret sawing, brass hammering, &c. Special features are the colour studies, of which three are given with each part, and the supplementary designs in black and white, with full directions for treatment.

THE *Reliquary* for July will contain: "Matres Ollototae," by the Rev. Dr. R. E. Hooppell, with a plate of the Roman altar lately found at Binchester; "Village Antiquities," by the Rev. P. H. Ditchfield; "The Church Plate of Leicestershire," with two plates and several illustrations; A Study on some Archaic Place-names, by the Rev. Dr. J. C. Atkinson; Parochial Papers relating to Glaston in Rutland, III., by the Rev. Chr. Wordsworth; "The Smaller Irish Cathedrals, II., Leinster," with six illustrations; Notes on Cadney, Lincolnshire, by Mr. Edward Peacock; "A Palimpsest Brass at Clifton Campville, Staffordshire," by Mr. Thomas Wareing, with plate and an illustration; "Encaustic Tiles at Dale Abbey and Morley, Derbyshire," by Mr. John Ward, with illustrations.

THE next number of *Y Cymrodor*, which is edited by Mr. Egerton Phillimore, will include articles on "The Ancient Welsh Church," by Mr. J. Willis-Bund; "The Council of the Marches," by Mr. David Lewis; "Early Celtic Art," by Mr. T. H. Thomas, of Cardiff; and "Wat's and Offa's Dykes," by Mr. A. N. Palmer, of Wrexham.

It is proposed to suspend the issue of *Free Life* next month. During its suspension, Mr. Auberon Herbert proposes to form a company for carrying it on in an enlarged form. It will remain the organ of a thoroughgoing Individualism, but will contain a summary of weekly news, probably a story, and other attractive features of interest to the general reader. At the same time a sixpenny quarterly explaining Individualistic opinions, and edited by Mr. Auberon Herbert, will be brought out. The first number is to appear in October.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

THE University of Dublin proposes to confer the honorary degree of LL.D. upon (among others) Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lord Ardilaun, Lord Iveagh, Sir Dennis Fitz-Patrick, and Mr. D. H. Madden, the Attorney-General for Ireland. Prof. Mahaffy will, at the same time, receive the degree of Doctor of Music.

THE University of Durham has conferred the honorary degree of LL.D. upon Prof. G. F. Browne, of Cambridge, Mr. Gainsford Bruce, Mr. Lewis T. Dibdin, Sir Albert K. Rollit, and Mr. G. F. Holmes.

MR. SIEGRIED RUHEMANN, of Christ's College, has been appointed a university lecturer at Cambridge in organic chemistry.

THE first Liddon studentship—of the value of £80, tenable for two years, but capable of being renewed for a third year—will be filled up next August. Candidates must have graduated with honours in some school at Oxford, and must also signify their intention to take orders.

MR. CLAUDE G. MONTEFIORE has endowed a prize at Girton College, in memory of his late wife, who was a certificated student in honours of the college. It consists of the interest on a sum of £1700, to be given annually to a student who shall have obtained a first class in one of

the tripos examinations, and who shall be intended either to follow the teaching or medical profession, or to pursue some specific literary or scientific work.

THE general board of studies at Cambridge have recommended that a sum of £50, from the common university fund, be placed at the disposal of the special board for moral science, for the purchase of instruments needed for research and demonstrations in psycho-physics, a room for conducting psycho-physical experiments being now available in the new physiological laboratory.

MAGDALEN COLLEGE, Oxford, is to have a statue of its titular saint, St. Mary Magdalene, placed in a niche in the college wall.

IN the list of lectures proposed for next term by the board for oriental studies at Cambridge, we notice that Mr. S. A. Strong will lecture on Assyrian, provided that a class can be formed.

CONVOCATION at Oxford has voted grants of books printed at the Clarendon Press, of the value of £25, to each of the following free public libraries:—Fulham, West Norwood, Ealing, Clerkenwell, Stalybridge, Hammersmith, Handsworth, Barnsley, Croydon, and Harrogate.

A TABLE in *The Times* shows that 209 candidates satisfied the examiners in the several honour examinations for the the B.A. degree held during this term at Cambridge, of whom 28 obtained a first class, 62 a second, and 119 a third. It seems noteworthy that, while six colleges are not represented at all in the first class, Ayerst's Hostel has two firsts, and Cavendish Hostel and Non-collegiate one each. Of the total number of graduates, Trinity comes first with 31 (though surpassed in the number of firsts by St. John's, Pembroke, and Clare); then follow Pembroke 22, Clare 21, Trinity Hall 20, St. John's 17, Jesus 15, and Christ's and Selwyn Hostel 10 each.

THE first number of the *Pelican Record* (Oxford: Blackwell) contains a poem by Mr. Robert Bridges, a rendering into Greek elegiacs by Z. of the now famous verses by J. K. S., which end

"When the Rudyards cease from kipling
And the Haggards ride no more; "

and reviews of some half-dozen books published recently by old members of C.C.C.

THE president, council, and members of the teaching staff of University College, London, have issued invitations to a conversazione on Tuesday next, June 30.

A REMARKABLE volume will soon be presented to the Harvard University Library. It contains manuscript copies of all the commencement programmes of the college from 1780 to 1890, and specimens of the order of commencement exercises at intervals from the first graduation in 1612 to the Revolutionary War.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

JUNE.

If June would stay, and pour her faery weather
On heads made hopeless by the fraud of May,
We should not fear July with scorching ray,
Nor glow of August on the thirsty heather,
September with his ever-dwindling day,
Or chill October's presage of decay;
November moulting an ensanguined feather,
Nor Winter wearing us with dull delay—
If June would stay—
Between the upper mill-stone and the nether;
But no! In spite of all that man can say,
Our bliss has only thirty days for tether.
Joy go with June, when June is gone away;
Would she could wait till we might go together,
If June would stay!

H. G. KEENE.

IN MEMORIAM.

HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD.

HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD—born at Gunville, Dorset, in 1803, died in Gower-street on June 2 of this year—was the youngest son of Josiah Wedgwood, of Maer Hall, Staffordshire, and grandson of the man known to the world by that name. His mother, Elizabeth Allen, of Cresselly, Pembrokehire, was painted by Romney, and the portrait attests the family tradition of her beauty. His uncle, Thomas Wedgwood, dimly remembered by our generation as the Mæcenas of Coleridge, and a possible forerunner of Daguerre (see an article on him in the *Photographic News* of December 20, 1889), was regarded in his own generation with an amount of attention rarely attracted by any life so short and so hampered by unceasing illness. A certain turn for metaphysical study seems to have been common to the uncle and the nephew, though the world knows nothing of its development in either. Thomas Wedgwood died when this nephew was an infant. He was tenderly remembered by the elder children of the family even in extreme old age.

Hensleigh Wedgwood was educated at Rugby, and entered St. John's College, Cambridge, whence he migrated as an undergraduate to Christ's. He was seventh wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos of 1824. The Classical Tripos was initiated that same year; and his name, appearing as the last on the list, was commemorated for nearly sixty years by a little *jeu de mots*. The last of the Junior Optimes (the third class in the Mathematical Tripos) has been for centuries called "the wooden spoon"; and by an obvious play on Mr. Wedgwood's name, the holder of the last place in the Classical Tripos was called "the wooden wedge" up to 1883, when the names were for the first time arranged alphabetically in the several classes. His connexion with Christ's College, of which he became a fellow, was pleasantly recalled in the last year of his life by the invitation of the Master, Dr. Peile, to be present at a dinner, given to inaugurate the opening of new buildings, at which he would have been "the oldest Christian." It may perhaps claim attention on grounds of a certain historic importance if, as seems probable, it was the result of his impressions and career at Christ's which led to his cousin, Charles Darwin, being sent there four years after he took his degree.

After leaving Cambridge Mr. Wedgwood went to London to read for the Chancery Bar, at which, however, he never practised. It was the acceptance of a police magistracy in 1832 which enabled him to marry Frances, daughter of Sir James Mackintosh. His resignation of this office a few years later may be noted as the most characteristic incident of his life. With an increasing family and small means of his own, he threw up an income sufficient for ease and comfort, from a scruple as to the lawfulness for Christians of administering oaths—a scruple which, to many of those connected with him, seemed extravagant. It may be mentioned that one of those to whom he appealed for co-operation, in his endeavour to remove the solemn form which he believed a violation of many a conscience, was Mr. Gladstone, then a very young man, from whom he received a letter expressive of sympathy, but declining to take part in the movement. He met with little sympathy in his views fifty years ago; but the legislation of late years has borne tribute to their root in the national conscience, and that his name was in no way associated with the reform that followed his efforts was a matter of perfect indifference to him. The loss of income was partly made up in 1838 by

the post of Registrar of Metropolitan Carriages, which he held till its abolition in 1849. He occupied himself at the same time with literary work, publishing in 1844 a little work on *Geometry*, calling in question the method associated with the time-honoured name of Euclid; and in 1848 an essay on *The Development of the Understanding*. Neither of these books found any readers outside the circle of those who loved the author: and it has to be confessed that their perusal is difficult. Mr. Wedgwood had very little power of expressing his ideas. All who knew him feel convinced that he had something to say on the subjects concerned, but have to allow that, from his lack of capacity for illustration and expansion, these contributions to thought remain mere fragments of suggestion.

Perhaps this very difficulty of expression was an advantage in the work of his life—his *Dictionary of English Etymology*, first published in 1857. It may be that hindrance in the power of expression fastens the attention on the vehicle of expression, and that none are better fitted to study the history of words than those who lack fluency and promptness in using them. From this, or from some other cause, Mr. Wedgwood was led to ponder on the origin of language. He was one of the original members of the Philological Society, founded in 1842; and its *Transactions* contain many papers from his pen, preparing the way for the work which set forth his belief that the vehicle of all human communication was no miraculous endowment, but the elaborated imitation of instinctive vocal sounds whether among men or animals. This belief, received at first contemptuously, became suddenly more credible when animals and men were connected as ancestors and descendants. The work, whatever be thought of the theory, has taken its place as a permanent contribution to philology, and Mr. Wedgwood's name is known to all students of language. His interest in it, as attested by his contributions to the ACADEMY, lasted into the clear evening of his life; nor was it possible for those who aided in his latest etymological researches to detect the slightest relaxation of his sense of relevance, his keenness of perception, or his clearness of memory.

Any notice of him would be incomplete which omitted the fact that, after having treated Spiritualism with great contempt, he became, from experience, convinced of its truth, and ended life as a confirmed Spiritualist. He was a contributor to *Light*, and a diligent student of that and other Spiritualistic journals. His own simple faith needed no such support, and did not connect itself with these investigations, which belonged merely to the intellectual side of his nature. He was, till his health failed, a member of the Unitarian congregation in Little Portland-street, and struggled with the disadvantages of increasing deafness to remain an attendant there. His memory is cherished in obscure and grateful hearts, for whom the experience of life was softened by patient kindness of which often his nearest kindred knew nothing.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

Folk-Lore for June (David Nutt) is a particularly interesting number. Miss M. C. Balfour opens it with three Legends of the Lincolnshire Cars—the Cars being the local name of the reclaimed marshes in the Parts of Lindsey, in the north of the county. Two of these legends have to do with the reclaiming of the marshes. They are told in dialect such as Mr. Edward Peacock has made a study of for the Dialect Society, but which differs a good deal from Tennyson's dialect in "The Northern Farmer"; and we can well believe that they have been taken down faithfully.

Like most genuine English stories, they are emphatically of a grim purport. The Hon. John Abercromby brings the Amazons of the Greeks into relation with a custom still practised by some tribes of the Caucasus, in whom he would find the descendants of the Sarmatæ. Mr. Joseph Jacobs returns to "Childe Rowland," printing the original version preserved by Jamieson, but not otherwise adding much to what he has already written in his *English Fairy Tales*. Dr. M. Gaster continues his examination of the legend of the Grail, this time pointing out not classical but oriental influences. Though his series of papers is not yet concluded, Mr. Alfred Nutt already replies to him with an unhesitating avowal of his belief in an essentially Celtic origin. In a sort of Appendix to the number, Mr. Nutt also reprints from the *Revue Celtique* an elaborate defence of the main positions of his "Studies on the Legend of the Holy Grail" against the strictures of three German scholars—Foerster, Zimmer, and Golther. Finally, in a paper entitled "Report on Greek Mythology," Mr. F. B. Jevons gives an exhaustive review of three recent foreign works, nothing published in England being apparently worthy of inclusion.

THE CAMBRIDGE LIBRARY.

WE quote the following paragraphs from the annual report of the Library Syndicate at Cambridge:—

"Two important purchases were made during the year. Through the kindness of the Hon. and Rev. S. W. Lawley the syndicate were able to buy the unique York Breviary formerly Mr. Sherbrooke's, which they had not succeeded in securing at the sale in 1886. And towards the end of the year Mr. Samuel Sandars suggested the desirability of buying, if possible, the famous Red Book of Thorney Abbey, which Mr. Quaritch had bought at the sale of Lord Westmoreland's books in 1887. Mr. Sandars enforced his suggestion by generously offering to contribute £50 towards the sum required; and the book is now in the library. Among other additions may be mentioned a MS. (xiii-xiv. cent.) of Cicero's *Tusculanæ, De senectute, De officiis, and Paradoxa*: a MS., dated 1354, of the Roman *de la Rose*; and a copy of Sir John Harrington's *Epigrams* (8vo. London, 1618).

"The syndicate wish to record here the names of the benefactors who are commemorated by statues placed in the niches of the old gateway. On the outside, in the lowest row, Henry VI. (included because of his connexion with the site), between Sir R. Thorpe and Archbishop Rotherham; above them, Dr. Andrew Perne, between Archbishop Parker and Bishop Tunstall; and at the top Dr. Holdsworth, between Bishop Hacket and Mr. Henry Lucas. On the inner front is placed George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, between Mr. Rustat and Mr. Worts. A statue of Mr. Hancock, whose bequest of £10,000 was expended upon the new building, stands in the N.W. corner of the court. The cost of these statues was defrayed out of the donation of Dr. Taylor, in whose vice-chancellorship the work was mainly done."

WE also add the following report, issued on the library of the Divinity School by Prof. Lumby:—

"The library of the Divinity School has this year been enriched by the bequest of books under the will of the late Bishop of Durham. Between 3000 and 4000 volumes in various branches of theological literature have furnished us at once with the foundation of an excellent working library. These books are now arranged and catalogued, and it is hoped that they will soon be made accessible to the divinity students of the university. The collection of Bibles which we have received by this bequest is a very valuable one. The division of Bishop Lightfoot's library between the Universities of Cambridge and Durham leaves in our collection considerable gaps, but these we trust to the liberality of future benefactors to fill up. We have also received from the executors of the late Prof. Selwyn about 140

volumes, which by his will were to be given to the library after the death of Mrs. Selwyn. These comprise a few very fine editions of the Fathers, and many books of great value for the study of the Septuagint. They are all in most excellent condition. From the syndics of the University Press we have received a copy of the facsimile edition of the Prayer Book which was attached to the Act of Uniformity of 1662."

BOOKS PUBLISHED IN INDIA.

WE quote the following from the annual address delivered to the Bengal Asiatic Society by the president, Mr. H. Beveridge, whose name is well known in England by his contributions to the literature of Warren Hastings and Nanda Kumar (Nuncomar):

"Among many valuable works published in India last year I may notice the *History of Civilisation in Ancient India*, based on Sanskrit literature (three volumes), by our member, Romesh Chunder Dutt, B.C.S. Mr. Dutt has now completed his work; and it may be recommended to all unprejudiced inquirers as very pleasant reading, and as giving a very fair account of early Indian civilisation. Naturally the author has offended some of his countrymen. Mr. Dutt's History should partially take the place of Mrs. Manning's, which has long been the only popular book on the subject. The publication, in parts, of Babu Pratap Chandra Rai's translation of the Mahābhārata still goes on; the translator has now issued Part 63, containing a portion of the Santi Parva. Dr. Watt's great work, the *Dictionary of the Economic Products of India*, is now far advanced. Four volumes are ready, and two more will be published this year; the seventh will contain the index. Prof. Forrest's *Selections from India State Papers, 1772-1785*, are an important addition to Hastings literature. Mr. Forrest would confer another boon on historical inquirers if he would republish with notes the trial of Nanda Kumar.

"The Report on Indian publications during 1889 shows that the minds of the people are being considerably stirred, especially about religious questions. The Madras Report observes that the preponderance of religious works is very marked, and that they amounted to 45 per cent. of the literature published during the year. There were 611 religious books and tracts, of which 384 were Hindu, 157 Christian, and 49 Muhammadan. In Bombay at least one valuable historical book was published—a translation, by Munshi Husain Khan, of the Ruzgāt Alamgiri, or Letters of Aurangzib (Elliot, vii. 203). Among the Marāṭhi publications were the Līlavati, the Chronicle of Panipat, written two years after the battle by Raghu Nāth Yādav; and a drama, called the Nyāyaviyaya Nāṭak, on the Crawford case. In Gujarāṭhi there was a translation of *Lady Audley's Secret*. Other important publications in Bombay are the Rig Veda, with Saynāchārya's Commentary, of which about three-fourths has been issued; and Prof. Peterson's edition of Bāna's Kadambari. Mr. Satyendra Nath Tagore's *Bombay Sketches*, though the work of a Bombay civilian, was published in Calcutta.

"I should add to these works Mr. Lewis Rice's *Inscriptions at Sravana Belgola*, which was published at Bangalore by the Archaeological Survey of Mysore in 1889. This is a very valuable book. It contains a photograph and description of the colossal statue of Gomata (Gomatesvara), and copies of 144 inscriptions. Inscription No. 1, called the Bhadrabāhu inscription, is perhaps older than any of Asoka's.* It is on the hill called Chandragiri, which is said to derive its name from Chandragupta, of Patna, the Sandrakottos of the Greeks. According to the Southern India tradition, Chandragupta was a Jain, and a disciple of Bhadrabāhu. He is said to have abdicated, and to have assumed the name of Prabhuchandra on entering into religion. It is under this name that he is mentioned in the Bhadrabāhu inscription. Mr. Rice gives an account of the curious rite of *sallekhana*, or the obtaining of euthanasia by fasting. Many inscriptions record such religious suicides by men and women.

* We are altogether unable to accept Mr. Rice's arguments for attaching such antiquity to this inscription.—Ed. ACADEMY.

"I have omitted to mention three important Indian publications. One is the Bhaktiratnakar, or Sea of Devotion, by Pandit Ram Narayan Tarkaratna. This work is in fourteen parts, and was completed in 1889. The Vaishnavs regard it as one of their standard books, and it is interesting for the general student on account of its giving a picture of Bengal three hundred years ago. One Srinivas carried the Sanskrit MSS. written by Rup Sanatan, and others of Chaitanya's immediate followers, from Brindaban in [?] into Bengal. His adventures on the journey are described, and how he made a disciple of the Bishenpur Raja. This mission was nearly half a century previous to the Catholic mission to Bakla (Bakarganj), and the founding of Bandel Church at Hugli. Chronologically Chaitanya corresponds to Luther; and it is interesting to find that the sixteenth century was a time of religious ferment in India as well as in Europe. A second work is the Panchasiddhāntikā of Varaha Mihira, published at Benares. This is an astronomical work, and, as its name implies, is a compendium of the five systems in vogue in the author's time. The work is edited by Prof. Thibaut and Mahāmahopādhyāya Sudhākara Dvivedi; and Prof. Thibaut also supplies a translation and an introduction. The third work is *The Butterflies of India, Burma, and Ceylon*, by Mr. de Nicéville, of which vol. iii. has just appeared.

"Among works which are about to appear I may mention an elaborate edition of Hafiz, by Col. Willoughby Clark. It is a matter for congratulation that the long-promised index to the *Tabaqāt-Nasiri* is nearly ready. It is a pity that it could not have been prepared by the author, Major Raverty."

In an appendix, the following note on Indian publications received in 1890 is contributed by Pandit Hara Presad Sāstri:

"The Bengal Catalogues contain the names of 1,179 books. Among these may be mentioned the biography of the celebrated dacoit Tantia Bhil; and the Beshvanathi Rāmāyan, which attempts to prove that the Rāmāyan shows the spiritual side of Vedic society, while the Mahābhārata shows the ritualistic side. The Bombay Catalogues exhibit a marked tendency among the Marhattas to study biography. The publication of the Letters of Nana Farnavis shows that they prize the records of their great men of the past. The Catalogues for the North-Western Provinces contain a number of works on the Congress and on the cow-protection movement. In the Madras Catalogues we have the Peria Purān, or the great legend in Tamil containing an account of the sixty-three special devotees of Siva; and the Churāmāni, containing an account of a Buddhist king by a Buddhist author in Tamil. The Punjab Catalogues contain several works giving an account of the Purān Bhakat, which appears to be very popular in the province; they also mention the publication of chap. i. of the Korān, with vernacular commentaries."

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BERLINER, A. Censur u. Confiscation hebräischer Bücher im Kirchenstaate. Frankfurt-a.-M.: Kauffmann. 2 M.
BETTINOVI, F. Wesen u. Entwicklung d. komischen Dramas. Berlin: Weidmann. 2 M.
DELAPOORTE, V. Du merveilleux dans la littérature française sous le règne de Louis XIV. Paris: Retaux. 7 fr. 50 c.
D'HÉRISON, le Comte. Les responsabilités de l'année terrible. Paris: Ollendorf. 3 fr. 50 c.
GASTER, M. Chrestomathie roumaine. Leipzig: Brockhaus. 18 M.
GREGOT et MALATO. Prison fin de siècle: souvenirs de Pélagie. Paris: Charpentier. 3 fr. 50 c.
QUENTIN-BAUCHART, E. La Bibliothèque de Fontainebleau, et les livres des derniers Valois à la Bibliothèque Nationale (1575-1589). Paris: Paul, Huard et Guillemin. 25 fr.

THEOLOGY.

- KOELLING, W. Die Lehre v. der Theopneustie. Breslau: Dülfer. 7 M. 50 Pf.
PASZKOWSKI, W. Die Bedeutung der theologischen Vorstellungen f. die Ethik. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 2 M. 20 Pf.

HISTORY, ETC.

- COULANGES, Fustel de. L'Invasion germanique et la fin de l'Empire. Ouvrage revu et complété par Camille Julian. Paris: Hachette. 7 fr. 50 c.
DUBI, H. Studien zur Geschichte der römischen Altertümer in der Schweiz. Bern: Huber. 1 M. 20 Pf.

- FOURNIER, Marcel. Les Statuts et privilèges des Universités françaises depuis leur fondation jusqu'en 1789. T. II. 1^{re} Partie. Moyen âge. Paris: Larose et Forcel. 50 fr.
HEYCK, E. Geschichte der Herzöge v. Zähringen. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 16 M.
LUBOMIRSKI, le Prince. De Scbastopol à Solférino. Paris: Calmann Lévy. 7 fr. 50 c.
MICHELS, A. Leben Ottos d. Kindes, ersten Herzogs v. Braunschweig u. Lüneburg. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M.
MITROVIC, B. Federico II. e l'opera sua in Italia. Triest: Schimpl. 3 M. 20 Pf.
ROLOFF, G. Politik u. Kriegführung während d. Feldzuges v. 1814. Berlin: Mayer & Müller. 1 M. 60 Pf.
SUTTER, C. Johann v. Vicoenza u. die italienische Friedensbewegung im J. 1233. Freiburg-i.-Br.: Mohr. 3 M. 60 Pf.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- HANN, J. Die Veränderlichkeit der Temperatur in Oesterreich. Leipzig: Freytag. 4 M. 10 Pf.
KRABBE, G. Entwicklungsgeschichte u. Morphologie der polymorphen Flechtentattung Cladonia. Leipzig: Felix. 24 M.
LEBLOND, H. Electricité expérimentale et pratique. T. III. Fasc. 2. Applications de l'électricité à bord des navires. Paris: Berger-Levrault. 8 fr.
LECLERC, Max. Choses d'Amérique: les crises économique et religieuse aux États-Unis en 1890. Paris: Plon. 3 fr. 50 c.
PICAVET, F. Les Idéologues. Paris: Alcan. 10 fr.
ROBERTY, E. de. La philosophie du siècle. Paris: Alcan. 5 fr.
SCHEFFLER, H. Beiträge zur Theorie der Gleichungen. Leipzig: Förster. 3 M. 50 Pf.
SCHNEIDER, O. Transcendentalpsychologie. Leipzig: Friedrich. 10 M.
THALLWITZ, J. Decapoden-Studien. Berlin: Friedländer. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- AURÉS, A. Traité de métrologie assyrienne. Paris: Beuillon. 6 fr.
CZYZKIEWICZ, A. De Tacite sermonis proprietatibus. Pars II. 1 M. Quibus poetici vocabulis C. Tacitus sermonem suum ornavit. 50 Pf. West.
GARNER, E. Beiträge zum Entwicklungsgang der neu-englischen Schriftsprache auf Grund der mittellenglischen Bibelversionen. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 80 Pf.
PINDAR's siciliische Oden, nebst den epizephyrischen. Mit Prosaübersetzung u. Erläuterung v. E. Boehmer. Bonn: Cohen. 5 M.
ROEMSTEDT, H. Die englische Schriftsprache bei Caxton. Göttingen: Vandenhoeck. 2 M. 50 Pf.
SCUDAE philologiae H. Usener a sodalibus seminarii regii Bononiensis oblatae. Bonn: Cohen. 3 M.
STANGEL, Th. Virgiliana. Die grammat. Schriften d. Galliers Virgilius Maro. Leipzig: Fock. 3 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEW COINAGE.

Bromley, Kent: June 20, 1891.

The prospect of a carefully considered coinage raises a hope that it may be better mechanically, as well as artistically, than the present issues.

The essential principle for saving wear is the broad brim and dished faces, which were systematically introduced by Boulton and Watt in 1797. The raised rim has been almost abandoned, being reduced to less than $\frac{1}{16}$ inch wide on Jubilee sovereigns, and thus left so slight as to be a positively weak point, and an edge to attach the faces of other coins. The dishing is however greater in the Jubilee than in the previous issues.

Why designers should be so afraid of a fair protecting rim is not clear; or rather its utility seems to have been overlooked. In any case it would be well if its breadth was $\frac{1}{16}$ of the diameter of the coin, so as to be of real service. Boulton and Watt's plan of sinking the lettering in a still wider brim is excellent, and it would be a great gain if we reverted to it. Another point is that no sharp edges should be left externally, as they are easily worn, and they cut the faces of other coins; and also no sharp recesses should be allowed, as they are mere dirt and germ traps. The present deep notched border inside the rim is only a tradition from the days of clipping and filing; a rim should slope down to the face in a cyma curve, and have its outer edge rounded.

It might be considered if it would be practicable to shield all gold coins by striking them inside hard steel collars, which would protect them from wear, and from drilling; these would also confound the electro-plating forger, and prevent metal being dissolved off the coin by acid. The initial cost would be much less

than the loss by wear in the unprotected state.

What delightful small types a Greek would have adopted, we may easily imagine; the rose, crown, lion's head, lion, anchor, St. George's banner, Union Jack, and others would fill our small coins, in place of screwing down a whole Britannia into a fourpenny, or defacing a threepenny with a bald and hideous 3. If we want amusement, we might place heads of deceased cabinet ministers on the reverses of the bronze. Gold being practically international should be changed as seldom as possible; but there seems no reason for the fossilising of our silver and bronze types.

W. M. FLINDERS PETRIE.

DISCOVERY OF A FRAGMENT OF THE "SHEPHERD OF HERMAS."

Trinity College, Dublin: June 22, 1891.

In reference to the new fragment of the *Shepherd of Hermas*, an account of which was sent to the ACADEMY by Prof. Mahaffy last week, kindly permit me to say that I have today received a communication from Prof. Harnack, of Berlin, to whom I had written on the subject, from which it appears that the fragment was identified by him some two months ago. He and Prof. Diels have published the text in the *Sitzungs-berichte* of the Berliner Akademie d. Wissenschaften for May 8; so that priority as to this new find rests with them, and not with us as we had supposed.

J. H. BERNARD.

OLD-ENGLISH "EFENEH(U)."

Ann Arbor, Michigan: June 1, 1891.

The Chronicle for 891 contains the passage:

"Pa ne mehte seo fird hie ná hīndan of faran, ær hie wæron inne on þæm ge weorce; besæton þeah þæt geweorc utan sūme twegen dagas, 7 genamon ceapes eall þæt þær buton wæs, 7 þa men of slogeon þe hie foran forrīdan mehton butan geweorce, 7 þæt corn eall forberīdan, 7 mid hira horsum fretton on ælcere efenehðe."

This is, so far as I know, the only place where the last word occurs. A has *n*; B, C, and D have *m*. Bosworth* innocently translated *efenehðe* "night." The Bosworth-Toller Dictionary has "*efen-(n)ehþ, a plain*," and Plummer translates "a plain." Earle annotates:

"On *releere efenehðe on every plain*, or pasture [where corn grows?] field. The substantive *efenehð* is the abstract of *efen* = even, smooth; and corresponds to the O.H.G. forms *ebanōd m*, *ebanōti f.* = planities."

Sweet says, "*efenehþ sf. plain (?)*, neighbourhood (?)." Kluge has "*efennehþ f. Nachbar-schaft*."

We have thus three notions: (1) the word is some sort of a byform of *ēfen*; (2) it means "plain or field," and is either (a) an unexplained compound of *efen* ("even") or (b) an abstract noun from the same word; (3) it means "neighbourhood," being a compound of *efen* and *neahþu*, a hypothetical abstract of *neah*, "near."

Of (1) no more need be said; (2b) is out of the question for anyone who is unwilling to

* My friend, Prof. E. M. Brown, of the University of Cincinnati, calls my attention to a passage in Ettmüller's Lexicon, to which I have no access. He writes: "The following quotation from Ettmüller (*Lex. Angls.*, p. 25) will show where Bosworth got his idea of 'night,' and Sweet and Kluge the meaning 'neighbourhood'—*efennehð, -e, f. concivina, propinquitas. on ælcere efennehðe, in omni concivina*, Chron. Sax. (36, 8) Lib. MS. *efenehðe præbet, quam vocem Ing., quo jure nescio, 'vesperam' (-a-fenōð?) interpretatus, Gibson contra suo Marte 'omnino junctim.'*"

ignore the letter *h* as Earle does; (3) is, to say the least, unsatisfactory, for it assumes one element (*neahþu*) and does not explain the other (*efen*). Moreover, what does "in every neighbourhood" mean? We have left (2a), which I would explain as follows:

efen-neahþ(u), or *-h(i)ehþ(u)*, (Kluge, *Stamm.*, §§ 120-121; Sievers², § 255 3, § 144 b, § 222 1), > *efen(n)ehþ(u)*, (for the loss or assimilation of *h*, cf. *on(n)ettan < on-hátjan*, &c., Sievers, § 218 A'; for the following *e* see Sievers, § 43 3 and A'), literally "even height"—that is, "table-land, elevated plain or field," later "field" in general (cf. O.H.G. *ebental*, "convallis," and German *Hochebene*, "table-land, elevated level land").

The geography of the neighbourhood of Chester* (the scene of the passage from the Chronicle) would not justify the translation "table-land"; but there is no violence whatever in the assumed change of meaning, especially if we think of grain fields as generally occupying higher ground than meadows.

Emmeth, near Wisbech, may be, as Prof. Earle says, from *efenehþ*; but one would expect the *h* to be treated as it was in the accented *height < hieht(u)*, which would give us "Emnet" or "Emmet."

GEORGE HEMPL.

"A COLONIAL TRAMP."

London: June 23, 1891.

Will you kindly permit me space to answer a few questions which the reviewer of my book, *A Colonial Tramp*, asks in the ACADEMY of May 30? My replies will point to the questions, and so save time and space.

Yes; rabbits in Australia grow in some cases to over three times the size of rabbits in England, and breed in proportion. The gum-trees I speak about were planted by John Lang Currie, a well-known squatter in Victoria, in 1851, on his estate of Lara, Camperdown, and some of them had reached the height of 150 feet in 1886. I expect them to be higher now. The mistake which startled him in the first volume, and which was rectified in the second, was a printer's mistake, a "y" having been overlooked. The book has neither index nor map because it does not require them, and so they were purposely left out. The asylums for the destitute I speak about were in New South Wales, and are the result of free trade and old convictism—nowhere else; therefore, I warn poor men against emigrating to New South Wales. The eight hours' demonstration in Melbourne I eulogised because it was a magnificent gathering of splendid men; but I could not mention the end of the Australian strike, because it had not begun then. I have read the last work on Nelson, but I fail to see how it could alter what I wrote about him in my "Tramp." Being a native of Great Britain, I have no hatred, but rather the reverse, for my native land, yet, as an old traveller, I cannot altogether shut my eyes to a few of our insular defects and prejudices when we go abroad, and only give a warning to travellers, so that they may be able to sail along smoothly. Lastly, permit me to repeat my advice to poor men about to emigrate: Do not go to any city overcrowded, and particularly one which has a free port open to foreign trade. If you must stick to cities, go where the *ad valorem* duty protects you just a little, so that you may be able to charge a fair price for your work; but, better than all, go to a country where there is elbow-room for poor and rich alike, such as Queensland or Western Australia.

HUME NISBET.

* I am indebted for information as to the country about Chester and Emmeth to the Ven. Edward Barber, Archdeacon and Canon of Chester, and to the Rev. E. H. Lovelock, vicar of Emmeth.

"OXFORD" IN THE "ENCYCLOPÆDIA BRITANNICA."

Oxford: June 20, 1891.

On p. 585 of the ACADEMY of this day, in comparing the articles on "Oxford" in *Chambers's Encyclopædia* and the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, you remark that in the latter the "educational system . . . is almost entirely ignored." That is true; but I may be allowed to point out that the history of the University was excluded from that article by the plan of the work, and will be found under the heading "Universities," where the subject is treated at some length. This arrangement, whether good or bad, was twice notified (in a cross-reference) by THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE "OXFORD" IN THE *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, June 29, 8.30 p.m. Geographical: "The Yoruba Country, West Africa," by Mr. Alvan Millson; "Journey through Gazaland with Gungunhana's Envoy," by Mr. Denis Doyle.

TUESDAY, June 30, 9 p.m. University College: *Conversazione*. THURSDAY, July 2, 4 p.m. Archaeological Institute: "Pola and Aquileia," by Prof. Bunnell Lewis; "The Episcopal Seals of Carlisle," by Mrs. Ware; "Rude Implements from the North Downs," by Mr. F. C. J. Spurrell.

5 p.m. Zoological: "The Animals Living in the Society's Gardens," VI., by Mr. F. E. Beddard.

FRIDAY, July 3, 8 p.m. Geologists' Association: "The Geology of the Country between Bridlington and Whitby, the District to be visited during the Long Excursion," by the Rev. Prof. J. F. Blake.

SCIENCE.

AN ITALIAN EDITION OF THE "COMA
BERENICES."

La Chioma di Berenice col testo Latino di Catullo riscontrato sui codici. Traduzione e Commento di Costantino Nigra. (Milan: Hoepli.)

THIS book is the newest, fullest, and in many ways ablest work which has appeared on the Continent lately in connexion with Catullus. Part of its author's purpose, no doubt, was to add another translation of the *Coma* in Italian verse to the twenty-seven, perhaps more, which have appeared in that country since 1740. Signor Nigra has a chapter on them, as also on the version of the well-known poet Ugo Foscolo. The former of these can interest the general public but little; the latter has a literary attraction in the name of Foscolo, which will, even in England, command the attention of many readers. Foscolo added a lengthy commentary to his translation, which still has its value; but modern criticism will turn, I think, with pleasure and relief to the more scientific and enlightened dissertations of Signor Nigra.

The discussions are arranged in the following order: (1) The historic basis of the poem, reviewing the narratives of Hyginus and Justin; (2) the merits and character of the *Coma* as a poem; (3) history of the Liber Catulli from the earliest times to Bishop Rather, of Verona, and the re-discovery in the early fourteenth century of the MS.; (4) editions and commentaries; (5) Nigra's Italian version; (6) Latin text; (7) variants of the MSS., with notes on the readings; (8) the winged messenger of Arsinoë; (9) merits of Catullus' translation as compared with the surviving fragments of the Greek original by Callimachus; (10) other Italian versions of the *Coma*; (11) the version of Ugo Foscolo; (12) the MSS. of Catullus.

In so large a variety of material it is not easy within the compass of a short notice to do justice to the care for accurate detail which throughout distinguishes Signor Nigra's work. He has left no source of knowledge unexamined. In particular, those Italian discussions to which the poet Vincenzo Monti's now well-known theory (that the *ales equos*, or *alisequos*, was an ostrich) gave occasion, most of them written in the early part of the present century, were as entirely unknown (I blush to confess it) to me as I fear they will be to most Englishmen, and even Germans. They are, indeed, a little disappointing as regards positive result; for Signor Nigra's pages are enough to prove how uncertainly criticism, even now, is compelled to move in the dim twilight of pedantic mythological allusion, made even more obscure by the Latin medium in which alone the poem has been preserved. Yet they had the merit of calling constantly new attention to the most difficult, if not the most inspired, of Catullus' poems; and this at a time when in Germany Doering was thought adequate to explain the countless difficulties which each section of the Liber Catulli presents, and before Lachmann had risen to introduce light into the bewildering chaos of MSS.

Signor Nigra's judgment of the poetical worth of the *Coma* is unfavourable, in marked opposition to Foscolo, who had pronounced it unsurpassed by any lyric (should he not have said elegiac?) poem of antiquity:

"If there is any poem of Callimachus to which the words of Ovid, *Quamvis ingenio non ualet, arte ualet*, may properly be applied, it is the *Coma*. It was, in fact, an act of bold and ingenious flattery to the king of Egypt and the two queens Arsinoë and Berenice. It is the work of a court poet, and bears the stamp of being so. Yet this poet possessed a marvellous skill, and succeeds in the difficult task of treating such a subject without falling into absurdity. A discreet scepticism, a certain air of indulgent incredulity which pervades the whole composition, make the improbability of the story pardonable. We are conscious that the display of feeling does not rise from the heart, that the maledictions are conventional, the vows not serious, and that the moral tone enforced is only severe in appearance. Still, the original must have been composed in verses of a subtle harmony, only little of which survives in the comparatively rude translation of Catullus. Neither the Greek original nor the Latin version can have been among the best works of their authors."

The most elaborate of Signor Nigra's dissertations is on the *ales equos* or *alisequos* of Arsinoë, and the eight vv. (51-58) in which it occurs. The result of his closely reasoned pages (71-101) is to reject Monti's ostrich theory, and to return to the earlier view that the winged messenger is Zephyrus. Accepting *e locridicos alis equos*, the reading of G and O, as representing the MS. tradition most faithfully, he elicits from this, not *Loeridos ales equos*, but *Loericos alisequos*. This latter word I have myself supported against *ales equos* in the last edition of my Commentary. Against *Loericos* is the fact that it does not seem to exist elsewhere in Latin; nor does Signor Nigra's argument that the epithet, where it conveys the name of a place, in Alexandrian poets regularly precedes the substantive it qualifies, a rule liable to many excep-

tions, seem to have any preponderant weight on the other side; nor, palaeographically, is it as likely that *e locridicos* should be a corruption of *loericos* as of *loeridos*. It is argued that the winged page is as appropriately called *Loerian*, meaning *zephyrian*, and conveying the idea of Zephyr, as Memnon two lines before is called *Aethiopian*, and that the two local designations are meant to help each other out, and to contrast the sultry region of Africa with the western clime from which the Zephyr blows. This is a little fanciful; and so, I think, is the suggestion, in the discussion whether Arsinoë could be called *Loeris* (p. 89), that she was so styled from the close connexion of the Eastern Locrians of Greece with the Phthiotic territory, so that *Loeris* might connote Macedonian.

It is, however, on this part of his dissertation that Signor Nigra has brought to bear his learning most conspicuously, and this will be found the most profitable portion by anyone who cares to examine the question from many sides. In particular, the criticism in which he has attacked my view that Arsinoë is alluded to by the author of the *Ibis* in the distich:

"Quaeque sui uenerem iunxit cum fratre mariti
Loeris in ancillae dissimulata nece,"

is, I feel obliged to confess, nearly conclusive; I should say quite, were it not that in the loss of so much literature relating to the Ptolemies we cannot feel sure that Arsinoë had not detractors who represented her, not merely as artful and cruel, but licentious, incestuous (Aris. Mosell. 315), and possibly as in some way causing the death of her three successive husbands. I feel very differently towards another point in the same dissertation, first raised by Zannoni, which seems to assume that, in the lines of Ausonius' *Mosella* describing the image of Arsinoë suspended by a magnet in the air in a temple at Alexandria,

"Spirat enim teeti testudine chorus achates
Afflatamque trahit ferrato crine puellam,"

the word *chorus* may be right, as if the *achates* had an afflatus like the wind *Corus*, and this could, in some strange way, either represent or suggest Zephyrus. In an article on Ausonius, published in the Dublin *Hermathena* for 1886, I proposed to read *chlorus* or *χλωρος*, citing the Orphic *Λιθικά*, 611 sqq.; and I prefer this conjecture to any that I have yet seen mentioned, not excepting that of the Bordeaux philologist, M. de Mirmont, *caerula cautes*, "loadstone."

The weak point of Signor Nigra's reasoning seems to me to lie in his putting out of view the many possibilities which a word like *Loeridos* may contain, none of them recorded, yet any one of them conceivable. For instance, why should Arsinoë have a statue at Helicon? Does not this suggest a connexion (not otherwise known) with Greece?—especially as the antithesis of *Gratia* (*Gratia*) to *Canopiceis* goes far to settle the truth of this emendation of the MS. reading *Gratia* against *Grata* in the v. *Gratia Canopiceis incolae litoribus*; and if Arsinoë was "a Greek settler on Canopic shores," the natural inference that Callimachus here explained himself, and that she was originally a Loerian, not of Magna Graecia but Greece Proper, becomes to say the least,

more than possible. Signor Nigra, however, consistently with his theory, prefers to return to the old correction *Grata*. But here again, unless my palaeographical experience is at fault, probabilities are against him. The discussion, however, must be read as a whole to judge it fairly; I can promise those who read it that they will find it most interesting and stimulating from first to last.

The chapter on the history of the Liber Catulli is a good *résumé* of the facts, with some new and important data supplied by Signor Nigra himself. That on the MSS. gives some fresh details on codices either unknown or at present imperfectly examined. I hope to return to this important work elsewhere.

ROBINSON ELLIS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

PROF. KIELHORN ON THE VIKRAMA ERA.

Edinburgh: June 15, 1891.

In the *Nachrichten* of the Göttingen University for June, Prof. F. Kielhorn, C.I.E., has published a very ingenious theory of the origin of the designation of the Vikrama era, which ought to attract attention.

When the late James Fergusson broached his hypothesis that it might have derived its name from Vikramāditya of Malwa, about A.D. 543, no earlier dates in this era were known than the tenth century. Since then the Dhulpur inscription has been found, dated in the 898th year elapsed *kālasya-vikramākhyaśya*, and at least two earlier dates in "the era of the Mālava kings," which must belong to the same era. It hence appears that between the sixth and ninth centuries the designation had been changed, though even in the ninth century it was only the "*vikrama* time." No allusion is necessarily made to a king Vikrama. But the years of this era then always dated from the month Kārttika (October-November). Now this was the time when kings went out to war; autumn was thus specially the *vikrama-kāla*. This the poets, as Prof. Kielhorn remarks, know as well as the writers of the *Niti-* and *Dharma-Sāstras*. Rāghu undertakes his *digvijaya* in autumn. Autumn (*sarad*), decorated with lotus flowers, approaches him as a second Rājālakṣmī, inviting him to set out even before Rāghu himself had taken the resolution. In autumn also the bulls seek to equal him in *vikrama*; and as Kalidāsa, so Bhāravi speaks of autumn at the marching out of Arjuna. In autumn Rāma sets out to slay Rāvana and regain Sitā. In the *Gāndarvaho*, Yasovarman goes out at the end of the rainy season, in autumn, to subject the world to his sway. In the *Harshacharita*, Bāna compares the beginning of autumn (*sarad-ārambha*), white with flowering grasses, to a cup drunk at war-time (*vikrama-kāle*).

From autumn (*sarad*), as the true *vikrama-kāla*, it is but a short step to the year (*sarad*), according to the *vikrama-kāla*; and Prof. Kielhorn believes that the Hindus had taken this step, and that the later reckoning of the Mālava era, as that of a king Vikrama, owes its origin to a misunderstanding. If they were accustomed to speak of autumn as *vikrama-kāla*, the connexion of *vikrama-kāla* with the notion of "year" followed; and the practice of denoting the year as *vikrama-kāla* was the more natural as it expressed the distinction between the Mālava and the *Saka* year—namely, the fact that the Mālava year begins in autumn. When they had been accustomed to speak of years as *vikrama-kāla* or *vikrama* years, nothing was more natural than that later ages should seek to interpret this in the manner of their

time, and so ascribed the establishment of the era to a king Vikrama, who, like their own kings, had counted the years from his accession.

Such is Prof. Kielhorn's argument, and its naturalness and probability will commend it as an ingenious and most plausible explanation of the designation. How the Málava era itself originated is, of course, a different matter.

JAS. BURGESS.

SCIENCE NOTES.

THE fifty-ninth annual meeting of the British Medical Association will be held at Bournemouth, on July 28, and the three following days, under the presidency of Dr. J. Roberts Thomson. Addresses will be given by Dr. Lauder Brunton in medicine; by Prof. Chiene in surgery; and by Dr. Cox Seaton in public medicine.

MR. J. C. STEVENS will sell on Monday, July 6, and the three following days, the celebrated collection of shells formed by the late Sir David W. Barclay, together with his conchological library. The collection comprises about 30,000 specimens, many of which are very rare, and some are believed to be unique.

MESSRS. MACMILLAN have added to their series of Mr. A. R. Wallace's works a new volume, which consists mainly of a reprint of two volumes of essays—*Contributions to the Theory of Natural Selection*, which appeared in 1870, with a second edition in 1871 (on the verso of the title-page it is stated that the book was reprinted in 1875); and *Tropical Nature and Other Essays*, which appeared in 1878. In his preface, Mr. Wallace gives a careful account of the changes made in this new edition. Apart from a few omissions—of technical details or of subjects more fully treated by the author elsewhere—the most important change is the addition of two later papers: "The Antiquity of Man in North America," which was first published in the *Nineteenth Century* for November, 1887; and "The Debt of Science to Darwin," contributed to the *Century Magazine* for January, 1883, a few months after Darwin's death. We observe, also, that in a note on p. 337, Mr. Wallace duly records that recent researches have thrown doubt upon the theory that there is any close affinity between the swifts and the humming-birds. It is right to add that the book is admirably printed, and has a copious index.

THE last number of *L'Anthropologie*—the bi-monthly periodical in which are incorporated the *Matériaux pour l'Histoire de l'Homme*, the *Revue d'Anthropologie*, and the *Revue d'Ethnographie*—contains an elaborate article, illustrated with photographs, upon the Vedda of Ceylon, by M. Emile Deschamps, who visited the island in the course of an official mission of ethnological research in the East. Though he has not added much to our actual knowledge of this curious people, his conclusions as to their probable origin differ in several important respects from those generally received. In the first place, he would regard them as of Aryan blood, having reached Ceylon from India in prehistoric times, and being identical with the Yakkhas, demon-worshippers whom Vijaya found there when he conquered the island in 477 B.C. Secondly, he considers their present degraded condition to be due, not to the absence but to the loss of a previous culture, owing to their having taken refuge in the jungles from the tyranny of their conquerors. Their physical traits he attributes to an early mixture with aboriginal races. The Singhalese proper are the result of an admixture of the conquerors with a subjugated portion of the Yakkhas or Vedda, and also with another early race of Aryan origin who are to be traced at the present time in the

Rhodias. M. Deschamps' theories seem to us to be inspired by an excessive respect for the legends of the Mahavamsa.

THE last number of the *Internationales Archiv für Ethnographie* (Leiden: Brill) contains an article by Dr. Heinrich Schurtz on the geographical distribution of negro costume; and a continuation of Dr. J. D. E. Schmeltz's account of the ethnographic collections from Corea in the Leiden Museum. Both of these papers are illustrated with admirable coloured plates.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

THE new number of the *Revue générale du droit* contains the continuation of the lectures on the ancient laws of Ireland, which Prof. D'Arbois de Jubainville is delivering in the Collège de France. He points out one of the innumerable blunders in the official edition of those laws. The words *nó chíis nemid* ("or a lord's rent") being printed (vol. iv., p. 20, l. 3) *nochis nemead*, and translated "which is a 'Nemeadh'-person's." In the same page the words *tír cuind cétoraig* (the land of a person *sui juris* who for the first time contracts with a tenant) are actually rendered by "the land of Conn Cétoraich."

AT a recent meeting of the Académie des Inscriptions, M. Théodore Reinach commented on three passages in the *Ἀθηναίων Πολιτεία*, which he contended must be spurious. One is that attributing to Draco a constitution which presents extraordinary analogies with the oligarchic constitution introduced in 411 B.C.; the second is that referring back to Solon the institution of the lot for magistrates; the third is that assigning to Themistocles an active part in the overthrow of the Areopagus. M. Reinach suggested that these spurious passages might be derived from a work which we know to have been conceived in the same spirit—that of Critias, the disciple of Socrates and one of the Thirty Tyrants. M. Viollet, without opposing this suggestion, remarked that one must not credit Aristotle with infallibility; a statement in his works may very well be erroneous and at the same time genuine.

The Science of Language: founded on Lectures delivered at the Royal Institution in 1861 and 1863. By F. Max Müller. In 2 vols. (Longmans.) Notwithstanding the alteration in the title, this is substantially a seventh edition of the brilliant *Lectures on the Science of Language* which have done so much to excite an interest in comparative philology among the general public of educated English readers. The last edition, we observe with some surprise, was published so long ago as 1871. We are glad to find that the new revision is not of such a character as to affect the essential identity of the book, which has attained something of the position of a classic. Errors of detail have been corrected, and notices of recent discoveries have been inserted, so far as it could be done without interfering too much with the original structure of the work. The general point of view, however, is, as the author himself intimates, that of thirty years ago. In the preface, Prof. Max Müller refers briefly to various important results of modern investigation which his plan did not permit him to notice in the body of the work; and he recognises fully the greatness of the advance that has been made in Aryan comparative philology during the last twenty years. Although the book still needs to be read with a careful recollection of its original date, it has never been superseded as a preliminary survey of the whole subject. A few of the positions which Prof. Max Müller reaffirms, e.g., with regard to the producing cause of the Indo-European "sound-shifting," seem to us un-

tenable in the light of modern research; but as the book deals with general principles rather than with details, by far the greater portion of it is still valuable. The grace of style and felicity of illustration characteristic of the original Lectures have, fortunately, not evaporated in the process of revision.

THE *Philologische Wochenschrift* (No. 23) contains a very favourable review of Prof. Mahaffy's "The Greek World under Roman Sway," which it characterises as a book of the highest importance. The same number condemns as worthless a work of Zanardelli on Etruscan, Umbrian, and Oscan.

MEETINGS OF SOCIETIES.

EDINBURGH MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.—(Friday, June 12.)

R. E. ALLARDICE, Esq., president, in the chair. The papers read were on a representation of elliptic integrals by curvilinear arcs, by Mr. John McCowan; on the transformation and classification of permutations, by Mr. T. B. Sprague; on the numerical values of the roots of a trigonometrical equation, by Mr. T. H. Miller; on the Wallace line and the Wallace point, by Dr. J. S. Mackay; on an equation of motion, by Mr. A. J. Pressland.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—(Tuesday, June 16.)

DR. F. J. MOUNT, president, in the chair. A paper was read by Noel A. Humphreys, Secretary of the Census Office, entitled "Results of the Recent Census and Estimates of Population in the Largest English Towns." The first part of the paper was devoted to the consideration of the recently-issued results of the census in April last in the twenty-eight large English towns dealt with in the Registrar-General's weekly returns. It was pointed out that, although the increase of population within the present boundaries of these towns showed an increase of nearly a million in the last ten years, the increase was less by considerably more than half a million (605,318) than would have been the case if the rate of increase had been the same as in the preceding ten years, 1871-81; and that the rate of movement of population showed striking variations in the different towns. Liverpool was the only town of the twenty-eight in which there was an actual decline of population (amounting to 34,521), which was equal to 6.2 per cent., while the largest rate of increase, which was 55.7 per cent., occurred in Cardiff, also a port. The rate of increase in these twenty-eight towns, it was stated, has pretty constantly declined in recent years, and has fallen with scarcely a break during the last five intercensal periods from 24.3 per cent. in 1811-51 to 11.0 per cent. in 1881-91. The percentage of increase within the boundaries of registration London (practically those of the county of London) declined in the same period from 21.2 to 10.4. The rate of actual decline of population in central London continues to increase, and the rate of increase of the other parts of the metropolis, including even the aggregate outer ring of suburban districts, continues to decline. Examined in detail, the provincial towns show, with few exceptions, the operation of similar laws: actual decrease in the central portions, and marked decline in the rate of increase in the other portions, the latter being especially noticeable in those towns with comparatively restricted areas. This examination, while showing the marked general decline in the rates of increase in these towns, discloses striking variations in the rates of increase in successive census periods. Thus, for example, in the last two decennia the percentage of increase declined in Salford from 41.2 to 12.4; in Nottingham, from 34.3 to 13.6; and the decline in Liverpool was from an increase of 12.0 to a decrease of 6.2; while, on the other hand, the percentage increased from 12.7 to 24.4 in Portsmouth, and from 13.2 to 28.1 in Newcastle-upon-Tyne. It was pointed out that these striking changes in the rates of movement of population in the large towns interpose the greatest difficulty in estimating, even approximately, their population in intercensal periods. The estimate of population

in Liverpool, based upon the rate of increase between 1871 and 1881, exceeded the recently enumerated number by more than 100,000, or by 20 per cent.; while in Salford the percentage of over-estimate, by the same method, was 26 per cent. Thus, the recent birth-rates and death-rates in these two towns have been under-estimated by no less than a fifth and a fourth, respectively. In proof of the assertion that growth by aggregation in very many of our largest towns, judged by the results of the recent census within the arbitrary boundaries fixed years ago for local government, has practically ceased, it was pointed out that the increase in the enumerated population in the last ten years has fallen far short of the natural increase (excess of births over deaths) in London, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol, Salford, Nottingham, Sheffield, and Leicester. It was also pointed out, however, that in other towns the excess of births over deaths was far below the enumerated increase during the last census period, these facts, in addition to the marked and increasing decline of the birth-rate in recent years, conclusively proving that excess of births over deaths alone is absolutely useless for measuring movement of population in towns. The various methods that have been at different times suggested for estimating the population of towns in intercensal years, in substitution of Dr. Farr's method, still used by the Registrar-General's department, were severally considered in the paper, and it was shown that no hypothetical method yet devised affords reasonable promise of satisfactory results. It was therefore urged that a quinquennial census will supply the only real remedy for the present difficulty, which threatens to impair the public faith in death-rates, the failure of which would most seriously hinder and imperil the health progress of the country.

ROYAL HISTORICAL SOCIETY.—(Thursday, June 18.)

H. E. MALDEN, Esq., in the chair.—A paper was read by Herbert Haines on "France and Cromwell," with the object of showing that the Protector, having the destinies of Europe in his hands, might have found himself engaged in a French war which would probably have proved disastrous to his own rule. Therefore Cromwell's foreign policy cannot be regarded as disinterested, and was certainly disadvantageous to England in the future. Mr. Haines's paper led to an animated discussion.

FINE ART.

MR. SEYMOUR HADEN'S SALE.

THE prices fetched by Mr. Seymour Haden's collection of old masters' drawings—Claudes, Rembrandts, and the like—do not happen to have reached us; but we are in possession of the prices given for many of the prints in a collection which it took Messrs. Sotheby about three days to sell, and this collection of prints was, as has been said before, extremely noteworthy.

Mr. Seymour Haden was the owner of about twenty Dürers. A clear and beautiful impression of the "Adam and Eve," on paper with the ox-head water-mark, and signed "P. Mariette, 1668"—thus attesting its ownership by an early collector who was actually contemporary with Charles the First's Lord Arundel—fell to the bid of £100. "The Knight and Death" fetched £70. The "Arms with the Skull"—from the St. Aubin and Galichon collections—realised £51. We have not the prices of the few Vandycks. Among the Claude etchings, £41 was given for an impression of "Le Bouvier"—clear, but not particularly rich. The "Dance under the Trees" fetched £10; a very interesting first state of the "Shepherd and Shepherdess conversing"—from the collection of Mr. Julian Marshall—£7; the "Forum," £6 6s.; the "Village Dance," £4 8s.

After these came the great array of the etchings of Wenceslaus Hollar, some of which were sold cheaply, and others at very full

prices, according to the opinion of the expert. The fine view of "Antwerp Cathedral" was knocked down for £8 (Harvey); the "Six Views about Islington," £2 10s.; the "Six Views of Albury," £4 6s.; the "London from the Top of Arundel House," £9 12s. (Gutekunst); the "Royal Exchange," first state, £16 (Harvey); and the finest impression certain experts had ever seen of the "Inner View of St. George's Chapel" for £9 9s. (Thompson); the "Theatrum Mulierum," a complete set, somehow sold for the unexpectedly low price of £11; the "Winter Habit of an English Gentlewoman" for £8 12s.; and the "Set of Sea Shells," an almost complete set—four numbers only wanting—for £67 (Deprez). After these, the next most interesting things that followed were certain etchings of Ostade, among which was a singularly perfect and delicate impression of "The Peasant Paying his Reckoning."

The Rembrandt etchings were reserved for the third day of the sale, and really constituted its principal feature. Among the earlier lots was a noble impression of the "Great Jewish Bride," from the Hippley collection. The impression of "Rembrandt leaning on a Stone Sill"—from the collection of the late Mr. Charles Sackville Bale, a veteran collector of the most exquisite taste—fetched £91. The print known as "Rembrandt's Mill" sold for £69 (Deprez); the "View of Amsterdam" for £10 10s.; the "Landscape with a Cottage and Dutch Haybarn" for £38; the "The Woman in a Large Hood"—in other words, "The Dying Saskia"—£6 6s.; "A Cottage with White Pales," £25 10s.; the "Three Trees," £148; "Six's Bridge," £12 10s. (Bouillon); the "View of Omval," £24 (Meder); "A Village with a Canal and a Vessel under Sail," £19. The sum of £168 was obtained for the "Cornelius Sylvius"; a very perfect impression of the "Jan Six"—the youthful burgomaster reading a manuscript at a window—sold for £390. Mr. Haden had himself bought it for £270—if our notes are accurate—at the sale of the excessively choice collection of the late Sir Abraham Hume. An "Ephraim Bonus" went for £60; a "Hundred Guilder Piece" for £170; the "Landscape with a Ruined Tower," first state, £182, and another impression of this noble design, which was in the third state, for £51. This impression came from the Kalle collection, at the sale of which it appears to have realised exactly the same figure. Mr. Deprez, for the sum of £39, became the fortunate possessor of an irreproachable impression of one of the most masterly of landscapes ever wrought since the beginning of art—"The Goldweaver's Field." It is asserted that he was fully prepared to give a very much larger sum for it. Why did the pathetic and expressive little picture—the print known as "Tobit Blind"—fetch only £4 15s.? The "St. Jerome Reading" reached £58. This was a first state, from the collection of the late Firmin-Didot. Another impression—a second state, from the collection of Lord Aylesford—fetched £37. Mr. Seymour Haden had no less than five or six impressions of the "Clément de Jonghe" portrait. A late state of it fetched £20. The "Lutna," before the window and bottle, fetched £170; a splendidly luminous and fleshy impression of "The Woman Holding an Arrow"—by far the most attractive of the nude subjects of the master—realised £42 (Salting); the "Adoration of the Shepherds"—a night-piece, sixth state—reached £20 (Gutekunst). It came from the Bale collection. The "Presentation" was knocked down to Mr. Duprez for £81; and the highest price of the sale was realised by a first state of "Our Lord before Pilate," which was acquired by Herr Meder—the well-known dealer in Berlin—for the sum of £1,000.

The Seymour Haden collection realised altogether something less than £8,000. F. W.

OBITUARY.

By the death of Mr. Thomas Farrer, which occurred last week, to the deep regret of his friends, we lose, prematurely, a poetic and interesting artist, whose feeling for romantic landscape on the coast or in some

"Wooded, watered country, England's best"—to quote the words of Mr. Browning—was shown first in painting, and secondly in the revived art of etching. Mr. Farrer's etchings, of which he produced as great a number as was consistent with the elaboration he bestowed upon each separate copper which he handled, were popular in England, and yet more popular in America, where he had probably as many friends as in this country, and to which he occasionally resorted. A close student of poetic landscape, and, as certain of his Venetian etchings attest, a student likewise of architecture, Mr. Farrer was very specially distinguished by his effort to convey upon the etched plate more intricate and varied representations of sunset and moonlit-skies than have generally been attempted by etchers with any measure of success. Most of his etchings were completed pictures, rather than summary sketches.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

MR. FRANK DICKSEE has been elected a full member of the Royal Academy, in the room of the late Edwin Long. It is just ten years since he first became an Associate.

THE first exhibition of the Society of Portrait Painters will open next week in the galleries of the Royal Institute, Piccadilly. We may also mention that Messrs. Hollender & Cremetti have now on view, in the Hanover Gallery, New Bond-street, Millet's pastel of "The Angelus."

A PENSION of £100 per annum on the Civil List has been granted to Mrs. Redfern, widow of the late James Redfern, the sculptor, who died in 1876 at the early age of thirty-eight.

ON Tuesday next, June 30, Messrs. Puttick & Simpson will sell a very large collection of old copper-plate and wood-blocks, which had been formed by the late H. G. Bohn with a view to republication. They include etchings by Cruikshank, Chippendale book-plates with blanks for names, sporting and humorous subjects, portraits of actors, &c. A few of the engraved plates (which come, we fancy, from another collection) have been framed as decorations, the burnished surface being protected against oxidation. The Catalogue is illustrated with some fine examples of engraving on copper.

DURING next week Messrs. Sotheby will sell several interesting collections of coins, &c.: on Thursday a collection consisting mainly of Greek coins of Italy and Sicily; Italian cinquecento medals and plaques, and German mediaeval medals; on Friday the collection of the late C. Roach Smith; on Saturday some good English coins; and on the following Monday a quite exceptional series of tradesmen's tokens of the seventeenth century—issued in London, Middlesex and Southwark—comprising 576 specimens in one lot.

THE Guild and School of Handicraft were to celebrate this afternoon (Saturday) their third anniversary, and also the opening of their new workshops and hall, by a reception and garden party at Essex House, Mile End-road. The Marquis of Ripon has promised to deliver an address.

ON Monday last, June 22, the gold medal annually given by the Queen, on the recom-

mendation of the Royal Institute of British Architects,

"on such an architect or man of science, of any country, as might have designed or executed a building of high merit, or produced a work tending to promote or facilitate the knowledge of architecture or the various branches of science connected therewith."

was presented by the president to Sir Arthur Blomfield, A.R.A.

MR. WALTER CRANE's many designs, now exhibited at the Fine Art Society's, show the inexhaustible fertility of this agreeable and ingenious artist—his pleasant sense of composition, his frequent taste as a colourist—and show likewise his most notable deficiency as a draughtsman of the figure. Mr. Crane is an ornamentist of tolerably wide sympathies. He takes his material from many sources, and has what may appear at times to be a fatal facility in adaptation. Often engaging, he is rarely perfect, though his imperfections do not—let it frankly be admitted—often extend so far as in the drawing of a young woman's back in a drawing that has been elsewhere commented upon. Here, indeed, Mr. Crane is at his weakest. Why was there no one by him to address him, at the right moment, in a phrase which, with a single word altered, is Molière's own?—

"Couvrez-moi ce 'dos,' que je ne saurais voir."

AT the annual meeting of the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, held on June 10, Mr. W. B. Richmond delivered a lecture on "The Impossibility of Restoration." He said that restoration was a fallacy; they could not bring history back to life again. No man could repeat the thought of another man; it had died with its life. Each special thought, through which had been produced a work of art, had died in the production of it; the result lived. It had been an isolated thought for the time being, belonging to the individual who conceived it, and it was gone for ever except in his transmission of it. In all great works of art the merits were of so delicate a nature as to be, he believed, scarcely perceptible to anyone but the authors of them. They alone knew at what they aimed; they alone were aware of the fine line which divided their achievements from the commonplace. Subtle proportions, delicate curves and turns, a peculiar handling of the brush or use of the chisel special to their work, were as much a part of the conception as the conception was a part of the artist. To arrest the progress of decay was all the preserver would presume to do; but the destroyer would attempt to restore. We knew too much and we knew too little to cast our minds in the moulds of past generations, even if by any natural process it were possible to do so. What had been already taken away from British architecture could never be restored; for it had been, as it were, a series of murders of artistic creations, a general slaughter of historical associations never to be replaced or mourned over sufficiently. War and men's passions had done their worst to rid the world of treasures, but so-called restoration had, indeed, done nearly, if not quite, as much: it had left England well nigh bare of her finest monuments.

CAPTAIN LÉON BERGER, military attaché of the embassy at Constantinople, has sent to the Académie des Inscriptions the rubbing of a bas-relief which he took, at the height of 250 metres from the ground, in the gorge of Cheikane, in the mountainous region, hitherto little explored, which separates the ancient Babylonia from Media and Persia. The design resembles a bas-relief from the same tract recorded by Sir Henry Rawlinson. Despite the coarse execution, it is evidently the work of a people under the influence of the ancient Chaldean civilisation, anterior to the style

properly called Assyrian. The figure is that of a man with hair and beard shaven, his waist girt with a fringed cloth, and on his head a turban, the mitra which, according to Herodotus, distinguished the Kissaci. At the side is an inscription in cuneiform characters, arranged in vertical lines and divided by compartments, as upon the statues of Tello.

THE STAGE.

THE THEATRES.

THE good, thorough-going, unmistakable Ibsenite—the disbeliever in beauty, the scoffler at the ideal, the wholly faithful worshipper of whatsoever things are hideous and of evil report—must, last week, if his sympathies permitted him to gaze beyond Norway, have had something like a good time of it even at the French plays at the Royalty Theatre. For—anxious, no doubt, to be "*dans le mouvement*," although the "movement" has indeed been suddenly arrested, and Ibsen himself is heard of no more—M. Meyer, the enterprising manager, gave us a play by M. Jules Lemaitre. As a critic, M. Jules Lemaitre is a smart writer—not exactly healthy, like M. Sarcy, or well-balanced, like M. Augusto Vitu—but ingenious, paradoxical, at times even epigrammatic. He says things well; and, though the big public has not very much regard for him, his literary brethren cannot but succumb to the temptation of reading everything that is written by a man who says things well. 'Tis a very pardonable weakness—thus to be fascinated. Now even in his newish play—which they did last week at the Royalty—M. Jules Lemaitre writes with point as well as boldness. The theme itself is a little strong. It is just the sort of theme that is the envy of slightly gifted literary youths in England, who, having failed thus far to impress us by their treatment of the permissible, the decent, and the charming, make no doubt of their ability to take us all by storm could they but have done once for all with an unattained art and, instead of it, popularise an inexact physiology. Yet somehow the theme, treated by M. Lemaitre unquestionably not only with boldness but with real skill, failed to attract the world in very great numbers to the little theatre in Dean-street. Mdlle. Reichemberg, Mdlle. Du Mesnil, and M. Febvre were not enough. Since then, they have changed the bill, and one of the brothers Coquelin has come to the rescue.

THE theatrical season is practically over. What are you to do at the end of June, against Naval Exhibitions, German Exhibitions, and the charms of the river? Nearly half of our managers have given up the game. Then, again, there has been such a paucity of plays that have hit the public taste. Mr. Pinero's important play at the Garrick—clever as it was—did not please like some of his other work. Its place has had to be taken by a revival of "A Pair of Spectacles." At the Adelphi they have closed for the time being. At Terry's, Mr. Terry is out of his own house. The Strand has been empty. One hears nothing of the Avenue. The Olympic has been closed for some weeks already. Mr. Toole is leaving London, for so few people are really in-

terested in Ibsen himself that even the cleverest of all possible satires upon him cannot reasonably hope to draw the town. A few exceptions, of success, prove the rule of failure. At the Haymarket they have been proud of full houses, and at the Lyceum an admirable spirit of enterprise assists the prestige of what has by this time become classic ground. The theatrical collapse, generally, is the result of coincidences: the result of a chapter of accidents. When October comes round, and people think once more of play-going, the influenza will probably have ceased to trouble and the German Exhibition be at rest. Then, too, may the playwrights prove to have been inspired to happier efforts than any which have been theirs during the dull months we have left behind. But for what remains of the summer there is no chance. A theatrical season of curious barrenness—a time of unhappy effort on the part of the profession, and of timid and half-hearted response on the part of the public—is now over.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

MR. WILSON BARRETT has been appearing with his customary success as Hamlet—and likewise in other characters—at Norwich, Yarmouth, and Colchester, during the last week or two. Miss Lillie Belmore has been promoted to the principal juvenile heroines, and has accordingly played Ophelia to the Hamlet of Mr. Barrett.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE has decided, it is said, to play Hamlet in the country during the autumn. Mrs. Beerbohm Tree will play Ophelia—one of the Shaksperian rôles for the performance of which she has obvious advantages. Mr. Fernandez will presumably be included in the cast, and, of course, in an important part, while Mr. Frederick Harrison will play the King.

WE received an invitation too late for it to be possible for us to be present at the production of Mrs. Musgrave's new play at the Vaudeville on Saturday afternoon. Miss Dorothy Dorr—a young American actress who knows her art thoroughly, as we have before had occasion to notice—and Mr. H. B. Conway and Mr. Fred Thorne and others took part in the performance. We suppose it to be possible that the Vaudeville will re-open with this piece in the autumn. At present its doors are closed.

MUSIC.

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

I.

THE tenth Triennial Handel Festival commenced last Monday, and for the rest of the week the name of the great Saxon composer will be held in special honour. In all great movements, many people, no doubt, are led by sentiment, or by fashion; but we believe that with the mass of the English people the enthusiasm for Handel's music is genuine. And this triennial glorification serves useful purposes. In the first place, the numerous rehearsals, which take place in various towns long before the Festival, spread a knowledge of, and kindle an interest in, great music. And again, this week devoted to Handel is a protest against contemners of the past as antiquated. Handel's works, like those of Bach, certainly bear the impress of the age in which they were written; and this is not only natural, but a proof of their genuineness. Certain harmonic progressions, cadences, "divi-

sions," have passed out of fashion; but it is only in works of mediocre composers that such appear dull. In Handel and in Bach, one not only tolerates all that savours of the past, but rejoices to see how genius triumphed over form. A similar spirit has prompted some moderns to condemn Haydn and even Beethoven; but it is a spirit of narrow-mindedness, the result of ignorance. Persons of this stamp will in the future sneer at Schumann or Wagner, for they too, in their turn, will become old. It is, of course, possible to go to the other extreme, and to admire the old at the expense of the new, but this usually happens only to those who have grown up without becoming acquainted with modern music; and nowadays that is an extremely rare occurrence. Handel worship, as well as Bach worship, is a good thing; it is a solid foundation which helps one the better to appreciate and the more to enjoy later manifestations of genius.

"The Messiah" was performed last Monday, and the choral singing was magnificent. The tenors, once or twice, showed a tendency to drag, and the quality of tone of the sopranos in the high notes was not, perhaps, of the best; but for vigour of attack, precision, fulness, and also delicacy of tone this chorus will compare favourably with any of the past Festivals so far as we can remember. Mme. Albani sang the soprano music with great effect. Miss Marian McKenzie, in the contralto music, was heard to much advantage; she sang in an artistic and dignified manner, and with a little more fervour would have obtained a still more marked success. Mr. E. Lloyd was in admirable voice, and Mr. Santley, who was at his best, was received with tremendous enthusiasm. Mr. A. Manns conducted with his usual skill and energy, and once again proved himself fully equal to his gigantic task. Mr. C. Jung was leader of the vast army of instrumentalists.

The programme of the "Selection" day (Wednesday) included a "Gloria Patri" for double chorus and double orchestra. It was written at Rome in 1707, and is supposed to have been intended for the close of one of the Vesper Psalms. It is short, but contains some solid contrapuntal writing. One of the subjects recalls a passage in the "Hallelujah" chorus of the "Messiah," and another was actually used afterwards by the composer for the "Alleluia" of his "Deborah." Another novelty was a selection from one of the "Chandos" Anthems (Psalm xcvi.). As these works rank "among the most beautiful of the great master's compositions," it is strange that not one has been given hitherto at these Festivals, and even now only portions of one. But there are certain favourite songs and choruses which the public expect, and the programme has to be trimmed in accordance with popular taste. The true lovers of Handel must regret that the middle programme of the Festival contains so much that is familiar, while there are still so many of his works still known, at least to the public, only by name. The portions of the Anthem consisted of a Sonata for orchestra, a florid tenor solo, and two choruses full of power. The fresh, vigorous Overture to "Giustino" was another interesting novelty, and the performance was admirable. Mr. Manns' band had, however, further opportunities of showing its powers in the delightfully winning "Menuet" from the opera "Berenice," and in the quaint and attractive "Bourrée" from the celebrated "Water Music." The Overture and the Bourrée were interesting studies in eighteenth-century orchestration. Handel had as lively a sense of contrast as any of the modern composers. The applause at the close of the latter was so great that Mr. Manns repeated the first part. A charming duet, "Caro Bella" from "Giulio Cesare," was well rendered by

Mme. Nordica and Mr. Santley; the music is as fresh as if only just written, and the opening phrase brought to mind a familiar chorus in Mozart's "Don Giovanni." Mme. Albani sang in brilliant fashion a pleasing Aria "Mio caro bene," from "Rodelinda," but took many liberties with the music. Another novelty was the majestic chorus "By slow degrees," from "Belshazzar." Mme. Albani sang besides "Angels, ever bright and fair," but it was a pity to make the Aria last so long: the rendering of a fine song, to be truly artistic, should be simple. But while she was pausing we had time to reflect on the unsatisfactory mode of accompanying most of Handel's songs. In the Aria from "Rodelinda," mentioned above, the additional accompaniments of Robert Franz were used, and thus a proper substitute for the harpsichord was provided. It is, however, the usual practice to give only a skeleton accompaniment, and this is called doing reverence to the composer's intention. We stick to the letter, and lose the spirit. The programme included many familiar pieces—"Sound An alarm" admirably sung by Mr. Lloyd; "Let the Bright Seraphim," well rendered by Mme. Nordica, although her voice was not in the best order; "O voi dell Erbeo," sung with great success by Mr. Santley; and "Waft her, Angels," by Mr. Barton McGuckin, for which he received much applause. The performance ended with four Airs and the "Wretched Lovers," from "Acis and Galatea," and "See the Conquering Hero comes," from "Joshua." The choral singing throughout was extremely grand, and Mr. Manns conducted with great skill and energy. Mr. W. T. Best performed with his customary skill the fine organ Concerto in F (No. 4), with orchestral accompaniment. J. S. SHEDLOCK.

"LE REVE."

"LE REVE"—a lyrical drama in seven tableaux, adapted from Zola's novel by M. Gallet, music by M. Alfred Bruneau—which was recently produced at the Opera Comique, is quite different in every respect from the conventional opera. The poem offers a strange combination of mysticism and naturalism; the dialogue, characters, dresses, and scenery are essentially modern, yet the action is interrupted, at times, by the voices of an invisible chorus of angels.

M. Bruneau is a pupil of Massenet, and an *ex-pri*s of Rome. The influence of Wagner is very marked: the music is made to follow the text of the poem word for word, under the form of a "continuous melody" accompaniment; there are no duos, trios, *airs de bravoure*, grand finales, or any of the conventional *fleuritures* of operatic music. It is more like a lyrical conversation; and if now and again the words of the poem grow more passionate, or the situation more dramatic, the orchestra proceeds to develop the intensity of the *andante* or *crescendo* movement. At first, the effect produced is monotonous; but gradually the intelligent listener follows the rhythm of the accompaniment, and realises the composer's intention. The score is rather intricate and difficult for the orchestra; the harp plays an important part, while, at times, certain apparently impetuous discordances of the wind instruments are quite startling. But we must accept the new opera on its own merits, for M. Bruneau has made the following frank statement: "I have done my utmost to produce a clearly written work quite modern in style; this I have done to the best of my ability—simply, religiously, with all my heart and enthusiasm."

After a short overture the curtain rises on the simple home of the Huberts, embroiderers of sacred vestments. Angélique, their adopted daughter, has dropped her embroidery and is lost in a dream; seraphic voices are heard,

those of the saints and martyrs of whom she daily reads in her old folio, "The Golden Legend." She is awakened from her trance by Hubertine, who gently reproves her for neglecting her work; she immediately takes up her needle and Hubert comes to her assistance. While they are working together, Mounseigneur Jean d'Hauteceur, bishop of the diocese, calls to see what progress has been made with a piece of embroidery he has ordered. The four personages engage in a sort of lyrical conversation, in which Angélique explains that at times St. Agnes and St. George and her other guardian saints seem to float around her, sweetly singing. After blessing her, the bishop leaves. "How sad he looks," exclaims Angélique; and Hubertine explains that his sorrow is due to his having lost a dearly loved wife, after whose death he entered the Church; and that his son "who is as beautiful as an angel and as rich as a king," is to be a priest also. Then Angélique relates how constantly she dreams that she is to marry a prince; that their love will be pure with no sad awakening; for her dream, though ending in death, will be renewed to all eternity in heaven. Hubertine reprimands her for her foolish thoughts; but Angélique again falls into a dreamy state, during which she sees the vision of her coming lover. Next day, as Angélique is prosaically washing the family linen in the meadow at the back of their house, Félicien, the bishop's son disguised as a young artist, who has been watching her for days past, comes forward and greets her. 'Tis love at first sight. Their meeting, their avowal of mutual love and eternal fidelity, and their talking, offer the strangest mixture of prose and poetry ever seen on the stage of the Opera Comique; while the composer's rendering of the scene is quite in keeping with the various episodes of the poem.

In the following act the Huberts witness from their window the procession of Corpus Christi; and each in turn describes the various phases of the pageant, so as to produce the illusion that they are speaking, not only to each other, but also to the audience. At last, Angélique perceives her lover walking beside the bishop, and at once recognises that he is no other than the bishop's son. Her dream is realised! The fourth tableau, "L'Évêché," consists of a series of dramatic scenes between the bishop, the Huberts, Félicien, and Angélique, who, each in turn, come to plead their cause. But Mounseigneur is inflexible; he has decided that his son shall enter holy orders, and never will he consent to his union with Angélique. All this part is treated with great dramatic effect by the composer, who has been obliged in some scenes to return to a certain extent to the formulas of conventional opera. For instance, the bishop's soliloquy, his interview with his son Félicien, the pathetic scene with the Huberts and Angélique, contain some pieces which might almost pass muster as recitatives, duos, and ariosos.

The third act is a long duo between Angélique and Félicien, who wants her to elope with him; but at the last moment, when she is ready to fly, she hears the seraphic voices bid her remain. She resists the temptation, and Félicien leaves her. In the last scene Angélique lies dying; Félicien succeeds in persuading his father to visit her. The scene is a partial representation of the last rites of the Roman Church, and the music an arrangement of the Latin prayers chanted on such occasions. After anointing the face, eyes, and mouth of Angélique, the bishop takes a lighted taper from an acolyte and attempts to put it in the dying girl's hand, murmuring the last prayer, "Accipe lampadem ardentem. . ." But Angélique neither sees nor hears. The bishop then tries the effect of a miraculous gift enjoyed by his ancestors; he kisses Angélique, and addresses an ardent prayer to Heaven for her recovery, exclaiming:

Si Dieu veut, je veux! Thereupon Angélique gradually awakens from the sleep of death, takes the lighted taper, slowly rises from her couch, and while her parents, Monseigneur, and the two acolytes sing the "Laudate, pueri, Dominum," she gently drops into her lover's arms:

"Cher seigneur, je suis votre femme;
Enfin mon rêve est accompli! . . .
Le ciel s'ouvre! Ah, nocces radieuses!
Je meurs d'amour sous ton premier baiser!"
and dies.

The cast of "Le Rêve" is excellent. Mlle. Simonet achieved quite a triumph in the difficult part of Angélique; M. Engel, though an accomplished artist, has not sufficient voice to do full justice to the part of Félicien; M. Bouvet, as Monseigneur d'Hautecœur, sang with great dramatic effect. Mme. Deschamps-Jehin, who graciously accepted the secondary part of Hubertine, and M. Lorrain, as Hubert, contributed to the perfection of the *ensemble*. Above all, unreserved praise is due to M. Daubé and his admirable orchestra for their perfect execution of a score so different to the music they are accustomed to play. M. Carvalho, the manager of the Opera Comique, also deserves his share of commendation for having produced with so much artistic taste the work of a new comer.

The first two performances of "Le Rêve" have met with great success. It remains to be seen whether the general public will ratify the favourable verdict of the select and essentially artistic audience of the *Première*. To the impartial critic, M. Bruneau's lyrical drama is a most interesting novelty. The simplicity of the poem, the limited number of characters, and the absence of choruses, pageants, ballet, gorgeous scenery, and all the usual sensuous attractions of the opera have rendered the task of the musician all the more difficult; therefore we hope that the young and talented composer will meet with the success he merits.

CECIL NICHOLSON.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WE can only attempt a brief record of some of the more important concerts of the week.

ON June 18, Signor Sgambati gave a chamber concert at Princes' Hall, with a programme consisting, with one exception, entirely of his own compositions. His second Quintet in B flat for pianoforte and strings, is an exceedingly clever work, and one notes in it a curious mixture of Italian lightness and German solidity. It was admirably interpreted by the composer and Messrs. Sauret, Raggianti, Van Waefel-

ghem and Piatti. Mrs. Henschel sang some graceful songs, and Mr. Henschel was much applauded for his vigorous rendering of Schumann's "The two Grenadiers." Signor Sgambati played some effective solos: he is a brilliant pianist.

A pianoforte Trio by M. Breton was performed at Señor Albeniz's concert in the evening of the same day. The writing shows ability, but lacks individuality; the Scherzo is the best movement.

On Saturday afternoon there was a concert at the Albert Hall, at which Mme. Adelina Patti appeared with brilliant success. She sang a light, showy Waltz by Signor Ardit, and a new, graceful song by Gounod, entitled "Only." Messrs. Lloyd and Santley were enthusiastically received. Chevalier Bach gave a neat, though tame, performance of the first movement of Beethoven's Concerto in C minor, into which he introduced a cadenza by Beethoven with sundry interpolations. Part songs were sung by members of the Leeds Choir.

On the same afternoon Señor Sarasate gave the last of his series of concerts. Owing to the severe indisposition of Mme. Berthe Marx, Herr Schönberger was the substitute, and, as may be supposed, a satisfactory one. The programme included familiar works. The eminent violinist was received by a crowded audience with immense enthusiasm. None but a remarkable player could venture to announce, as he did, six concerts; and the immense success which he has obtained will be repeated whenever he chooses to give further exhibition of his powers.

The bright Overture "Der Barbier von Bagdad" was repeated at the fifth Richter concert on Monday evening. An interesting feature of the programme was the Introduction and First Scene from "Das Rheingold." Mr. Henschel as Alberich sang with great declamatory power. He was also heard in other familiar excerpts, and took part with Mrs. Henschel in the duet from Act II. of "Die Meistersinger." The performances of these excellent artists gave great pleasure. M. Paderewski played his pianoforte Concerto in a most brilliant manner, and was recalled no less than five times.

This pianist gave his last recital on Tuesday afternoon, and played with his usual skill, and with more than his usual feeling and charm. His reading of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat (Op. 110), was somewhat effeminate at times, but it was poetical: the technique was of the neatest. Of his Chopin pieces we enjoyed most the Impromptu in F sharp and the G minor Ballade. There was an unusually large audience.

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